

All Too Late Chapter 329

Chapter 329 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… 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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Chapter 330 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!”

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Chapter 331 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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Chapter 332 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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Chapter 333 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?”