## All Too Late Chapter 387

Chapter 387 You Will Be Gone

"Water," Samuel croaked.

Kathleen immediately poured some water into a glass and placed it in front of him.

However, he still did not stretch out his hands. Just like what he did earlier, he simply lowered his head and placed his lips at the edge of the cup.

Seeing that, Kathleen raised the glass so he could drink the water.

Samuel swallowed the pills and lay on the bed.

Following that, Kathleen helped him to remove his shoes and tucked him into bed.

In the meantime, he had been watching her with a warm smile on his handsome face.

Though his hand hurt, seeing Kathleen taking care of him filled his heart with warmth.

"Get some sleep," Kathleen breathed. "The pills have a sleep-inducing effect. Your hand won't hurt once you're asleep."

Samuel's thin lips moved slightly. "But you'll be gone when I wake up, right?"

The woman did not answer him. "Go to sleep."

Samuel's throat tightened as sorrow grew in his heart.

He knew Kathleen would not be moved by his actions.

Even if he got injured because of her, her heart would not soften.

However, he could not force her to feel the way he wanted her to.

Feeling helpless, he shut his eyes.

The effect of the medicine kicked in, and he soon fell asleep.

Kathleen finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She sat by the side of the bed and stared at the ceiling, letting out a deep sigh.

This is quite a messy matter. I don't want to owe him anything, nor do I want to develop feelings for him. Yet, he got injured because of me. What should I do? Can someone please tell me?

After pondering for some time, she got up and walked out of Samuel's room.

The housekeeper approached her, asking, "Ms. Johnson, do you need anything?"

"That room I used to live in, is it still here?" asked Kathleen coolly.

The housekeeper nodded firmly. "Of course! Are you planning to stay here, Ms. Johnson?"

"Yes. Samuel's injured. He needs someone to take care of him."

Taken aback by her answer, the housekeeper explained, "You're right. Mr. Macari never let any women serve him. Whenever he's injured, he'll get a man to take care of him."

Kathleen asked quietly, "Really?"

"It's true." The housekeeper smiled politely. "Well, there were female doctors who came to treat Ms. Desi, but none of them ever lived in the house."

Kathleen was the only exception.

She was not particularly moved by the news; she was just surprised.

Samuel did not know she was Kathleen at that time.

Yet, he had an inexplicable preference for her.

"Why don't you prepare the food a little earlier?" Kathleen asked indifferently. "He can have some once he's awake."

"Okay." The housekeeper nodded. "I'll cook some for you as well, Ms. Johnson."

"Sure, I'll eat in the dining room."

"Understood."

After some time, when Kathleen arrived at the dining room, the housekeeper had already placed the dishes on the table.

They were Kathleen's favorites.

Unable to suppress her curiosity, Kathleen asked, "Do you never prepare Samuel's favorites?"

It had happened several times; the dishes set on the table were always her favorites.

The housekeeper flashed a smile and explained, "Yes. Mr. Macari told us to only prepare your favorites in this house. This practice has been going on for five years."

For five years?

Kathleen did not expect so much time to have passed.

"I see." She picked up her fork and dug into the food.

Knowing Kathleen did not like to be disturbed, the housekeeper informed, "Ms. Johnson, I'll be right outside. Feel free to let me know if there's anything you need."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

With that, the housekeeper left, and Kathleen carried on with her meal.

Then, her phone rang.

"Charles?" Kathleen called out calmly.

"I heard you were ambushed this afternoon. Are you hurt?" asked Charles, a deep crease forming between his brows.

"I'm fine. Samuel got hurt because of me," she replied grimly.

"Oh. Where is he hurt?" Charles' voice was laced with indifference.

"His wrist." Kathleen pursed her trembling lips. "His hand might be crippled."

What?

"Could the doctor be working with him to trick you?" Charles believed Samuel could do something like that. After all, the latter liked Kathleen a lot.

"Charles, I'm a doctor too. I know the severity of his injury at a glance, but Samuel won't let the doctor tell me the truth."

"So? Are you moved?"

Letting out a sigh, she reminded, "You're the one who told me to not forgive him."

She was referring to the time when they had a heart-to-heart sibling talk. Charles' gaze dimmed at that. "That's right. I'm not letting you forgive him, but you're moved, right?"

"That man was there to kill me," Kathleen uttered. "It had nothing to do with Samuel in the first place."

"Kate, if you like him, then you should be with him," said Charles, a faint smile hanging on his lips.

"I haven't thought things through."

"Kate, this amnesia can be your new beginning," said Charles seriously. "I told you to not forgive him, not because I want to prevent you two from getting together but because I feel that you shouldn't marry him just for the sake of the children. However, if you really like him, then you can ignore what I said back then."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Should I forgive him?" she asked, feeling confused and at a loss over what to do.

"On a certain level, Samuel has paid the price and almost died," Charles explained. "But that depends on you—whether you think the price he paid is worth the compensation."

Kathleen said softly, "But I lost my memories."

She could not remember how much she hated Samuel, nor did she know if everything Samuel did was enough to atone for his mistakes.

Charles smiled. "Since you can't make up your mind, why don't you let time answer for you? If you realize you still like him after a long time, then you should be together. Kate, life's too short to spend it on contemplating. You should enjoy it to the fullest. Being happy is the most important thing."

"Thank you, Charles." Kathleen took a deep breath. "I feel much better after talking to you."

"That's good," Charles said with a warm smile. "As for Ryder..."

"I'll reject him, but I don't think I'll be with Samuel right away. I still need time to think."

"Okay. You have my support no matter what decision you make."

"Thank you, Charles." Kathleen smiled. "Oh, by the way. I don't have enough people with me here. Can you make the arrangements and assign me two more? One more thing. I want to know who was the person who ambushed me today and the reason for the attack."

"Sure. I'll send someone over to see you tomorrow. If you think that person is suitable, you can keep him," said Charles seriously.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "I'll hang up, then."

"All right."

Kathleen hung up and let out a sigh of relief.

Though she was not feeling chirpy, at least she was not as stressed as before.

She finished up her meal and headed upstairs.

That night, Samuel woke up due to the pain. He glanced at the side of his bed and realized there was no one. Looks like she's gone.

Enduring the stinging pain in his wrist, he sat up, turned on the bedside lamp, and reached out for his pills.

He popped them into his palm and put everything into his mouth. Then, he stretched out his hand to reach for the glass of water.

To his surprise, someone placed the glass of water in his hand, causing him to freeze for a moment.

"Six painkillers at one go? Have you lost your mind, Samuel?"

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Chapter 388 Going On A Date

Samuel thought he was hallucinating when he heard Kathleen's voice.

It was only when he saw her hand that he eventually realized she was real.

He took the glass of water and swallowed the medicine. Under the light, his handsome face looked pale yet frail.

Kathleen looked at him impassively. "Is there a need to torture yourself like this?"

Samuel shot her a sideways glance. His gaze darkened as he said, "I'm really in pain."

"You had been injured and had fallen sick so many times before. Don't you know what's drug resistance?" Kathleen frowned. "Isn't what you're doing now considered torturing yourself?"

Samuel stared at how furious she looked and swallowed hard. "You didn't leave?"

"Who's going to take care of you if I leave?" asked Kathleen, puzzled.

Her reply made Samuel's mind go blank for a second. In a deep, hoarse voice, he asked, "Did you stay to take care of me?"

Hearing that, Kathleen chuckled. "If not, did you think I stayed to watch you torture yourself?"

Samuel pursed his lips.

"By the way, don't take your medicine before your meal. It's going to hurt your stomach." Kathleen gave him an indifferent look.

Samuel paused for a while before he replied, "I'm not hungry."

Kathleen rose to her feet and switched on the light.

She stood next to the bed as she cast her gaze upon that man who looked sick yet charming. "I can't do anything if you wish to do things that harm yourself. If you don't need me here, I can leave."

Samuel fell silent.

Kathleen's gaze darkened before she turned around.

Right then, Samuel reached out and grabbed her wrist. His deep eyes beamed as he asked, "Is there anything for me to eat?"

"I told the housekeeper to prepare some food. If you want to eat them, I'll heat them up and bring them to you. Is that okay?" Kathleen asked flatly.

"Sure." Samuel nodded.

Kathleen stared at his slender hand and said, "Let go of me, then."

Samuel gradually released his grip.

Then, Kathleen walked out of the room.

The next instant, Samuel swiftly pinched his own thigh hard.

I'm not dreaming! It's real! Kathleen really stayed to take care of me.

Everything seemed too good to be true, but nonetheless, he was over the moon.

In fact, he did not ask for much. He only wished to hold a place in Kathleen's heart.

It would be enough for him that she had him in her mind, regardless of what she took him as.

Lying on the bed, he placed his left arm on his forehead. His lips curled into a bright smile.

A few minutes later, Kathleen brought the food upstairs.

Upon entering the room, she saw Samuel sitting on the couch obediently. He was staring at her deeply at the same time.

She walked over and placed the food on the coffee table. "They're all something light. Have some."

Samuel gave her a slight nod.

He took the spoon and ate the food bit by bit.

At the same time, with a composed expression, Kathleen sat across from him and watched him.

He looks so frail when he's injured. Despite that, he still looks elegant while eating no matter how hungry he is.

Suddenly, Samuel stopped eating.

He looked up, and his dark eyes met Kathleen's.

Looking composed, Kathleen stared at him. "Why did you stop eating? Is the food not to your liking?"

Samuel shook his head lightly.

"What's wrong then?" Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"Why do you keep looking at me?" Samuel asked solemnly.

For the first time, he felt uneasy under her gaze.

At that point, Kathleen realized that she had been staring at him all the while.

Seemingly trying to brush things off, she chuckled. "That's because you're good-looking. Didn't they say that if we stare at good-looking people more often, we will feel delighted?"

A faint blush rose to Samuel's cheeks.

Kathleen looked at him and urged, "Eat up! Go get some rest after you finish eating. There are some matters I need to attend to tomorrow, so I have to go to bed early too."

"What is it?" Samuel frowned.

"I'm going on a date with Ryder," Kathleen explained.

A date?

Samuel felt a strange feeling welling up in his chest.

"Have we gone on a date?" Kathleen asked curiously.

Her question came as a bolt out of the blue, stunning Samuel.

Indeed, they had never gone out for a date before.

"I guess not." Smiling, Kathleen continued, "I'm really looking forward to it. I wonder if Ryder will bring me to a movie or take me shopping? Either is fine, though. It'd be perfect if we go for a candlelight dinner at night!"

Samuel did not say a word.

He felt his wound slightly aching again.

Kathleen flashed a smile and said, "You don't seem like you enjoy this conversation, do you?"

Her sudden question left Samuel at a loss for words.

"Didn't you say that we're friends? Can't friends talk about this topic?" Kathleen still wore a faint smile on her face.

Samuel replied coldly, "Go ahead as you please."

Kathleen shrugged. "Fine. I'm not going to keep this conversation going. We will find out tomorrow"

Samuel's face grew sullen.

He felt that Kathleen did that on purpose, yet there was nothing he could do to prove his assumption.

He hurriedly finished the food even though he had no appetite.

After the meal, Kathleen kept everything and placed them in the corridor.

The housekeeper would come to collect them in the morning.

In the room, Samuel lay on the bed. His eyes looked dull, almost vacuous.

Then, his gaze fell upon Kathleen.

Meanwhile, Kathleen sat on the couch, removed her shoes, and lay on her back.

Even though the two were not that close to one another, they could hear each other's breathing.

Samuel closed his eyes and felt his heart wrenching. It was as though all kinds of emotions were stirring within him.

As expected, he could not bear seeing Kathleen being together with another man.

He was aware of how possessive he was, yet there was nothing he could do.

Kathleen would not care about it at all.

It hurt so bad that he found it slightly hard to breathe.

Whenever he recalled the time when Kathleen had almost married Caleb, he felt the urge to knock Kathleen out and bring her somewhere far away, somewhere nobody else would go.

A place where there was only two of them, and they could be together forever.

No one could ever break them up.

However, Kathleen definitely would not agree to it.

With his mind awash with a gamut of thoughts, Samuel gradually drifted off to sleep.

Kathleen could tell he had fallen asleep just by listening to his steady breathing.

She turned sideways and looked at Samuel.

The dim rays cast on half of his delicate face, leaving another half of it in the dark.

Samuel always gave off a domineering aura no matter what he did.

She could feel her heart racing as she stared at him.

However, she still found it hard to accept how stubborn Samuel was, so she decided to wait for a little longer.

After a long time, she let out a sigh and closed her eyes.

The next day, it was already eight o'clock when Kathleen woke up.

She sat right up and grabbed her phone.

Just then, Ryder's call came in.

"It's me. Where should I pick you from?" asked Ryder, smiling.

"I'm at Florinia Manor." Kathleen lifted the guilt.

She was confused for a moment when she noticed that the thin blanket on her last night had already been replaced with a quilt.

Could it be Samuel who covered me with the quilt?

As that thought crossed her mind, she looked in the direction of the bed, and Samuel was nowhere to be seen.

He woke up that early?

"Okay. See you later." Kathleen hung up the phone.

She walked toward the bathroom, and Samuel was just coming out from there.

There were still water droplets on his charming face.

Kathleen was stunned for a moment. "Why didn't you wipe your face clean?"

As she said that, she grabbed the towel from the side and helped him wipe his face.

Dumbfounded by her sudden act, Samuel stood rooted to the spot.

He had never been that close to Kathleen in such a long time.

Kathleen had always felt distant and unapproachable. He just could not go anywhere near her.

Now that Kathleen was helping him to wipe off the water on his face, he really wished his face would be wet all the time.

"All right. I'm going out. Just call the housekeeper if you need any help," Kathleen stated flatly.

Nonetheless, Samuel did not reply a word.

"By the way, could I borrow the women's clothing in your closet?" asked Kathleen.