

## **Love Is More Than Words Chapter 9 Was He Worried That She Might Hurt Maggie by Roxi Tuck**

### **Chapter 9 Was He Worried That She Might Hurt Maggie**

Cassidy was taken aback by the unexpected response.

She had always recognized Franklyn's capabilities, adeptness, and resourcefulness. Could it be that he would truly allow an unconscious individual to slip away from his grasp?

This seemed more like an elaborate excuse, a feeble attempt to shield her from the truth and prevent her from contacting Alfred.

"Is it truly that effortless for him to run away?" Cassidy chuckled, her voice tinged with skepticism. "Or is it that you prefer to keep him hidden from my sight, harboring some secret?"

Cassidy, usually compliant and unquestioning in the presence of Franklyn, found herself challenging his words for the very first time.

Upon hearing her audacious remark, Franklyn glanced at her from the corner of his eye, noticing the sardonic smile playing upon her lips.

His brows furrowed, he was on the verge of uttering a retort but Cassidy interjected once more, "I have arrived home now. I extend my gratitude for your assistance today, Mr. Pierce."

Brayan skillfully brought the car to a halt. Without a moment's hesitation, Cassidy stepped out of the vehicle and firmly shut the door behind her.

With a resounding bang, the door echoed its closure, leaving Franklyn with a faint frown.

Rather than displaying anger, he observed the firmly shut door with a hint of intrigue.

Brayan appeared somewhat uneasy, sensing a touch of restlessness in the air.

Even though Cassidy had departed some time ago, Franklyn had yet to issue any instructions. Summoning his courage, Brayan ventured to remind him, "Mr. Pierce, where shall we proceed now?"

Franklyn reclined in his seat, gazing out the window. Disregarding Brayan's query, he responded with an air of indifference, "You shall transfer the house's ownership to her, provide her with a blank check and disseminate the news."

Surprised, Brayan turned to face Franklyn. Did Cassidy manage to provoke Franklyn's ire earlier? Was he contemplating severing ties with her entirely?

Disregarding his gaze, Franklyn reclined against the plush back seat, his eyes narrowed ever so slightly. "Let us proceed. I have yet to conclude choosing the evening suit."

The notion of receiving a parting gift from Franklyn so swiftly hadn't crossed Cassidy's mind. Before nightfall, a gentle knock resonated on her door, signaling Brayan's presence.

"Miss Wright, this is the deed certifying your ownership of this abode. Mr. Pierce instructed me to transfer it to you. Furthermore, he entrusted me with this blank check for your benefit. You may inscribe any desired amount upon it."

Indeed, Franklyn proved to be exceptionally generous.

Only yesterday, he had forbidden Cassidy from leaving his side. Now, upon learning of Maggie's potential involvement in Alfred's crime, Franklyn hastily disassociated himself from Cassidy.

Could it be that his generosity stemmed from a fear that Cassidy might inflict harm upon Maggie?

The moment this notion sprouted within Cassidy's mind, an overwhelming sense of suppression gripped her chest.

After several seconds of contemplative silence, she raised her head and addressed Brayan, gratitude adorning her voice. "Thank you for delivering this message. I comprehend Mr. Pierce's intentions. Tomorrow, I shall tender my resignation letter."

Concern etched across Brayan's countenance as he gazed upon her. He yearned to offer comforting words but Cassidy dismissed him with a curt farewell. "I wish to retire to bed now. Farewell."

Once Brayan had departed, Cassidy swiftly packed her belongings, hastily vacating Franklyn's property under the veil of night.

Material possessions and the allure of the house held no sway over her. Residing in that abode merely amounted to subjecting herself to humiliation.

Having spent a few years alongside Franklyn, Cassidy had come to realize that there existed no future between them. Thus, she took it upon herself to procure a modest apartment, embracing a newfound independence.

Despite its modest size in comparison to Franklyn's grand abode, Cassidy developed a deep fondness for her new apartment. Within its walls, she reveled in the freedom from considering Franklyn's taste and preferences, crafting a sanctuary that emanated warmth and comfort.

As night enveloped her surroundings following the move, Cassidy settled into her new haven, allowing weariness to settle upon her.

It was at this moment of repose that her phone stirred to life, breaking the silence. Glancing at the caller ID, she discovered it was Renata Murray, her sole confidante within the city.

Renata had been engaged in an overseas business trip, her return still impending. Cassidy understood the reason behind Renata's untimely call without much deliberation.

Renata was familiar with Cassidy's vulnerabilities, so Cassidy hesitated to answer the phone, allowing it to disconnect automatically. Soon after, a WhatsApp message from Renata appeared on her screen.

The contents of the message consisted of little more than scathing denunciations of Franklyn as an ungrateful brute, accompanied by a promise to expedite her work and hasten her return to Cassidy's side.

Cassidy perused the message, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips. She replied with a simple "Okay".

The day had proven arduous for Cassidy, leaving her utterly drained as she surrendered herself to a deep slumber in the embrace of her bed.

Upon awakening the following morning, she found herself greeted by the late hour, the sun already high in the sky.

Initially planning to submit her resignation letter via email alone, Cassidy soon discovered that her colleagues had been actively searching for her through the company's group chat. Pondering for a moment, she mustered the strength to rise, persevering through the pain, determined to attend the company for the handover process.

By the time Cassidy arrived at the office, the clock had already surpassed ten in the morning. Upon learning of her impending resignation, her colleagues displayed great reluctance to bid her farewell, with Emely succumbing to tears on the spot.

It could be aptly stated that Emely served as Cassidy's apprentice, forging a connection that transcended the bounds of mere professional camaraderie.

Ultimately, these colleagues harbored such profound sentiments for Cassidy that they remained steadfast in their determination to orchestrate a farewell gathering in her honor. Their insistence persisted to such an extent that Cassidy found it impossible to decline.

Consequently, they reserved a delightful Japanese restaurant as the venue for the occasion.

Once the workday drew to a close, the group assembled at the designated restaurant, their spirits dampened by the impending departure of Cassidy. It was not until Cassidy initiated a series of playful jests that the ambiance transformed, brimming with animated conversation and hearty laughter.

Unexpectedly, in the midst of the waitress's diligent service, a moment of misfortune befell her, causing a sudden stumble that resulted in an unfortunate mishap—a plate of succulent eels cascaded onto Cassidy's chest and lap.