

Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 331

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Prove Her Innocence Gizem chuckled. Yareli insists on framing me; does she really think that everyone else is stupid? "Samuel, I'm telling the truth," Yareli stated firmly. Samuel cast her a cold gaze. "Who told you she did it?" Yareli paused. Her eyes were filled with guilt as she added, "The ones you captured! Someone told me that they have confessed. This whole thing was orchestrated by this woman!" Samuel's cold stare remained. "I'll get to the bottom of this." Yareli bit her lip. She didn't know which part she had messed up. "Samuel, don't forget what I mean to you!" Yareli expressed her displeasure. Samuel's handsome face turned grim. "I hate threats. I don't mind killing you, and then wait for death myself." Yareli froze. Gizem smiled faintly at her, and then calmly walked past her. Overcome by anger, Yareli gnashed her teeth. For some reason, Gizem was in a very good mood. She followed Samuel into Florinia Manor.

The captives had been locked in the tower there. They had all been tortured by Gizem to the extreme, and were in indescribable pain because they did not receive timely treatment. They all got excited when they finally saw Samuel show up, but their faces fell when they spotted Gizem right behind him. Gizem snickered. "You all work for me. Is this how you react when you see me coming to save you?" Samuel threw her a sideways glance. She had actually gone on a preemptive strike. This put the few people in an awkward situation. "What are your names?" Gizem asked smilingly. There was a malicious intent behind her smile, which made them shudder. Gizem then looked at the woman. "What's your name? As your leader, I don't really remember." The woman bit her lip. "I'm Alice Dashwood." Gizem slowly crouched down.

Grinning, she said, "Oh, Alice. What have you done? I've given you so many benefits, and yet you still betrayed me. How could you?" Alice got confused. Why isn't she severing ties with me? "Oh, right. Why don't you tell Mr. Macari what benefits I've given you?" Gizem flashed a half-smile. "If anything, I don't think I'm an exploitative tyrant. Since you work for me, I'll surely not mistreat you." Alice exchanged glances with the others. "If you can provide the evidence, Mr. Macari will let you go. I can handle the rest alone," Gizem added with a raised brow. However, they didn't believe her. "Mr. Macari, am I right?"

Gizem turned to Samuel and shot him a look. He nodded nonchalantly. "You have no idea how inhumane Mr. Macari can be. He knows I'm the mastermind behind the whole thing, so he grabbed me from the hospital and took me here," Gizem said helplessly. "I

may seem calm and composed right now, but I'm actually scared to death. Mr. Macari and I struck a deal. If you can provide the evidence, I can be left in one piece. Come on, give me an answer. Don't delay my death." Everyone was speechless. "Don't you want to get your injuries looked at?" she asked meaningfully. It was then that Alice piped up, "Don't you remember? You gave us a lot of money." "How did I do that?" Gizem asked.

"You transferred it," Alice answered. "Words are not enough. Hand over the account number, and Mr. Macari will check it out," Gizem instructed. Alice hesitated. "What are you waiting for?" Gizem frowned. "Don't you want to live? You've betrayed me, so might as well get it over with." Alice looked at the others. Then, she opened her mouth and provided an account number. Gizem turned to Samuel. "Mr. Macari, you may go check." Casting her an impassive gaze, he responded, "You're coming with me!" "Fine." Gizem trailed behind him. After they stepped out, she explained, "Mr. Macari, I'm guessing you have some sort of expert on your side. Get them to check Alice's account. I'm sure you'll find the account she received the money from." "Do you think I'll believe that?" Samuel said with a distant gaze.

Gizem was stunned. She went on, "If you don't believe me, Mr. Macari, there's nothing I can do. If you're so sure that I did it, you can do whatever you plan to do to me." She got tired of explaining. Samuel glanced at her coldly, thinking that it would be far-fetched to consider this a pitiful act. Her move wasn't a smart one because it completely exposed her. He could tell that Gizem was smart and cautious. She couldn't have committed such a grave mistake, unless she was framed. If so, then that person's goal was simple. They could kill two birds with one stone. They could get rid of Gizem and, at the same time, cause him to lose his daughter. Who could hate Gizem so much and dislike my daughter as well? The answer was obvious. "Tyson," Samuel muttered coldly. Tyson walked over to him. "Yes, Mr. Macari?" "Take her home," Samuel instructed irately. Tyson peered at Gizem, his eyes filled with doubt. "Understood."

Didn't Mr. Macari bring her here to interrogate her? Why is he sending her away so suddenly? Gizem was stunned too as she blinked. "Do you believe me?" Samuel said nothing. Watching him, she chuckled. Her eyes curved into crescent moons, an indication that she was indeed happy. Samuel stared into her eyes. Kathleen used to be just like that. "Go," he said coldly. "Okay." Gizem nodded and left with Tyson. Then, Samuel got his subordinates to check the account Alice had provided. In the tower, no one was guarding the captives who were all tied up. "Do you think Samuel will believe what I said?" Alice asked worriedly. "Relax. Even if he doesn't, once he checks, he'll find out that it was Gizem who transferred the money to us," her companion said. "Right. Soon, we'll be free. I need to get treatment soon, or I'll really go blind!" Samuel sat in the study, listening to their conversation. He had installed a bugging device in the tower. In the beginning, they wouldn't give in. After what Gizem did, they eventually spoke. Just then, Eil opened the door of the study. He placed the tablet in front of Samuel. "Daddy, I've checked. The account that Alice mentioned is really hers, but the one that transferred money to her seems problematic.

Truthfully, it's under Gizem's name, but after a quick check, I found that Gizem is not even that bank's client. Someone's modified the information." Samuel lifted the boy and placed him on his lap. "Who asked you to check?" "I know what you're thinking, Daddy." Eil glanced sideways at Samuel. "But I'm not about to accuse Dr. Zabinski of something she didn't do." Samuel asked, "Do you like her?" "Of course," Eil replied calmly. "But I know she can't replace Mommy." Samuel stroked the boy's head and said in a low voice, "Eil, you're the older brother. I'm relieved to know that you're so calm and confident." Eil was overjoyed at the compliment. Samuel's tone was heavy as he continued, "In the future, with you in charge, I believe the family is in good hands."

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Hand Over The Antidote Eil grew nervous when he heard his father say that. "Daddy, didn't you say you know where Mommy is?" He sounded surprised. "Once we find Mommy, you'll recover from your sickness. Isn't that right, Daddy?" Samuel said nothing. The boy went on, "I heard from Grandma and Great-grandma that Mommy is an amazing doctor! She can surely heal you, Daddy!" He didn't want Samuel to die. After all, he had a really deep bond with his father. It didn't matter that outsiders considered Samuel to be cold-blooded and ruthless, because Eil knew that he was a good father. Samuel would agree to whatever nonsensical requests made by his two children. He would speak to them gently, and he never scolded them. Eil turned around and wrapped his arms around Samuel's neck. Somehow, he wanted to cry. Samuel loved Eil and Desi equally. However, Eil was the older brother, and Desi was of poor health. More often than not, he couldn't give them the same amount of attention. "Eil, you have to be a good old brother. Then, Daddy wouldn't have to worry," Samuel reminded the boy. "Okay!" Eil nodded firmly. "I'll work hard so that I can share your burden. So, you have to get better, Daddy!" "Sure." Samuel patted him lightly on the back. He knew that Eil and Desi were the greatest gifts Kathleen could ever give him. He also knew that he might not live to see the day Eil had a family of his own, or when Desi got married. He just hoped they could have a better, stabler life. Therefore, he had to get rid of all the dangers before leaving this world in peace.

Meanwhile, Gizem returned to the hospital. She had just entered the ward when Yareli charged in. "Gizem, I want you to leave Samuel!" Yareli glared daggers at her. "A woman like you, with such a questionable identity, doesn't deserve to be by his side!" Gizem responded impassively, "Are you sick? I'm here as Desi's doctor. Do you think I'm here to find love?" "Ha! A woman like you surely wants to climb up the ranks!" Yareli

mocked her. "You may be able to fool others, but you can't fool me!" "Don't assume that other people are just as dirty as you," Gizem sneered. "Anyone could see that Samuel is not interested in you one bit. What makes you think you can stand here and criticize me?" Yareli froze. "I'm more qualified than you to enter Florinia Manor," Gizem retorted indifferently.

In an instant, Yareli's expression changed drastically. Gizem's mockery had deeply upset her, even though the former was absolutely right. "And how are you qualified?" Yareli stepped forward. "You can say you're a doctor, but you're nothing more than a housekeeper with some medical skills! You're a servant!" Gizem walked up to Yareli. She pinched the woman's cheek and snorted, "Some medical skills, you say?" Yareli saw a chill flash across Gizem's eyes. She proceeded to threaten, "I'm warning you, Gizem! I'm the daughter of the Yoeger family. If you dare to mess with me, I'll tell my granny to end your life!" "You think I'm afraid of that?" Gizem snickered. She forcefully pried Yareli's mouth open and stuffed a pill inside. Then, she lifted Yareli's chin, allowing the pill to enter the latter's stomach. "What did you feed me?" Yareli exclaimed furiously. Unfazed, Gizem replied coolly, "Good stuff." Yareli grabbed Gizem's arm. In a harsh tone, she barked, "What did you make me swallow? Give me the antidote right now!"

Gizem withdrew her arm. "If you don't want to suffer disfigurement, you should stay away from me!" Her ferocity startled Yareli. Suddenly, Yareli's neck felt itchy. She reached an arm to scratch it. The itch then spread to her collarbone, and eventually her arms. Gizem snickered. "You!" Yareli bit her lip. "Just you wait!" She quickly went in search of a doctor. Gizem's expression remained indifferent. Sure, I'll wait! After interrogating Alice that day, Gizem had a hunch that the woman was under Yareli's instructions. If the plan had been successful, they would kill two birds with one stone. They could get rid of her and kill Desi in the process. Then, nothing would stop Yareli from getting together with Samuel.

Until this day, she couldn't do that mainly because of Desi. Yareli had been trying to frame Gizem, so naturally, the latter wouldn't let her get away just like that. Frances rushed to the hospital right after she received a phone call. She entered the ward and saw the doctors and nurses trying to stop Yareli from scratching her own skin. "Granny!" Yareli cried when she saw the old woman. Frances stepped forward to check on her, only to find trails of blood appearing on her granddaughter's neck and arms. "What is this?" she frowned. "Gizem did this!" Yareli spat. "She fed me a pill, and then this happened! Granny, you have to avenge me!" Frances furrowed her brows. "Are there any grudges between you two?" In recent years, Frances didn't quite trust Yareli as much as she had in the past. Yareli pursued Samuel despite knowing that he was Kathleen's husband, which displeased Frances. Frances loved her two great-grandchildren, and she was well aware of Yareli's personality, so she greatly opposed Yareli's marriage to Samuel. Moreover, Samuel had no intention to marry Yareli. "I..." Yareli paused. "There is one, actually. She does not enjoy seeing Gizem right next to Samuel." Charles stepped in just then. "You went to pester Samuel again?" Frances snapped.

“How many times have I told you not to pester him? You never listen!” “Granny, you’re being unfair!” Yareli muttered, feeling aggrieved. “Kathleen’s your granddaughter, but so am I! She married Samuel, so why can’t I?” “Samuel doesn’t like you,” said Frances with a grim tone. “He’ll never marry you.” “Impossible!” Yareli bit her lip. “He’ll definitely marry me!” The male lovebug was in Samuel’s body, while the female lovebug was in hers. In order to live, Samuel would have to get together with her. He could live a long life only if he had sexual intercourse with her. Otherwise, he would die young. However, she did not tell a single soul any of this. Samuel knew that, too, and he didn’t tell anyone either. Frances frowned in displeasure. Everyone was aware of Samuel’s attitude toward Yareli. Yet, the woman remained stubborn. “Granny, it’s so itchy! I’m itchy all over!” Yareli cried. “Gizem wants me dead! Granny, you have to avenge me! Otherwise, the Yoeger family’s pride will be ruined!” Frances snorted, “What pride?”

Those words paused Yareli in her tracks. “It’s all gone because of Zachary and Vanessa,” Frances added coldly. Yareli was rendered totally speechless. “Doctor, help her stop the itch,” the old woman requested in a low voice. The doctor responded, “I’ll have to administer a sedative.” Frances nodded. With that, the doctor picked up a syringe and injected Yareli with a sedative. Her eyes slowly closed, and she finally fell silent. Then, Frances shot an icy glance at Charles. “Charlie, go look for Gizem. Get her to hand over the antidote.” Charles scoffed, “I’m not going.”

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Confrontation Charles deeply abhorred Yareli. If it weren’t for his worry for Frances, he wouldn’t have come over. Frances uttered, “If you’re not going, I will.” “All right, Granny. I’ll go.” Left with no choice, Charles turned and left. Frances heaved a long sigh. Her body was getting weaker. She supposed she would have to hand over the Yoeger family to Charles as soon as possible.

Charles headed to Gizem’s ward. In truth, he had a lot of questions for her. When he arrived, Gizem happened to be resting. “Come in,” she responded calmly after she heard knocking on the door. Charles opened the door and entered the room. Gizem raised a brow. “It’s you?” He began impassively, “What did you do to Yareli?” “Ha!” Gizem sneered. “Why don’t you ask what she did to me?” Charles stared intently at her. “I actually don’t really care for any of that. I have other questions for you.” In fact, he didn’t care if Yareli lived or died. Gizem looked at him. “What questions?” “What’s your relationship with Axeworth Corporation?” Charles went straight to the point. Gizem

frowned deeply. Somehow, it seemed that many people knew about her relationship with Axeworth Corporation.

The problem was that outsiders couldn't have found out about that, unless someone in the group leaked it. "If I told you that I have nothing to do with this corporation you mentioned, would you believe me?" Gizem asked coldly. Charles stared at her icily. "You don't know when to quit, do you?" Gizem knitted her brows. "These days, I've received a lot of information about you." Charles narrowed his eyes. "They all show that you are heavily associated with Axeworth Corporation. How do you explain that?" Gizem snickered. "Information can be misleading." "My intelligence network has never made mistakes," Charles said confidently. "Do you know how much information I have? Plenty, just like snowflakes." Gizem frowned.

"It seems that you're not exactly welcomed in Axeworth Corporation," he mocked. Gizem's brows furrowed again. She didn't want to answer that. Charles cast her a cold glance. "I'll just ask you one thing." Gizem's long eyelashes trembled. "What?" "What's your master's name?" Charles inquired sternly. "Five years ago, did he bring a woman home?" Gizem was rather stumped. This man knows my master! "I don't know anything." She fiddled with her fingers. "I lost my memory." Lost her memory? Charles didn't buy that. "That's a lame excuse." Right then, Gizem tore off her hyper-realistic mask, revealing the scorched face underneath. "Five years ago, I was unconscious. I was trapped in a fire, and my face got burned. When they were trying to save me, something hit my head. I might have woken up, but I lost my memory. Happy now?" Charles stared at Gizem's face in shock. She snapped at him, "I have nothing else to say to you! Leave!" Charles felt awkward indeed. With a horrifying face like that, life must have been difficult for her. After a moment's hesitation, Charles turned to leave. Gizem breathed a sigh of relief. Her face could certainly turn many people away. She took out her phone and called her master.

"Giz, why are you calling me at this hour?" the old man grumbled. "Master, I want to ask you something. Who leaked my information?" Gizem was enraged. "It's barely been ten days since I came to Chanaea. Now, Samuel and Charles both know about my connection with Axeworth Corporation!" Her master frowned. "How did they find out?" "I'm not sure about Samuel, but Charles told me that someone had leaked it to him on purpose," Gizem said. "Master, if this goes on, I might have to go back. It's dangerous for me to stay here in Jadeborough!" She knew that Samuel and Charles had been looking for information about Axeworth Corporation all these years. However, this time, she had been tricked. "You can't come back now," her master said, frowning. "You haven't finished your mission."

"Ha!" Gizem chuckled bitterly. "How can I proceed like this? You might as well wait around to collect my corpse!" Her master furrowed his brows. "Don't panic. I'll send someone to look into this." "Fine. I'll give you three days," she said, still upset. "If you can't find out anything, I'm coming back. I'll clear out the pests myself!" After that, she hung up. Her master realized that she was really crossed. "Come in," he commanded in a low voice. A man entered. He was Zack Hoffman, one of the old man's apprentices.

“Get someone to investigate and find out who released information about Gizem. Catch the traitor and don’t let them off.” “Understood.” Zack nodded. “You may leave now,” said the old man. “Master, Raymond’s here,” Zack reminded him. The master narrowed his eyes. “Tell him to come in.” Zack nodded, then turned to leave. A moment later, Raymond came in. “It’s been a long time, Old Mr. Hoover.” Raymond flashed a half-smile. Hoover was the old man’s last name. However, everyone in the entire Axeworth Corporation referred to him as their leader. Others like Gizem and Zack would call him “Master.” Therefore, no one outside of Axeworth Corporation knew about the last name of Axeworth Corporation’s leader.

Theodore Hoover looked at Raymond meaningfully. “What’s your business here? Haven’t I told you that I can’t cure your sickness? Just wait for death, will you?” “Haha!” Raymond laughed. “Back then, I thought I was marked for death as well, but the heavens allowed me to live a few more years. Now, I’m fit as a fiddle. It seems that they aren’t ready to take me yet.” Theodore snorted. “Don’t be so cheeky. They might change their mind tomorrow.” Raymond’s lips curled up into a smile. “Old Mr. Hoover, I’ve received news.” “What kind of news?” Theodore peered at his visitor.

“I heard that five years ago, you brought back an unconscious woman.” Raymond observed Theodore’s wrinkly face, hoping to spot some clues. Theodore frowned. “Says who?” “That’s not important,” Raymond said slowly. “Kathleen suddenly died five years ago, but Charles hasn’t visited her grave at all. Don’t you find that odd?” “Don’t you know that recollection stirs emotions?” Theodore asked mockingly. “Oh, I forgot.” “Forgot what?” Raymond asked with curiosity. “You don’t have emotions!”

Theodore sneered at him. “Back then, you saw potential in Kathleen and forced her to marry one of your two sons. You even poisoned Charles to hold her back. Charles doesn’t know anything about that, right? When he eventually finds out, do you think you can still live?” Raymond scoffed, “You know lots of things, huh?” “Haha!” Theodore laughed. “Both our organizations are on the same land. For so many years, we might not be on good terms, but we don’t have bad blood either. Today, you come to confront me about something so baseless. How do you think I’d feel?”

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Chapter 334 Put The Blame On Someone Else

“Baseless?” Raymond sneered. “I heard that someone called Gizem, who works under you, has stirred quite a commotion lately.”

Theodore’s cloudy eyes turned cold. “I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

“Fine,” Raymond responded nonchalantly. “Allow me to clarify. Gizem has been causing a lot of trouble on my turf. I hope you can provide me with an explanation, Old Mr.

Hoover.”

He added calmly, “By the way, I heard that you once used the name Windwell as the code for an organization, and that was the organization that took Kathleen away.”

“Haha, where did you hear that? That’s so dubious!” Theodore exclaimed.

“Since you don’t want to admit it, there’s nothing I can do,” Raymond stated. “Please resolve the conflict that your people started on my turf.”

Theodore frowned. “Gizem hasn’t been around recently. She went back. How could she have stirred up trouble on your turf?”

Raymond burst into laughter and proceeded to mock Theodore some more. “You’re really getting old, seeing as to how you won’t even admit to something like this. Since you know you’re no longer capable, you should make way for a new leader quickly.”

“Where’s your proof?” Theodore expressed his displeasure.

Raymond chuckled cruelly. “I do have it. She was caught on surveillance cameras.”

Theodore raised his brows.

“Old Mr. Hoover, if you’re losing your touch, I suggest you step down. Don’t tell me you don’t have a single successor. I have many sons, and I don’t mind sparing you one if necessary,” Raymond taunted.

“Scram!” Theodore barked in anger.

He rarely lost his temper, but this time, Raymond really got to him.

Laughing all the way, Raymond left the place.

Nevertheless, he sent the images snapped by the surveillance cameras to Theodore.

When Theodore saw them, his hands trembled in anger.

He immediately contacted Lauren.

Right then, Lauren had resumed her original appearance, and she was enjoying the sun by the beach.

When she saw the caller ID, she had no desire to answer the call.

That old geezer! He trained me, yet he looks down on me! He discovered Kathleen’s capabilities, took her in as an apprentice, and made her into Gizem. He even intends for her to take over Axeworth Corporation. What am I to him?

However, Theodore was persistent.

Lauren knew she couldn’t have a falling out with Theodore for the time being.

In the end, she huffed and took the call.

“Master,” she said, her tone a respectful one.

“Was it you who launched a conflict with Blissful Sect under Gizem’s name lately?”

Theodore interrogated.

“No,” Lauren lied through her teeth. “I’m taking a break at the beach right now. How would I have the time to do that?”

Theodore didn’t believe her. “It better not be you. If I find out who did it, I won’t forgive them!”

With that said, he hung up the phone.

Lauren snorted, “Old geezer! You still have the audacity to order me around! One of these days, I’ll make you kneel down before me and beg for mercy!”

Her anger intensified the more she thought about it.

Next, she dialed a number.

“It’s me,” she said coolly. “Your plan was a success. I’m sure Axeworth Corporation is in

a mess right now. How are you doing, Nicolette?"

"Congratulations! We're almost there!" Nicolette smiled cheekily. "I'm recovering just nicely."

"Make every second count," Lauren said in a grim tone. "I'm wary of unexpected changes."

"What's there to worry about? We have the upper hand here," Nicolette responded in a low voice.

"I don't want that old geezer to find out!" Lauren pursed her lips. "If he hadn't intervened back then, I would've already killed Kathleen!"

Nicolette said calmly, "Lauren, he may be your master, but he never sees you as a potential successor. If I hadn't overheard what he told the others, we would still be kept in the dark!"

Lauren replied huffily, "Either way, I can't wait any longer!"

"Then let's start something else." Nicolette flashed a half-smile. "You want to get rid of that old man, and I want to teach somebody a lesson."

Lauren raised her brow. "Yareli?"

"Ha!" Nicolette sneered, "I won't forgive those people who took everything from me!"

Hearing that, Lauren smirked smugly.

She knew she had made the right bet.

The next day, Gizem decided to get discharged.

She didn't like staying in the ward.

She might be a doctor, but she didn't like it there at all.

While she was on her way to process the discharge procedures, she bumped into Samuel unexpectedly.

"Where are you going in such a rush?" Samuel asked with a slight frown.

"I want to get discharged," Gizem replied. "I can recover at home."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm a doctor. Of course I'm sure." Gizem gave a firm reply.

Samuel remained aloof. "What's this feud with Yareli?"

He had heard about it just now.

Gizem explained, "She started it. She came to my ward to provoke me. I had no reason to be nice to her."

Samuel scowled. "And you don't mind getting yourself into trouble?"

"Aren't you suspecting that I'm somehow connected to Axeworth Corporation? Wouldn't it be natural for me to have a backing?" Gizem said sarcastically.

Samuel's solemn tone sounded frosty as he spoke. "Once you see what I have, you probably won't be so smug."

"What is it?" Gizem asked.

Samuel handed her the file he had been holding.

When she flipped through it, her expression darkened. "Is this true?"

"Do I have a reason to set you up?" Samuel said, his arms crossed.

Damn it! Someone's been masquerading as me to stir trouble! And Samuel found out about it! Gizem thought.

"I suggest you get Axeworth Corporation to resolve this," he mocked dryly.

"None of your business!" Gizem exclaimed angrily.

"I asked the doctor just now. You have to stay for two more days," Samuel went on, as

cold as ever. "Just be good and stay put in the hospital."
After that, he turned and left.
Gizem turned around, too. She returned to the ward and got back to her bed.
She picked up her phone, intending to call Theodore.
However, she thought about it carefully and put her phone down.
She had told Theodore many times, but he basically did nothing.
Could he be behind this?
Gizem had always known that Theodore could be quite unpredictable.
She wondered what he was up to this time.
Since Samuel knew about it, there was no reason why Theodore couldn't have known.
Yet, he never called.
Perhaps he's dealing with pests of his own? Never mind, I'll talk to him another time.
At night, when Gizem was about to sleep, she saw a dark figure flash past the glass on the door.
She frowned.
The next second, the shadow flashed by again.
"Come in," Gizem summoned.
The door opened, and a woman walked in.
There was a smile on her doll-like face, but her eyes were frosty and hostile.
"You're hurt," she uttered, raising a brow.
Gizem glared coldly at her. "Accidents happen. What do you want, Freya?"

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Chapter 335 Your Answer

Freya spoke sharply as she sat on the edge of the bed. "We've got a situation back at Axeworth Corporation."

Gizem's brows furrowed. "What happened?"

"There's a traitor among us." Freya shot a side-eyed look at the former.

"You know who it is?" Gizem asked.

With eyes still locked on Gizem's face, Freya answered, "Honestly, I think it's best if you stop using this hyper-realistic face mask. Someone else has been using your current face and going around causing trouble. Not only has she upset Blissful Sect, but she's also provoked other organizations. I hear people have already hired assassins to come for you."

Assassins? The thought sparked a dagger-like sharpness in Gizem's face. "Let them come. I'm not afraid of them."

After all, it was not her first time dancing on the thin blade between life and death. Still, Freya urged, "Shouldn't you focus on finding the impostor since it's a pressing matter?"

"There's no need. I already know who it is." Gizem then calmly revealed, "Lauren

Xenos.”

“Lauren?” A hard look formed on the dubious Freya’s face. “How’s that possible?”

“A few days ago, she posed as me and lost a hefty sum in Lusterg’s casinos,” Gizem instantly replied. “Her actions caused Samuel to misunderstand my intentions. At the time, I phoned Master and asked him to resolve this matter. However, it’s been days, and he still hasn’t made a move. It even seems like he’s allowing things to intensify.” Freya hesitated but eventually chimed in on the topic, “Gizem, don’t you think that Master has gotten old?”

“Old?” Gizem raised a brow.

Nodding, Freya elaborated her argument. “Yeah. He’s old now and can no longer make prompt decisions, so we can’t rely on him. Do you understand?”

A dark gleam flitted across Gizem’s eyes when she heard that. “What are you implying?”

That was when Freya stood up and approached her. “Gizem, Aren’t you here to complete a mission under his orders? Isn’t it odd that Master never deigned to tell you what the mission is about? What if he asks you to sacrifice your life? Would you do it?”

“He’s not that cruel,” Gizem’s icy tone defended.

At that, Freya’s nose scrunched up into a sneer. “You’re wrong. He is a cruel man.”

“What do you mean?”

“Everyone says even the most vicious tiger would never harm its cubs. But do you know that Master’s only son died in his hands?” Freya’s tone dripped with disdain as she pointed out, “Otherwise, given his age, he would’ve retired long ago. Yet, he’s still the leader of our corporation to this day. It’s obviously because he has no successor.” True enough, Gizem had previously overheard Axeworth Corporation’s members discussing that Theodore had a son, whom he accidentally pushed off a cliff.

Freya’s growl-like voice added, “Gizem. Lauren has already made her move, and she’s always seen you as her enemy. There’s no way she’s letting you off easily should her schemes continue to fail.”

Despite learning that, Gizem remained impassive. “Oh? Weren’t you two a team?”

Freya shook her head. “Of course not. Please think it through, Gizem. We desperately need you on our side. Plus, if you’re willing to join us and complete this incredible task of overthrowing him, we’ll allow you to become Axeworth Corporation’s second-in-command.”

“We? Is someone else working with you?” Gizem grimly questioned as she was quick to notice.

“Zack. Either way, most of Axeworth Corporation’s members have agreed to our plan. All that remains is you.”

“What about those who disagree?” Gizem sat back down.

“Those guys?” Freya scoffed. “Half of them plan to betray the organization while the other half are on Lauren’s side. So, once we overthrow Master, we’ll eliminate all of them.”

Never did Gizem expect the adorable Freya to be so ruthless.

The former retained a grave tone while asking, “Freya, do you guys really need my help?”

Absolute sincerity filled Freya’s eyes right then. “Yes.”

“Do you guys need me, or my money?” Gizem spoke again with an even chillier voice that made Freya tense up.

The organization relied solely on the drugs that Gizem developed to generate income. Thus, anyone who could secure Gizem on their side would successfully take over the organization.

“Gizem, listen to me,” Freya urged. “Lauren won’t bother coaxing you onto her side. All she wants is to kill you. Otherwise, she wouldn’t order her subordinates to pose as you and cause trouble everywhere. She wants other organizations to finish you off on her behalf. Don’t you understand?”

“Obviously. I’ve known her long enough to understand her character. However, I’m not waiting for her to coax me onto her side, nor am I taking yours.”

Freya paused in shock.

Moments passed when she snapped to her senses and coldly chuckled. “Are you really not considering my offer?”

Gizem shook her head.

“If you won’t help out, don’t blame us for turning a blind eye when other organizations try to kill you after we take over Axeworth Corporation,” Freya threatened.

Alas, only a frosty look showed on Gizem’s face. “Do you seriously think I’m a scaredy-cat?”

“I hope you reconsider my offer, Gizem. I’ll be in Jadeborough these next few days. You know how to contact me should you change your mind.”

With that, a glowering Freya stormed off.

She was not going to give up that easily.

Left behind, Gizem lightly pinched the space between her brows.

As I guessed, the organization’s members no longer share a united goal. Then again, who can blame them? This is what Master brought upon himself.

Back then, Theodore was the one who roped Vanessa into Axeworth Corporation and entrusted her with a huge responsibility.

Vanessa’s presence messed up all order and peace in the organization.

On top of that, she used Axeworth Corporation’s connections to boost her place in society. What was worse was she eventually abandoned her position to run off and marry someone.

Now, she lived a glamorous life while Axeworth Corporation stumbled down a declining slope.

Thus, all Axeworth Corporation’s members were in a state of panic, thinking it would only be a matter of time before their organization would collapse.

Two days later, Samuel went to pick up Gizem, who was finally discharged from the hospital.

His warm hospitality surprised Gizem, who said, “I can’t believe the Samuel Macari is here to pick me up.”

Samuel icily ignored her words and did what he came here to—interrogate her. “Do you know about this thing called liquid ecstasy?”

Liquid ecstasy? Gizem’s lips pursed from the sudden tension she felt.

“Some people have recently gotten drugged with this. A new batch of killers has arrived in Jadeborough, and it seems like they’re here to assassinate the creator of liquid ecstasy.”

Upon hearing this, Gizem frowned. "Is this news reliable?"
"My informants are always reliable," replied a frosty-looking Samuel.
"If that's the case, I think it's best if I stay away from Florinia Manor. You and the kids live there, after all. I don't want to get you guys in any trouble."
"Florinia Manor has the best security, so you don't have to worry," Samuel coolly interjected. "I'm merely helping you for the sake of my daughter."
He made it very clear that he had no other intentions toward her.
Gizem's lips pursed into a taut line. "You don't have to explain, Mr. Macari. I know you're not interested in me now that you've seen what I truly look like. Rest assured. I don't have any improper thoughts toward you."
That was when Samuel indifferently cut in. "Even so, you will resolve those things if you want to continue staying here. I'll give you one night to make up your mind. Either you tell me everything, and I'll help you settle the matter, or you leave this place."
Gizem was startled by his threat.
Moments ago, she was mentally praising him for being a kind man, yet that thought no longer existed. She now saw the man before her as a demon.
Even if she ignored the repercussions of leaving, she still needed to face a perilous journey back to the organization.
Gizem could only hope that Theodore could settle the internal dispute within Axeworth Corporation.
Otherwise, there would only be endless trouble.
"All right. I'll think about it," she said.
Eyes narrowing to slits, Samuel spoke again. "You'll have only one day to sit on it. I expect your answer this time tomorrow."

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Chapter 336

Chapter 336 The Grim Reveal

Sometime after arriving at Florinia Manor, Gizem sat in her room with her phone in hand.

She hesitated briefly before phoning Theodore.

This time, he answered the call without any complaints.

"Master..." Gizem took a while to ask, "How are things on your end?"

"So you've heard?" Theodore's morose voice answered with a question of his own.

"Yeah," replied a nodding Gizem. "Do you need me to return?"

"Dearest Gizem, it's indeed time for you to repay my past kindness to you." There was a hidden meaning behind Theodore's tone. "Do you know why I sent you to Jadeborough?"

"You have a mission for me."

"Indeed." Theodore's tone took on a blade-like sharpness. "I'm going to tell you what your mission is now."

"All right." Gizem nodded.

"I want you to kidnap Samuel's daughter. Bring her here."

W-What? That was not what Gizem expected. "But why, Master?"

"Why are you asking so many questions? Don't forget who rescued you when you were unconscious back then. If it weren't for me, you would've suffered plenty more disfigurement than the one on your face."

Gizem tensed. "That's true. But Master, why would you abduct Samuel's daughter if Samuel's the one you're after?"

A bone-chilling chuckle came from the phone. "Do as I command. Or, are you not planning to obey me?"

An apathetic look shrouded Gizem's face. "That's not what I meant."

"I expect a lot from you, Gizem. As long as you bring Samuel's daughter over, I'll make you Axeworth Corporation's successor."

Gizem frowned as she did not care about achieving such a thing.

"You'd better get moving." Theodore's tone bore a heavy weight.

Lips pursing for a moment, Gizem eventually replied, "Okay. I got it."

Following that, Theodore hung up the phone.

Gizem continued to frown deeply even after.

So that was his plan—for me to kidnap Desi. But she's merely a girl with heart disease.

Why would he go after her? That's too odd.

Deep down, Gizem knew she could never make a move against Desi.

What do I do? Even Samuel keeps hounding me for answers. It feels like the world is drowning me in all sorts of problems.

"Ugh..." An ache started invading Gizem's temples.

Suddenly, a fragmented vision flashed in her mind.

Those fragments seemed to be her past memories.

It was a pity, though, since she could not recall anything despite having that vision.

As I guessed, I probably shouldn't overwork my brain.

With that thought, Gizem lay down to nap for a bit.

Her slumber lasted until half past eight in the evening.

Only then did she awake and notice what time it was.

Her eyes grew wide in shock. Gosh! How did I sleep for this long? Although, my head doesn't hurt anymore, so that's good.

She then got off the bed and headed outside.

Florinia Manor seemed exceedingly quiet at that hour.

Usually, Samuel would be spending time with Eil and Desi in the living room at this time of day.

Why is it so quiet today? Gizem could not help questioning the unusual silence.

"Gizem!" Freya's voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

At once, Gizem turned around, her brows tightly knitting together. "Freya?"

A vicious smirk curved across Freya's face in response.

"How did you get in? And aren't you afraid of getting caught?" Gizem's frown deepened.

"Relax," said an unbothered Freya. "I knocked them out."

What? Rage took over Gizem's senses as she snapped, "Have you lost your mind?"

What the hell are you trying to do?"

"I'm going to take Samuel's daughter away."

"Why?" Gizem coldly questioned. Why is she and Master both after Desi?

"Duh, to threaten Samuel and Master." Freya emotionlessly chuckled while elaborating, "Oh, sweet Gizem, you know too little about Axeworth Corporation. Then again, you never were part of us, to begin with."

Bloodthirsty wrath swirled in Gizem's gaze. "What did you just say?"

"You know how Master pushed his son off a cliff? Well, his son actually survived and is in a vegetative state. Master did everything he could to make his son recover. He even turned to black magic, but nothing worked."

"What happened after that?" Gizem asked.

"What happened?" Freya sardonically sneered, "He discovered his son had an illegitimate child. However, that kid has a blood disorder. Have you not noticed the tasks he assigns you always revolve around blood?"

"What does that have to do with Desi?" Gizem was perplexed at that instant.

"Desi's birth parents had unique physical conditions that distinguished her blood from others. It can save Master's grandson. Thus, I can threaten Samuel and Master with Desi. Simultaneously, I can get them to go against each other while I reap the benefits. Once everything ends, I'll have full control of the organization. What do you think of my plan?"

"Desi has always lived with heart disease. If you extract her blood, it will only mean death for her!" Sheer rage emanated from Gizem.

"So what? It has nothing to do with me."

Those words caused Gizem's fists to ball up. "No wonder someone told me that Axeworth Corporation consists of lunatics! That you're all ruthless monsters!"

"Hah! Indeed, we are. You're the only normal one here. But that's because you were never one of us. Master lied to you."

Gizem stormed ahead. "Tell me what you mean by that!"

"I'll tell you if you manage to beat me in a fight!" Freya challenged.

"Fine!" A solemn darkness filled Gizem's orbs then and there.

She darted quickly toward Freya.

Yet, only a sneer came from Freya upon seeing Gizem's incoming fist.

The former abruptly pulled out a knife while snarling, "You're dead meat, Gizem! Since you refuse to help us, prepare to die!"

Surprisingly, Gizem managed to dodge Freya's knife.

The latter was skilled in combat arts and was one of the top three fighters within the organization.

Gizem was not too shabby either, but she still paled in comparison.

Freya was so confident that she did not even take Gizem seriously.

In her eyes, Gizem was merely a brainiac who knew how to earn money but had poor body strength.

As the fight went on, a grin broke out on Freya's face each time she forced Gizem to retreat.

"Is that it? You're too weak, Gizem!" Freya sneered.

Not a trace of emotion showed on Gizem's face. "There's no telling who will win just yet!"

"It will obviously be me!" Freya cockily added, "That's enough toying around with you."

I'm going to end your life now, then kidnap Desi. Here is where we bid farewell, you, so-called genius pharmaceutical scientist! Even though I'll miss the money your drugs will generate, you leave me with no choice but this!"

With that, she charged at Gizem with full force.

A murderous gleam appeared in Gizem's dark eyes.

She patiently waited for Freya to close in before raising her dainty gun.

Bang!

A bullet pierced the spot between Freya's brows.

Subsequently, a fearful expression marred Freya's face as her body fell next to Gizem.

Only then did Gizem put down her gun.

"I know I can't beat you in a fight. Even so, you're still nothing but a human. How can you defend yourself against a bullet?" Gizem heaved a deep sigh of relief while preparing to leave.

Thud!

Someone hit her head from behind just then, instantly knocking her out.

She did not completely lose consciousness, so she managed to catch a glimpse of a dark figure dragging Freya's body away.

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Chapter 337

Chapter 337 Provide Treatment

The dark figure soon returned, heading straight into the children's room.

The unconscious Desi was then carried out of the room.

"No..." Gizem forced herself to stay awake.

Despite that, the pain in the back of her head was so intense that it felt like it was splitting her head open.

That dark figure completely ignored Gizem as they headed outside.

As Gizem struggled to get up, it was but a futile attempt as she could not hold on anymore.

She could only watch the two vanish together.

D*mn it!

By the time Samuel woke up, he found himself in the hospital.

"You're finally awake, Samuel," said Wynn timer anxiously.

All Samuel felt at the moment was dizziness. Just being awake was enough to make him feel awful.

"Someone drugged all of you. The doctor said that the drug used was three times stronger than the average sedative. Desi is currently missing, and Eil is still unconscious." Wynn timer spoke in a worried tone.

"Desi is missing?" Samuel's voice was incredibly hoarse when he croaked, "What about the others?"

Wynn timer uttered in a whisper, "Gizem is also missing."

As Samuel's sharp gaze turned dark, he threw the covers off of himself.

That was when Tyson walked in.

"You're awake, Mr. Macari!" he exclaimed.

"Did you find Desi's whereabouts?" Samuel's face was as dark as coal.

"Yes." With a tablet in hand, Tyson reported, "Two hours ago, it was Gizem who brought the unconscious Desi onto a plane that was heading out of Jadeborough."

"Where is the plane heading to?" Samuel asked in a grave tone.

"Zedfield, which is in Moranta," Tyson responded.

Zedfield? Isn't that the most dangerous city in Moranta? To my knowledge, Axeworth Corporation—the organization that Gizem belongs to—is based there.

"Get the plane ready—I'm heading there immediately," Samuel stated as his eyes narrowed.

"Understood!" Tyson gave a nod.

Filled with worry, Wynnie looked at Samuel. "I can't believe this. Gizem... She..."

"Mom, please don't jump to conclusions. It might not be her." Samuel's hoarse voice was deep but clear.

A bit shaken up, Wynnie blurted, "But Tyson said that it was her who was seen in the surveillance footage, taking Desi away."

Samuel glanced at Wynnie meaningfully. "That person may look a lot like her, but it is not her."

"How can you be so sure, Samuel? What if it is her? She could be the informant your enemies planted by your side!" Wynnie was doubtful.

She could not understand how someone as decisive and sharp as Samuel could trust someone he had only met days before.

Picking up his coat as he got up, Samuel said, "Please take care of Eil, Mom. Call me if something comes up."

"Okay." Wynnie knew that there was nothing else she could say that would change anything.

Forget it. I'll just save my breath for now.

Once Samuel got his coat on, he immediately headed toward the door.

After rushing to the airport, he quickly prepared to head toward Zedfield, worried that Desi would be in danger if he were to be a minute too late.

The moment Gizem opened her eyes, she noticed that her arms and legs were bound.

Looking around, she found herself in a room, and the sky outside was already dark.

How long have I been knocked out? Is Desi being held here with me? If she's here, I need to find her and get us out of here.

Just then, the door opened.

Finn walked in.

It's him!

However, Gizem was sure he wasn't the dark figure who took Desi away.

"What are you doing here?" Her eyes narrowed into slits.

"Why can't I be here?" A sinister smile hung on Finn's face.

"Are we in Chanaea?" Gizem questioned icily.

"Yes."

Gizem calmed herself down as she looked at him. "What are you after?"

“What do you think?” His gaze turned cold. “If you want to live, you’d better provide treatment.”

“Haha!” Gizem scoffed, “Treatment? For who? You? Or Tracy?”

Finn stayed silent.

“The one with an issue is you. I can’t treat someone who doesn’t have any illnesses.”

One could feel the sarcasm just from looking into Gizem’s eyes.

Enraged, Finn snapped, “You should think about your current situation! Samuel already knows that you were the one who took his daughter. He will never let you off for that.”

Gizem’s face fell.

My guess is right then. Someone wants to frame me.

With a chilly tone, she countered, “Whatever I say to Samuel to prove my innocence is none of your business. You, on the other hand, are clearly playing with fire!”

Finn burst out laughing. “You still want to resist, huh? The sedative in your body is going to linger for a long time. How are you going to beat me now that you’ve lost your strength? Moreover, you’re tied up.”

With eyes filled with fury, Gizem chuckled. “The winner hasn’t been determined yet.”

Finn took a step forward before grabbing her by the hair. “Listen. You’d better treat her.

If nothing happens within Tracy’s womb by the end of the month, you’re dead.”

He slammed her head against the wall as he finished.

“This is a lesson for you!” the infuriated Finn warned.

Gizem’s head was already hurt.

Hence, hitting her head again exacerbated her pain. It felt as though her head was really about to split open.

After she collapsed onto the bed, her mind was in total chaos.

She began seeing many images and scenes.

The things she saw were like memories that did not belong to her, but they still felt familiar—as if she had experienced them personally.

She saw Samuel.

His eyes looked cold at times and sinister at other times. He also looked gentle occasionally but then miserable every now and then.

The emotions she saw overlapped and intertwined with each other, making her unable to tell if they were real or if it was all an illusion.

She soon saw something else—a woman.

It was a young and very pretty woman who acted quite erratic.

“Vivian’s dead.”

“She hung herself.”

“No. Her death was caused by Finn.”

She also saw Charles and Caleb.

They looked like they were in pain when they talked about the woman named Vivian.

What’s going on? Why do I have such memories? Wait... Who exactly am I?

Regardless, there’s no doubt that Finn is the one who caused Vivian’s death. Vivian...

She was the woman Charles liked. Is this why I felt uncomfortable when I first met Finn?

Gizem was pissed. In fact, she felt like ripping Finn into a thousand pieces.

Gradually, she felt more and more discombobulated.

In the end, she passed out once again.

Gizem woke up again a few hours later.

This time, although her head hurt, she felt incredibly clear-headed. She took a deep breath. I'm uncertain about a lot of things, but one thing is for sure—Finn needs to die. Click! The door was opened again, and at the doorway was Finn. His voice sounded even more distant as he asked, "Have you thought things through?" Gizem sat up and leaned against the headboard. Finn was sure that he had already subdued her. He smiled chillingly and added, "As long as you listen to whatever I say, I will not hurt you." "Finn, who's Vivian?" Gizem questioned calmly. "How did you know about her?" He narrowed his eyes. She is not a citizen of Jadeborough. There's no way she would know. "Was she the woman you used to love the most? Did you force her to her death?" Rage could be seen in the depths of Gizem's eyes.

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Chapter 338

Chapter 338 Becoming An Idiot

Finn roared, "What does that have to do with you? I brought you here to treat people, not to ask pointless questions!"

Gizem smiled grimly, her eyes unwavering. "Treatment, eh? I got just the treatment for your illness."

"What?"

Gizem's charming red lips curved.

"All you need to do is to die and reincarnate!"

Right after she ended her sentence, she stood up, picked up the table lamp beside her, and swung it at Finn's head.

Thump!

Finn was caught off guard as he did not anticipate that she would abruptly get up.

He had no idea how she got out of the rope that bound her.

With the lamp, Gizem bashed his head several times, hard.

It was not until Finn's face was covered in blood that she finally stopped.

She got to her feet, tossing the lamp in her hand aside.

Finn, at the brink of death, looked at her. "You..."

Gizem raised her hand, showing off the ring on her slender finger. "This ring has a hidden blade in it. Pressing the ring would unleash it."

Finn was at a loss for words.

She stepped on his chest and asked, "Tell me. Who handed me to you?"

"I don't know," Finn breathed weakly.

"If you don't tell me the truth, I'm going to end you." It was apparent that Gizem was

filled with hate.

A terrified look fled across Finn's eyes. "N-No!"

"Then tell me the truth!" Gizem stepped on his chest harder. "My patience is wearing thin!"

"It's an organization called Windwell Corporation! They handed you to me." Finn continued to explain, "When I visited the black market a few days ago to find treatment, someone said they could help me."

"That's impossible." Gizem frowned. "Windwell Corporation disbanded without a trace a few years ago."

In truth, the organization was founded by her master, Theodore, and it was supposed to be a fake organization.

Its sole purpose was to confuse those who wanted to exact revenge on him.

Nonetheless, Theodore disbanded it three to four years ago, and they all operated under the original organization called Axeworth Corporation after that.

Looking like he was in pain, Finn uttered, "I'm telling the truth. I still have their messages with me."

He began feeling around his suit pocket.

"Don't move!" Gizem demanded.

She crouched down and pulled out Finn's phone.

After getting him to unlock the phone with his fingerprint, she soon found the chat logs between Windwell Corporation and him.

At first, Gizem did not believe that the organization was Windwell Corporation.

It was not until she saw the picture the organization sent that she began to doubt herself.

The picture contained Windwell Corporation's emblem.

After she studied it, she noticed that the emblem undoubtedly belonged to Windwell Corporation. It was the real deal.

Back then, Theodore destroyed the emblem immediately after disbanding the organization.

That emblem had a marking at the bottom—it was Theodore's signature.

Only those from Axeworth Corporation knew about this.

It was impossible for malicious outsiders who wanted to cause trouble in the guise of Windwell Corporation to notice this.

This is inconceivable.

"I'm not lying to you," Finn hoarsely uttered. "Everything I've said is the truth."

Gizem asked impassively, "What else do you know?"

"I don't know much else, but..." Finn shook his head. "The person who brought you here said that as long as I fed you this drug, you'd listen to me obediently. I already fed you some."

"Where's the drug?" Gizem grabbed his collar as she questioned.

Finn pointed at his other pocket.

Gizem then fished out a bottle from it.

She popped it open before taking a whiff.

Her dark eyes quickly turned cold. "Do you know what kind of drug this is?"

"All they said is that you'd become obedient after taking some of it." Finn spoke in a low

tone.

“This is a slow-acting poison that would damage one’s brain. Taking this for a month can turn one into an idiot.” Gizem pried open Finn’s mouth. “In that case, I’ll just give them all to you!”

She stuffed the contents of the bottle directly into his mouth as she spoke.

“Don’t you want to have a son? Once you become an idiot, you won’t have to worry about that anymore!” Gizem had a lot of animosity toward him.

“Ugh...” Finn struggled against her, but she was ruthless as all she wanted was to force him to swallow everything.

Soon, most of the pills were in his mouth while some fell onto the floor.

Nevertheless, he ate most of them.

Gizem gradually loosened her grip on him as he stopped struggling.

Getting to her feet, she stared at him with hostility. “Ha! That’s what you get! I don’t know who Vivian is, but at least I’ve avenged her!”

With that, she walked out of the room.

The building was a mansion.

Judging by her surroundings, she could tell that the mansion was an old one.

The place was very quiet, and it seemed as if she and Finn were the only people there.

Seeing the car parked in the yard, Gizem was sure that she was still in Chanaea.

I don’t know who took Desi, but it could only be my master or the members of Windwell Corporation. Regardless, I need to head back. But based on what Finn said, I’ve become the suspect of Desi’s kidnapping. Samuel would never let me go because of that.

I don’t have any evidence that can prove my innocence, and the only thing I can do now is to save Desi. I’ll definitely find some clues about all this when I save her.

Grabbing the car key nearby, she strode out of the mansion.

As soon as she got into Finn’s car, she ripped the hyper-realistic mask off her face.

She looked into the rear-view mirror, scrutinizing her horrifying face.

Then, she took off the second layer.

Finally, my pores could breathe now!

She had been wearing those two layers of masks almost every day before this—especially the second one.

Everyone in Axeworth Corporation thought her face was still ruined, but it had healed a long time ago.

As Gizem looked at her face in the mirror, bitterness glinted in her eyes.

“This face looks way too similar to that of Samuel’s wife,” she grumbled.

Although it’s not completely the same, it’s just too similar for me to handle. I guess this is why Master made me wear the mask constantly. It’s to avoid misunderstandings. So, where exactly did I come from? Why are there such memories in my head?

Her red lips pursed slightly.

I guess I have no choice but to ask Master.

As she pondered, she drove toward the airport.

She was sure no one would recognize her with her face.

An hour later, Gizem reached the airport.

She had prepared her ID card in advance. After buying the flight ticket, all that was left to do was board the plane.

“Kate?” A low and familiar voice suddenly sounded.

Gizem was not aware that the voice was calling for her, so she kept walking. "Kate!" Caleb ran after her, grabbing her hand once he reached her. His eyes could not move away from Gizem's face. "You..." Gizem pulled her arm away. "Ah, ah." She acted mute and shook her head vehemently. She was afraid she would be recognized if she spoke. Caleb furrowed his brows. "You're not Kate?" Gizem shook her head. He continued to frown. "But... You look so much alike." They look so similar, with only a slight difference.

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Chapter 339

Chapter 339

A Kathleen Lookalike Gizem was in a hurry to board the plane. Thus, she withdrew her hand from Caleb's cold grip and left. A frown was etched on Caleb's face as he wondered if he had guessed wrongly. But she looks very much like Kathleen, be it her face or her back. It's just that Kathleen is not mute. Still, Caleb thought he should ask her again. When he turned around to look for Gizem, she was already out of sight. Where did she go? At that moment, Philip approached him.

"Mr. Lewis, the plane is ready for take-off." Caleb remained indifferent. "Send someone to investigate the lady I stopped just now. I want all her information when I get back from Zedfield." "Understood!" Philip nodded. With that, Caleb turned around and got ready to board the plane. He took a private jet, whereas Gizem took a commercial flight. Although they were heading to the same destination, they weren't on the same plane. After more than ten hours, the plane landed safely.

Gizem rushed to see Theodore as soon as she got off the plane. However, she stopped the car midway. Wait a minute! If this is really Theodore's doing, wouldn't I be in danger if I went there now? Although Gizem wasn't sure what Theodore wanted, Freya had previously told her that his goal was to take Desi's blood. If that was true, then she'd only be regarded as an enemy by Theodore if she went there now. Then, she would be captured by him. After giving it some thought, Gizem decided to wait for the night to fall. She would go there in the dark. Meanwhile, at a hotel, Samuel smoked continuously as he stood by the large window. He had come to Zedfield for Gizem and Desi, but after he arrived, there was no news of them anymore. All traces of them had disappeared. Suddenly, a person popped into his mind—Richard.

It was Richard who recommended Gizem before. As soon as Richard received Samuel's call, he rushed to see the latter. "What's wrong, Samuel?" Richard asked with a frown. "How did you meet Gizem?" Samuel questioned aloofly. Richard stiffened. "I heard Gizem kidnapped Desi. Is that true?" Samuel remained silent. "How can this be?" Richard was shocked. He added, "I can't believe she would do this. I met her at an academic conference. She's exceptional in our field, so I got to know her. Then, we kept in touch over the phone. I just thought of her when you mentioned you wanted to change Desi's doctor-in-charge."

Samuel continued puffing his cigarette. It had been a long time since he last smoked. "I'm telling the truth, Samuel." Richard was perturbed. "How about this? I'll ask around and look into this." The gaze in Samuel's eyes looked cold. Just then, Tyson came in. "Mr. Macari, I've found something," he reported. "Windwell Corporation vanished into thin air a few years ago, but Gizem is from this organization." Richard was overwhelmed. "What?" He had heard of Windwell Corporation before this. It was the time when Samuel got infected by the male lovebug. An elderly had come looking for Samuel and declared he could help the latter. Following Samuel's near-death experience and Kathleen's disappearance, the elderly man never showed up again.

Richard only knew that the old man had something to do with Windwell Corporation, but never did he expect that Gizem was connected to the organization, too. "What's your view on this?" Richard looked at Samuel. "Some time ago, I heard that Gizem is from Axeworth Corporation," Samuel said. "Do you think one person can belong to two organizations? Based on my understanding of the organizations in Zedfield, someone who does that won't be able to live another day once they get caught." "That's right," Richard replied flatly. "Although this place is chaotic, there are still some rules in place." Samuel's expression darkened. "So, I don't think Gizem is from Windwell Corporation."

"But Mr. Macari, they heard that she claimed to be a member of Windwell Corporation," Tyson chimed in. Samuel glanced at him and responded, "Windwell Corporation is a fake organization." Both Richard and Tyson were shocked by that statement. "Fake?" "I found the link of this organization on the dark web just now," Samuel explained in an aloof tone. "This organization appeared out of nowhere after I was infected with the male lovebug. Then, I fell into a coma, and Kate disappeared. After two years, Windwell Corporation vanished without a trace. But recently, it became active again."

"I'm confused." Tyson knitted his brows. "Mr. Macari, please enlighten me." Samuel remained expressionless. "Windwell Corporation is just Axeworth Corporation's disguise. They tell others that they are from Windwell Corporation when they are actually from Axeworth Corporation." Tyson widened his eyes, his mouth agape. Meanwhile, Richard frowned. "You mean the elderly from back then lied that he was from Windwell Corporation to prevent you from tracking him?" Samuel nodded in response. "So that's why!" It suddenly dawned on Richard what had happened. "For the past few years, we kept trying to investigate Windwell Corporation, but our attempts were futile. Apparently, it's just a disguise." Samuel's tone turned serious. "Although it was a fake organization before, their actions lately don't seem fake."

“What do you mean?” Richard was at a loss. Samuel oozed a chilly aura. “I’m going to meet the leader of Axeworth Corporation.” “Are you sure about that?” Richard frowned. “I think he has something to do with Gizem taking Desi away,” Samuel said coldly. Also, it was best for him to see it for himself. Samuel wanted to know if the leader of Axeworth Corporation was the elderly from five years ago. “Okay!” Richard nodded in agreement. “I’ll go with you!” Samuel’s face was devoid of emotions. “I’ll go alone.” “But it’s dangerous.” Richard sounded worried. “No, it won’t be.” Samuel was certain. “I’ll sneak in. Nobody will notice me.” It would alert the enemy if he went there openly. Thus, Samuel planned to go there secretly and figure out the situation. He would find a way to rescue Desi if she was really in their hands. When darkness fell, Gizem went to Theodore’s place all alone. She climbed inside through the windows on the second floor and went straight to Theodore’s room. Gently, she pushed open the door and walked into the room.

To her dismay, the bed was empty. Gizem touched the bed, and it was cold without a hint of warmth. It seemed like Theodore wasn’t sleeping here. Then, she turned around and went to the study. Once again, she was met with disappointment when she saw that there was no one in the study. What’s going on? It’s so late now. Where could he go? After checking the study, Gizem went to the first floor. Usually, there were two ladies taking care of Theodore’s daily needs. Thus, Gizem went into the housekeeper’s room, hoping to see someone. However, the housekeepers were not there too.

This is strange. Is there no one in the mansion? After pondering over it, Gizem switched on the lights in the mansion. In an instant, the whole place was brightly lit. Gizem thought someone would come out if they saw the lights. Yet a few minutes passed by, and no one appeared. It seemed like the mansion was indeed empty. Gizem turned around and went to the study again. She figured that she could find some clues if Theodore had left the place. Gizem knew he had many hideouts, but she wasn’t sure where he was hiding now either. She had no choice but to start searching for clues. Just when she was engrossed in looking for clues, she heard footsteps coming from outside the door. Is Master back? Gizem quickly hid behind the door. After a short while, the door to the study was pushed open. Soon, a tall silhouette walked into the room. “Stop!” Gizem said coldly.

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Do it The figure looked very tall. Gizem could sense that he wasn’t afraid as she looked at his straightened back. It was pitch black in the study, so she couldn’t see his face clearly. “Who are you?” she asked. How could he not be afraid at all? “Where’s my

daughter?" the man asked in an icy tone. Gizem was stumped. Samuel? What is he doing here? Samuel was about to turn around when Gizem threatened, "I'm holding a gun in my hand, Samuel.

"Don't move if you don't want a hole in your kidney." "You think you can do that?" Samuel sneered. Then, he turned around swiftly. In the dark, he stared at her coldly with deep eyes. Gizem had already put on her hyper-realistic mask. Thus, Samuel wasn't able to see her real face. "I wasn't the one who kidnapped Desi, Samuel. Please believe in me." Slowly, Gizem lowered her gun. She hoped Samuel could feel her sincerity. Samuel remained silent while wearing a glacial expression.

The next moment, he grabbed Gizem's arm, twisted it hard, and snatched the gun. "Where is my daughter? I won't let you off if anything happens to her," he said as he pointed the gun at Gizem's forehead. A feeling of bitterness crept into Gizem's heart after she saw Samuel's behavior. "Samuel, I didn't kidnap Desi. Please believe in me." Gizem never felt aggrieved, but despair filled her when she saw Samuel suspecting her. The glowing moonlight shone into the study. With its aid, Samuel stared straight into Gizem's dark eyes. Her eyes looked too identical to Kathleen's. Therefore, he couldn't bring himself to kill her. Moreover, he knew it wasn't Gizem who kidnapped Desi. For some reason, after he saw the back of the woman in the surveillance footage, he was certain that she wasn't Gizem. Gizem's heart started pounding hard. She didn't know when Samuel would pull the trigger. A few minutes elapsed, but Samuel didn't seem to have the intention to kill her. "Samuel, please give me three days. I'll bring Desi back by then," Gizem promised.

"Do you think I'll let you go after capturing you?" He spoke in an aloof tone as he stared at her. "You can't save Desi if you behave like this, Samuel. I'm looking for the person who kidnapped her. I'm telling the truth," Gizem explained desperately. "Let me go. Otherwise, it will be too late. I'm afraid something bad will happen to Desi." "I can let you go, only if you let me place this in your body." Samuel's eyes appeared icy. He proceeded to take out a tiny box. "What's that?" Gizem was shocked. "It's a GPS tracker." What? Gizem stared at him in disbelief. "What? You're scared?" Samuel said indifferently. He continued, "You can't take this out once it's placed in your body." Gizem pursed her lips. Does that mean he gets to monitor my movements for the rest of my life? However, she didn't have a choice now. Saving Desi was her priority

. Also, she knew Samuel was doing this for Desi too. "All right." She nodded lightly. "Are you going to let me go if I accept your condition?" "Of course." "Let's do it then." Samuel pursed his thin lips and lowered the gun. Then, Gizem turned around to switch on the lights. "Do it." She sat on the couch, and took off her coat and top, leaving only a sports tank top inside. Samuel was taken aback by how easygoing she was. All Gizem wanted was to speed things up as she didn't want to waste even a second. Samuel walked over and sat next to her. "Now that things turned out this way, can you tell me what you have to do with Axeworth Corporation?" he asked softly. Gizem was hesitant. "I'm from that

organization.” Samuel wasn’t surprised. “So, you approached me because of Desi?” “I…” Gizem was stunned by that question. She was at a loss for words. Before, she wasn’t aware of Theodore’s motive. Now that she did, she didn’t know how to explain things to Samuel.

Since she remained silent, Samuel didn’t probe. He inserted the small chip into her arm. During the whole process, Gizem made no sound at all. She was very calm, and there was no unnecessary emotion on her face. “Done.” Samuel stood up and kept a distance from her. “If there’s no news from you in three days-” “I’ll do whatever you say.” Gizem put on her clothes. Then, she turned around and got ready to leave. “You used to live here?” Samuel asked indifferently. “Yes.” With that, Gizem walked off. Samuel narrowed his eyes. After that, he looked around the mansion and found Gizem’s room. The furnishing of her room was very simple and unadorned. In fact, there weren’t many feminine items. Also, there were not many traces of Gizem’s life. However, it was definite that she did live here before. The only thing that Samuel found strange was that he couldn’t find a single picture of Gizem before her face got disfigured. It was just too strange. Samuel wasn’t sure if Gizem disliked having pictures of herself taken or if she had burned all her previous pictures after her disfigurement. That woman is such an oddball. Samuel remained expressionless. Just then, Charles walked into the room. “Samuel, have you found Desi?” he asked agitatedly. Samuel turned around. “Not yet.” “D*mn it!” Charles was enraged. “You asked me to come here. What’s this place?” “The residence of Axeworth Corporation’s leader,” Samuel answered. What?

“How did you find this place?” Charles was surprised. He had been searching for this place for a long time but to no avail. “I asked someone else to investigate,” Samuel said coldly. “I found this picture in the master bedroom just now. Look.” Huh? Charles was puzzled. When Samuel handed a picture of Theodore to him, his eyes widened instantly. That’s him! It really is him! He took Kathleen away back then. Where is Kathleen now? Slowly, Charles raised his head and found that Samuel was looking at him with scrutiny. Charles was displeased. “Why are you staring at me with that look?” “Where is Kate?” Samuel sounded hoarse. “She’s alive, isn’t she?” “She’s dead,” Charles said grimly. “Charles, the look in your eyes changed when you saw the man in the photo just now.” Samuel looked at him frostily. “You looked shocked and surprised. Why would you show those expressions if you didn’t know him?”

“Who do you think you are, Samuel? Do you think you can tell what I’m thinking just by studying my expressions?” Charles sneered disdainfully. “Don’t be too full of yourself.” “Charles, my people have been tailing you for the last five years.” Charles stiffened. What? For such a long time? “Initially, I just wanted to know where you buried Kate so I can visit her,” Samuel muttered. “But for the past five years, you have never been to a cemetery. I’ve sent someone to your house, but her ashes aren’t there, too. My only conclusion is that she isn’t dead. She’s still alive, isn’t she?” Charles went silent. There was a hint of hostility in his gaze. “Why do you bother if she’s dead or alive? Don’t forget that she was already Caleb’s wife when she passed away.”