# 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 guietly crawled into her bed.

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

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 guickly 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 guickly 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."