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All Too Late 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."

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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.

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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.

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"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.

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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.

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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?"

All Too Late Chapter 440

Chapter 440 Polite

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.

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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.

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"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."

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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?

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