All Too Late Chapter 429

Chapter 429 Broke Your Promise

Kathleen was surprised as the Richard she knew did not seem to be such a person.

"He may have reasons for doing so," she comforted.

"It's been one year since he proposed to me." Gemma felt helpless. "Forget it. I feel upset whenever I bring him up. I'm going back to work."

Kathleen walked along with her. "Perhaps, you can ask him."

"I'm scared the outcome will be bad if I do." Gemma lowered her head. "Kate, I'm terrified we'll break up because of this."

Kathleen took hold of Gemma's hand and consoled, "Don't overthink this. Richard has always been reliable, so I guess he has his reasons. Why don't you give him a little more time?"

"All right." The latter nodded, though a little confused. "How long should I give him, though?"

"This depends on you," Kathleen explained. "After all, everyone's tolerance and endurance toward this matter are different."

"Kate, what if it were you?" Gemma asked out of curiosity.

"I..." Kathleen paused for a moment before continuing, "If I encountered something like this, I suppose I would be in the same state as you."

Gemma looked toward the woman. "Didn't you and Samuel reconcile already? Why do I feel like something happened between you two?"

"Well, not exactly." Kathleen flashed a half-smile. "However, everyone has troubles that can't be shared even with their loved ones. Thus, we need to give them time to decide if they want to tell us."

"Kate, you seem to have returned to your past self," Gemma remarked while staring at Kathleen.

My past self?

"How was I like before?" the latter asked bitterly.

"You would endure many things in the name of love. It's exactly how you are right now."

"I would feel frustrated when I endured something back then. However, it's different now as my tolerance is due to maturity," Kathleen elucidated. "People change, after all."

After all, she was not the type to immediately tell Samuel if she had a secret either.

Gemma nodded. "True. Everyone changes."

Kathleen smiled.

"We don't have anything going on at night, so why don't we go out and have a drink?"

Yet, Kathleen shook her head. "I've already been drinking for two nights straight. I feel like my head is going to explode."

Gemma smiled faintly. "Are you trying to drown your sorrows with alcohol?"

"That's not it."

"All right, then," Gemma replied with a sigh.

After hesitating, Kathleen added, "I can accompany you if you really want to go."

"Really?" Gemma's expression brightened up immediately.

"Mm." Kathleen nodded. "I can deal with a headache. Your mood is more important."

"Thank you," Gemma chirped. "I'll come and meet you once you're off work."

"All right." Kathleen nodded.

When Samuel got off work, he received a call from Kathleen right after he exited his office.

"I just got off work and am going to pick you up," he said gently.

"There's no need," Kathleen murmured. "I'm having dinner with Gemma tonight. I'll take a taxi back after we're done."

"Where are you going for dinner?" Samuel asked in a deep voice. "I can go and fetch you."

"No need." Kathleen felt embarrassed. After all, there was no way she could tell the man she was going out to drink. "You can head home first."

Then, she quickly hung up the call.

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Tyson noticed the man's change of expression and asked, "Mr. Macari, what happened?"

"She must be mad." Samuel's voice was hoarse.

Mad?

"Check where Kate and Gemma are having dinner tonight," Samuel ordered coldly.

"Got it." Tyson nodded.

Gemma was the one who decided on the location this time.

When Kathleen followed Gemma into the bar, she realized the latter must be a frequent visitor, for even the bartender recognized her.

Arriving at their booth, Gemma ordered a ton of beer.

By the looks of it, it seemed that she was not going home without getting drunk.

Kathleen soon noticed she was there just to serve as a prop as Gemma's drinking was much better than hers.

Gemma finished almost all the beer on the table, not even stopping to clink the half-finished beer in her hand with Kathleen.

Soon, she got drunk.

"Kate, why am I such a coward?" Gemma muttered in her drunken state. "All because we've been together for a couple of years, I don't dare to question him what's happening. Instead, I hide everything in my heart for fear of losing him. Shouldn't dating be relaxing and happy? Why should I do this to myself?"

Kathleen did not know how to respond to that.

"I don't want to admit it, but I'm scared I can't find someone better than him. I've been with him for such a long time, and I'm getting older too. Although I love him, I must admit it's my fault that I'm losing confidence in this relationship." Gemma's eyes were red. "What should I do, Kate?"

Right after saying that, she slumped down on the table.

Kathleen sat beside her with a sigh and sprawled on the table too. When she tucked Gemma's hair away, she realized the latter was crying.

Kathleen felt distressed. "If you really cannot take it, you should ask him."

"I'm scared that he isn't prepared for that yet and would feel irritated and break up with me if I keep asking. Did you know that I haven't seen him for a month?"

It's that bad?

After resigning from the hospital, Richard had busied himself ever since.

When Gemma asked, he told her he was starting a business.

However, she did not know what exactly he was doing.

Kathleen did not know how to advise the woman. It was up to Gemma to decide on her next steps, after all.

"Are you just going to let yourself suffer, then?" Kathleen asked gently.

Gemma pursed her lips. "I have a feeling I'm going to break up soon."

Kathleen sighed and gently patted Gemma's head. "It'll be fine. It's not a bad thing to break up sooner if you and Richard are not fated to be together."

Gemma nodded.

"Let's continue drinking and get wasted!" Kathleen clinked her glass with the woman.

At that, Gemma sat up and continued drinking.

Meanwhile, it was starting to rain outside.

Samuel was sitting in the car and quietly observing the bar entrance.

Although he knew Kathleen was inside, he did not go in to disturb her.

He knew he needed to give her space.

At around half-past ten, Kathleen staggered out of the bar while supporting Gemma.

Although she wanted to hail a taxi, she could not get one as the rain was too heavy.

"Hey, you two. Do you need some help?" asked a greasy-looking man approaching them.

Kathleen furrowed her brows. "No."

"The both of you seem drunk, though. Why don't I send you two back home?" After saying that, the man stretched out his hand.

"Get lost!" Kathleen roared. "Why don't you take a look at who I am? How dare you try to make a move on me?"

Upon hearing that, the man felt displeased.

At that moment, a black umbrella appeared on top of Kathleen's head.

When she saw the dark, blurry figure in front of her, she frowned momentarily.

Samuel stared down at the man who was preparing to make a move. "Do you not want your hands anymore?"

The man's expression changed when he noticed Samuel, and he immediately ran away fearfully.

Samuel instantly supported Kathleen. "You drank again."

Tyson also came over and helped Gemma into the car.

Kathleen grabbed Samuel's collar with both hands. "You told me you would never deceive me, yet you still did. Samuel Macari, you broke your promise."

All Too Late Chapter 430

Chapter 430 Do You Not Hate Me

"You..." Samuel's voice was extremely hoarse. "Did you remember something?"

Kathleen started to loosen the grip on his collar. "Is that important?"

His eyes turned dark. "Of course!"

She snorted, slowly sobering up as the cold wind blew against her face. "Are you scared that my memories will recover, Samuel?"

Samuel did not answer, merely staring at her with his intent gaze.

He'd lying if he said he wasn't.

"Never mind. I won't force you anymore," Kathleen said miserably. "Let's go home."

Right after saying that, she turned around.

Suddenly, Samuel hugged her from behind while still holding the umbrella with one hand. "I'll answer you."

She knitted her brows. "It's fine if it's too much for you."

She no longer longed to know.

"Let's get in the car first. It's a bit inconvenient for me to talk here," Samuel reminded her that his wrist had not recovered yet.

She lowered her head to look at the right hand on her waist, softly laying her hand on top of it. "Okay."

When they got into the car, Samuel turned up the air-conditioning, fearing she would get sick.

Kathleen massaged her sore temples.

"How much do you remember?" he asked hoarsely.

"Not much. All of them are memories of you hurting me, though."

The man swallowed hard. Indeed. When I recall, we don't have many sweet moments together.

"Don't you hate me?" he queried darkly.

Kathleen answered helplessly, "What's the use of doing so?"

Samuel stayed silent.

She slowly added, "Although I regained my memories, I didn't forget about the present. How do I put it? Well, I think that's enough punishment for you. After all, I'd also be exhausted if we carried on this way. I simply don't want things to get messy again."

He held her hand. "I didn't hide it from you on purpose."

"I understand. Everyone has their own secrets that they can't tell."

Since he did not want to bring it up, she would not force him either.

Right then, Samuel changed the topic. "When I was abducted, a little girl helped me to escape. However, she did not make it while we were trying to flee and was killed by those people."

Kathleen was stunned. Killed?

"I should have protected her," he choked out. "Hence, I always felt indebted to her, but I didn't even know who she was. When I returned home, I immediately asked my father to save her. However, blood was all we found upon arriving there. We did not see anyone, let alone the little girl's corpse. I've hired people to investigate her all these years, and not long ago, I found out her last name is Zeller. Ashley Zeller. She's Luna's niece. I didn't expect that she's still alive."

Perplexed, she asked, "Really?"

Samuel nodded. "I heard the Zeller family was afraid she would get into danger again, so she's been living under the radar."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Isn't that great? You don't need to be so guilty if she's still alive."

"Mm. I'm just scared you would mind her relationship with Luna."

She shrugged. "Whatever. She's not the one who harmed me. I'm someone who knows how to distinguish between gratitude and grudges, after all."

To her, Samuel's benefactor was also hers.

Samuel gazed at her and mumbled, "Are you really not mad?"

"Do you think I'd get mad that easily?" Kathleen asked in displeasure. "I have quite a good temper if I say so myself."

He cleared his throat. "Yeah, you do."

In fact, he seemed to be the complete opposite of her right now.

"Let's go home. I have a headache." She leaned against the seat.

Upon hearing that, Samuel called the driver standing outside to start the car.

When they got home, the rain had stopped.

The air was fresh and had a fragrance of earth.

After getting out of the car, the duo walked into the mansion and went upstairs to their room.

Kathleen removed her shoes and prepared to sleep just like that, not having the energy to do anything else.

Samuel helped to tuck her in.

When he caressed her face, his lips curled into a smile. Perhaps, this is not bad of a start.

The next day, Kathleen woke up early and briefly got ready before heading downstairs.

Samuel was currently eating breakfast in the dining room.

After greeting him, she sat down as Maria brought breakfast over.

Then, she began to eat slowly.

"What time is the tech conference?" she asked in curiosity.

"Ten o'clock," he answered. "There's no need to rush."

She glanced at the clock and realized it was presently nine in the morning.

They would arrive just on time if they departed from here.

She'd get to see Trevor today.

As Kathleen drank yesterday, her head was still throbbing.

Thus, she took a painkiller after finishing breakfast.

Samuel glanced at her. "Why did you still drink when you know your body can't take it?"

"Something happened between Gemma and Richard, so I'm just supporting her as her friend," she answered. "Won't you accompany your friends when they're feeling down?"

"They aren't like this when they're in a bad mood," he answered flatly.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

After heading out of the mansion, they got into the car.

Pondering for a moment, she decided to ask, "What exactly happened to Richard? Why are things so off between him and Gemma?"

"I'm not sure either." Samuel shook his head. He was telling the truth, for he was indeed clueless about it.

Kathleen shot him a disdainful look. "How could you be so indifferent to your friends?"

"You're just angry because you can't get anything out of me."

Kathleen let out a light snort, not caring that he exposed her.

After a moment's thought, Samuel remarked, "I'll try to find out once the conference is over."

"Remember what you said!" Her eyes sparkled. "I didn't force you to do it."

Samuel was rendered speechless. Why do I think she's wrapping me tighter and tighter around her little finger?

"It's not a problem for me to help you, but what benefits can you offer me?" Samuel started to negotiate with her.

"You actually want me to give you something in return?" Kathleen found it unacceptable.

A grin crept over his face. "That's right."

At that, she was speechless.

He smiled when he saw her face flushing from his teasing. "I'm just kidding."

"Well, it's not funny." Kathleen snorted coldly.

Soon, they arrived at the tech conference.

After the duo exited the car, Kathleen walked into the venue while holding Samuel's arm.

There was quite a number of guests who came, and the atmosphere was lively.

Naturally, the person who garnered the most attention was Samuel.

After all, Macari Group was the top company specializing in artificial intelligence.

When Kathleen and Samuel appeared hand-in-hand, speculations started to fly around again.

"They're together again. I wonder how long they'll last this time."

"No way they're going to last long!"

"But they look like a match made in heaven!"

"Who cares if they look good together? A marriage without love is just going to end in disaster!"

"Why are you so hostile toward them?"

"I'm Kathleen's fan, after all."

Kathleen and Samuel walked over to the first row of seats.

Everyone who could be seated there must have a certain status.

While Kathleen sat next to Samuel, another person sat on the other side.

The person was an old man with gray hair, holding a walking cane. Despite his age, he had a brilliant glint in his eyes.

If Kathleen was not mistaken, he should be Trevor.