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All Too Late Chapter 376

Chapter 376 Posthumous Letter

“Ha! Thanks, but no thanks,” said Kathleen flatly. “My daughter doesn’t require protection from a small bean like you.”

Huh? A small what?

Her crude remark rendered Zion speechless.

Why was I regarded as a small bean?

“It’s way too early for you to act as someone else’s protector.” A half-smile was all Kathleen could muster at best.

Zion grunted in response and shut his eyes.

“Anyway, I’m pretty grateful for your help.” Kathleen expressed her appreciation in the end.

Even so, Zion refused to say anything to her.

Kathleen then turned to look at Samuel and prompted, “Let’s head out.”

Samuel gave her a nod and did her bidding.

As soon as they exited the ward, they were greeted by four bodyguards in black suits.

Of course, it was Samuel who had arranged for those bodyguards to stay on guard.

That would make sense, for Kathleen didn’t have that many underlings.

Therefore, she had no choice but to rely on Samuel for the time being.

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As for Charles, his subordinates were all in Zadiff.

On top of that, most of them were members of Blissful Sect.

Charles had to refrain from bringing the power from Blissful Sect into play just for Kathleen's sake.

Raymond and his gang were coveting Kathleen, after all.

More accurately, they had their eyes on Kathleen's capability.

Just like Theodore and the others, all of them had only intended to make her their very own magic money tree.

"Let's go now." There were traces of exhaustion on Kathleen's face.

The coldness was apparent on Samuel's handsome and chiseled face as he inclined his head.

Soon after, they arrived at Charles' mansion.

Just as Kathleen was about to get out of the car, she caught a glimpse of Samuel's movement as the latter seemed to be following suit.

Immediately, she clasped his hand, stopping him from unbuckling his seat belt.

With her palm over his hand, Samuel could feel her overflowing warmth spreading through his own cold hand.

He gazed at her with his obsidian-like eyes, asking, "What's the matter?"

"Today's been rough. Why don't you head back home first?" suggested Kathleen as she released her grip.

A hint of displeasure then emerged on Samuel's face.

"You can come again tomorrow." Kathleen was flustered. "Don't get me wrong. I'm not burning any bridges here."

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Ha!

An icy expression formed on Samuel's face. He retracted his hands from the seat belt before uttering with a chilling tone, "Is there a parade of people residing in Charles' mansion?"

Kathleen was caught off guard by his inquiry.

Getting no response from her, Samuel scoffed, "If not, it must be haunted."

Feeling speechless, Kathleen relented and dropped her comment. "You can stay here if you insist, but I assure you that it's not going to be as comfortable as being in your own home."

With that, she got out of the car.

Watching her leave, Samuel narrowed his frosty yet sparkling eyes to slits.

She has quite the temper, huh? But since she's given me her approval to stay as I wish, I might as well do just that.

He then exited the car.

In the meantime, Kathleen already set her foot in the ever-so-quiet mansion.

At that moment, only Charles and one of his subordinates were present at the mourning hall.

Kathleen walked over and looked at flowers in the hall.

Charles' curiosity got the better of him as he posed a query. "Did you find who you were searching for?"

Kathleen nodded to signal her answer. She then asked, "Where are Mr. and Mrs. Macari?"

"We've troubled them enough. I told them to go home to get some rest." Charles sounded rather impassive. "How's it going?"

"Don't worry. Dorothy didn't let anything out of her mouth," explained Kathleen.

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"Some nerve she has, don't you think? Don't tell me you're letting her off the hook just like that?" Charles was baffled.

Right then, Samuel came inside.

Hearing the nearing footsteps, Charles turned to look at the source, only to flash the corner an inexplicable visage.

Kathleen bit her lip upon witnessing Samuel's presence. "I can't believe he actually came in."

"From what I can see, you can't get rid of him," teased Charles.

Kathleen said nothing while fishing out the letter that she had been keeping in her pocket.

It was a letter penned by her late grandmother.

In a flash, Charles could already recognize the handwriting on the letter. "Where did you get this?"

"It's lying on the cabinet next to Granny's bed," replied Kathleen.

Charles knitted his brows. "No wonder you're not even one bit dubious about her passing."

"Nah... A letter doesn't prove anything. Perhaps she hadn't been forced to swallow the sleeping pills. Then again, we wouldn't know if there was anybody mentioning anything else to her before her demise."

As Charles listened to his sister's words, he was taken aback.

"It's just like what Vivian had been through," added Kathleen as she lowered her gaze, concealing her emotions.

Then came Charles' hoarse voice. "What's written on it?"

Unfolding the letter, Kathleen began reading aloud its content.

"Charlie, Kate, when the two of you read this letter, I must've already gone with the wind. Don't grieve for me. I've long expected this. I'm also not in pain, so you don't have to be

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upset. I've fallen for the wrong men in this lifetime. Be it Trevor or Hector, none of them have been truthful to me. It's okay, though, because I don't regret my decisions. I owed only to your mom, Rebecca."

Kathleen paused for a bit before going on, "Not only have I never carried her in my arms, but I was also never given the chance to watch her grow up and build a family of her own. Despite these regrets, I'm finally going to meet her, hug her, and tell her how much I've missed her. Kate, I know you're aware of the Hoover family. Even though that family blood runs deep in you and your brother, I want both of you to know that you have my permission to lay a finger on them if they ever try to put you both in harm's way."

She then arrived at a suspenseful sentence. "Also, relay my message to Samuel."

Kathleen stopped making a sound abruptly as she spared a sidelong glance at Samuel.

The latter met her gaze. "Say it." His dark eyes were as deep as the oceanic abyss.

Hanging her head low, Kathleen proceeded.

"Samuel, when some opportunities were missed, they would never be provided again. Kate is my precious granddaughter, so I guess she more or less inherits my character. If she's been utterly disappointed, you would never be able to make amends and salvage the entrance to her heart. Let her go, please."

At the end of the letter was Frances' signature.

Samuel's attractive face was still giving off a rather faint yet imposing vibe. He appeared to be emotionless. No words came from his mouth.

"That's all." With that said, Kathleen kept away the letter.

"Hmm... It seems as though Granny really didn't come across anyone or anything recently." A glum look washed over Charles' face.

"I think so." Kathleen's eyes began to water. "I don't understand... Why did she end her life like that?"

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Her brother patted her shoulder and consoled her, "Maybe she had finally accepted to be at peace with herself. Or, maybe she had come to realize that there was no more reason for her to keep going on."

Deep down, Kathleen was moaning in pain.

Charles reminisced about the past. "Ever since you got into trouble, Granny had been missing you dearly. She often got hung up unwittingly on you when she looked at Eil and Desi. Now that you're back, the kids have you around, so maybe she figured it was about time."

Kathleen sniffled and tried to retort. "So what gives? She still had us by her side."

At that juncture, a black checkered pattern handkerchief came into her sight.

Running her gaze along the man's slender hand, Kathleen eventually met his eyes.

"Thanks." She grabbed the handkerchief to wipe her tears away.

"Old Mrs. Yoeger hadn't been in the pink of health for a very long time," Samuel piped up with his deep voice. "In particular, her condition had worsened recently. My grandma even told me that Old Mrs. Yoeger confessed to her that she couldn't even remember stuff sometimes. Worst still, she also couldn't cater to her own needs. She didn't want to be stripped of her dignity before breathing her last."

Kathleen was startled by that sudden revelation.

"Everybody has their own take on life. To your granny, she must've deemed her decision the best one," comforted Samuel.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "I still don't think she'd be willing to depart from this world, especially when the incident with the Hoovers had just gotten blown up. Not only was she cheated on by Trevor, but she was also used by Hector and got separated from her child. She had never wished for any of that. I bet she simply wanted to avoid staying intertwined with the Hoovers, knowing that we would someday send the Hoovers packing. Even so, I don't suppose she would've taken this path."

Something doesn't add up.

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Holding his sister's shoulder, Charles elaborated on his view instead. "Kate, it could also be that Granny was exhausted with all this, considering her age. Like what Samuel said, it was her decision."

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Chapter 377 They Are Not Yoegers

Kathleen nodded.

Charles instructed, "It's getting late. Go on and head to sleep. Don't forget that you're still injured."

"I'm all right," replied Kathleen with a shake of her head. She added, "My injuries have long healed, Charles. Why don't you let me stay up to keep watch? You should rest."

"There's no need. You can get some rest. I'm still around."

Given that he was her brother, there was no way that he could allow her to stay up and watch over him all night.

"All right then," conceded Kathleen as she yawned widely. She added, "I'll drop by again tomorrow."

"Okay." He nodded his head in acknowledgment.

With that, Kathleen rose to her feet and declared, "I'll be heading off to bed then."

Following that, she proceeded up the stairs without sparing so much as a second glance at Samuel. For his part, Samuel merely sat there motionless and did not react to her departure.

"What do you want to talk to me about?" asked Charles slowly.

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However, Samuel merely shook his head silently. He had only stayed back as he wasn't feeling particularly sleepy.

Faced with such silence, Charles finally rose to his feet and walked over to sit next to Samuel. After a brief pause, Charles asked, "I don't think you need me to explain what my granny was getting at with her words earlier, do you? Deep down, you should know as well."

As per before, Samuel did not say a single word in response.

Charles was egged on and slowly added, "Since you understand, then from today onward, shouldn't you—"

"What if she isn't disappointed in me?" countered Samuel suddenly.

Charles was caught off guard momentarily. He gazed at Samuel with a long and meaningful look before he replied, "Are you seriously suggesting that you haven't given up by now?"

"I'll never give up for the rest of my life," replied Samuel in a low voice. "I'll keep at it until I meet my end. It's just that I don't want to force her anymore."

"Well, I can't force you. The choice is yours. After all, I'm sure Kate won't fall in love with you," replied Charles casually. "She's not like how she was before. Haven't you realized that she doesn't care too much about you these days?"

"I don't need you to remind me of that. You can stay up by yourself," replied Samuel tersely as he suddenly stood up in defiance.

Charles paused for a moment in surprise before he lightly commented, "I couldn't tell at first, but it seems like you wanted to accompany me just now."

Samuel's expression was icy cold as he replied, "You're thinking too much. I just wanted some time to myself so I could organize my thoughts. It's just that you're too irksome."

With that, he turned and proceeded to take his leave.

As he did so, his gaze suddenly flickered upward, and he saw a figure swiftly disappear from sight on the second floor.

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He pressed his thin lips together lightly as he wondered if Kathleen had been eavesdropping on them the entire time.

On the second floor, Kathleen quickly returned to her room and shut the door behind her. She pressed her back firmly against the door as she strained her ears to pick up any sound of movement from the other side of the door.

Soon enough, she picked up on the increasingly vivid sound of approaching footsteps.

Samuel came to a stop right before her door and spoke in his usual low voice. "You can just ask me directly if you would like to know what I'm thinking. You don't have to be so furtive or sneaky about it."

She maintained her silence and pretended as if she hadn't heard anything.

Samuel paused for a moment in thought before he finally said, "Good night."

With that, he turned and headed into the neighboring room.

The second he disappeared, Kathleen immediately heaved a heavy sigh of relief, and her shoulders sagged as all tension left her body.

She knew that there were moments when a direct conversation would not reveal the truth, and this was one of them.

Two days later, Frances' funeral was successfully conducted in an extremely low-profile manner.

Once the funeral proceedings had come to an end, Charles turned to Zachary and Yareli and said, "We'll head over to the Yoeger residence with the lawyer later on so that we can commence with the reading of Granny's will."

Zachary asked coldly, "Do you really intend to disband and break up Yoeger Group?"

Charles smiled wryly as he replied, "You'll find out when we head over to the Yoeger residence."

With that, he strode away coolly from the pair.

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Kathleen prepared to take her leave as well.

Elsewhere, Yareli strode over to stop right in front of Samuel, where she quietly began, "Samuel, about the wedding..."

"I don't want to marry you," he replied flatly.

She was taken aback and demanded, "What did you say? You clearly promised me just yesterday."

"That was before. Don't you know that things change?" questioned Samuel icily.

At this, a glimmer of hate suddenly flashed across Yareli's eyes.

However, Samuel simply strode off alone.

Yareli glanced to the side and looked at Kathleen with pure hatred in her eyes. The latter sarcastically asked, "What are you glaring at me for?"

Yareli scoffed before she pursed her lips and replied, "You must have said something to Samuel."

Kathleen merely rolled her eyes and looked at Yareli's legs before she turned to leave.

Kathleen's sudden movement caught Yareli utterly by surprise, and a tinge of panic appeared on her face.

Did she discover something? Ah... I'll think about this later. I have to rush back to the Yoeger residence first to find out exactly what was written in that will!

Over at the Yoeger residence, Zachary sat nervously on the couch as he pondered exactly how much of the assets would be allocated to him.

At that moment, he felt rather helpless, for he had always failed in his business ventures and simply paled in comparison to Vanessa when it came to raw capability. Zachary knew full well what he truly amounted to, which was why he was this desperate to find out precisely how much he could stand to gain from the division of assets.

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Meanwhile, Yareli was the picture of calmness despite the worry that clouded her heart.

On the other hand, both Kathleen and Charles were perfectly composed. They simply didn't care about what they could potentially gain following Frances's passing.

Wynnie was the lawyer placed in charge of reading Frances's will.

This was something that Kathleen didn't find particularly strange at all.

Wynnie gazed out at everyone seated in the living room and lightly cleared her throat. Following that, she began, "I'm here to read out the last will and testament of Old Mrs. Yoeger, also known as Frances Schott. As per her request, the following six individuals are required to be present: Charles Johnson, Kathleen Johnson, Eilam Macari, Desiree Macari, Zachary Yoeger, and Yareli Yoeger."

Eilam Macari and Desiree Macari were the actual names of Eil and Desi respectively.

Kathleen was a little surprised as she blurted out, "Desi and Eil as well?"

"You're their parent, so it's all right for you to listen in on their behalf since they aren't around," stated Wynnie.

Kathleen nodded and replied, "All right."

Wynnie cleared her throat and continued, "According to the prenuptial agreement signed by Frances Schott and Hector Yoeger back then, she was allowed to freely allocate all the assets and miscellaneous items she owned prior to the marriage. She had decided to leave that full sum of money to Kathleen Johnson. As for her portion of the assets she co-owned with Hector Yoeger, Frances Schott had decided to entrust it fully to Charles Johnson and Kathleen Johnson. The remaining portion will be left to a family trust fund, and each of the six individuals named earlier would be entitled to about two million in allowance every month. If Zachary Yoeger or Yareli Yoeger were to engage in any activity that places the remaining four individuals in harm's way during these proceedings, the two would automatically be revoked of all privileges to receive the allowance."

"What?" exclaimed Zachary as he leaped to his feet in displeasure. He continued to rail, "They've already taken so much for themselves! How dare they fight with us for the portion

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that's going to the trust fund? They're not even Yoegers! What right do they have to have the allowance?"

"Let me inform you, Mr. Zachary Yoeger. From a legal standpoint, their mother, Rebecca Johnson, is the daughter of Frances Schott and Hector Yoeger. No matter if there are any direct blood relations to speak of, this is still recognized and legally binding. As Rebecca Johnson's children, Charles Johnson and Kathleen Johnson have every right to be heirs to the inheritance. If you have any other concerns, please feel free to lodge an appeal. If it comes to that, I hope that you're able to foot the legal bills that come your way," stated Wynnie coldly.

As it wasn't cheap to fight a lawsuit for a squabble over inheritance issues, Zachary shut his mouth the second he heard that he would need to spend money.

Given that he wasn't even allocated that much to begin with, he knew that he would be left with nothing if he continued to pursue the matter and get embroiled in a lawsuit that entailed hefty fees.

He had no choice but to silently swallow his resentment and accept his loss.

Yareli's expression had turned icy cold the moment she heard Wynnie's words. She didn't expect that she would merely be entitled to two million a month.

It was an extremely frustrating moment for her, especially since she was the daughter of the Yoeger family.

Furthermore, the entire reading of the will had no mention of Vanessa and Nicolette at all.

It seemed like the pair had been utterly overlooked and forgotten by Frances.

Wynnie closed the document she held in her hands and declared, "If there are no further questions, please proceed to sign atop this document. Once all the signatures are present, the document will take effect and be legally binding. Following which, all of the money will be credited directly to your respective accounts."

The more Zachary thought about it, the more he couldn't keep his anger and frustration under control any longer. Finally, he burst out, "Charles! Kathleen! Have both of you no

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shame? How can you just stand there and shamelessly take away all this money that belongs to the Yoeger family?"

All Too Late Chapter 378

Chapter 378 No Longer Significant

"Why didn't you criticize the Yoeger family for being shameless when Hector used my granny to resolve the company's crisis then?" Kathleen rebuked icily. "Besides, Hector knew that my granny was pregnant and still insisted on marrying her. This clearly meant he only cared about the things my granny had! If it weren't for my granny, you guys would have been starving on the streets! Forget about two million. You wouldn't even have twenty thousand!"

Sheer rage caused Zachary to glare at her.

"My granny was too kind." Kathleen glowered as she added, "My mother was the child that Hector tossed away. If it weren't because of my granny being nice for old time's sake, you wouldn't have received any money!"

"Y-You!" Zachary raised his palm high, ready to strike Kathleen's cheek.

However, Charles zipped over to defend Kathleen.

Wynnie thundered, "Zachary! If you dare touch Kate even once, I'll have you sent to jail!"

Zachary was at a loss for words as he knew Wynnie was truly capable of such a thing.

"I forgot to mention that this mansion also belongs to Kate. So, you guys had better pack up and leave at once!" said a scoffing Wynnie.

When Zachary heard that, he felt both a grueling heat and a nipping chill across his face.

It shocked him that all he had inherited was the monthly two million allowance and nothing else.

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D*mn it! Dad was too soft-hearted. He should've killed Rebecca when he had the chance. That way, these two rotten brats wouldn't have shown up now to receive the family inheritance!

"Get lost." An air of hostility emanated from Wynn timer while she spoke. "I'll also have you behind bars if you insist on hogging someone else's property!"

Zachary gritted his teeth but could not do anything at that point.

Thus, he phoned some people to help move his things out.

Meanwhile, Yareli did not budge that entire time.

Wynn timer's pointed gaze landed on her. "Ms. Yoeger, I trust that you don't need me to repeat my words."

A vile sneer lurked on Yareli's face. "It looks like you've got quite the help, Kathleen."

"You guys brought all of this upon yourselves," replied Kathleen, who bore an impassive countenance.

"Hah." Yareli scoffed, "Say, I wonder why Grandma was so foolish to end her life the night you arrived. What poor timing."

Charles' gaze turned steely at once. "Quit with your schemes. Granny left a posthumous letter before she died."

A posthumous letter? Yareli clenched her jaw in response. "Huh. I can't believe it. How come I don't know about this?"

"The posthumous letter was addressed to Kathleen. Why would anyone have to tell you about it?" Sarcasm dripped from Charles' voice as he questioned, "Who you think you are?"

Yareli snorted. "This isn't over, Kathleen."

She then spun on her heel to go upstairs.

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Kathleen's gaze remained downcast on her legs, not a trace of warmth visible on her delicate face.

"Ignore her, Kate." Wynnie consoled, "She's all bark and no bite."

"Her words don't bother me," said Kathleen.

"Good." Wynnie nodded before stating, "I'll be off now since I have many matters to deal with."

"Okay. Thank you so much for all your efforts, Mrs. Macari."

"Silly child. There's no need to be so formal with me," said Wynnie, who had no idea how to react when Kathleen called her "Ms. Macari."

While she knew she needed to accept it eventually, she could not help feeling odd.

After all, Kathleen used to call her "Mom" or "Wynnie."

Ugh. It's all Samuel's fault! How upsetting!

"I'll be off now." Wynnie soon turned to leave.

Following that, Kathleen pursed her lips, feeling concerned. "Charles, Mrs. Macari seems sad."

"Samuel may be heartless, but his parents and grandma truly do adore you." Charles elaborated, "However, they understand your decision."

Kathleen nodded.

"So, how do you plan to deal with this place?" Charles looked over at the Yoeger residence.

"I'm going to sell it." Unwavering determination filled Kathleen's tone. "There's no point keeping it since we would never move in. Of course, if Zachary and the others desire this place, then I'll consider selling it to them. After all, I would never give it to them for free. They're not worthy."

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“All right. I’ll handle that then.”

“I’m going to pack up Granny’s things.”

Upon hearing Kathleen’s words, Charles nodded. “Okay.”

The former then headed to Frances’ room while the latter waited in the living room.

In the meantime, Wynn timer had just left the Yoeger residence when she noticed that Samuel’s car was parked by the road, so she walked over.

Inside the car sat Samuel, who did not lower his windows. It seemed as though he did not want to talk to his mother.

Wynn timer then pounded his window with her fist.

That left Samuel helpless as he opened the door. “Mom, what are you doing?”

“I should be asking you that,” Wynn timer remarked in a chiding tone. “I can’t believe it. Kate has lost her memories and no longer loves you.”

“Mom, I’m your son.”

“You don’t have to remind me.” What came next was a heartless comment from Wynn timer. “I’ve already got a grandson and granddaughter, so you’re no longer significant to me.”

Samuel bit down on his lip, not saying a word.

Nevertheless, Wynn timer continued to lecture her son, “I just want to say that you shouldn’t have treated Kate the way you did back then. Do you remember? You were so rushed to see Nicolette once that you dumped Kate alone in the middle of the road. She had to fend for herself against a drunkard. Now that I think about it, your current state is truly a work of karma.”

Silence was still the only thing Samuel had to offer.

“All right. I’m done nagging. Hmph! It’s all your fault that Kate is calling me Mrs. Macari now.”

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Having said that, Wynnie left a gloomy Samuel.

She's lecturing me over this? Although, I have been nagged at plenty of times over these past few years. I suppose I'm used to it by now.

Sometime later, Kathleen and Charles walked out of the Yoeger residence.

Samuel got out of his car.

His sudden arrival took Kathleen aback. Why is he here?

Subsequently, he strolled over to her and said, "Eil and Desi miss you a lot."

"Oh." Kathleen nodded before replying, "I'll go over right now."

Samuel reached out to take the items in her hand, stating, "Hop in. I'm heading home too."

Kathleen froze, slightly dumbstruck, and wanted to reject.

Before she could do that, Samuel had already held her hand, leading her into his car.

Charles crossed his arms as his intent gaze focused on the two.

Kathleen did not refuse Samuel at that point.

After all, she had been busy for three whole days, so she was missing the kids too.

It did not take long for Samuel to get her into his car and drive away.

The entire thing made Charles chuckle bitterly.

Jeez, that... Samuel! How could he leave me behind? Am I not worthy of visiting my own nephew and niece?

Meanwhile, in the car, Samuel's chilly frown could send chills down one's spine.

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Kathleen's cautious and unwavering gaze was on the dashboard at all times. "You should slow down."

Her words caused Samuel's handsome but taut face to darken. Even so, he compliantly drove slower.

Kathleen puffed up her cheeks, pouting. "Don't make me remind you next time."

Next time? Samuel's husky voice immediately asked, "Are you still willing to ride with me?"

"I don't want to," Kathleen icily denied. "It's just that Eil and Desi often travel in your car."

Samuel was speechless upon hearing that.

Like him, Kathleen wordlessly stared outside the car window.

The scene felt as though the two had returned to the past before Kathleen lost her memories.

Back then, she never really paid attention or responded to him either.

"What are your plans from this point on?" Samuel tried to revive a spark in their dying conversation.

"Teach the Hoover family a lesson." Kathleen frostily added, "I'm going to get to the bottom of things. I need to know whether the Hoovers were involved with what happened to my mom."

Samuel's lips thinned into a line. "I heard you've been starting a company? Are you not operating that entertainment company alongside Charles anymore?"

"I'm not interested in that. I'd much prefer researching and developing unique medications. After all, that can help improve other people's lives."

Samuel offered gravelly, "Don't hesitate to ask me if you ever need help."

"There's no need for that," responded Kathleen flatly. "I'll ask Caleb if I need anything."

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All Too Late Chapter 379

Chapter 379 Reliance

Samuel's face was extremely grim.

"Did I say something wrong?" Kathleen asked in surprise.

"No." Samuel's handsome face was utterly cold.

"If I set up a company, I'd have to approach a wholesaler." Kathleen did not understand why she felt compelled to give him an explanation. "Most of the nation's raw materials are controlled by him. I had no choice but to approach him."

Samuel did not expect Kathleen to provide an explanation.

Furthermore, she did it for business reasons, not personal feelings.

"Okay." Samuel's icy gaze turned a few notches warmer.

Kathleen shrugged.

Soon, they arrived at the Macari residence.

"Mommy!" Desiree dashed forward.

Kathleen bent down and picked her up.

Desiree wiggled her legs happily. "Mommy, you finally remember me and Eil!"

Kathleen looked at her daughter's aggrieved little face and immediately comforted the latter. "I'm sorry, Mommy has been very busy recently."

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Desiree was a sensible child. "Mommy, it's okay, I understand. Great-grandmother would not want to see you upset."

"Yes." Kathleen pat Desiree on her head.

They then walked into the mansion.

Eilam heard the commotion just now and knew Kathleen was here to pick them up.

His beautiful eyes were full of expectation.

Diana was in the living room accompanying them.

"Old Mrs. Macari," Kathleen greeted as she walked over.

Diana had been feeling down recently because of Frances' recent passing.

"You've come." Diana's voice was slightly hoarse.

Kathleen walked up to her and sat down. "Old Mrs. Macari, are you feeling okay?"

"I've just been feeling a little down," Diana replied.

Kathleen knew Diana was advanced in years.

She reached out her hand and checked the latter's pulse.

Diana had suffered a stroke before, and although she took care of her health, she was getting on in years.

As such, her health deteriorated when she felt depressed.

With a face full of concern, Kathleen advised, "Old Mrs. Macari, you must ensure you get enough rest. I'll prescribe you a medication. You must make sure to take them."

"All right." Diana nodded and felt comforted.

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She knew that even though Kathleen had lost her memory, the latter would always be kind and caring.

Diana missed those good old days when Kathleen was just a young child.

The latter would sit by her, chat with her, and make her laugh.

Even though Kathleen was still being herself, some things had changed.

She knew what had happened was not Kathleen's fault. It was simply a joke played by fate.

Furthermore, she did not want to help make excuses for Samuel.

He had done many things to try to make amends to Kathleen.

However, it seemed like there was a wall between them, and there was no way they would ever reconcile.

Notwithstanding this, Diana noticed that his gaze was fixed on Kathleen and sighed inwardly.

Such a shame.

Kathleen finished writing the prescription. "Old Mrs. Macari, you just need to take the medicine as prescribed."

Diana nodded. "All right."

Kathleen wanted to pass the prescription to Maria, the housekeeper who had been taking care of Diana all this time.

However, Samuel reached out to receive it.

"Daddy, I want to eat strawberry ice cream." Desiree looked at him expectantly.

"You can only have some," Samuel responded gently.

"Okay." Desiree nodded happily. "Eil, do you want some?"

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Eilam raised his handsome little face. "I want chocolate ice cream."

"Let's go." Samuel held Desiree in one hand and Eilam in the other and walked into the kitchen.

He passed the prescription to Maria on the way.

"Kate, do you plan to leave?" Diana asked.

Kathleen was taken aback. "Old Mrs. Macari, how did you know?"

"It's just my guess." Diana smiled casually. "When I first saw you, I already knew you had such thoughts."

After all, they had lived together for some time. Even though Kathleen had lost her memory, Diana understood Kathleen well.

Kathleen could not help but feel amazed by how well Diana was at reading people.

"Don't worry. I won't stop you," Diana said in a gentle tone of voice. "My only wish is that you'd let Desi and Eil stay in the Macari residence before you take them away. Will that be okay?"

"Of course." Kathleen nodded lightly. "Old Mrs. Macari, I'm sorry, I—"

"You don't have to explain." Diana smiled warmly. "My old friend has left. There's no reason for you to want to come back here anymore."

Kathleen looked down.

"Your granny called me the night she passed away," Diana continued slowly.

Kathleen raised her head. "What did Granny say?"

"She did not say anything else other than asking me to take care of you after she left," Diana explained. "I know she meant to tell me to always support your decisions."

Kathleen was shocked, not expecting Frances to make such a call.

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"You may not know this, but Samuel was unconscious after you disappeared five years ago. One year later, your brother brought the two kids over. If not for them, Samuel may have never woken up." Diana sighed. "After Samuel woke up and found out that you gave birth to the two children, he could not stay calm. He took care of Desi and Eil every single day without fail."

Kathleen nodded. "Samuel is a good father."

"His reliance on the two kids is greater than any of us," Diana uttered meaningfully. "It's not that the two kids are unable to leave him. It's the other way round. He can't leave the two kids. They are his life."

Kathleen looked toward the kitchen and saw Samuel watching the two children have ice cream.

He had a warm smile that was filled with adoration.

If I force them apart, it may not do any of them good. However...

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Diana did not say anything else.

In the evening, Diana asked Kathleen to stay for dinner.

The latter found it difficult to refuse the invitation and had no choice but to agree.

There was still some time before dinner.

"Kate, you must be tired. Why don't you rest in the room?" Diana looked at the dark circles below Kathleen's eyes and felt pity for the latter. "I've asked someone to tidy up the guest room for you."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

She stood up and walked up the stairs.

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When she was on the second floor, she realized that she did not know which was the guest room.

The Macari residence had many rooms, and she felt that it would be rude if she opened them one by one to check.

Just as she was hesitating, Samuel's deep voice rang from behind. "It's the room on the left."

She turned around and replied embarrassedly, "Thank you."

Samuel walked up and helped her to open the door. "You're welcome."

"Where's Desi and Eil?" she asked.

"They're with Diana," he responded. "You don't have to worry about them. They always take their afternoon naps with her."

Kathleen nodded.

She then walked into the guest room.

Even though it was a guest room, it was beyond her expectations.

She was stunned by the display of snow globes by the bay window and asked, "Where did these come from?"

All Too Late Chapter 380

Chapter 380 Afraid That You Would Misunderstand

"These were brought back by the family whenever they travel." Samuel picked up one of them. "You used to love these things."

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"I still like them." Kathleen picked up one too. She shook it and watched the snowflakes dance before they slowly landed on the roof of the tiny house.

Samuel glanced at her sideways. He could see the joy in her gaze, and his lips curved slightly into a smile. "Do you want to take them? They were supposed to be gifts for you anyway."

"Take them away?" Kathleen was surprised.

"You can keep them here too." Samuel hoarsely uttered, "If you ever come over or decide to stay here, you'll be able to see them."

After a momentary pause, she responded, "It's fine. Once you're married in the future, your wife will not be comfortable with seeing my things here."

Samuel snorted. "Do you really think I'd get a wife?"

Kathleen's forehead furrowed. "It's not impossible, right? There's still a long life ahead of you. I don't think anyone can predict the future."

As his dark eyes became intense, he narrowed them into slits. "You're right. No one can predict the future."

Feeling chilly from the man's cold gaze, she stated, "I'd like to rest for a bit."

Samuel chuckled in a deep voice. "You know what? You're afraid of me."

Kathleen was stunned.

"Although you've lost your memories, you're afraid of me." His gaze solemn and gentle, he asked, "What are you afraid of? Are you worried that I might eat you or something?"

"Don't spout nonsense." Pursing her lips, she forced herself to be calm. "I'm not afraid of you."

Seeing that Kathleen looked like a cat showing its defensive posture, he looked at her with his most gentle gaze. "Why do you look so agitated if you're not afraid?"

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Kathleen bit her pink lip. "You can get out now."

The man's thin lips curved upward. "Do you know what you're afraid of me doing?"

Kathleen frowned upon hearing that.

Why is he still talking about this?

His voice was husky as he continued, "You're afraid that I would be too nice to you. You're scared that you would fall for me. Aren't you tired of restraining yourself?"

"Stop being so full of yourself, Samuel." Kathleen fumed, "The present me has no feelings for you."

How could I still like him? That's just laughable! Who gave him that confidence?

Samuel looked at her meaningfully for a long time. "Is that so? I must have been too presumptuous, so you can just act as if I had never said that."

He turned on his heel after he spoke.

Kathleen felt her anger rising.

That d*mned Samuel! Does he think that I'd still have feelings for him? That's just unthinkable! I don't have feelings for him at all! From what I heard from Charles, all I know about that man is that he's the father of my two children. That's all. I will not give anyone a chance to hurt me. Never!

Kathleen was about to leave after she ate at the Macari residence.

She wanted to drive home, but Samuel wanted to send her back.

They soon stood in the yard.

Kathleen mocked, "Please don't send me back—I'm worried you would misunderstand that I have feelings for you!"

As she finished, she got into the car. After slamming the door shut, she drove away.

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Watching the distancing vehicle calmly, he thought that she was pretty irritable.

I guess that also gives me a piece of mind. I just don't want her to feel pressured whenever she's with me.

Meanwhile, Kathleen got home alone.

As soon as stepped into her house, Charles gave her a call.

"Kate, are you home?" Charles' deep voice sounded.

"Yeah," Kathleen huffed.

Charles smiled as he asked, "Did Samuel get on your nerves?"

"He thinks I still have feelings for him."

"Oh. Don't you?" Charles questioned in confusion.

Kathleen refuted, "Not at all. Am I stupid? Why would I give him another chance to hurt me?"

"He was definitely in the wrong back then. But he has already paid the price for it." Charles spoke calmly.

"Charles, who's side are you on?" Kathleen sounded mad.

Charles chuckled. "Of course, I'm always on your side. I just think that Samuel has already paid for it. That's all!"

Kathleen let out a light snort as soon as she heard him.

"Let's stop talking about that for now. Didn't you mention something about starting your own company before? Why don't you come to help me in Brilliance Corporation?" Charles asked.

"That's right." With a nod, she added, "If you need my help, of course, I'll lend you a hand. However, I still want to start my own company."

"Okay." Charles smiled gently. "Then you should help me with something first."

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Kathleen pouted. "You're already putting me to work that quickly?"

"To be honest, I have a movie on hand, and the lead actress needed is under Divine Corporation. That company's CEO would not let her work with us," Charles explained.

"Oh?" Kathleen wondered out loud, "Even with your capabilities, the other party still refused?"

"And that's where you come in. The other party seems to be suffering from some sort of invisible illness. I'd like you to go check up on him."

"I see." Kathleen nodded in agreement. "Sure, that's not a big deal. When should I go see him?"

"We'll be going together tomorrow," he answered.

"I'm fine with that. Then I'll see you tomorrow," Kathleen replied lazily.

"Okay. Be sure to sleep early." Charles then hung up.

Laying down her phone, she pinched the space between her eyebrows.

Suddenly, her phone's ringtone sounded.

She picked up her phone and saw a message from Samuel.

He texted: Are you home yet?

Kathleen replied: Yes.

Samuel responded: Tell me when you get home next time, or I'll have to go to your place to check up on you.

Kathleen was dumbstruck.

All of a sudden, she heard the engine of a car outside.

Momentarily stunned, she started to wonder.

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He can't be outside, can he? She stepped toward the window and looked outside. That's Samuel's car...

A black Maybach was outside of her home. As the window rolled down, a slender hand could be seen extending out. The long fingers were clasping on a cigarette.

Kathleen instantly stiffened.

She responded in a heartbeat: Why did you come?

Samuel stated: I thought you weren't home, seeing that the lights of the mansion are still off.

Kathleen texted back: I got a phone call and forgot to turn them on.

She then spun around to turn on the lights before adding: You can leave now.

Taking a drag, he replied: Okay.

Samuel retracted his hand and drove away.

Only then did Kathleen heave a sigh of relief.

Sitting on the couch, she massaged the space between her brows.

Maybe Samuel was right. The nicer he is to me, the more I'm afraid of him. Can't I stay strong? Would I fall for him once again?

The next day, Kathleen went to Brilliance Corporation.

Charles personally waited at the lobby to greet her.

Walking in, she saw her picture hung in the lobby. That was a picture from five to six years ago.

"I'm not an actress anymore." Kathleen pointed at her picture.

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"I don't think so, though." Charles smiled as he suggested, "Do you want to have a look around? The present Brilliance Corporation is pretty big."

"No thanks," Kathleen refused, shaking her head.

"I need to head back sometime soon. There are some things regarding Blissful Sect that needs to be handled. Can you look after the place while I'm gone?" Charles asked earnestly.

With a serious expression, Kathleen replied with a question, "Is Raymond on the move?"

"Two days ago, there was a bit of a clash between Blissful Sect and Axeworth Corporation. Both sides are at an impasse. He wants my help."

"It's going to be dangerous." Kathleen uttered in worry, "Charles, I don't think you should go. I can prepare some drugs to make you look like you're actually sick."

Nevertheless, Charles shook his head. "If I don't go, he'll make Wyatt come."

I don't want Kathleen to be entangled with Wyatt.

With a frown etched on her face, Kathleen remarked, "It seems that I have burdened you again, Charles."

Charles smiled faintly in response. "Don't say that. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be having so many issues. I'm the one who has burdened you."

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