

## Divorce Anxiety (Kathleen and Samuel) Chapter 436

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#### 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.

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#### **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.”

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#### **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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#### **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.

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?