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## All Too Late Chapter 455

Chapter 455 Truly Amnesia

“But what do I do?” Ashley didn’t understand.

“That’s also very simple. Just tell her you’re pregnant.” Lauren smirked and looked at Ashley sardonically. “Given Kathleen’s prideful behavior, she won’t call Samuel to verify this. If it were true, why would she risk losing her pride? Even if she does decide to confront him, Samuel is going to feel very attacked. How will they not fight, then?”

Ashley thought that what Lauren said made sense.

“But Kathleen is a traditional medicine doctor after all. She will ask to take my pulse.” In this sense, Ashley did not feel at ease with the plan.

After briefly rummaging through her bag, Lauren fished out a bottle of medicine. “These pills can help replicate a dual pulse. Even if you go to the hospital for an examination, they won’t find out. However, this only lasts for seven days.”

Ashley gasped and took it from Lauren. “Is it truly that effective?”

“Don’t you believe me?” Lauren smiled coldly. “Think about your legs and face. Who do you have to thank for that?”

“I believe in you!” Ashley was very happy. “Lauren, I’m so glad to have you help me.”

Lauren smiled casually. “You know what I want, right?”

“I know,” Ashley said with a smile. “Don’t worry. When I marry Samuel, I will let him get rid of the Blissful Sect for you. By then, the whole country can be yours!”

Lauren was very happy to hear this.

“Lauren, I haven’t seen you have a man for so many years.” Ashley was extremely curious. “Surely you’re not—”

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"I'm straight. I also have male friends who take care of those needs," said Lauren mildly. "I just think that men are inferior to power and money. Men cannot give me a sense of security, and I can never trust men."

With that said, Lauren downed half a glass of red wine.

Ashley said quietly, "What if a man like Samuel pursued you?"

Lauren let out a peal of sarcastic laughter. "He is very good, but that doesn't mean I have to like him."

Lauren had always had only one purpose. She wanted power.

She wanted to get rid of all the organizations in the nation and emerge as the only victor.

When she had the power she craved, why would the men not cave?

Ashley pursed her lips, but said nothing.

Back at the Johnson residence, Kathleen had just helped Desiree with her bath and put her to bed.

Desiree took Kathleen's hand. "Don't be sad, Mommy. Even if Daddy doesn't want you anymore, I still love you."

Kathleen's gloomy mood was swept away immediately, and she smiled. "Don't worry. I'm not sad, and it's not that he doesn't want me anymore. Rather, it's the opposite."

"Mommy, do you really not want Daddy anymore?" asked a very upset Desiree. "But I want us all to be together!"

Kathleen stroked Desiree's face. "Desiree, some things cannot be forced."

Desiree seemed to hover between understanding and confusion.

"Okay, time for bed." Kathleen kissed Desiree's forehead, tucked her in, then left.

Kathleen went downstairs.

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She entered the living room, only to find Charles sitting there.

Kathleen walked toward him. "You're alone? Did Clarissa not tag along?"

"She said she wasn't feeling well, so she decided to rest at home. I also heard you had a run-in with Samuel today?" queried Charles.

Kathleen was surprised. "How did the news reach your ears so quickly?"

Charles sighed. "Why didn't you say something? Everyone is watching you. You were even photographed by the paparazzi near the restaurant you were at today."

What?

"Who did this?" Kathleen immediately dug out her phone.

She could not care less if she showed up in the pictures. However, she did not want to expose the children to this.

"They're not that unscrupulous. The children's faces were censored, but they also deleted these pictures," replied Charles.

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief.

"Do you think Samuel really has amnesia?" Charles asked curiously.

Kathleen huffed in anger. "If his amnesia is fake, wouldn't this situation be even more abhorrent?"

Charles was stunned to silence, and he found that Kathleen was not just angry at Samuel. She was downright resentful now.

Her indifference toward Samuel was likely a product of her rage.

"You're just going to let it slide?" Charles narrowed his eyes.

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"If Samuel is really engaged to Ashley, then I definitely don't want him!" hissed Kathleen.  
"That being said, it matters not if he comes to me. I'm not going to go out of my way to seek him out."

Charles sighed lightly.

He knew it would be like this.

At this time. Charles's cell phone rang.

He answered the phone, his expression solemn.

"Alright, I've got it." Charles then hung up.

Very slowly, he stood.

Kathleen looked at him. "What's wrong?"

"There has finally been news about Wyatt. I'm going to check it out," said Charles icily.  
"We've been looking for him for almost half a year, and he finally emerged."

"Do you need me to accompany you?" Kathleen asked.

"No." Charles shook his head. "They just saw him, and they may not be able to find him. I'm leaving."

"Alright." Kathleen got up and escorted him out.

Charles got in the car and drove away.

Kathleen then returned to the villa, and then went back to the room to rest.

The next day, Kathleen went off to the company for work as usual.

She was very busy that morning.

When it was almost noon, Kathleen received a call from an unknown number.

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She frowned.

Who is this?

This was her new mobile phone number, so not many people knew it.

Both her old phone and the number were with Samuel.

Honestly, why hasn't he returned it to me yet? Does he want to use my phone perpetually now? Or perhaps, this is his new number?

"Hello?" Kathleen answered the phone.

"It's me." Ashley's voice came from the other end of the line.

Kathleen did not plan on speaking. In fact, she'd made up her mind to hang up the moment she noticed who it was.

"Kathleen, I know you don't want to hear my voice, but I have something very important to tell you," Ashley said quietly. "Are you willing to meet me?"

"Is there anything you can't say on the phone?" sneered Kathleen. "I'd rather not waste my time looking at your plastic face."

Plastic?

Ashley was shocked.

Of course, she had not gotten any cosmetic surgery. Her face was as natural as it could get.

Ashley calmed down before speaking. "Perhaps you're scared after all. However, if you don't meet me, you will regret it."

Sighing, Kathleen pinched the bridge of her nose. "Where?"

"I'm in the coffee shop by your company now." Ashley smiled faintly. "I'll wait for you."

After speaking, she hung up the phone.

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Kathleen stood up and walked out of her office.

She exited the building, then proceeded toward the cafe mentioned by Ashley.

It was lunchtime. The cafe was crowded.

She noticed that some of the employees in her company were dining there too.

Kathleen's expression was cold.

So, this is how she wants to play it?

She saw Ashley sitting in the booth by the window.

She walked over, taking her time.

Ashley narrowed her eyes. In front of her was a glass of hot milk. "You came rather quickly."

Kathleen sat down. "If you have something to say, say it."

"Look at this." Ashley placed some test results in front of her.

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