

All Too Late Chapter 431

Chapter 431

Chapter 431 No Intention To Admit

“Well, whatever ideas they say here could easily be snatched away by other competitors for their own research,” Samuel admitted solemnly.

Kathleen was taken aback. “Exactly how insecure are they? Their findings will have to be announced sooner or later.”

“When it comes to tech and innovation, time is money,” Samuel said flatly. “If someone else has plagiarized and perfected your ideas before you did, you can’t really defend yourself.”

Kathleen sighed. “I guess you’re right.”

She was in the pharmaceutical business, and they were very different fields.

“Next, let us welcome Mr. Samuel Macari,” said the host on the stage.

Surprised, Kathleen glanced sideways at Samuel, “Oh, you’re giving a speech today.”

“That’s right.” Samuel nodded.

He stood up and walked onto the stage.

Kathleen watched as he strode away calmly, admiration rippling through her.

Samuel was indeed attractive.

He was charming and high-spirited. Any woman would fall for him.

She came here with him, yet other women still couldn’t resist to approach him.

Kathleen sighed inwardly. She felt rather insecure, as though she was falling in love for the first time again.

As she looked at Samuel and listened to his speech, she was quite captivated.

His speech wasn’t exactly a long one, but what he shared was quite practical.

After he finished his speech, he returned to sit next to Kathleen.

Kathleen asked curiously, "You just said that no one's really honest here, for fear of being plagiarized."

Samuel chuckled. "Macari Group has our own brand of confidence."

Fine.

The conference eventually ended, and Samuel and Kathleen rose to their feet.

"Mr. Macari," Trevor finally called out to him.

Samuel turned to face him. "Old Mr. Hoover, how may I help you?"

Trevor stared unblinkingly at Samuel. "I wonder if you have any plans for a collaboration."

"Macari Group has never cooperated with others in this field," Samuel rejected him coldly.

Macari Group had always done its research and development independently.

Cooperation was extended only when both parties had insufficient funds or lacked manpower.

However, Macari Group was different. Samuel had both money and manpower.

The people who worked for him were highly paid, so he was sure that they wouldn't be poached.

Trevor smiled meaningfully. "Why don't you take some time to think about it, Mr. Macari? I heard that you wanted to get involved in drones, but you're having trouble with the system. I have a few good people working under me. They might be able to help you."

Samuel's expression darkened. "Your information is quite accurate, Old Mr. Hoover."

I only have such intent thus far. No proposal has been made yet.

"Then, won't you consider it, Mr. Macari?" Trevor grinned.

Samuel looked at him sternly. "That's not necessary."

Not expecting that Samuel would still refuse him, Trevor thought that it was time for him to play his trump card.

“Uncle Trevor!” A beautiful woman came in from outside.

When Samuel glanced sideways, his eyes widened in shock.

Kathleen quickly surmised that the woman was Ashley, Samuel’s savior.

Kathleen clenched her fists, hoping that nothing would go wrong.

“Ashley, you’re here.” Trevor gave her a meaningful smile.

Ashley nodded. “Traffic was bad. Am I late?”

“You missed Mr. Macari’s speech. It was fascinating!” Trevor exclaimed.

Sighing, Ashley turned around to face Samuel. “Excuse me, Mr. Macari. I’m actually a reporter. Can I interview you?”

Seeing that she did not mention a word about their previous encounter, Samuel replied, “Sure.”

“That’s great!” Ashley said joyfully.

Kathleen raised a brow.

In the past, Samuel would never accept interviews.

Apparently, it was different when the request was made by one’s savior.

“I shall wait for you in the lounge,” he said flatly.

“All right!” Ashley was over the moon.

Samuel wrapped his arm around Kathleen’s shoulders and left.

Soon, they arrived at the lounge.

Kathleen proceeded to mock him, “I’m your savior too. Why aren’t you nicer to me?”

Samuel removed his jacket. “Am I not nice enough to you? Ms. Johnson, I’ve even entrusted my life to you.”

Kathleen let out a light snort.

Samuel grinned as he took note of her jealousy. “There’s nothing going on between us. Why do you care so much?”

Kathleen remained silent.

She had seen her fair share of how this would unfold.

“You can attend the interview alone. I’m going out for fresh air.” With that, she turned around and left.

Samuel furrowed his brow and instructed the bodyguard to follow her.

Kathleen didn’t go far; she was just nearby.

Right then, a bodyguard approached her. “Ms. Johnson, Mr. Hoover would like to see you.”

Kathleen raised a brow. “Lead the way.”

The bodyguard then led her to another lounge.

Trevor was having coffee when they arrived.

As Kathleen entered the room, their eyes met. Kathleen and Trevor looked similarly calm and composed.

“Ms. Johnson, take it easy. Have a seat,” Trevor said.

Kathleen did not move. “I only have one question.”

“Go on.” Trevor cocked his brow.

“Do you know who I am?” she questioned in an icy tone.

“I do. You’re Frances’ granddaughter,” Trevor answered casually. “We may be related by blood, but I do not intend to admit it, Ms. Johnson.”

Good!

“You’re overthinking it. I don’t want to do that as well. I just want to ask about your take on the separation of Granny and my mom due to Luna and Hector,” Kathleen stated coldly.

“I shared a past with Frances, but that is, after all, in the past,” Trevor said with very little emotion. “I don’t really know how Luna and Hector teamed up, and I don’t plan to find out. I’m not going to divorce her because of this.”

Kathleen clenched her fists. “In other words, you don’t have any feelings for my grandmother and my mom anymore. Is that it?”

A grim smile appeared on Trevor's face. "If I did, I would have come looking for you long ago."

Kathleen felt a chill run down her spine.

He was right, and Kathleen's heart ached on behalf of Frances.

"Noted," she uttered coldly. "In that case, I won't hold back against the Hoover family!"

With that said, she turned and left.

Trevor merely sat there, calmly sipping on his coffee. "Fran, this child's personality is just like yours."

Then, he downed his drink in one go.

It's time to resolve these grudges.

He was getting old, so he might not get any more chances to do so.

Kathleen walked out of Trevor's lounge with a grim expression, feeling aggrieved for Frances.

They fell out of love. Fine. But did he have to cause her harm after breaking up? D*mn it! I'll never forgive the Hoover family! Never!

All Too Late Chapter 432

Chapter 432

Chapter 432 Quarrel

Kathleen took out her phone and called Rory, "I want you to find out about all of the Hoover family's businesses."

"Okay." Rory nodded. "I'm on it."

Kathleen hung up after that and headed to Samuel's lounge.

She pushed the door, only to realize that it had been locked from the inside.

The two bodyguards standing by the door were surprised as well.

“Step back, Mrs. Macari,” one said as he pulled her back.

He was about to kick the door down when it swung open.

Ashley stood there, looking rather shy. “The interview’s over.”

She walked away after that.

Kathleen frowned.

When Ashley walked past her just now, Kathleen noticed the smirk on that woman’s face, and Kathleen didn’t like it one bit.

She then strode into the room.

Samuel was sitting silently on the couch.

“Are you... all right?” Kathleen faltered.

He glanced at her. “I’m fine.”

“Why did you lock the door?” she asked.

It’s supposed to be an interview.

“She did that,” he clarified. “I did nothing of the sort.”

It was true that Ashley merely locked the door, but he knew that Kathleen would misunderstand.

Kathleen knitted her brows. “What did she say?”

Samuel shook his head.

Ashley did not bring up the past at all.

Kathleen seemed to have something to say, but she hesitated.

Whatever. In the end, she’s the one who saved him. If I say something that might cross the line, Samuel surely wouldn’t like it.

In the end, Kathleen said plainly, “If that’s all, let’s go.”

Staring at her face, he remarked, “You care about what happened just now.”

Kathleen shook her head. “No.”

Samuel rose to his feet and walked toward her while she stood rooted to the ground.

If this were In the past, her legs would have given out.

Right now, she was very calm.

“What’s up with you?” She broke the silence.

Samuel said with a deep voice, “I still prefer how you used to fire questions at me aggressively. What are you afraid of? Is there anything you don’t dare to say?”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

“Just because she’s my savior, you intend to turn a blind eye to her scheming?” Samuel questioned coldly. “You are still my wife after all.”

“Nonsense. We’re divorced,” Kathleen corrected him. “At most, we can be considered boyfriend and girlfriend, and some couples break up because one party interferes too much.”

Samuel continued to gaze at her.

He knew this wasn’t what she truly felt.

In fact, he wouldn’t mind at all if Kathleen voiced her suspicions because he would have done the same.

Ashley’s words and actions were certainly odd.

“We won’t break up.” Samuel placed her hand on his chest. “What do you want me to say to make you understand that you can do whatever you want when you’re by my side?”

He had sworn that he would love her and dote on her even more than before, no matter what.

Kathleen responded, “We won’t break up because we’ve both matured.”

Samuel was quiet for a while.

“You don’t care about me,” he muttered in a deep voice. “You’re not aware of the dangers around you!”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Looking at Kathleen's delicate and soft face, Samuel adjusted his emotions and took a deep breath. "Let's go back."

He reached out to grab his jacket.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment before saying, "Mr. Macari, I just can't love you the way I used to."

Samuel froze.

"I think we should reconsider our relationship." Kathleen felt a headache coming. "I'm heading to the office."

With that said, she turned to leave.

Instantly, Samuel's obsidian-like eyes dimmed.

Kathleen arrived at her company, Golden Wing Pharmaceuticals.

The company should have done the ribbon-cutting ceremony some time ago, but they had so many things going on that they kept delaying it.

Regardless, the company had finally begun to operate properly, and the business was doing well.

Kathleen sat alone in her office, spacing out.

Yadiel came in and greeted, "Ms. Johnson!"

Kathleen lifted her head. "You're back."

Yadiel nodded. "Ms. Johnson, I apologize. Yareli fled right after the plane landed. I've been searching for her for days and still couldn't find any clues."

"She's returned," Kathleen said flatly. "Dorothy called Zion, who caught Yareli's voice over the phone."

"She's actually come back!" Yadiel expressed his surprise.

"She must have come back to exact revenge," Kathleen surmised. "She must be thinking that if we hadn't forced Vanessa to call out Luna, Vanessa wouldn't have died."

"But it's obvious that Luna's the one who wanted Vanessa dead." Yadiel knitted his brows.

"She is blinded by hatred," Kathleen uttered in exasperation. "Yadiel, I want you to investigate Ashley Zeller for me."

"Ashley Zeller?" It was the first time Yadiel heard of that name.

"Yes. She's Luna's niece. She's the one who saved Samuel when he was kidnapped while he was a kid," Kathleen explained. "Samuel said that the girl who saved him then had passed away, but recently, he got wind of the news that the girl was Ashley."

"Got it. Ms. Johnson, you're suspicious of the relationship between Luna and Ashley, aren't you?" Yadiel summarized, to which Kathleen nodded firmly.

Yadiel understands me after all, but Samuel doesn't! This is ridiculous!

"Sure, I shall investigate," replied Yadiel.

Kathleen waved her hand. "I'm going to take a break."

Stunned, Yadiel muttered, "Ms. Johnson, aren't you meeting Mr. Macari?"

"Why would I do that? We just had a quarrel," Kathleen said in frustration.

"I saw Mr. Macari downstairs," Yadiel went on. "Didn't anyone notify you?"

Kathleen shook her head. "Nope."

"You ought to take a look," Yadiel suggested. "He's in the lobby."

Kathleen stood up for a second before sitting back down. "Let him wait."

It was high time he did so.

Yadiel didn't want to interfere in their matter, so he turned around and left.

After that, Kathleen picked up her phone and looked at it. Samuel didn't even send her any messages.

In that case, I shall pretend I don't know anything.

When it was time to get off work, the company's employees passed by the lobby, and all of them noticed Samuel.

He sat there in his elegant black suit, emanating an air of austerity.

"Mr. Macari's so handsome!"

“Ms. Johnson’s so lucky! If I have a handsome boyfriend like that picking me up from work, I’d be jumping for joy!”

“Dream on! You don’t even have a boyfriend, let alone a handsome one!”

Samuel sat there on the couch, looking straight at the elevators.

He would be able to see the exact moment Kathleen stepped out of the elevator.

Very soon, Kathleen appeared among the crowd.

She also spotted Samuel, clenched her fingers tightly, and pretended not to have seen him.

With that, she kept her head low as she walked ahead.

Eventually, a “wall” blocked her way.

A pair of shiny leather shoes entered her sight. Her eyes worked their way up until they eventually met Samuel’s deep gaze. Frowning, Kathleen spoke. “Have you calmed down?”

It was then that Samuel wrapped his arms around her right in the middle of the bustling lobby.

Everyone stopped in their tracks.

What’s this about?

“Samuel, let go this instant! Everyone’s watching!” Kathleen yelled at him, blushing hard.

Samuel did as he was told, and Kathleen looked around her.

Everyone else quickly pretended to be fascinated by the view of the sky.

Someone even said, “Look, a UFO!”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

When she came back to her senses, Samuel had slowly got down on one knee.

The crowd gasped.

This is it!

All Too Late Chapter 433

Chapter 433

Chapter 433 Will You Marry Me Again

Kathleen wanted to keep a low profile, but Samuel had apparently escalated things.

He got out the ring he had long prepared and showed it to her.

“Kate, are you willing to trust me one more time and marry me again?” Samuel asked sincerely.

Kathleen lowered her eyes, staring back at him as her cheeks flushed red.

“I do.” She nodded.

Samuel instantly froze

He didn't expect Kathleen would agree to his proposal so readily.

As she continued to gaze at him with her red cheeks, her eyes glimmered in delight.

Samuel stood up, held her hand, and slipped a ring on her finger in a heartbeat.

He then took one step forward and ran his hand through her hair to cradle the back of her head, while he wrapped the other hand around her waist.

Next, he slowly lowered his head, allowing his lips to touch her cherry-red ones.

The surrounding crowd erupted into applause and cheers.

Kathleen heard none of that.

Her mind was a total blank.

She could only hear the sound of her heart thumping loudly and rapidly.

Her hand with the ring clutched tightly onto Samuel's top.

She wasn't sure if she did it right this time, but she was certain that she was willing to trust him.

The road ahead was a long one. She was bound to take some risks and surrender to her impulses.

A long while later, Samuel released her.

As he gazed at the woman, who could hardly breathe, he smiled. "Looks like I have a lot to teach you."

Kathleen's cheeks flushed even redder. "Let's get going!" she huffed.

Samuel took hold of her slender hand and led her out of the building.

Someone posted the entire video of their proposal on the internet and Instagram.

Very quickly, they became the top trending topic.

In a hotel, Ashley snickered as she stared at the phone in her hand.

Her laughter was dripping with sarcasm.

She didn't think they would take action so quickly.

Samuel had proposed just like that.

She thought they would keep dragging for some time.

Somehow, she had a feeling that if she had shown up a bit later, they might not have fretted so quickly.

Ashley picked up the knife next to her and plunged it into an apple.

"So what if he'd proposed? Kathleen, I will separate you two! Just you wait!" A wicked glint flashed across her eyes.

Back at Florinia Manor, Kathleen was sitting on the bed.

Her phone had been buzzing non-stop.

So many people were sending her congratulatory messages.

She didn't know which one she should respond first.

Samuel noticed her dilemma and grabbed her phone. "Don't mind them. Put it off till tomorrow."

Kathleen stared back at him. "Mr. Macari, this is the first ring you gave me. Tell me, was it Tyson who bought it?"

When they got married the first time, Samuel hadn't taken it seriously.

"Nope." He sat down next to her. "I chose it myself. Do you like it?"

Kathleen lifted her hand. She finally remembered that she should take her time to admire the ring.

It was certainly a beautiful one, especially the large diamond studded on it.

Kathleen thought she wouldn't like shiny jewelry, but the moment she saw the ring, her heart fluttered.

No woman could escape it.

Samuel knew she liked the ring, but he wasn't quite satisfied with her expression.

He wrapped her in an embrace and said uncertainly, "If you don't like it, I can exchange it for a different one."

Kathleen chuckled. "Do you expect me to be as excited as a little girl? Samuel, I'm a mature adult. I've seen my fair share of diamonds. I bought some too. So, you shouldn't expect me to get emotional."

Samuel said nothing, looking rather dejected.

Kathleen lifted his face and smiled. "Samuel, you're not the violent and sinister man you used to be, and I'm not an innocent little girl anymore. We've changed. The way we handle matters and the way we express emotions differ now. I like the ring. I'm very impressed."

A hint of warmth appeared on Samuel's handsome face.

Even if Kathleen didn't like it, there was nothing he could do.

In the past, he tended to give her a hard time too.

Back then, she didn't say anything.

"Are you hungry? Let's get something to eat," Kathleen asked in a gentle tone.

"Sure." Samuel led her downstairs to get some food.

They had Kathleen's favorite dishes for dinner.

While they were halfway through the meal, Kathleen's phone rang.

It was Gemma.

"Hello." Kathleen took the call.

"Kate..." Gemma was sobbing on the other end.

Kathleen frowned. "Gemma, what's up? Where are you?"

"I'm at the hospital," Gemma said in between sobs. "I..."

"I'm coming!" Kathleen stood up, put her phone down, and turned to Samuel.
"Something's happened to Gemma. I'm going to the hospital."

"Sure." Samuel nodded. "Let me take you there. Maybe I can help."

"All right."

At the hospital, Kathleen found Gemma in her office.

The latter was crouching on the floor, her face buried between her knees in utter misery.

Kathleen crouched down as well. "Gem, what happened?"

Gemma continued to sob.

"Did Richard hurt you?" Kathleen questioned worriedly.

Gemma cried even harder, so much so that she couldn't speak clearly.

Kathleen frowned upon seeing that.

From the look of things, she supposed she would have to wait for Samuel's update.

Meanwhile, Samuel arrived at Richard's office.

Richard was lying on his back on the chair. His tie had been ripped off, and his white coat was unbuttoned.

"What happened?" Samuel demanded icily.

What have these two gotten into this time?

"Miley had gone to look for her," Richard said, his voice hoarse. "I'd made my intentions very clear to her, but Miley was adamant to jump."

“She jumped?” Samuel questioned in a frigid voice.

Richard nodded. “We were on the third floor then. She leaped out of the window. Gemma couldn’t stop her in time.”

“Is she still alive?” Samuel asked.

“She’s in the emergency room.”

“What’s next? What are you going to do?” Samuel asked. “Break up with Gemma?”

“I…” Richard’s expression sank. “If anything happens to Miley, it’s not possible for me to stay with Gemma, Samuel.”

Gemma and Richard could never put this behind them.

“I’ve told you before. This woman is nothing but trouble,” Samuel stated.

“But she’s my professor’s daughter. I can’t ignore her.” Richard felt a headache coming. “How’s Gemma?”

“Kate’s staying with her,” Samuel answered.

“I really envy you,” Richard blurted. “You two have been through so many hardships, and now you two are back together again.”

“As long as you don’t give up, you can,” Samuel said. “If Miley’s safe and sound, what’s your plan?”

Richard stayed silent.

“Don’t think that I’m forcing you,” Samuel muttered coolly. “You have to figure out a way to resolve this. If you think about it only when something bad has happened, you’ll miss out on a lot of things.”

Right then, Samuel’s phone rang in his pocket.

Kathleen had sent him a message: I’m taking Gemma home. I’m not coming back tonight. She’s not in the right state of mind. I’m worried about her.

Samuel glanced at it and responded: Sure. I’ll get a few people to stand guard. Look for them if you need anything. It’s late. Don’t leave the house alone.

Kathleen typed back: All right.

Samuel slipped the phone back into his pocket and said, "Come on. Let's go to the operating room"

All Too Late

Chapter 434

Chapter 434 That Little Girl Is Me

Kathleen drove Gemma's car and brought her home.

Gemma had moved in with Richard after they got together.

Yet, she did not want to go back there at the moment.

If she went to Benjamin's place, it would be troublesome for her to explain the situation to him.

Therefore, Kathleen took her to the Johnson residence, which the former previously bought.

It had everything, so it would be convenient for them to stay there.

Kathleen led Gemma to the bedroom and asked the latter to lie on the bed.

"I'll get you a glass of water," Kathleen said.

Gemma grabbed her hand, stopping Kathleen from leaving the room. "I'm not thirsty, Kate."

Since Gemma had calmed down, she felt like talking to Kathleen. "Talk with me," Gemma continued.

"Okay." Kathleen sat down.

Gemma slowly let go of Kathleen's hand and stared at the ceiling. "That woman's name is Miley Chapman. She's the daughter of Richard's professor, who died during an international aid. That professor saved Richard when he died, so Richard has been responsible for taking care of Miley since then."

Kathleen asked coldly, "Did you not know about that all these years?"

"No, I didn't know. He hid it perfectly. Besides, Miley had always been abroad and never come back."

Kathleen nodded, encouraging Gemma to go on.

"We drank too much yesterday, so I told Richard that I wanted to break up if he didn't want to get married." Gemma pursed her lips. "Kate, I don't want an intense, dramatic relationship. I just want it to be simple and last long. I want to get married, have kids, and live a peaceful life."

Kathleen held Gemma's hand. "Gem, I know. This is understandable. Everyone makes their own choices. You want to get married, but he doesn't want to. You can break up with him and find another man."

"Yes. That's what I thought too." Tears rolled down Gemma's cheeks. "But Richard said that he wanted to marry me and that he loved me very much. It's just that he wants to wait another year. I love him so much that I agreed to his request."

Kathleen did not criticize Gemma because that was how people were when they were in love.

Everyone, including Kathleen, used to be a fool when they were in love.

Gemma took a deep breath and continued. "Richard gave me a ring, saying that it was a marriage proposal. He promised to marry me after a year. He even brought me to see our new house and gave me the key and a bank card so that I could decorate the house. Kate, I was really happy at the time."

Kathleen replied solemnly, "Okay."

"But..." Gemma burst into tears. "The woman named Miley appeared. She came back from abroad and found me. I was in the hospital ward then. She said that Richard loved her and that he went to see her when he went abroad all these years. She even said that she used to have his kid. I didn't believe her. Richard showed up afterward and told her that the one he loved was me, not her. In the end, she turned and jumped out of the window. I tried to grab her but couldn't get her in time."

Kathleen felt angry yet helpless upon hearing her words.

Gemma cried sorrowfully as she went on, "Regardless of whether Miley will survive the fall or not, I know that I can't be with Richard anymore."

Kathleen lightly patted her on the shoulder. "Gem, get some sleep. You should think about this again when you calm down."

"Okay." Gemma closed her eyes.

She had a hard time trying to calm down, so it was difficult for her to fall asleep. Opening a drawer, Kathleen took out an incense stick and lit it.

The incense stick released calming scents.

Upon smelling the scent from the burning incense stick, Gemma became emotionally stable and soon fell asleep.

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Miley's surgery at the hospital was over.

The doctor said that she was safe, and fortunately, her head was not seriously injured.

The only thing to worry about was her legs, for she might never be able to stand up again.

Richard swallowed hard.

If Miley did go lame, he would have to take care of her for the rest of her life, which meant that he could never be with Gemma anymore.

Samuel looked at Richard coldly. "I can help you if you don't have the heart to do it."

"How?" Richard frowned.

"Send her to a place you don't know about," replied Samuel.

Richard was rendered speechless.

"But it seems that you don't need me. Richard, if you want to take care of her, you should be prepared to break up with Gemma," Samuel reminded.

Richard said bitterly, "I don't want to break up with her."

"You don't want to, but is there a woman who can accept her man taking care of another woman? Gemma is more like a soft touch than Kathleen is, but do you really think that she can't live without you? You've been with her for so many years without marrying her. Do you really think she can't meet a better man at her current age?" Samuel mocked.

Richard was stumped.

"Don't get clever with Gemma. Richard, I think compared to Kathleen, it'll be even harder for her to get back together with you once she's made up her mind. Think about it yourself," Samuel added coldly.

Richard remained silent.

"Kate took Gemma back to her mansion. You can go to see her after you make the decision. If you haven't decided yet, don't disturb and upset her," Samuel said calmly.

"Okay." Richard nodded.

Samuel then turned to leave.

There was a look of misery on Richard's face.

What should I do?

Samuel came out of the hospital.

When he was about to enter the car, the voice of a woman was heard from behind.

"Samuel."

Samuel turned to look at Ashley with an indifferent expression. "It's you."

He's so aloof.

Ashley walked over. "Why did you come to the hospital?"

"To do my stuff." Samuel remained distant.

Ashley noticed his indifference toward her and said hesitantly, "Samuel, there's something I didn't get to tell you that day."

"What's it?" Samuel asked emotionlessly.

Ashley looked pale. "I have an upset stomach from dinner. Please accompany me to the doctor first, and then, I will tell you."

"Hey, you over there, accompany Ms. Zeller to get a check-up," Samuel instructed in a cold voice.

Ashley was bereft of speech as a bodyguard walked over.

Samuel fixed his indifferent eyes on Ashley. "Does it not hurt anymore? Hurry up and go."

Ashley felt humiliated.

She could not believe that he actually got a bodyguard to get rid of her, Ashley Zeller, the niece of the owner of Zeller Group.

Samuel looked at her coldly.

"Samuel, that's not very gentlemanly of you," Ashley remarked calmly.

"I don't need to be one to you. Why should I be so nice to women other than my own?" Samuel replied icily.

Ashley froze.

"Besides, it's not like you're dying," added Samuel.

As she looked up to meet his dark, cold eyes, she was stunned.

Samuel was staring cold as ice at her without any emotion in his eyes.

Ashley clenched her fists. "Samuel, actually this is what I'm trying to tell you. Do you remember when you were kidnapped many years ago and a little girl died while trying to save you?"

Samuel kept his cold gaze at her. "Yes."

That's great!

"Actually, that little girl is me." Ashley felt uneasy.

In fact, she didn't want to mention it herself.

All Too Late

Chapter 435

Chapter 435 I Want To Be Your Sister

"What do you want? Money?" asked Samuel aloofly.

"Does my life only mean money to you?" Ashley retorted angrily.

"This is the only way I can thank you. Or is there anything you want? You can tell me," said Samuel in the same icy tone.

Ashley was stumped.

"If these are not what you want, what do you want, then? My life?" asked Samuel.

Ashley was speechless, not knowing how to answer him.

I can't tell him that I want to be with him, can I?

"Samuel, actually, I want to be your... sister." Ashley squeezed her fingers as she went on, "I'm the only child. I want a... brother."

"No. It's either money or something else. I won't agree to have such an ambiguous relationship with you," Samuel replied flatly.

Ashley froze.

Why is this different from what I thought?

Samuel looked at her indifferently. "Do you still want to see the doctor?"

"I'll go by myself." After a pause, Ashley added hesitantly, "Samuel, how about this? Treat it as a favor you owe me. I'll come to you when I have the need to in the future. Is that okay?"

"Okay."

That's great!

"I hope you'll have your mind made up when you come to me," Samuel added before closing the car door and instructing the driver to drive.

Biting her lip, Ashley watched him leave.

I didn't expect him to be so unyielding, but it's okay. I have other ways.

Kathleen woke up early the next day.

After she went downstairs, she saw Samuel sitting in the living room, and there was food on the table.

"How did you come in?" Kathleen was surprised.

"With key. Desi gave it to me," explained Samuel.

Kathleen recalled that she had indeed given Desiree the key to her house when the latter lived here.

Kathleen did not expect Desiree would give the key to Samuel.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Kathleen frowned.

"I want you to sleep a little longer," Samuel replied.

She went over to sit next to him. "I know all the ins and outs. How's Miley doing?"

"She didn't hurt her head, but she won't be able to stand up for the rest of her life," stated Samuel calmly.

It's that bad?

Kathleen knitted her brows. "What is Richard going to do?"

Samuel glanced sideways at her. "What do you think?"

"If he wants to take care of Miley, Gemma..." Kathleen could not finish her sentence. Instead, she said, "It'll be too cruel for her."

Samuel held her hand. "She has to face it."

Kathleen felt bad for Gemma. "It's too cruel."

There was a solemn look in Samuel's eyes. Indeed. It's not easy for Richard and Gemma to be together. Gemma has indeed sacrificed a lot in the relationship.

"Kate." Gemma's voice was suddenly heard coming from upstairs.

Kathleen immediately rose to her feet. "Gem, you're awake. Are you hungry?"

Samuel got us some breakfast."

"Yeah." Gemma nodded.

Kathleen grabbed Gemma's hand and said, "Let's go and eat something." The former then glanced at Samuel. "Come eat together."

Samuel nodded.

The three of them went to the dining room.

Kathleen took care of Gemma.

"Here's some soy milk and bread." Kathleen placed the breakfast in front of Gemma.

Gemma took a sip of the soy milk. "Samuel, how's Miley?"

"I called just now and was told that she's out of critical condition. I've also helped you to apply for leave at the hospital. You can take a good rest and return to work anytime," Samuel replied.

"Thanks." Gemma's eyes were reddened.

He replied calmly, "Don't stand on ceremony. You're Kate's friend."

Gemma pursed her lips. "So she..." Gemma trailed off.

"She can't move her legs anymore. She has to spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair," Samuel stated.

Gemma took a bite of the bread and chewed it slowly, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Kathleen took a piece of tissue and helped Gemma to wipe the tears off her face.

As tears kept streaming down Gemma's face, Kathleen got worried.

Gemma knew that it was impossible for Richard to ignore Miley when Miley was in such a condition.

Gemma felt terrible, and her heart ached.

Closing her eyes, she broke down in tears.

Kathleen patted her lightly on her back. "Don't take it too hard, Gem. Richard is so terrible. If he had resolved the matter sooner, it wouldn't have affected you."

Hearing Kathleen's complaint about Richard, Samuel did not want to make any comments.

"Kate, I'm really sad. I love him so much, but this is what I get in the end." Gemma sobbed.

She was indignant that she had to break up with Richard because of such a thing.

"There are a lot of things in life we can't control, Gem. If you can't force it, it's better for you to walk away from it as soon as possible," said Kathleen.

"Okay." Gemma sniffled. "Kate, I would like to be alone now."

"Make yourself at home, Gem. I've told the guard not to let Richard in. Don't worry. Have a good rest," Kathleen assured.

Gemma nodded and went back to her room.

Samuel gave Kathleen a thoughtful look. "What do you think Gemma will do?"

Kathleen replied straightforwardly, "Break up. No woman can accept such a thing.

Richard is the one who makes the mistake, so he should bear the consequences himself. He can't drag Gemma into it."

Samuel gave it a thought and asked, "What if this happens to us?"

Kathleen looked at him with a serious expression. "If the woman who places you in a tough spot is Ashley, Samuel, I won't cry as Gemma did. Now, I understand that making myself happy is the most important thing. When the time comes, don't accuse me of not loving you enough. If you love me, you won't have anything to do with Ashley."

"I didn't make a mistake." Samuel felt helpless.

Kathleen took a sip of the soy milk without saying anything.

Ashley's existence made her feel uncomfortable.

It was not that she was overly concerned, but something like that happened too many times, such as Nicolette, who pretended to be the one who saved Samuel.

As a result, Samuel treated Nicolette very well.

By the way, there has been no news of Nicolette these days. Where did she go?

"What are you going to do today?" asked Samuel.

"I'm keeping Gem company at home. I vaguely remember that she always spent time with me when I quarreled with you previously, so I can't leave her now," replied Kathleen.

"Okay." Samuel nodded. "I'm going to the office today. Call me if you need me."

He knew that Kathleen would not possibly call him as she was no longer the same as before and could solve everything by herself.

"Okay." Kathleen gave him a slight nod.

Samuel got up and left.

He then got into the car with a frown.

Tyson asked awkwardly, "What's wrong, Mr. Macari?"

"Tyson, humans are so greedy." Samuel swallowed hard. "I used to think it would be fine as long as she stayed by my side, but now I want her to love me like before."

"What happened, Mr. Macari?"

Samuel told Tyson the whole thing.

"Mr. Macari, I actually think that Mrs. Macari is right. Both of you have changed. You certainly didn't handle things the way you did in the past. Besides, I think the fact that Mrs. Macari is bothered by Ashley shows that she loves you."

All Too Late

Chapter 436

Chapter 436 Go Our Separate Ways

Gemma kept herself locked in her room during the day.

Kathleen prepared some food and sent it to her, but Gemma left it untouched.

Kathleen had no choice but to wait.

When it was evening, Kathleen was worried that something would happen to Gemma, so she knocked on the latter's door. "Gem, I'm coming in."

Then, she used the key to unlock the door.

It was pitch-dark in the room with the curtains drawn.

Kathleen turned on the light and scanned the room but could not find Gemma.

The former was stunned for a moment before making her way to the bathroom.

Only then did she find Gemma sitting in the bathtub filled with cold water.

"Gem, you'll get sick." Walking over, Kathleen squatted down next to Gemma.

"Come out first."

She reached out to touch Gemma, whose skin was icy cold and wet.

"Gem, you can't be like this because of a man." Kathleen cupped Gemma's face with her hands. "It's really not worth it. It's his business that he wants to repay his mentor. You don't have to punish yourself like this."

Gemma remained sitting quietly with her knees to her chest inside the bathtub.

Kathleen drained the cold water from the bathtub and wrapped Gemma in a bath towel.

"Can you not be like this, Gem?" Tears welled up in Kathleen's eyes.

Saying nothing, Gemma sat quietly in the bathtub. Kathleen could not do anything about it.

The doorbell rang all of a sudden.

Kathleen knitted her brows.

If it were Samuel, he would have entered the house instead of ringing the doorbell. Who will it be?

"Gem, I'll go have a look." Kathleen ran some warm water in the bathtub and added, "While you warm up your body first."

Gemma said nothing.

Kathleen then got up and went downstairs to get the door.

Richard was seen standing at the door.

Still wearing his outfit from the day before, Richard looked worried. "Is Gem—"

Kathleen cut him off coldly, "She's not okay."

"I..." Richard faltered.

"If you want to see her, I'll ask her first," said Kathleen.

Richard did not expect that Kathleen would let him see Gemma.

"Richard, it's not that I don't blame you. I just think it's necessary for you to clarify this matter with her. You should finish what you started." There was a standoffish look in Kathleen's eyes.

Richard stiffened. "Are you asking me to break up with her?"

"What else can it be?" Kathleen gave him a stern look. "Do you want her to wait?"

A woman doesn't have much time to waste! You know she wants to get married, to live a stable life, but you can't give her what she wants, so what makes you think you can cling to her!"

Richard was bereft of speech.

He took a deep breath before relenting. "If this is what she wants, I'll accept it."

Kathleen's eyes glinted with emotions as she turned to head upstairs to see Gemma.

When she entered the bathroom, she saw that the water in the bathtub had overflowed.

Turning off the water faucet, she said gently, "Richard is here. He wants to see you."

Gemma did not move an inch.

Kathleen sighed. "All right. I'll ask him to leave."

Gemma suddenly said, "I'll see him."

Kathleen was stunned for a moment. "Gem, don't force yourself if you don't want to do it."

"It's okay. Get him to come up here." Gemma's voice was hoarse.

"I'll help you dry your body first." Kathleen took off her clothes and wiped her body dry before putting a clean bathrobe on her.

Afterward, Kathleen helped Gemma out of the bathtub, led the latter to the bed, and wrapped her with the blanket.

Gemma's body gradually got warm.

Only then did Kathleen go to see Richard, who was standing by the stairs on the first floor.

A tall and sturdy man was standing next to him.

It was Samuel.

"I brought dinner." Samuel's voice was calm.

Kathleen nodded at him before looking at Richard. "You may go up."

"Thanks." Richard walked upstairs.

Kathleen frowned.

"Won't you follow him?" Samuel asked.

"They're both adults. They have their own ways to solve things. It's personal. I shouldn't interfere."

Samuel held her hand. "Let's have something to eat first."

Kathleen nodded.

She looked down at Samuel's hand that was holding hers and saw that he was wearing a ring.

"It doesn't seem like this is the latest style," Kathleen commented, feeling curious.

"I bought it when we got married. I've been keeping it," Samuel explained.

Kathleen was puzzled. "It looks quite ordinary. Did I pick it myself?"

Samuel froze.

It was not wrong to say that Kathleen was the one who picked the ring.

At that time, he was impatient, so Kathleen had picked a low-key and cheap ring.

"Since you are wearing the old one, I will also wear the old one," Kathleen said.

"I don't know where I kept yours." Samuel held her hand tightly, feeling guilty deep down.

Kathleen gazed at his eyes, knowing that he was clearly lying.

However, she did not bother to expose his lies as it was sometimes better to be ignorant.

Richard came to Gemma's room, and she was sitting on the bed motionlessly.

She was like a doll that was left to the mercy of others.

Richard rarely saw her like that.

Gemma had always been a gentle and quiet person, but she would not be so silent and lifeless.

"Gem, are you okay?" Richard's voice was deep.

Gemma slowly looked up at him without any emotions in her eyes. "Richard, how's Miley doing?"

Richard froze for a moment. "She's fine, but her legs are injured, so she needs some time to rest and recover."

Gemma questioned, "What's the point of lying to me? My colleague texted me telling me that her legs were broken. She can never stand up again."

Richard shot her a helpless look.

"You've been taking care of her because of your mentor. Now that her legs are broken, that's all the more reason for you to take care of her. Richard, I can't keep on waiting for you. Do you get it?"

"Are you breaking up with me?" Richard asked in a hoarse voice.

Gemma nodded. "Yes."

Richard's face turned pale. "Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes." Gemma took a deep breath. "I'd thought about it for a day. Richard, I've been waiting for you all these years, but you've let me down. I can no longer waste my time on you. Let's go our separate ways."

Richard clenched his fists. "Even if I ask you to give me some time?"

Gemma shook her head. "No. To give you a little more time is to stab myself with a knife. Richard, you can't be so cruel. I've sacrificed too much. I can't accept that you care more about another woman instead of me, so let's break up."

Richard's hands started trembling uncontrollably. "Gem..."

"Richard, it's been almost seven years." Gemma looked up at the ceiling, tears rolling down her cheeks. "How many seven years can a woman have?"

Richard stood rooted to the spot.

"We're breaking up. That's all I have to say. I'll go to your house to pack up my stuff in a few days. I'm done talking. You may leave." Gemma began to chase him out.

She did not want to see Richard anymore.

The sight of him made her heart and every part of her ache.

All Too Late

Chapter 437

Chapter 437 Finally Free

Richard looked at her and pursed his lips before stepping out of the room. As he descended the stairs dejectedly, he glanced at the dining room.

"How did it go?" asked Samuel.

"We... broke up," Richard muttered, hoping Samuel would console him.

"Gemma's finally free. From today onward, you can keep that crazy woman company," Samuel commented flatly.

Richard was rendered speechless.

"Richard, you're greatly responsible for Miley's current state. If you had kept a distance from her since the beginning, she wouldn't have ended up like that. You knew Miley liked you, yet you kept getting in touch with her. Naturally, her desire for you will grow. In fact, she's even willing to use such methods to own you."

Samuel's words hit the bullseye.

Richard stayed silent.

Samuel was right.

It was all Richard's indulgence that caused Miley to be in such a state.

"Kathleen, please take care of Gem," Richard mumbled.

"I would've done it without you telling me to do so," Kathleen stated coldly.

A look of helplessness appeared on the man's face.

Just then, his phone rang.

"Dr. Zimmer, please come over quickly. The patient's awake, but she keeps crying and making a fuss. We can't keep her calm."

"Okay. I'll be right over." Richard ended the call and immediately dashed off.

Kathleen commented frostily, "You're right. The biggest factor is not setting boundaries. But I never expected Richard to be like this."

Samuel murmured, "I won't do that."

She side-eyed him. "I don't believe Ashley never went looking for you."

Her womanly instincts told her that Ashley would not back down.

"Forget it. She's your savior. I have no right to say anything." She swallowed her food with a placid expression and informed, "I'm going to check on Gem."

With that, she put down her cutlery and went upstairs.

Clearly, she was ignoring Samuel.

He sighed inwardly, frustrated by the situation.

Kathleen really doesn't like Ashley. Well, neither do I.

Kathleen went up the stairs and arrived in front of the room door.

Suddenly, she stopped in her tracks, for she heard Gemma's sobs from inside the room.

Standing at the doorway, Kathleen sighed and leaned against the wall. Apart from feeling worried and heartbroken for Gemma, Kathleen thought about Ashley upon seeing Gemma in this state.

It was inevitable for women to feel insecure when a person like Miley showed up around their significant others.

Kathleen used to think her feelings for Samuel were not as intense as before. However, Ashley's appearance made Kathleen realize how scary her possessiveness could be.

Despite that, she did not want Samuel to notice it.

After all, Ashley did save Samuel.

It was up to Samuel as to how he wanted to thank Ashley.

Even so, Kathleen could not help but worry.

She stood at the door for some time until the sobs inside became softer.

Only then did she enter the room.

"Gem, are you okay?" Kathleen asked concernedly.

Gemma slowly lifted her head. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

"We broke up. Our seven-year relationship ended just like that," she sobbed.

Kathleen sat beside the bed and pulled Gemma into her embrace. "There'll be a better man who loves you. You're a great woman. You deserve better, Gem."

Gemma hugged the woman back. "Kate, I feel awful. I really love him, but I can't tolerate having a woman like her getting in between us. It's too torturous. I'd rather give up on a relationship like this."

Unfortunately, the process of giving up was too difficult to bear.

Kathleen patted her friend's back. "Cry it out if you want to. It's okay. I'll stay with you."

"I've really had enough. What gives that woman the right to take away the person I love? What makes her think she can threaten him with her life? Does she think I can't do the same? I simply don't want to," Gemma bemoaned, sounding as if she was about to tear up again.

Kathleen frowned. "Gem, you must not think of it that way! She jumped from the third floor because she's a madwoman. You're not. It's not worth doing that for a man who hurt you. Think of your brother. Are you willing to break his heart?"

Gemma sniffled. "You're right. I can't do that. I'm his only family and vice versa. We can't lose each other."

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm glad you understand."

"Kate, I'm thinking of resigning." Gemma let go of Kathleen and leaned against the headboard. "I'll keep seeing them if I continue working at the hospital."

"Okay. Go ahead and resign, then." Kathleen thought for a moment and asked, "But isn't being a nurse your dream?"

Is it really worth giving up a job you like for a man?

Gemma answered plainly, "Yes. I've thought about it."

She had considered it thoroughly.

"Do you have any plans after this?"

Gemma shook her head; she had not thought about that.

However, her savings would give her enough time to mull it over.

"Gem, why don't you join my company? We're in need of employees. You could come over and help me?" Kathleen suggested.

Gemma frowned. "But what can I do?"

"If you don't mind, you can be my assistant. What do you think?"

Gemma gave it a thought before answering, "I don't know if I can do it, but I can give it a go."

Kathleen nodded. "Sure! Don't worry. It's not difficult."

Gemma smiled faintly. "Thank you for keeping me company today, Kate."

Kathleen flashed her a smile. "What are you saying? We're best friends. Who's going to take care of you if not me? Are you hungry?"

"Mm." Gemma bobbed her head.

"Come on. Let's go get some food." Kathleen helped her friend to get out of bed.

When they reached the dining room, Samuel was already gone.

Kathleen paid no mind to it. She led Gemma to the seat, and they ate together.

After eating, Gemma returned to the room, saying she wanted to prepare her resignation letter.

Thus, Kathleen cleaned up the place and retreated to her room as well.

To her surprise, she saw a man lying on the bed.

His suit had been taken off and placed by the side. He had fallen asleep on the bed while still dressed in the other pieces.

Kathleen assumed he had left.

Never did she expect him to have quietly crawled into her bed.

Since Samuel was sleeping soundly, she moved around the room quietly.

She took a bath, then lay on the bed.

Her fragrance wafted up the man's nostrils instantly, causing him to open his eyes.

Kathleen was surprised. "Did I wake you?"

Samuel shook his head.

"Why didn't you say anything about staying here? I got a shock when I saw someone lying on my bed as I entered the room," she complained helplessly, slightly exaggerating.

He held her hand. "Kate, if you're so bothered by Ashley, why did you agree to marry me?"

Kathleen huffed indignantly. "I'm regretting it now."

Samuel tightened his grip around her hand. "You love me, don't you?"

"No shit, Sherlock. Why am I with you if I don't love you?" She furrowed her brows. "Do you think I'm insane?"

He glanced at her with a gentle gaze. "Maybe you've gone insane from loving me."

She scoffed, "You're really full of yourself, aren't you? Samuel, I've got nothing to say since Ashley's your savior. What I do mind is her identity."

All Too Late

Chapter 438

Chapter 438 They Pay A Princely Sum

"I know." Samuel nodded.

Kathleen knitted her brows. "Her aunt is Luna. Don't you think that's too big of a coincidence? We've found that Luna's the culprit, and now her niece is your savior. It's as if Ashley will surely get involved if we want to get back at Luna. Things will get super complicated."

"I understand your concerns. Don't worry. I won't make any mistakes again," he promised.

It wasn't easy for me to be with Kathleen again. How could I possibly make the same mistakes as in the past? Then again, Kathleen's right. I find Ashley suspicious too.

"Go to sleep," she said gently.

"Mm." He shut his eyes and placed her hand on his chest. "Kate, the only feeling I have toward Ashley is gratitude. You're right. She did come looking for me, and I told her I could give her money and other monetary forms of repayment. I told her that's all I can offer."

Kathleen's eyes, which were initially closed, fluttered open. "Did she ask for other forms of repayment?"

Samuel remained silent for a moment, then nodded.

She raised a brow. "Interesting. What did she want?"

"She wants to be my little sister," he admitted.

Kathleen was dumbstruck.

"I didn't agree to it," he muttered.

In fact, there was no way he would agree to it.

She turned over and stared fixedly at him. "I think Ashley's up to no good. If she really makes a move, will you—"

"I won't kill her. But if she messes with you, I'll never forgive her," Samuel said grimly.

Kathleen sighed with relief inwardly. "Okay."

After saying that, she shut her eyes. "I hope she can accept reality."

The next morning, Samuel received a phone call.

"Okay. Got it. Go back to the manor and help me pack my luggage," he instructed sternly.

Kathleen was awakened by his voice. "What's wrong?"

"It's Nicholas. He's gotten into some kind of trouble at Smealand. I'll need to go there personally to settle it. I might stay there for a week." He hugged her.

That long?

She nodded. "Okay. Stay safe."

Samuel planted a kiss on her forehead. "Mm. You should get more sleep. I'll wash up and leave when I'm done."

"All right."

With that, the man got up and went to wash up.

Kathleen lay back on the bed, but she could not fall asleep.

A moment later, Samuel was prepared to leave.

"Wait!" She walked up to him and slipped a talisman into his coat pocket.

"Samuel, this talisman has a special pill. If you get tricked by someone, swallow it. It'll help you."

He held her hand. "All right. Don't worry. I'll come back in one piece."

"Mm." She nodded.

Samuel gave her a hug, pecked her red lips, then left.

Kathleen sighed silently and watched him leave the mansion.

Unable to fall back to sleep, she went to the kitchen to prepare some breakfast.

That day, Gemma came downstairs too.

However, her complexion was poor.

"How are you feeling?" Kathleen asked in concern.

Gemma felt her forehead and said, "I think I'm down with a slight fever."

Kathleen frowned. "Are you still going to the hospital, then?"

"Yes!" Gemma answered confidently, for she had made the preparations. "Kate, can you accompany me to pack up my things after visiting the hospital?"

"Sure."

Upon arriving at the hospital, Gemma went straight to the director's office to hand in her letter of resignation.

The director tried to convince her to stay.

"I've really thought this through. Please let me resign," she pleaded with a helpless expression.

The director sighed and responded reluctantly, "Very well."

"Thank you." Gemma turned around and exited the room.

Upon exiting the director's office, she said to Kathleen, "I'm going to bid farewell to my colleagues."

"Sure. Go ahead," Kathleen said blandly.

Hence, Gemma went off to look for her colleagues while Kathleen strolled around the hospital grounds.

"Ms. Johnson!" Rory greeted when she finally found Kathleen.

"Why are you here?" asked Kathleen in surprise.

"I've got a document that needs your signature."

Nodding, Kathleen picked up the pen and signed with a flourish.

"How could it be her?" Rory exclaimed out of the blue.

"Who?" Kathleen raised her head.

Rory pointed at the silhouette that was moving about in a hurry. "That woman over there. Her name's Marjory Garner. She used to be my mentor at the bodyguard training institution."

Kathleen was surprised. "Oh? She's so young."

"I know, right? She's really incredible. In fact, she became our mentor when she was in her teens," Rory explained. "But why is she here in the country?"

Kathleen sensed Rory's curiosity. "You should greet her if you want to."

The latter shook her head. "It's all right. She's taught many students. Besides, she often gives lessons to rich kids. I bet she's forgotten all about me."

Kathleen fell silent.

"Anyway, I shall get going, Ms. Johnson." Rory picked up the documents and left. Kathleen nodded in response.

Just as Rory left, Kathleen recalled there was an important document lying on her office desk. Thus, she went over to get it.

Along the way, she happened to pass by Miley's ward.

The ward door was wide open, and Marjory could be seen standing in front of Miley's bed.

The two looked extremely serious.

Right then, Kathleen recalled Rory's words.

Marjory gave lessons to rich kids. Does that mean she taught Miley before too?

Quietly, she stood in a corner and listened to their conversation.

"Looks like your wish is coming true," Marjory commented coolly.

"Yes. Soon, he'll be mine." There was a hint of smugness in Miley's voice.

"Whatever floats your boat," Marjory responded flatly.

"Ms. Garner, let's not keep in touch from today onward. I'm afraid he might be suspicious," Miley said concernedly.

"Don't worry. I'm only here to check up on you. You're my student, after all."

"Did something happen? Why are you back in the country?" Miley asked with curiosity.

"Yeah. I'm here to work as the bodyguard of Zeller Group's owner's daughter."

"Bodyguard?" Miley raised her brow. "All the best, Ms. Garner."

"Oh, well. They pay a princely sum," Marjory admitted straightforwardly.

Miley thought for a moment before asking, "Are you guys planning to make a move against Kathleen Johnson?"

"Miley, it's best not to know too much about some things," Marjory reminded softly.

Miley grinned. "Ms. Garner, I won't get involved. But Kathleen is Gemma's best friend. I'm afraid Gemma might attack me. Of course, if you can eliminate her, then I won't have to worry about anything."

"You should rest well." Marjory looked unwilling to talk anymore. "I'll get going."

With that, she walked to the door.

Seeing that, Kathleen quickly left the corridor.

Meanwhile, Marjory stepped out of Miley's room and went downstairs.

Kathleen frowned deeply.

So, there's something fishy about Miley's attempt to jump off the building?

When Kathleen returned to her office, she quickly dialed Rory's number.

"Rory, if I tell you to jump from the third floor, are you able to make sure your head won't be injured?"

Rory was taken aback, but she answered right away, "Sure, as long as I'm not afraid to break the rest of my body. During the jump, I'll wrap my hands around my head, adjust my posture, and make sure my legs land first."

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Chapter 439

Chapter 439 You Are At Home

“Did Marjory teach you this before?” Kathleen inquired.

Rory nodded. “Of course. In fact, professionals like us are unlikely to be injured when jumping from the third floor. We’ll be fine as long as we don’t make careless mistakes.”

Kathleen frowned. “I see.”

“Dr. Johnson, is there any problem?” Rory asked in puzzlement.

“It’s nothing. You may carry on with your work now.” Kathleen hung up the phone and went looking for Miley’s attending physician.

His name was Stanley Hans.

He grinned when he saw Kathleen personally visiting him. “Hello, Dr. Johnson.”

Kathleen nodded in acknowledgment and said, “I’d like to have a look at Miley’s medical records.”

Stanley stiffened, flustered by the unexpected request. “Why?”

“Richard asked me to treat Miley’s legs. So, I need the medical records,” she answered indifferently.

“Oh. Perhaps, Ms. Chapman’s legs might recover with your treatment,” he responded awkwardly.

Kathleen reached out and repeated flatly, “The medical records.”

Stanley handed them to her obediently.

She took the medical records and announced, “I’ll take them with me, then.”

“Huh?” The man was stunned.

She asked expressionlessly, “Can’t I? All of you have an electronic copy of these medical records, anyway. I’ll return them to you tomorrow.”

“Okay,” he responded reluctantly.

With that, Kathleen turned to leave.

Upon exiting the room, she found a janitress.

Kathleen took out a tiny bugging device and said, “I need a favor from you. Please stick this under Miley’s bed when you’re cleaning the area.”

The janitress eyed her suspiciously. “Won’t it be discovered?”

Kathleen reassured, “It won’t. Feel free to let me know if there’s anything you need.”

The janitress was taken aback by Kathleen’s words. “Really? Anything?”

“You’re doing me a favor. Of course, I won’t treat you unfairly. However, you must promise to keep this a secret.”

The janitress accepted the bugging device. “Then... My son just graduated from university, and he needs a job.”

“Does he want to go to Macari Group or my company?” Kathleen asked straightforwardly.

“Macari Group.”

Kathleen nodded in understanding. “Okay. Go and get busy. Someone will get in touch with you guys soon.”

“All right.” The janitress was overjoyed.

With that, she pushed the janitorial cart toward Miley's ward.

Miley was not the slightest bit suspicious since the janitress was there to clean the room.

When Kathleen got into her car, she unlocked her phone and put on her Bluetooth earphones.

She tapped into an application and made some adjustments. Suddenly, Stanley's voice came through the earphone speakers.

"Looks like Richard asked Kathleen to treat your legs. It won't take long for him to find out your legs are fine," said Stanley uneasily.

Miley smiled nonchalantly. "Isn't that better? That way, I'll have a reason to get to my feet. There's no need to look for other doctors anymore."

"But Kathleen has superb medical skills. She'll definitely realize something's off. When she realizes there's nothing wrong with your legs, she'll know I've falsified your records," he uttered nervously.

"You're worrying too much. She won't realize a thing," remarked Miley indifferently.

Exasperated, Stanley asked, "Don't you think you're underestimating her? Anyway, I've already finished helping you. I won't be responsible if something happens next time."

Miley's expression turned grim. "Are you trying to burn the bridge now?"

"What do you mean, burn the bridge? This was our agreement. All I had to do was fabricate your medical records, saying your legs can't function anymore. That's all!" retorted Stanley, trying to shirk his responsibility.

He knew he could not afford to mess with Kathleen.

"Anyway, you're on your own if you really let Kathleen treat your legs!" Stanley did not want to bring trouble upon himself.

What he did was already enough to make him lose his job.

"Fine. Since Richard is being obedient to me, he won't force me into things I don't want. You should leave quickly. He'll be back soon. We must not let him find out that we're in contact," Miley said coldly.

"Okay." Stanley sighed with relief and left the room.

Kathleen turned on the recording mode for the bugging device and removed her earphones.

I knew I'd get information about this. Had it not been for Rory recognizing Marjory in the hospital, I'd never have imagined Miley pretending to be crippled.

Thump! Thump!

Gemma knocked on the car window.

Kathleen opened the door, asking, "Are you done with your farewells?"

Gemma got into the car and muttered, "Yes. They want to throw me a farewell party."

A farewell party?

"What are your thoughts?"

"I don't want them to worry about me. We've been colleagues for many years, and our friendship is real. I want to go." Gemma squeezed her hands.

"Just don't push yourself too hard." Kathleen gave Gemma's hand a squeeze.

"What were you thinking about earlier? You looked quite serious." Gemma studied the woman curiously.

A look of contemplation that was never seen before appeared on Kathleen's delicate face.

“Just some things,” answered Kathleen.
“Is it about Samuel?” Gemma raised a brow.
“No.” Kathleen shook her head.
She really was not thinking about him.
“He’s on a business trip. Don’t you miss him?” Gemma was surprised.
“I do. But I don’t miss him that much. He’s going to come back, anyway,” Kathleen said casually.
Gemma stared at Kathleen with envy. “Kate, I wish I could be as carefree as you. I took Richard too seriously, and now, it’s like his shadow is in every part of my life, so much so that I had no choice but to change my job.”
If she did not do that, she would keep thinking of him.
Kathleen pondered for a moment. Finally, she decided not to bring Miley up in case the news affected Gemma again. After all, she was not sure what Miley had done yet.
“So, shall we go to Richard’s place now?”
“Let’s go.” Gemma nodded, turning on the navigation system.
With Kathleen driving the car, the duo soon arrived at Richard’s residence.
Gemma unbuckled her seat belt, and she scanned the building with a look of revulsion.
“Let’s go,” Kathleen prompted. “Let’s finish packing earlier. You’re going to have a meal with your colleagues later, aren’t you?”
“Mm,” Gemma answered with a nod. She took a deep breath and got out of the car.
Kathleen, too, got out as well.
They took the elevator upstairs.
Upon arriving at the door, Gemma pulled out a key.
Before she could even insert the key into the keyhole, the door opened from the inside.
There stood Richard behind the door, dressed in his pajamas.
Gemma’s and Richard’s eyes met instantly. It was extremely awkward.
“You’re at home.” Gemma did her best to remain calm.
“Mm.” Richard fixed his eyes on her face.
“I’m here to pack up my things. I’ll be done in a flash.” She looked away, avoiding his intense gaze.
He swallowed hard. “What’s the rush?”
“Sorry for the disturbance,” Gemma said, walking into the house.
She went straight into the room, took out her luggage from the closet, and started packing her things.
Kathleen went closer to Richard. “I checked Miley’s medical records just now. I think there’s still hope for her legs. Can you let me have a go at it?”
Richard frowned. “You?”
She said aloofly, “Yes. She can’t stand, anyway. So, it won’t hurt even if the treatment fails. Surely you do not think I want to harm her?”

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Richard said composedly, "Would you go through so much trouble if your intention is to harm her?"

Nonchalantly, Kathleen asked, "So, that's a yes?"

"You look pretty surprised." He frowned.

Staring at him coldly, she answered, "Yes."

"Did Gem agree to this?" Richard muttered.

"She was a nurse with ethics. Do you think she will stop me?"

"Was?" A deep frown formed on the man's face.

Kathleen merely shrugged.

Then, Richard strode toward the bedroom.

Meanwhile, Kathleen walked to the couch in the living room and sat down.

Standing behind Gemma, Richard questioned, "You resigned?"

She was taken aback by his question.

Nevertheless, she nodded. "Yes."

"I thought you love your job? Why did you resign out of the blue?" he asked with a frown.

"It's not necessary for one to continue working even with passion, right? I'm just feeling burned out at work, so I decided to resign," she answered calmly.

"If it's because of me, I can resign."

Pursing her lips, Gemma said, "I don't need you to pity me, Richard. Do you think I can't survive after leaving here without a job? Don't worry; I'm not useless. I can afford to take care of myself."

Hearing that, Richard froze on the spot.

"I've decided to work at Kate's company. Also, please stay out of my business."

With that, Gemma zipped up her luggage.

"This is your house key. I'll put it here." She placed the key on the bedside table.

As Richard shifted his attention to her luggage, he realized that Gemma's belongings were not much, although they had been living together for a long time.

Look at her determination to leave. I wonder if she would hesitate to do so if she had placed more things here in my house?

Then, he stepped forward, only to see her retreat instantly.

"Go away, Richard. I don't want you to come near me!"

Richard could not do anything but look at her blankly.

"Richard Zimmer, I've sacrificed my time and youth for you, but what I got in return is deception." She took a deep breath before continuing, "I wish happiness for the both of you."

As soon as she finished her sentence, she dragged her luggage and left the room.

Kathleen immediately stood up and walked over to her friend. "Are you done?"

Nodding, Gemma croaked, "Let's go."

"Okay," Kathleen muttered and followed along.

Meanwhile, Richard had a gloomy look on his face while he watched them leave.

Downstairs, Kathleen and Gemma carried the luggage into the car.

"Kate, you've truly decided to treat Miley's leg?" Gemma asked abruptly.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded. "Gem, I can't disclose the reason to you yet. You—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Gemma interrupted, smiling faintly, "As you said, saving lives is a doctor's duty. I don't blame you at all. I'm just asking."

Kathleen nodded. "I knew you'd understand. Don't worry. I'll tell you everything when the time is right."

Gemma nodded in response.

"Let's go." Kathleen then dragged her into the car.

Soon after that, Gemma received the location of the dinner gathering, and Kathleen drove her there.

"Have fun," Kathleen voiced after dropping Gemma off.

"Okay." Gemma nodded. "You should go home now, Kate. I'll get myself a cab after the meal."

Hearing that, Kathleen hesitated for a brief while.

"Trust me; I'm fine. You should go handle your business." Gemma flashed her a smile.

"Come on. I'm not that fragile. I swear I'm all right now."

With that, she turned away to leave.

In the meantime, Kathleen heaved a heavy sigh.

How could she be okay? I'm not too worried about her, as the Gemma I know is a strong person. I know she's swallowing her grievance. Nevertheless, it's unhealthy for her to do so. I'm afraid that her repressed emotions might lead to dire consequences someday.

At that thought, Kathleen let out a sigh helplessly in her car.

Then, she was interrupted by a phone call.

It was from Samuel.

She pondered, realizing that he must have arrived at his destination.

Kathleen picked up the phone.

"I've reached the hotel." Samuel loosened his tie. There was a hint of displeasure in his gravelly voice.

She nodded and answered, "I see. You must be tired from the flight. Get some rest."

"You..." He swallowed hard, then continued saying, "What are you doing?"

"I just dropped Gem off. She's having dinner with her colleagues. I'm on my way home now."

"Oh." Holding his phone, Samuel stood in front of the window of his hotel room. He looked outside, not uttering a single word.

On the other side, Kathleen took a glance at her phone curiously. He's still on the line, but why isn't he saying anything?

"Hello? Are you there?" she asked with a frown.

"Yes," he croaked.

"Why aren't you saying anything, then?"

With a low voice, he uttered, "Drive safe. I'll hang up now."

He knew that he could not complain much.

In the past, Kathleen would always check on him when he went out for his business trips. He was used to her dropping him a text before his flight arrived at his destination. That way, when he switched off airplane mode on his phone, he would immediately receive her texts.

I guess it's my karma for not appreciating what she did for me in the past. Now, Kathleen is acting cold and distant toward me. I can't expect anything from her,

nevertheless.

"I'm too busy today. That's why I had no time to check on you. All right, you should get some rest now. Bye."

Soon, Kathleen hung up the call.

Samuel was speechless.

She didn't even give me a chance to say anything before she hung up.

He took a deep breath while wearing a look of helplessness on his face.

It was at that moment Samuel heard a knock on the door.

"Come in," he murmured.

Tyson pushed open the door to come in, reporting, "Mr. Macari, I have news about Mr. Larson for you."

"How is he?" Samuel's expression remained cool.

"Indeed, he has been kidnapped by someone powerful here. A while ago, I asked someone to investigate the matter for me, and that person found me almost immediately. Not only that, but I was also asked whether you're here too," Tyson said with a faint voice.

Samuel's gaze darkened. "It seems like this person wants to meet me."

"That's possible." Tyson nodded. "I didn't expose your whereabouts to them. Instead, I told them I just wanted to confirm Mr. Larson's safety. They don't know whether you are coming or not."

Samuel nodded and replied aloofly, "Do your best to find Nicholas."

"Got it. Mr. Macari, how should we reply to the other party?"

"Tell him that I'm here. Ask him to come and look for me if he has anything to say to me," Samuel stated indifferently.

"Okay, I'll do it right now."

At this, Samuel descended into a moment of deep thought as silence ensued. They kidnapped Nicholas but wanted to see me instead. Could it be that I'm their target? Who is the person behind all of this? What is his intention?

As thoughts began to occur to him, his phone rang out of the blue.

He grabbed the phone and saw that it was a message from Kathleen.

She texted: I don't think you're that petty to stop talking to me because of that, right?

Samuel replied: I'm not. If I stop talking to you, I bet you won't feel sad at all. I'm worried that you might take this opportunity to give up on everything. I won't let you give up.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Kathleen: Let me know if you need anything there. I'll lend you a hand. You don't have to be polite to me.

Samuel: Of course. Why would I be polite to my wife?

Once again, Kathleen was stumped reading his message.

He's really good with his words, huh?