

All Too Late Chapter 319

Chapter 319

Chapter 319 Rescue Me Samuel said indifferently,

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

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

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

a few years now. Are you telling me that you've moved on as well?" Caleb questioned back.

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

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

moment, he was in the middle of a meeting. He said calmly, "Tyson, you'll take over." "All right." Tyson continued to host the meeting. Samuel dialed Gizem's number as he walked, but no one answered the phone. For some reason, he felt a little worried. Gizem is a talented and accomplished woman. Those elites from Jadeborough will undoubtedly target her and force her to do their biddings. He called Leonard.

"Find out at once if Gizem is at the hospital. If she isn't, find out where she went."

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

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Chapter 320 Change A Partner Gizem completely regained her senses.

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

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

If she had not known about Kathleen's death, she would have thought Kathleen had been resurrected. Although Gizem did not share Kathleen's appearance, her eyes and

temperament were very similar to the latter's. Kathleen... At the thought of her, Tracy shuddered. If Finn had not arrived in time previously, Tracy was afraid her purity would have been tainted. She knew very well that incident happened because Samuel and Caleb were trying to avenge Vivian. Therefore, Tracy had been lying low for the past few years. "This is Gizem Zabinski," Emily introduced. Tracy gazed at Gizem. "Thank you, and sorry for the trouble." Gizem replied, "I did not wish to meddle in this matter, but your husband kidnapped me here." Tracy felt embarrassed. "Give me your hand," Gizem demanded. Tracy stretched out her right arm for Gizem to check her pulse. One minute later, Gizem placed Tracy's hand back down. "There's nothing wrong with your body." "In that case, why can't I get pregnant all this while?" Tracy furrowed her brows. "I've visited many doctors and tried various medications, but none of them worked." Gizem crossed her arm. "Why are you so certain that the problem lies with you instead of your husband?" Tracy was stunned. "Do you still not understand the problem? The one suffering from infertility is your husband and not you," Gizem announced with a clear voice. "That's not possible." Tracy shook her head. "Ha. If you're reluctant to accept that he is the problematic one, then there's nothing I can do to address this issue. There's no way for me to help. I'm sorry." With that, Gizem was about to leave. "Hold on!" Tracy halted her. "Dr. Zabinski, I've checked your records, and I know you're highly capable. You've assisted a few families in bearing their own children.

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

Her eyes were slightly reddened. "Dr. Zabinski, I've consulted many doctors, but all of them said there's nothing they could do." A gloomy silence descended on Gizem as she took his pulse. Gizem remained quiet for approximately three minutes. Emily knitted her brows. "How is my son, Dr. Zabinski?" "Can you tell me more about the incident involving your son's car accident?" Gizem put Christopher's hand down and proceeded to examine his body. Emily took a walk down memory lane. "A little over five years ago, my son went to Smealand. We received the tragic news of his car accident a month after his departure. However, we did not find him at the accident scene then. One week later, we realized he was saved by someone else and was sent to a hospital. We found him in this state when we reached the hospital. The doctor mentioned he would regain consciousness soon, but... he never woke up since." She wiped her tears while

recounting the story. "He did not sustain any injuries to his head," Gizem said monotonously. Emily nodded. "That's right. After we returned to the country, we visited a doctor and did an X-ray examination on him. The doctor also mentioned there is nothing wrong with his brain. However, he's simply not waking up." Gizem pursed her lips. "Pardon me for being straightforward, but he's not in a coma because of the car accident." Emily was astonished. "What did you say? What other reason could it be if not for the car accident?" "He's poisoned," Gizem replied. Poisoned? Emily was in utter disbelief. She grabbed Gizem's hand. "Are you sure? Can you save him?" "Ma'am, I do not have absolute confidence either. Can you give me some time?" Gizem asked. Emily nodded firmly. "Of course! I've waited five years, so I don't mind waiting a little longer.

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

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Chapter 321 Disgusting Sight

"You!" Finn gritted his teeth and pulled out a gun. "Finn, stop!" Emily's face fell. "Have you lost your mind?" With an arrogant expression, Gizem yelled, "Go on! Shoot me if you dare!" Finn narrowed his eyes. Bang! The sound of a gunshot rang out. Emily had subconsciously stood in front of Christopher to protect him. Snapping back to her senses, Emily quickly turned to look at Gizem and realized the latter was fine. Instead, it was Finn who was howling in pain. Samuel marched in with a gun in his hand. "Finn, how dare you attack my acquaintance?"

Finn's face turned pale. Tracy hurried down the stairs immediately after hearing the sound of the gunshot. When she saw Finn injured, she dashed over. "Darling, are you okay?" "I'm fine," said Finn, raising his hand. Samuel showed mercy. He only shot at Finn's gun, which injured Finn's hand. Samuel turned to Gizem and asked coldly, "Are you injured?" Gizem shook her head. "No." She walked over to Finn and looked down at him, saying, "Tracy's body is perfectly fine. She's not the problem that you two can't bear a child. You're the problem. Haven't you seen your eyes? They're cloudy and yellow. Clearly, you have unhealthy kidneys. Still, you want children? What a joke." Unhealthy kidneys? Finn paled at the thought of their misfortunes over the years. "If you really love your wife, you should try to solve your problem instead of torturing her," Gizem scoffed. "If it's really your wife's problem, I bet you'd have filed for divorce long ago. But you didn't. You placed the blame on Tracy so you could cover the fact about your incapability." "You!" Finn was enraged. He got up and charged toward Gizem. However, Gizem merely watched the man charge at her like a mad dog. She then lifted her leg, preparing to give him another kick. Bang!

To her surprise, Samuel used a simple yet violent method by shooting at the ground beside Finn's foot. A hole was instantly formed the second the bullet hit the ground. Finn immediately stopped in his tracks, not daring to take another step. "You better stop pestering her. Otherwise, don't blame me for whatever happens later," Samuel said coldly. Finn gritted his teeth. Right then, Tracy hurried over and held Finn's arm, supporting him. "Don't do this, Finn. Let's just all calm down, okay? Why don't we let Gizem examine you?" "I'm not sick!" Finn hollered. Gizem snorted at his response. Tracy smiled ruefully. "Finn, it's been five years. I'm tired. Please, just get checked, okay? I'm begging you." Finn pushed her away and insisted sternly, "I said I'm not sick!" Tracy stood there and sobbed. "But I'm not sick, either. Why can't I get pregnant, then?" Samuel said icily, "Maybe that's your retribution." Finn and Tracy were too stunned to react. Samuel looked daggers at them. "Have you two forgotten how you've made someone end their own life?" His words made Finn and Tracy's expressions change drastically. Gizem frowned.

"Mr. Macari, what's the meaning of this?" "You don't know about this since you're new to Jadeborough. Caleb had a sister. She was Finn's lover in the past. At that time, Finn was still the disgraceful, illegitimate child of the family. To secure his position, he drove that woman crazy by using filthy tricks. In the end, the woman lost her mind. When she finally returned to her senses, she killed herself because she couldn't accept the truth," Samuel explained. Samuel's expression was vicious. Finn will never get a child. He's not worthy! The only thing he's worthy of is this punishment. After listening to the entire story, a hostile gaze filled Gizem's eyes. "What a scumbag! He's not worthy of receiving my treatment!" Gizem cast Finn a cold stare. "I swear I won't be so lenient toward you if you come looking for me again the next time." Finn was baffled. Was she ever lenient? "Let's go." Samuel left with Gizem.

As they descended the stairs, a woman walked in from the outside. Her expression stiffened when she bumped into them. "Mr. Macari, it's been a long time since you last came to the Morris residence," Astrid said softly. Alas, Samuel ignored her. Noticing someone else standing beside him, Astrid turned to look and was stunned by Gizem's face. It's her! Why is she here? Gizem stopped in her tracks and stared calmly at Astrid. "You look familiar." Astrid froze. "Really? It's my first time meeting you, though." Gizem responded flatly, "I must've mistaken you for someone else, then. Sorry." "It's okay." Softly, Astrid asked, "Are you Mr. Macari's new girlfriend?" Gizem retained her cold expression.

"I'm just his daughter's doctor." "You don't have to waste your time talking to people like her," Samuel remarked and left. He disliked talking to any member of the Morris family. With that, Gizem trailed behind him. Astrid's face was pale as she watched them leave. After some time, she turned around to head upstairs. "Mrs. Morris," greeted Astrid while fixing her eyes on Emily. "I'm here to see Christopher." Emily did not want Astrid to touch Christopher. "Ms. Holloway, didn't I tell you to stop coming here to see Christopher? He's been unconscious for five years now. Even the doctor doesn't know when he will wake up. So, please stop pestering him. Don't waste your time and start a new life." "Mrs. Morris, I really like Christopher. I'll never get married in this lifetime. It's fine if he doesn't wake up. I can take care of him for the rest of my life." Astrid looked aggrieved. Emily thought for a moment before saying, "I'm sorry, Ms. Holloway. I can't let you take care of him." Astrid was dumbfounded. "I've already thought about it, and I want to find a wife for my son. Please stop coming to our house," Emily said coldly.

"What? Mrs. Morris, did you say you want to find Christopher a wife?" Astrid's eyes widened in shock. Emily responded curtly, "That's right. With his current state, the fortune-teller says I should get him a wife to bring him good fortune." "Mrs. Morris, I can play the role too," Astrid offered. Emily rejected her directly, "You can't. Please forgive me for being direct, but the fortune-teller has specified that the wife must be a virgin. Are you one?" Astrid froze. Emily scoffed, "As expected, you aren't. So, why should I let you marry my son? You'll be more of a jinx rather than a wife who will bring good fortune." Astrid put on a pitiful expression while gazing at Emily. "Mrs. Morris, we're living in modern times. Why are you still believing in things like this?" Emily scoffed. "Since when are you in the position to lecture me? Do you have a child? Do you understand the heart of a mother who wants her son to wake up?" Astrid fell silent; she did not dare to argue. "Get out!" Emily exploded, annoyed by Astrid's presence.

"Stop putting on an act in front of me. It's really disgusting!" Astrid paused briefly before walking out with her head lowered. I'll never let someone else take care of Christopher! What if he wakes up one day without me knowing about it? I'll be doomed if he wakes up and exposes everything that happened. No way! I won't let that happen! Gizem sat quietly beside Samuel while he drove. Samuel's handsome face had a cool and indifferent expression. "Don't get involved in Finn's matters. Caleb will never let him off. In fact, you'll face the same fate if you get involved." Gizem side-eyed him. "Mr. Macari, are you concerned about me?" "I just don't want anything to happen to my daughter.

There's no one to treat her once you're dead," Samuel said. Gizem asked placidly, "So, does that mean Finn's infertility is Caleb's doing?"

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Chapter 322 I Am His Girlfriend Now Samuel gave her a vague answer,

"Who knows?" He could not care less about Finn's issue at that moment. His main priority was to ensure that Gizem would stay alive. For him, it served as a kind of insurance policy. He hoped that if something were to happen to him, Gizem would remember his goodwill and continue to treat Desi's illness.

"I should thank you nonetheless, Mr. Macari," Gizem insisted. She felt incredibly appreciative of Samuel. Samuel wore an indifferent expression. "As you should." "Mr. Macari, you've been continuously reminding me of your kindness. Is this your method of bribing me to take good care of Desi?" Gizem inquired, her gaze locked on Samuel. Much to her surprise, Samuel gave her a straightforward reply, "Yes. You're right." He did not mind her knowing his intentions. "I didn't expect you to be calculative, Mr. Macari," Gizem remarked casually. Nonchalantly, Samuel retorted, "You could always opt to betray my kindness." "I won't," Gizem firmly proclaimed. "I've decided to take on the responsibility of caring for Desi, and I have no intention of quitting. Unless you want the caregiver changed, or else, I won't slack off on my work until Desi turns eighteen and eventually gets her surgery done." In a cold tone, Samuel said, "I hope you keep to your promise, Dr. Zabinski." Samuel's evident lack of sincerity was audible to Gizem throughout his speech. She stated, casting him a sidelong glance, "Don't worry. I never turn back on my promises." Instead of responding, Samuel kept his attention on the road as he sent Gizem back to the hospital. He was not the type to spare his attention on people other than his two children. Gizem was just about to thank Samuel when she got out of the car. However, the latter drove away instantly. Gizem was rendered speechless. Forget it. She then turned around and walked toward her office.

The phone on the office desk rang just as she walked in. "Master?" Gizem murmured as she answered the phone. "I've heard you were held captive by Finn," Theodore questioned playfully. "Yeah," Gizem replied while nodding. "He wanted me to treat his wife, but it turns out that he's the one who's sick." "What's wrong with him?" Theodore inquired, intrigued. "Probably something to do with his kidney," Gizem said monotonously. "Does this mean that you've run a checkup on him?" Theodore asked again. "No. I merely took a look at him," Gizem answered. "Traditional medicine requires the practitioner to listen, ask, and observe, yet you were able to tell what his problem was just by a mere glance. You're indeed amazing," Theodore exclaimed with a laugh. Gizem said in exasperation, "That's not a big deal, but I honestly had no idea that guys like him existed! How dare he hold me hostage?" Damn it! "I've heard you've taught him

a lesson, didn't you?" Theodore questioned. Furrowing her brows, Gizem asked, "How did you know, Master? Did the news spread that quickly?" Theodore was at a loss for words. Regaining his composure, he said, "I have my connections in Jadeborough." Gizem, on the other hand, was skeptical of his words.

"Then why didn't you send your people to help me, Master?" "Umm..." Theodore muttered, clearly taken aback by Gizem's question. "I'm the disciple capable of making the most money for you!" Gizem ranted. "That's because I know how capable you are. I know Finn won't be able to harm you," Theodore explained. Yet, Gizem remained skeptical. "I'm hanging up if there's nothing else, Master." "Take good care of yourself," Theodore reminded. "Got it." With that, Gizem ended the call with a frown etched on her face. Somehow, she had a weird feeling about her conversation with Theodore. However, a knock on the door soon snapped her out of her thoughts. Gizem turned around at the sound. "You are?" "Hi, I'm Gemma. I was previously Dr. Zimmer's nurse. The management informed me that you'll need a nurse.

That's why I'm here," Gemma said with a small smile. Gizem nodded. "Nice to meet you, Gemma." "I've been working in this hospital for many years. Thus, I'm very familiar with everything around here. Do let me know if you need anything," Gemma said as she entered the office. "I will," Gizem replied. She stared at Gemma and asked, "Are you Richard's girlfriend?" A blush crept up Gemma's cheeks as she stuttered, "N-No. I'm not..." "I saw a picture of you in Richard's wallet. I noticed it when he treated us to coffee during our hospital meeting," Gizem explained. Gemma only pursed her lips shyly and remained silent upon hearing Gizem's words. "Are you free during the afternoon?" Gizem asked curiously. "Yeah, I am. Do you need anything?" Gemma inquired. "I want to get a car," Gizem replied. "I see. I'll go with you," Gemma said with a chuckle. "All right," Gizem responded, wearing her doctor's coat. "Could you please let the patients in?" Gemma nodded in response. Immediately after work, Gizem and Gemma headed to a car dealership shop. In a hushed tone, Gemma inquired, "Are you sure this shop is where you want to purchase your car? They're all rather pricey." Gizem nodded. "Yeah, I've been driving cars like these during my time in Moranta." "Wow! You're loaded, Dr. Zabinski!" Gemma exclaimed in shock.

The cars from this shop cost about four to five million. However, the price would quickly rise to a whopping six million when all external charges were included. Gizem became aware of the problem as she hurriedly explained, "I'm not trying to show off my wealth." "You don't have to get so tense, Dr. Zabinski," Gemma reassured with a laugh. "Let's just take a look at the cars," Gizem muttered. Previously, Gizem did not care about others' opinion on her. But when she heard Gemma's words, she felt the need to explain herself right away. After some browsing, Gizem finally settled on the car that she bought during her time in Moranta. The only difference was that the one in the shop was the latest version. It was black in color and had a sleek design. "I'll get this one please," Gizem stated softly. The shop assistant was overjoyed. "Of course. Would you want to pay in installments or in full?" "Full payment, please," Gizem responded, pulling out her black card.

The shop assistant's eyes widened upon seeing Gizem's black card. After all, not everyone owned a black card as such. Most importantly, these cards were not given out to anyone at random. However, just as the shop assistant was going to accept the card in Gizem's hand, it was grabbed away by someone else. It was Yareli. She questioned, her tone dripping with mockery, "Don't you feel ashamed spending someone else's money, Dr. Zabinski?" Gizem shot her a sideways glance as she asked icily, "Someone else's money?" "You heard me right. I reckon this card belongs to Samuel." Yareli's eyes remained steely as she continued, "Samuel would not simply hand over his black card to anyone. Admit it; you stole the card, didn't you?" Gizem gripped Yareli's wrist and snatched the black card back. "Is there only one black card in the entire world?" "Anyway, it's impossible that a mere doctor like you owns one! You must have stolen Samuel's black card and came here to act like you're loaded!" Yareli exclaimed. Gizem chose to ignore Yareli. She turned to the shop assistant and handed him the card. "I'd like to get the car immediately after the transaction." The shop assistant was at a loss for words. Hesitantly, he replied, "All right." "I'm telling you, you'll be committing theft if you dare swipe the card!" Yareli screamed at the shop assistant.

The shop assistant stopped in his tracks, clearly at a loss for what to do. Meanwhile, Gemma had just returned from the restroom. She immediately strode toward Gizem after seeing Yareli putting Gizem in a tight spot. Angrily, she yelled, "Are you out of your mind, Yareli?" "Oh. It's you," Yareli sneered. "What about me?" Gemma asked, displeased by Yareli's tone. "I'm not like you; I don't brazenly pester a man who doesn't love me. Hell, you even want to become the stepmother to his children! Not to mention, the children's mother is your cousin." Everyone was looking at Yareli with odd gazes upon hearing Gemma's words. Yareli bit her lip. "What nonsense are you spouting! Kathleen has been dead for years. It's not like it's illegal for me to like Samuel!" "It's not illegal, of course. But does Samuel even like you?" Gemma pressed on. Yareli fumed, "At least I'm his girlfriend now!"

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Chapter 323 Do You Have Proof Gemma scoffed.

"I dare you to call Samuel and repeat that to him." Yareli exclaimed furiously, "That's not the point now! The point is that this woman stole Samuel's card and is planning to use it to buy herself a car." Gemma turned to look at Gizem. Gizem stole Samuel's card? How is that possible? "You've been blabbering about me stealing his card. Do you even have any proof to support your accusation?" Gizem questioned. Yareli pursed her lips.

"That card over there is the proof!" "I demand you to apologize to me if this card is proven not to be Samuel's," Gizem stated, her gaze cold. Yareli's eyes were burning with contempt as she retorted, "Pfft. There has to be a problem. How could a regular doctor like you, who barely makes that much in a year, afford to buy a fancy car whenever you wanted?" Yareli was aware that Gizem had moved into Florinia Manor.

She, however, had never stepped foot into that place even after five years. Yet, Gizem managed to move in as soon as she appeared. Yareli was sure of one thing, and it was that Gizem was a woman with many tricks up her sleeves. Gizem was clearly average looking. Thus, even after wrecking her brain, Yareli could not come up with an appropriate reason why Samuel had allowed Gizem to move into the manor. With an icy expression, Gizem said to the shop assistant, "Please check the account name of this card and inform this lady over here." Yes, Miss," the shop assistant replied before carrying out the request right away. Yareli felt slightly uneasy.

However, she had her own deductions. If this card does not belong to Samuel, it must belong to other men. As long as she could prove that Gizem had monetary exchanges with other men, she could then find a way to kick Gizem out of Florinia Manor. After a while, the shop assistant was back. "This card belongs to Ms. Gizem," he said, his eyes shining with admiration. "Heard that?" Gizem inquired as she gave Yareli a glare. "This is impossible!" Yareli shrieked. "She's a mere doctor! How is it possible that she owns a black card?" The shop assistant gave Yareli a dirty glare. "You seem to be unaware that she is not only a doctor but also a car designer. She personally designed this model." Everyone was shocked. Gemma, too, was stunned. Gizem's the designer of the car. That's why she chose to come here and chose this particular car. "I've just received a call from the headquarters, Ms. Gizem. You can drive this car away free of charge," the shop assistant informed as he handed Gizem the keys. Gizem took the keys and stared at Yareli impassively. At that moment, Yareli's mouth was agape due to the shock she was experiencing.

"I strongly suggest you read more to broaden your knowledge. Talking to people like you makes me feel like I'm squandering my intelligence," Gizem snidely said. "You!" Yareli squeaked; her lips were twitching from the fury. Gizem, however, ignored her and jumped inside the car as she said to Gemma, "Get in. I'll take you for a drive." "Sure thing," Gemma squealed in delight as she climbed into the car. Gizem then drove the car away. Yareli gritted her teeth. She peered at the car that was slowly vanishing from her line of sight, a bitter glare building in her eyes. During their drive, Gemma was delighted as she commented, "This car's functionality is amazing." Gizem smiled at that. She stopped the car when they passed a cake shop. "What's the matter?" Gemma asked curiously. "I kind of want to have some cake," Gizem replied. "My treat. To thank you for driving me around," Gemma stated as she got out of the car.

"I want a strawberry-flavored one," Gizem informed. Gemma froze in her steps before smiling lightly. "Sure." Meanwhile, Gizem was waiting for Gemma in the car. She enjoyed herself as she listened to the music playing from her stereo. After some time, Gemma reappeared, holding a box of cake. She opened the box, revealing a variety of cakes within it. Gizem took out the piece topped with strawberries. With the tiny plastic fork in her hand, she pierced the strawberry and ate it first. Gemma was taken aback momentarily by Gizem's actions. "Do you always start with the strawberries?" "Yeah," Gizem replied. "Shouldn't we always eat delicious things first? It's somewhat like love, I

think. It's sort of like those relationships that we know are bound to hurt us— Somehow, we manage to remember all the good parts of it instead of the bad parts.” Gemma froze. Kathleen had said the exact same words in the past. “What’s the matter?” Gizem looked at her in bewilderment. “Nothing. I just thought of a friend of mine,” Gemma explained as she took a bite of the blueberry cake. “She likes strawberry cake too. And similarly, she likes eating the strawberries first and even said the same things you did.” “You could always meet her if you miss her,” Gizem suggested. “She... passed away,” Gemma said. After a slight pause, she continued, “I heard that she had complications during labor and lost too much blood.” Shocked, Gizem asked, “What about her children?”

“They’re still alive. You’ve met them,” Gemma said quietly. It then dawned on Gizem. “You mean Eil and Desi’s mother?” Gemma nodded. “My friend was really kind and responsible. To be honest, I think she’d probably still be alive if it weren’t for difficult labor.” “But maybe it was worth it for her. Sacrificing herself for the sake of her two children, I mean,” said Gizem as she stopped forking her cake. Gemma merely stared at her quietly. “I’d also nearly become a mother, but I lost my child in the end,” Gizem continued lightly. Gemma was baffled. “You’re already married, Dr. Zabinski?” “Nope. He was just my boyfriend at the time,” Gizem explained. “He passed away when I was pregnant. I didn’t expect the child to go with him. The miscarriage was due to a car accident. Similarly, I lost too much blood, and paired with the impact of the crash— I ended up losing my memories as well.” Gemma was shaken to the core as she breathed, “Your experience is too traumatic.” “Yeah. The past was too painful. My heart aches each time I try to think of my boyfriend at the time. I believe he’s trying to stop me from thinking about him, so I’ve stopped. But life has been good this way— I no longer live in pain. Although I can’t remember the past, it hasn’t really affected me in any way,” Gizem muttered. Gemma nodded understandingly. “You’re right. It’s better not to think about the past if it’s that painful.” The two of them then chatted away amicably. “Dr. Zabinski, would you be interested in taking part in a charity event?” Gemma asked. Gizem was interested. “What is the event about?”

“It’s an event about caring for the autistic. We have an activity in two days and we kind of have a shortage of staff. Do you want to join?” Gemma explained. “Sure.” Gizem nodded in agreement. “Great! I’m sure this event will be even better with your participation,” Gemma exclaimed happily. After talking a little more, Gizem sent Gemma home and drove back to the manor. Meanwhile, at Florinia Manor, Samuel had just managed to get Desi to sleep. His phone rang as he walked into his study. With furrowed brows, he answered, “Hello?” “It’s me, Samuel. Why didn’t you pick up when I called you using my phone?” Yareli said anxiously. Yareli had borrowed another person’s phone. The current number was someone else’s. “What is it?” Samuel asked impassively. “You have to get Gizem out of Florinia Manor, Samuel!” Yareli exclaimed. Warily, she continued, “That woman is bad news. She’s got herself mixed up with several different men. I can send you pictures as proof.” Samuel remained unfazed.

“Do you have too much time on your hands?” Why should he care about how many men Gizem had dated in the past? “You’ll understand after seeing the pictures, Samuel. The woman is a bad influence for Desi,” Yareli insisted.