

All Too Late Chapter 191

Chapter 191 Put An End To Kathleen "Alright. Charles, you can stop worrying about that now. Now, let's talk about Vivian. I heard that she managed to recognize you today," Kathleen stated.

Charles nodded in response.

Kathleen stroked her chin and said, "That's good. That means there are times when she's clear-minded."

"But she started shrieking soon after that," Charles said worriedly.

"Follow me to the Lewis residence tomorrow. We'll take a look together," Kathleen suggested.

Charles nodded and replied, "Okay."

He really wanted to cure Vivian.

After all, a kind-hearted girl like her shouldn't be wasting her life like this.

Kathleen patted his shoulder and said, "Charles, you should go home and get some sleep."

With a darkened expression, Charles reminded in a worried tone, "Okay, I'll take my leave. Take good care of yourself. Call me if there's anything."

Kathleen was amused. "This is a hospital. What could possibly happen? You're too alert."

Even then, Charles was still worried. "I can't help it. The Yoeger family has been too active lately."

Kathleen said seriously, "Don't worry. Nothing will happen."

"Okay." Charles was persuaded by her, so he got up and prepared to leave.

He calmly continued, "I'll get going now and be back tomorrow."

"Charles, I want to be discharged tomorrow and return to the film site to see that person called Jennifer," Kathleen said meaningfully.

After giving it some thought, Charles said, "I guess it's better to get things resolved as soon as possible so that it doesn't get more complicated."

Kathleen nodded.

Charles turned around and left.

Soon after, Kathleen got ready to sleep.

The next day, Kathleen was preparing to get discharged.

She planned to head straight to the film site.

Valerie came to help her pack up and accompany her to the film site.

Right when Kathleen got out of the restroom after changing, she saw Christopher.

Surprised, she called, "Chris?"

Why is he here?

Christopher calmly said, "Hey. I heard something happened to you when I wasn't in Jadeborough for the past few days, so I rushed here to pay you a visit. Are you feeling better?"

Kathleen stretched her waist a little and replied, "Don't worry. My condition's much better now."

"I saw the news online. You were injured quite severely," he said worriedly.

Kathleen smilingly reassured, "I'm really fine now."

He stared into her eyes and said, "Okay. I'm glad to hear that you're okay."

With a gentle smile, Kathleen said, "Chris, thank you for visiting me. However, I'm going straight to the film site after being discharged, so..."

Feeling helpless, he replied, "Alright, go ahead."

Kathleen called for Valerie, and they both got ready to leave.

In a raspy voice, Christopher suggested, "Kate, let me send you there."

Kathleen was stunned. "There's no need to trouble you."

He walked toward her and said, "It's no trouble at all. There's something I need to talk to you about."

Reluctantly, she nodded. "Okay."

They went downstairs together.

After that, Kathleen got into Christopher's car.

Throughout the journey, Christopher remained silent.

He seemed to be mentally preparing what he was about to say.

After arriving at the film site, Christopher finally started to speak.

He asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you sure you don't want to date me?"

Once again, Kathleen was caught off guard by his words.

In actuality, she could sense that Christopher was going to confess to her.

She gripped the hem of her shirt and lowered her head. "Chris, I'm sorry."

Christopher said bitterly, "In the end, I still lost to Samuel."

Kathleen shook her head and remarked, "Chris, I won't be with Samuel. I've already rejected him."

He stared intently at Kathleen and questioned, "Why?"

She explained, "Why would I give another chance to someone who has hurt me before? Even though he's now aware of what he did wrong and has fixed his mistake, the trauma I suffered will always be there."

Christopher asked, "Will he... give up on you?"

In a grim voice, she uttered, "It doesn't matter to me whether he gives up or not. He knows that he'll drive me to the brink of death if he forces me."

Christopher remembered the wedding ceremony from a year before.

Kathleen fell into despair and really felt like dying.

She's right. Samuel would never force her to that extent anymore.

With a deep voice, he said, "Kate, then why are you not considering me? The reason I left was to deal with Astrid. I've already settled my family problems as well. Except for Grandpa, both Mom and Dad will accept you. You don't have to care about what Grandpa thinks."

She gazed at his handsome face and replied, "Chris, putting all these aside, the ultimate reason is that I don't love you."

He was rendered speechless.

She continued, "I know how well you treat me. That's precisely why I've been rejecting you over and over again. I can't compromise. Compromising is a painful thing to do. I don't want us to end up being an unhappy couple and ruin the chance to even become friends."

I really don't want things to end up that way.

Christopher mocked himself, "Am I not good enough?"

Kathleen bit her lips and said, "You... are good. However, liking someone doesn't correlate to how good a person is. It depends on how you feel about that person. Everyone defines their feelings differently. From my point of view, no matter how good a person is, if that person doesn't make my heart race, then that person's not the one. So don't you think it's better to make things clear right from the beginning?"

With a look of defeat, Christopher glanced at her and said, "You're too honest."

There's nothing I can do about her honesty. I wish she would give me just a glimmer of hope, but she has ended all possibilities.

"Did I rush it too much? Maybe I should've waited. I should've waited until you realize that there's a good guy like me by your side. Wouldn't you choose me then?"

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I don't know what's going to happen in the future, but I've already told you how I feel."

He sighed and said, "What am I going to do with you?"

Feeling awkward, Kathleen said, "Chris, I'm sorry. If you don't feel comfortable about it, you can sever ties with me. I won't mind."

He said solemnly, "But I would. I don't want to lose you... as a friend."

Kathleen felt awkward.

"Go ahead. I'm not going to bother you any longer."

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

She opened the car door and got off the car.

Christopher fell into deep thought as he watched her leave.

Kathleen let out a heavy sigh.

What’s with this situation? It’s all Charles’ fault. If he didn’t announce Christopher as my fiancé back then, there wouldn’t be so many problems.

Kathleen felt a headache coming.

Meanwhile, the film crew was shocked to see Kathleen.

Everyone came up to her to ask about her body condition.

She explained, “My body’s fine now. Thank you, everyone, for your concerns.”

After observing for some time, she noticed that everyone was concerned about her except Jennifer.

Something’s wrong with this woman indeed.

Upon seeing Kathleen, Jennifer was in shock.

Wasn’t Kathleen severely injured? How can she be back to continue filming? How?

A murderous glint flashed across Jennifer’s eyes.

I guess I’ll just have to end her life again! I’ll put an end to her no matter what! This time for sure!

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Chapter 192 The Best Actress Could Be Me
Kathleen’s scenes were very simple that day.

Cain arranged to shoot scenes that involved more dialogues on her part as his way of looking after her.

Her scenes that day relied heavily on expressions and emotions instead of physical prowess.

Those were easy tasks for Kathleen.

The filming carried on and only ended when evening arrived.

Once her work was done for the day, Kathleen got ready to rest.

Then and there, an assistant came running toward her. The assistant said, "Kate, Mr. Currah brought some fruits for the film crew. Here's yours."

"Thank you." Kathleen gestured for Valerie to accept them, who promptly did.

"Please extend my gratitude to Timothy," Kathleen stated.

"Sure!" The assistant nodded.

Kathleen and Valerie promptly retreated to their break room.

Once they had arrived, Valerie asked, "Kate, do you want to have a bite?"

Kathleen nodded. "All right. Timothy did put in the effort to have them delivered. It would be inappropriate if I don't eat them."

Valerie then opened the box.

It was packed full of a myriad of fruits.

Kathleen picked up a fork and popped a strawberry into her mouth.

Valerie was about to have one as well when Kathleen frowned and stopped her. "Hold on!"

Taken aback, Valerie asked, "What's wrong?"

Kathleen opened her bag and took out a silver needle. She then poked it into the strawberry.

In a few seconds, the silver needle turned black.

"What in the world is going on?" Valerie cried out, astonished.

Kathleen sniffed the strawberry. "It's poisoned."

"What?" Valerie exclaimed.

“This is a type of poison capable of restricting the human’s respiratory system. Its toxicity is less potent than cyanide, but it’s still lethal nonetheless,” Kathleen explained. Then, with a cold tone, she instructed, “Valerie, call the police.”

“I’m on it!” Valerie picked up her phone.

However, after a short instance of deliberation, Kathleen grabbed Valerie’s hand. She then spoke in an icy tone. “Forget it. Whoever did this left no traces behind. There’s no point in calling the police.”

Valerie frowned. “So what do we do then?”

After a moment of consideration, Kathleen whispered something into Valerie’s ear.

Once Valerie was done listening, she nodded. “Should I go now?”

Kathleen nodded. “Yes.”

Valerie promptly turned around and left.

Meanwhile, Kathleen stared at the strawberry on her fork with a cold gaze. Jennifer sure is reckless. But from where did she get a poison like this? This is too weird.

Ten minutes later, Timothy’s assistant ran out of his break room. The assistant yelled, “Bad news! It looks like Mr. Currah had been poisoned!”

Everyone panicked upon hearing that.

They dashed straight into the break room to check up on Timothy.

He lay on the floor, unconscious.

“Quick, get an ambulance!” Spencer bellowed.

Timothy’s assistant immediately picked up his phone to call an ambulance.

“He was fine just now. How on earth did he get poisoned?”

“Exactly! Please don’t tell me it’s because of somebody’s doing?”

“Stop spouting nonsense without any proof!”

“How is it nonsense? Last time, Kathleen nearly fell out of her wire. Who knows? Someone could be trying to hurt them intentionally!”

“When you put it that way, I’m suspecting that perhaps it’s this shooting location that is... problematic?”

Upon those words, everyone present felt a chill go down their spines.

“That’s enough! Stop making random assumptions! This has got nothing to do with the lot of you. So, go home!” Spencer reprimanded them sternly.

Everyone could only leave then, having heard what Spencer said.

Soon enough, an ambulance arrived, and Timothy was taken away along with his assistant.

As for the rest of the film crew, they began to take their leave. Gradually, the number of people present at the location lessened.

Just then, the silhouette of a woman silently slipped into Timothy’s break room.

Several moments passed, and the woman finally got ready to leave with Timothy’s box of fruit platter in hand.

“Hold it right there,” Kathleen’s voice called out abruptly.

Jennifer was startled so much that the fruit platter fell to the floor.

Anxiously, she looked in the direction where Kathleen’s voice came from.

Kathleen was leering at her coldly as she got closer. Kathleen began to interrogate Jennifer. “What are you doing with the fruit platter Timothy had eaten from?”

Jennifer bit her lip. “I’m helping him clean up.”

“Your role in the film crew is an actor. You’re not the film crew’s housekeeper. What would prompt you to clean up the fruits?” Kathleen asked in a bone-chilling tone.

“I like him. Sometimes, I secretly take care of some chores for him. What’s wrong with that?” It seemed as if Jennifer had already thought of a reason and excuse.

However, Kathleen snickered in response. “I don’t care if you have a secret crush on him or that you’re invading his privacy. I’m not interested in those. But I only want to know why you’re only clearing Timothy’s fruit platter if you’re cleaning his stuff.”

“I’m afraid that the fruits would start stinking up the place if they go rotten,” Jennifer explained hastily.

Kathleen scoffed, “Hah! You sure know how to come up with excuses for your behavior.”

Jennifer bit her lips once more. “I don’t understand what you mean.”

“Jennifer, let me ask you something about the fruit platter which Timothy got for us. Is it true that you came into contact with the platter Timothy gave me before passing it to his assistant, who then passed it to me? Why did you do that?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Jennifer refused to admit anything.

Kathleen sniggered, “Ha! Timothy’s assistant told me that she was handed a fruit platter from you and was asked to deliver it to me. She even informed me that she questioned your motives. You then answered that I love to eat strawberries and that the platter you held had much larger strawberries. Isn’t that right?”

Jennifer remained silent.

Kathleen continued speaking in her cold tone. “You really do understand me, don’t you? You know my favorite food. You’re putting so much thought and effort into poisoning me to death that you didn’t expect that Timothy would be the one to be poisoned in the end. Am I right?”

Jennifer jerked her head up suddenly. She glared viciously at Kathleen. “What do you mean by poisoning you to death? I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Kathleen drawled on, “Jennifer, I’ve heard that we belong to the same school. During our first year’s freshmen performance, I played the part of the female lead. However, you believed that I stole the part from you, correct?”

“That’s the truth, isn’t it?” Jennifer shot an icy glare at Kathleen.

“Of course not. Before the performance, the cast for the female lead wasn’t set in stone. While some people claimed that it was you who got the role, it wasn’t confirmed. Back then, apart from you and me, there were others vying for the part as well. We were all waiting for the news, and it was only at the end when it was finally revealed that I got the part. But you couldn’t accept it and decided to quit school. Afterward, you convinced yourself that I was the one who led you to where you are. But in fact, I did nothing to you. You’re the one who brought all your problems on yourself!” Kathleen lectured mercilessly.

“Bullsh*t! It’s because of you! You’re beautiful, you have amazing acting skills, and everyone adores you. They couldn’t see anyone else but you, which is why they picked you. I’m amazing too, but just because you look beautiful, they gave the opportunity to you! It’s not fair!” Jennifer shrieked.

“Jennifer, it’s wise to consider all options when we’re looking to pay for something. The fact that I look good is out of my hands. However, in terms of acting skills, I’m most definitely better than you. What do you have to complain about? Or do you truly think that I’m somehow ruining you just because you think things are unfair?” Kathleen spoke coldly.

In response, Jennifer burst out in anger. “Of course it is! You’re ruining me! If it weren’t for you, I wouldn’t have quit school, and I might have even won the Academy Award for Best Actress by now, and I wouldn’t have done anything unforgivable! It’s all your fault!”

Kathleen was in utter disbelief. “So you admit that you’re the one who damaged the wire and poisoned the fruits?”

“That’s right. I’m the one who did it! I wish to kill you! Go to hell!” Jennifer howled.

She then drew out a fruit knife and charged toward Kathleen, attempting to stab her.

“Look out!” someone warned.

All of a sudden, a shadow flashed before Kathleen’s sight.

She was soon wrapped into a warm and sweet-smelling embrace.

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Chapter 193 Give It A Try

Then, Kathleen heard an ear-piercing scream.

When she regained her footing, she noticed that Jennifer was pinned to the ground by two bodyguards.

“Let go of me!” Jennifer screamed while struggling to free herself, “Let me kill this b*tch! She took everything from me. Everything that belongs to me!”

Samuel let go of Kathleen. His breathing had never been so chaotic before.

She looked at him, slightly dazed. “You’re back?”

“Yeah.” Samuel nodded. His handsome face was emotionless. “Are you hurt?”

Kathleen shook her head.

In actuality, she could’ve avoided it herself.

If Samuel hadn't moved swiftly, she would've already dodged it.

She just didn't expect him to appear.

"Didn't you say that you'll be back tomorrow?" Kathleen was puzzled.

Samuel didn't respond but looked at Tyson. "Take this woman away and interrogate her thoroughly."

"Understood!" Tyson replied with a nod.

"Wait," Kathleen abruptly said.

Hearing that, Samuel frowned deeply.

Kathleen approached Jennifer, lifted her hand, and slapped the latter hard on the face, angering Jennifer.

However, Kathleen merely looked at her coldly. "Snap out of it! I've never taken everything away from you. If that's possible, it only shows that you aren't competent enough. Also, my winning Best Actress had nothing to do with you. You're just poisoned by jealousy. I'm not taking the blame for that!"

Jennifer glared at Kathleen viciously, looking extremely resentful.

"Jennifer, you should be glad that Timothy wasn't poisoned," Kathleen stated coldly.

"What?" Jennifer was utterly shocked.

"He was merely helping me to lure you out." Kathleen's tone was soft yet cold. "If the person that was poisoned was me, you wouldn't go to my lounge for sure, for fear of being implicated. When you heard that Timothy was poisoned and found out that you had poisoned the wrong person, you panicked. You wanted to check whether he ate the poisoned fruit on the platter, so you went to his lounge. Am I right?"

Jennifer bit down on her lip.

"Before Timothy pretended to be poisoned, he had hidden a phone in his lounge that had captured evidence of what you did after entering." Kathleen's eyes darkened as she continued, "Why don't we show it to everyone and see if you truly went to help him clean up?"

At that moment, Timothy walked out with the phone.

Upon seeing him looking handsome and well, Jennifer heaved a sigh of relief.

"You're fine?" she murmured.

Timothy raised the phone as he remarked, "You've gone too far."

"I'm glad that you're okay. If something had happened to you, I would never forgive myself." Jennifer sniffled. "I love you, Timothy. Do you know that?"

"I can't bring myself to be happy to be loved by a wicked woman like you," he uttered coldly.

Hearing that, she shrieked at the top of her lungs, "I'm wicked? I was forced to do this! By Kathleen!"

"No one forced you." Timothy said in an icy tone, "You weren't chosen as the female lead back then, but it wasn't because you weren't as good as Kathleen. You were also the worst among the rest."

You were also the worst among the rest!

Jennifer stared at him in disbelief.

"You don't have to look at me like that. I also participated in the voting session for the freshman production that year, so I know what happened." Timothy continued coldly, "Even if you think that Kathleen was chosen because of her looks, I can only say that being born with good genes is a form of skill. Why don't you try again in your next life?"

Jennifer was stunned speechless.

"Take her away," Samuel ordered coldly.

The two bodyguards took her away.

It looked like they were taking her to the police station.

Timothy turned to look at Kathleen and Samuel, especially the latter.

"You're holding onto her quite tightly, I see," he teased, rendering Kathleen speechless.

Samuel slowly let go of her and said indifferently, "I promised my grandma that I would protect her."

However, Timothy merely looked at him in disbelief.

Do you think no one can tell what you're thinking exactly? Stop pretending!

"Thank you, Samuel," Kathleen said. "But don't do this next time. I can avoid it by myself."

Samuel's handsome and elegant face instantly darkened.

It's all Timothy's fault!

"By the way, did Ms. Schott come back with you?" Kathleen asked excitedly.

"I was worried about you, so I came back early. She'll be back tomorrow," he replied flatly.

She nodded. "Oh, I see."

"Let's go." Samuel pulled her and walked away.

She wanted to break free from his grasp but found that he was holding her tightly.

Upon stepping outside, Samuel shoved her straight into his Maybach.

"What are you trying to do? I want to go back in my car!" Kathleen yelled as she hit the car door.

However, he ignored her.

He went around the front of the car, got into the car, and drove off.

"What are you doing?" she huffed.

"Do you know how worried I was about you for the past two days?" Samuel questioned coldly.

"I don't need you to worry about me. I'm fine!" Kathleen blurted out angrily, "I've already gotten used to this. Don't cross the line, Samuel!"

I crossed the line? I'm sure she doesn't know that I've been worried for days. I've been in a constantly unsettled state ever since she fell out of her wire. The minute I left Jadeborough, something happened to her. I'm truly afraid now. I can still endure a momentary separation, but what if we were to be separated forever? Where will I go to find her? She certainly won't understand anything!

However, now that he had calmed down and thought about it, he realized that he had no right to treat her that way.

When she complained to him about leaving her on the road in the middle of the night to meet Nicolette, he truly regretted his actions back then and even felt fearful every time he thought about it.

In my 27 years of life, there aren't many things that can make me afraid, but every single one of them is related to her.

Samuel clenched his jaw, looking extremely stern.

No matter how angry Kathleen was, she knew that she shouldn't provoke him at this time.

It was this reason she said that she was afraid of no one but Samuel, for she knew better than anyone what kind of person he was.

A long while later, they arrived at the entrance of the Johnson residence.

Samuel glanced at Kathleen.

His breathing became heavier as he said, "Don't take such risks in the future. Let others handle the matters. How can I rest assured and let you go when you're like this?"

Kathleen paused for a moment before muttering, "Samuel, you don't have to worry so much about me in the future. In all honesty, I've been considering a matter for the past few days."

"What matter?" he asked lowly.

"Caleb's trying to woo me." She said indifferently, "I've given it a serious thought and think that we can give it a try."

Samuel was at a loss for words.

Her words came like a bolt from the blue for him.

Despite that, he didn't show any signs of being shocked, knowing that once Kathleen had found someone she liked, he had no choice but to let her go.

However, he didn't anticipate that it would happen so soon and for that person to be Caleb.

"Why him?" Samuel asked darkly.

How is he better than me?

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Chapter 194 Treat Her Well

"I guess it just feels right," Kathleen replied calmly. "You know that there's no need for a reason to like someone."

Samuel's jaw tightened as he remained silent.

"I'm going back." Kathleen opened the car door.

Samuel quickly grabbed her wrist. "Are you dating him just to get rid of me? You can just tell me if I'm annoying you. I won't disturb you anymore. But you don't have to be with him."

He felt extremely horrible.

"I've thought about this seriously, Samuel." Kathleen looked at him. "Don't you know my personality?"

She's serious?

Samuel felt like his heart was being shredded to pieces.

His grip slowly loosened.

Kathleen got out of the car and walked away.

However, she had no idea why her heart was in so much turmoil when she saw how heartbroken Samuel was.

Why does it hurt so much?

Samuel stared at Kathleen's back. Even breathing felt painful for him at that moment.

It was after Kathleen had entered the house did Samuel close the car door.

He locked himself inside the car and remained silent for a long time.

The next day, Caleb descended from a plane.

He was slightly surprised to see Samuel there. "Why are you here?"

"To send you off," Samuel answered with a grave smile.

"To send me off?" Caleb frowned.

He had just gotten off the plane.

What does he mean?

Just as he spoke, he felt pain bloom across his face.

Samuel had hit him.

Caleb instantly retaliated.

It was then that he remembered Kathleen's message from the night before.

"I'm sorry."

That was all she wrote.

What did she do?

Everyone rushed over, wanting to pull Samuel and Caleb apart.

Alas, they were fighting so intensely that no one dared to get any closer.

They were afraid that they would end up getting dragged into their dispute.

After ten minutes, both men stopped.

Both of them seemed to have lost nearly all of their strength.

Samuel's body condition was already bad, to begin with. Furthermore, he had used up all his strength to attack right from the start.

Caleb was also not in the right state. He had been feeling slightly feverish, but every move he made was equally as strong.

"I won't forget this, Samuel." Caleb touched his lips to find that there was blood on them.

Samuel wasn't looking any better as well.

"Treat her well!" He glared at Caleb coldly.

With that, he turned around and left.

Caleb's eyebrows furrowed.

Philip quickly walked up to him. "Are you okay, Mr. Lewis?"

Caleb nodded. "Don't worry. I would've been crippled if that jerk was healthy."

Of course, Samuel was thinking the same thing.

"Why did he punch you?" Philip asked in puzzlement.

"What else if not for a woman?" Caleb walked over to his car.

He took out his phone to call Kathleen, who was resting.

"I was beaten up." Caleb didn't bother to beat around the bush. "Come to the Lewis residence to see me after you finish work."

"Aren't you ashamed that you had been beaten up by a sick man?" Kathleen taunted him.

"Why don't you think about the reason why I was punched," Caleb answered in a cold voice. "What Do you like me?"

"Aren't you pursuing me? Otherwise, why would you kidnap Nicolette out of the blue?" Kathleen replied with an equally aloof tone.

"Does that mean that I have a girlfriend now?" Caleb narrowed his eyes.

"You're thinking too far ahead. I'm only accepting your courting. However, I still need more time to consider dating you."

Consider?

Caleb snorted. "I think you're just using me."

"Would that matter if you genuinely like me?" Kathleen replied. "Unless you have some other motive?"

Caleb's eyes narrowed even further. She's really intuitive. How interesting.

"Fine. But I have something to say. This is my first time pursuing someone. You must tell me if there's anything that I'm doing wrong. Don't treat me like Samuel. I don't like it when you keep things to yourself," Caleb finally answered.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

"All right. Time to put on an act." Caleb then hung up.

Kathleen was speechless.

That man certainly was quick to get into action.

“What happened, Mr. Lewis? Why are you so happy?” Philip noticed that a smile had formed on Caleb’s face.

“Kathleen finally allowed me to pursue her,” Caleb replied. “Quick. Send me that saved article on 25 tips to pursue a girl.”

Philip looked at him, speechless. “When did I save such a thing?”

“I saw it,” Caleb replied curtly.

“Aren’t you going to reconsider this, Mr. Lewis?” Philip stared at him, trying to remain patient. “Think about it. She had shown no interest in you before this. Right now, she suddenly allowed you to pursue her. Moreover, she only agreed to your pursuit and not to officially be in a relationship with you. Shouldn’t you think about this?”

Something’s definitely wrong here!

“What’s there to think about? It doesn’t matter even if I’m being used,” Caleb answered indifferently. “I just want to see what she actually wants.”

“Don’t forget about Ms. Lewis,” Philip reminded him.

“I know.” Caleb frowned. “From today onward, we’ll definitely be the Macari family’s enemy. Tell everyone to be more careful in everything that they do. Samuel won’t let go of Kathleen this easily.”

“Yes, Mr. Lewis.” Philip nodded.

Caleb looked out the window while his thin lips pulled into a small smile.

Although he was being used, he was still feeling good for some reason.

Meanwhile, Samuel had been admitted into the hospital.

Caleb’s blows were pretty heavy.

As his body condition wasn’t good, it was obvious that he couldn’t withstand the beating.

Richard looked at Samuel, who was lying on the bed. “Do you think you’re 18? Don’t you know how bad your condition is right now?”

Samuel didn’t want to speak.

His entire body ached painfully.

"If you wanted to die so badly, you shouldn't have come to the hospital!" Richard exclaimed in anger. "Why don't you stay at home and wait for death instead?"

"Dr. Zimmer," Tyson called out.

"You have no right to speak!" Richard glared at him. "You knew that he never cared about his health. Why didn't you stop him from fighting?"

"Mr. Macari did it for Ms. Johnson, Dr. Zimmer. He started a fight with Caleb. How was I supposed to do anything?" Tyson said helplessly.

It was a matter regarding a man's dignity.

"What do you mean?" Richard frowned.

"Ms. Johnson seemed to have decided to date Caleb." Tyson emphasized the word "seemed."

Richard paused before looking at Samuel. "Serves you right!"

Samuel remained silent.

He had been quiet ever since he entered the ward.

He didn't want to speak as well.

Samuel had no other choice.

He couldn't bring Kathleen back anymore.

Richard crossed his arms. "According to what I know, Caleb had never dated anyone before. He's basically a virgin who fell in love with a divorced woman. Don't you think that Kathleen would find such a man attractive?"

Tyson threw a pleading look at Richard.

Shut up!

However, Richard continued to speak, "Samuel, there'll always be some things that you can never give Kathleen. For example, your first time falling for someone and your first hug. You gave those to another woman. Men had always cared about a woman's virginity. Shouldn't women do the same to men?"

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“Shut up!” Samuel’s voice turned hoarse. “My first kiss and my first time belong to her!”
They’re all hers!

Regardless of what he said, Kathleen wouldn’t believe it.

“Accept your fate. You and Kathleen aren’t destined to be together,” Richard uttered faintly. “Actually, it’s better this way for you and her.”

Samuel didn’t say anything.

“Samuel, the only thing Kathleen can’t let go of is the two kids. Half of it is because of you,” Richard said coldly. “Whether you want to listen or not, if your men didn’t think that your favorite woman was Nicolette, they wouldn’t dare to do this. If you had told them earlier and let them know who their mistress was, do you think this would still happen?”

Just then, Samuel’s throat felt itchy.

Sitting up, he pulled a few tissues. Then, he covered his mouth and coughed a few times.

Taking down the tissues, he saw the tissues covered in blood.

Richard’s face darkened. “I’ll ask the nurse to give you an infusion.”

Without saying anything, Samuel lay back down.

Tyson stared at Samuel, and his heart felt utterly uneasy.

In the evening, the film crew wrapped up their work.

Right then, Tyson came to the filming site.

Kathleen was stunned momentarily upon seeing him. “Tyson?”

“Ms. Johnson, I need to talk to you for a while.” Tyson looked utterly dispirited.

“Okay.” Kathleen led him to the lounge.

At the lounge, Kathleen invited him to sit down.

“I’m fine.” Tyson paused for a while. “Ms. Johnson, I want to ask you. Are you really with Caleb now?”

Sitting in front of the makeup table, Kathleen stared at him composedly.

“Ms. Johnson, I didn’t come here to blame you. Mr. Macari doesn’t have the right, let alone me.” Tyson was somehow nervous. “Ms. Johnson, I’ve been working for him for five years. You know that I’m a few years older than him. When he officially took over the company at the age of 20, I just came to the company as an intern assistant.”

Kathleen stared at him quietly.

Tyson continued, “I’ve worked for him for so many years. Even though I don’t know him very well, I’ve seen his other side.”

“What do you want to say?” Kathleen looked at him confusedly.

“Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari loves you very much,” Tyson elaborated. “He’s indeed a bit machismo, and he doesn’t know how to care for a woman. But, Ms. Johnson, it’s not that he doesn’t care, but he only cares about the outside. For example, before the season changes, he would ask me to contact those high luxury shops to deliver the latest clothes back home. All the clothes, shoes, bags, all kinds of skincare products, cosmetics, and jewelry. Maybe you don’t care about these, Ms. Johnson, but Mr. Macari’s a straightforward man. He thought you would like it.”

Upon hearing that, Kathleen furrowed her brows.

“One more thing.” Tyson summoned up his courage. “Ms. Johnson, have you ever thought about it? Mr. Macari was unable to win your heart because you kept your distance. Before you two were married, you had already been living together. Have you ever had a nice conversation with him? From what I know, Mr. Macari wasn’t against you back then. He wouldn’t leave whenever you open your mouth.”

Kathleen shook her head.

“Ms. Johnson, actually, you’re his favorite,” Tyson uttered with a low voice. “There was one time when he said he would be home for dinner. You prepared the meal for him, but he was late in the end. You called and scolded him. That was the first time I saw him smiling. Indeed, he longed to be cared for by you.”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Is he a masochist?

“When Mr. Macari found out you were dating Caleb, he went to have a fight with the latter. Before leaving, he asked the latter to take good care of you.” Tyson’s heart twitched in pain. “Actually, his heart’s bleeding. You’ve always been the one he likes. He realized it late, and he thought he was into Nicolette. Now, he regrets it deeply.”

Kathleen let out a deep sigh. "Tyson, if it weren't for the fact that you used to take good care of me, I would've asked my men to throw you out."

Tyson was left speechless.

"I know what you're trying to imply." Kathleen sounded utterly cold. "But Tyson, it's too late. Who will give me back the lives of my two kids then?"

Tyson bit his lip.

"I don't care about what he did to hurt me, but what about my children's lives?" Kathleen questioned deeply.

"Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari didn't know about it," Tyson responded. "If he knew you were pregnant, surely he wouldn't allow Nicolette to do so. You didn't tell him, so how can you blame him now? Yes, the most important point about the whole thing was those people under him thought that he liked Nicolette. However, they didn't spend time with him as often as I do. They don't know how he thinks, and they could only analyze based on what they saw. If Mr. Macari was the one who gave the order, you could blame him, but he's innocent."

Kathleen said nothing.

"Ms. Johnson, if you have the time, please check this place out." Tyson put a note down. "Then you'll understand him."

Upon saying that, he turned and left.

Staring at the note that Tyson left behind, Kathleen hesitated for a while. Walking over, she took it and had a look.

She decided to go check it out tomorrow.

Kathleen came to the Lewis residence.

Caleb was sitting on the couch in the living room, wearing black clothes and black pants. He looked cold and handsome as usual.

Kathleen frowned slightly. "Didn't you clean your wounds?"

"I'm waiting for you to clean them for me." Caleb glanced at her with a complicated look.

Staring at the gauze on the coffee table, she threw it at him and said coldly, "I'm not your mother."

"Are you sure I'll still pursue you if you behave like this?" Caleb furrowed his brows.

“Forget it if you don’t want to pursue me. I won’t force you,” Kathleen uttered coldly. “I won’t serve you anyway.”

Caleb chuckled out of frustration. “So you’re merely treating me as a shield, aren’t you?”

Kathleen narrowed her eyes. “So?”

Caleb remained silent.

How dare she admit to it.

“Do you think I’m easy to be used?” Caleb was somehow pissed.

“Who knows?” Kathleen responded lazily. “I’m not here for you. I’m here to see Vivian.”

Upon saying that, she walked off abruptly.

Just then, Philip walked over and whispered, “Mr. Lewis, it looks like your ploy is useless toward her.”

“Shut up!” Caleb stood up. “She has triggered my fighting will. I’ll get her eventually!”

He liked a woman who was hard to get.

Upon saying that, he went upstairs.

At that moment, Kathleen was checking Vivian’s pulse.

As usual, Vivian showed utter indifference toward her without any reaction.

Seconds later, Kathleen put down her hand and looked at her. “Vivian, I’ve brought something for you.”

Vivian was still ignoring her.

Kathleen took out a handmade star from her pocket. “Check this out.”

Staring at the star inside Kathleen’s palm, Vivian displayed a confused look. “Charles?”

“That’s right. He asked me to give you this.” Kathleen smiled slightly. “He said after you collect a thousand, you can make a wish, and all your wishes will come true. Do you still remember the wish you made?”

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Vivian stretched out her slender fingers, wanting to touch the star.

However, her hands were tied. There was no way she could touch it.

She shook her head fervently as her eyes started brimming with tears. "No! I'm not worthy."

Kathleen frowned and comforted, "Vivian, there's no such thing as being worthy or not. You can have a blissful life as long as you want it."

Tears started rolling down Vivian's cheeks. "I can't start one!"

Kathleen held Vivian's face, saying, "Calm down. Listen to me. Did you know I lost my children just like you?"

Vivian froze.

"My children weren't even born yet. When they were still in my belly, my blood was drawn from me. At that time, I could feel their lives slowly slipping away." Kathleen's eyes reddened. "That's why I can understand your feelings."

"No! You don't!" Vivian squirmed furiously. "I don't love that child. I don't! Just like how I don't love the father of the child because I don't even know who the father is!"

Kathleen was shocked.

Caleb stepped into the room and pulled her away.

"Sedative," Caleb ordered in an icy voice.

Immediately, two elderly ladies walked over.

One of them held Vivian down while the other brought over the sedative and injected it into Vivian's arm.

Slowly, Vivian quietened down.

Her eyelids started feeling heavy, and she drifted off to sleep.

Only then did Caleb pull Kathleen out of the room.

He pressed her against the wall with both arms on either side of her. He hissed coldly, "Are you still going to meddle in other people's business?"

Kathleen sensed the hatred in his eyes as if she was the cause of Vivian's current condition.

Perhaps she wasn't the one Caleb hated, but someone else.

However, that person was closely related to her.

It was Charles.

Caleb hated Charles.

"This is my responsibility now!" Kathleen pushed Caleb away.

The latter snorted as he watched her slender and graceful back leaving the scene.

He hurried forward and blocked her path, glaring at her with a cold and hatred-filled gaze.

Kathleen clenched her fists. "Caleb, I'll find a cure for her. Please believe me."

Caleb remained unmoved.

"I'm deeply saddened by Vivian's matter. If this really has something to do with my brother, I'll take full responsibility for it." Kathleen gazed at him seriously.

Caleb stared at Kathleen with his dark eyes while remaining motionless.

After taking a deep breath, Kathleen asked, "Can you move aside now?"

Caleb hesitated briefly before stepping aside.

Seeing that, Kathleen walked past him, wanting to head downstairs.

Suddenly, Caleb stretched out both his arms and hugged her from the back.

Kathleen was startled by his actions. "Wh-What are you doing?"

"You must cure her." Caleb's voice was hoarse. "She's the sister I love the most. When I was younger, I got bullied all the time. She would always stand up to protect me. Now that I'm grown up, I realize I can't protect her. So—"

Kathleen assured, "Don't worry, Caleb. I'll definitely cure her. Please, let me go first."

This will make people misunderstand the situation.

However, Caleb didn't let her go. "What are you afraid of?"

“Why shouldn’t I be?” Kathleen knitted her brows. “There’s always a line between a man and a woman. We have different strengths.”

Caleb scoffed, “Different strengths? Yet, you dare to go to the Yoeger residence alone. It looks like you’re quite the brave one, eh?”

Kathleen was taken aback.

He knows about this, too?

Caleb reminded, “Don’t take such risks in the future. There’s nothing you can’t ask me for help. You know that, right?”

“Caleb, you and I have nothing to do with each other now.” Kathleen frowned lightly.

“Are you sure?” Caleb released her from his embrace and smiled halfheartedly. “Aren’t I pursuing you now?”

“I didn’t promise to marry you, either.” Kathleen’s frown deepened.

Caleb sneered, “We haven’t even started dating, and you’re already thinking of marrying me?”

Feeling speechless, Kathleen marched down the stairs.

“I’ll send you home.” Caleb hurried after her. “I can’t possibly let a woman go home alone at such a late hour.”

Kathleen eyed him in puzzlement. “What are you? A chameleon? A minute ago, you were still giving me a death stare as if you hated me to the bone.”

“Don’t be mad at me. I’m sorry,” Caleb said sincerely. “I won’t do it again.”

“It’s fine. You don’t have to send me home. I can walk by myself.” Kathleen continued walking out of the house.

“Come on. Since you’ve agreed to let me pursue you, then you should give me a chance to show off my good points, right?” Caleb grabbed her hand and brought her out.

Soon, they entered the car and started their journey.

Meanwhile, Samuel lay on the patient’s bed.

Right then, his phone chimed.

When he lifted it to check out the notification, he saw a picture of Caleb hugging Kathleen from behind.

There was even a picture of Caleb holding Kathleen's hand while walking out of the door.

Immediately, Samuel felt an excruciating pain in his heart.

He put his phone aside; his gaze darkened.

At the same time, Caleb was sending Kathleen home.

As they sat in the car, Caleb's gaze darkened. "Now that you've witnessed my sister's condition today, please don't tell anyone about it."

"Don't worry about it," Kathleen said plainly.

After all, she wasn't a blabbermouth.

Caleb remained calm. "Have you visited Samuel at the hospital?"

"How did you know he was admitted to the hospital?" Kathleen was surprised.

"I just know," Caleb said coldly. "Have you visited him?"

Kathleen shook her head.

Ever since she decided to use Caleb to avoid Samuel's pestering, she never thought of seeing him again.

She couldn't understand what was on her mind.

All she knew was that she feared Samuel.

Seeing the conflicted expression on her face, Caleb said, "It's better if you didn't visit him. Now that you've agreed to date me, you should distance yourself from him."

Kathleen frowned. "I haven't made up my mind."

Caleb eyed her. "Young lady, don't underestimate my charms. I can make you fall for my gentleness anytime."

"Caleb." Kathleen cast him a serious glance. "I hope you can come to your senses. I'm not just some young lady. I've gone through a failed marriage. I'm not the kind of woman who'll easily fall for a handsome man."

She was cautious in terms of love, especially when it came to Caleb, who had ulterior motives from the start.

Caleb narrowed his eyes. "So, you're admitting I'm handsome?"

"Maybe a little less than Samuel," Kathleen said flatly.

Caleb was at a loss for words.

"What is it? Can't I make comparisons?" Kathleen feigned ignorance. "Oh, I'm sorry. I was only telling the truth."

Caleb was displeased by her words.

Not long after, they arrived at Kathleen's house.

When she wanted to get off the car, Caleb locked the doors.

Immediately, Kathleen put on her guard and stared at him.

With his arms crossed, Caleb said coldly, "I don't mind you being married before. What bothers me is that you're comparing me with your ex-husband. If he's so great in every aspect, why did you divorce him?"

Kathleen said nothing.

"So, don't compare me with someone who's not so great," Caleb said sternly. "I, Caleb Lewis, am different from others, and I don't want to be compared to someone else."

"Okay," Kathleen answered halfheartedly.

Caleb narrowed his eyes at her.

"Fine. I get it. Open the door now," Kathleen grumbled.

"Hold on. I can see you don't look too happy." Caleb looked at her coolly.

"It's called an act of weighing my options. Why shouldn't I make comparisons if I were to get married?" Kathleen snorted. "If you're unhappy about it, then stop pursuing me. No one's forcing you to do it, anyway."

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Seeing there was no response from Caleb, Kathleen unlocked the door by herself and opened it.

After getting off the car, there was a faint smile on her delicate face, which made it hard to see if she was mad or happy. "Caleb, I'm not a little girl anymore. Your domineering acts might be effective on young girls, but not on me. I'm not the slightest bit attracted by it."

Caleb scoffed. "So, you're saying I'm pursuing a difficult woman?"

"Well, not exactly. At least, it'll be difficult to pursue me. Those romantic tricks you learned from someone else are useless to me," Kathleen said seriously. "You should go home and think about it."

Caleb was silent for a moment before asking, "What kind of man do you like?"

"I don't know, either," Kathleen said plainly. "Perhaps someone who likes to take it slow. My previous relationship was too tiring. I was always sacrificing myself back then. Now, I don't have the ability to continue doing that. And I think that's rather unfair for you."

Hearing that, Caleb alighted the car.

He stood before Kathleen, leaned against the car, and crossed his arms.

"Kathleen, to me, you're only a woman. It doesn't matter if you were married or not." He looked at her intently. "No matter what kind of person I am, I only want to give you the best in life. Though you don't like domineering men, that's how I am. Even if you don't like me viewing you as a little girl, I'm still older than you. To me, you're still a young lady."

Kathleen was speechless.

So, everything I said earlier was useless?

"Couples shouldn't be hiding things from each other." Caleb narrowed his eyes. "At most, I'll change for you."

Change for me?

Kathleen didn't know how to respond.

Caleb flashed her a cunning smile. "It's too cold today. Let's continue our conversation on WhatsApp, okay? Or do you plan to invite me in?"

Kathleen frowned. "No."

Caleb snorted. "Go on in then."

With that, Kathleen turned around and left.

Caleb smiled as he watched her retreating figure, who was putting up a fearless appearance.

After that, he entered the car and drove off.

Returning to her room, Kathleen stood by the window and looked down.

When she saw Caleb had left, she finally let out a sigh of relief.

She sat beside the bed and fell deep into her thoughts.

Is it really a good idea to use Caleb like this? On second thought, he's also using me! There's nothing bad about it.

When the next day arrived, Kathleen heard a commotion outside.

As she looked out of the window, she noticed the sounds were coming from the house next door.

It looks like the things are getting moved out of the house. Is Samuel moving out?

At that thought, she quickly put on her coat and went downstairs.

As soon as she walked out of the house, she saw a black Maybach pulled over by the side of the road.

Samuel should be in there. Has he been discharged already?

Kathleen pondered for a while.

She wanted to go over, but she hesitated.

Right then, Tyson walked out of the mansion and was surprised to see Kathleen. "Hello, Ms. Johnson."

Kathleen nodded in response. "Is he moving out?"

Tyson cast the Maybach a subconscious glance before nodding. "Mr. Macari says he won't be disturbing you in the future."

Really?

Kathleen felt a little strange. "Where's he moving to?"

"He's returning to Florinia Manor," Tyson answered.

"Please tell him I'll continue to regulate his health. That's what I promised him back then," Kathleen said calmly. "I'll send him the medicine regularly. I'll also give him a monthly examination."

After a short pause, Tyson said, "Please hold on."

He stepped over to the car, opened the door, and said something to Samuel, who was in the car.

Shortly after, Tyson returned.

He scratched his head. "Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari says there's no need for that. He'll take good care of himself from now on. So, you don't have to worry about him."

Kathleen was stunned, and she pursed her lips. "Okay. I understand."

"By the way, Mr. Macari also asked me to tell you he'll stay far away from you in the future. He won't bother you anymore," Tyson said helplessly.

Kathleen nodded. "All right."

With that, she turned around and left.

Tyson felt helpless.

She doesn't understand the situation at all!

Samuel's current condition was far from great.

In fact, his eyes were red when he was telling Tyson all that.

He didn't dare to say it to her face for fear of losing control over his emotions.

The truth was that he could've chosen not to come.

However, he wanted to take a look at Kathleen.

Though Tyson knew Kathleen was definitely not heartbroken, the same couldn't be said for him.

After all, Kathleen and Samuel were so close to being together.

Yet, Kathleen chose Caleb.

It was an unexpected turn of events.

Tyson lowered his head and returned to the car.

Samuel's handsome and pale face was exceptionally grim. "What did she say?"

"Sh-She..." Tyson stammered.

Samuel was unfazed by his reaction.

"She said she understood," Tyson informed, feeling helpless. "Actually, I don't think you should've said that. It'll only push her further away."

Samuel mocked himself. "She'll still distance herself from me, even if I didn't say that."

Tyson was at a loss for words and could only sigh.

Samuel coughed a few times. "Let's go."

"Mr. Macari, let's go to the hospital," Tyson said concernedly. "The weather's cold, and your body's wounded."

Thump! Thump!

Suddenly, a series of knocks sounded from the outside of the car windows.

Samuel looked out and noticed Kathleen standing outside.

Tyson rejoiced inwardly.

He quickly got out of the car and opened the door to the back seat. "Ms. Johnson, let's not talk outside. It's too cold."

Kathleen frowned.

It was indeed quite windy that day.

The car was exceptionally warm; she could feel the warm air brushing her face.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel.

He was dressed in a three-piece suit, looking rather elegant.

However, his handsome face was unusually pale.

Seeing that, she got into the car.

Kathleen had a fresh, flowery scent on her.

She had just woken up. Thus, her face was bare yet fair and clean. She looked absolutely tempting.

As Samuel studied her, he gulped uncontrollably.

Seeing her again made him realize how much he wanted to hug her.

He had the urge to keep her in captivity, not allowing her to go anywhere.

The picture he received last night triggered his emotions.

He never expected how miserable it would feel seeing Kathleen being with another man.

“This is a prescription. Since you said you’re not letting me take care of you, this is the last thing I can do.” Kathleen handed Samuel a piece of paper with the prescription on it. “Follow whatever’s written on it and get the medical practitioners to prepare it for you. You’ve got to consume it every day until around the beginning of summer. If your body’s fine, then you can stop taking it in the future. But if you still have any problems, you can come and see me. Then again, it’s fine if you don’t.”

Samuel merely gazed at her calmly, without saying anything.

Kathleen then studied the wound on his nose.

Caleb has the same wound. Don’t they understand the rule of not hitting someone’s face during fights?

“Thanks.” Samuel’s voice was extremely hoarse.

Kathleen frowned upon hearing that.

Samuel coughed lightly, covering his mouth with the back of his hand.

He swallowed hard.

Seeing that, Kathleen frowned even more.

She reached out and grabbed Samuel’s wrist, causing the latter to frown.

Kathleen was shocked. "Why is your hand so cold?"

"It's nothing." Samuel started coughing again.

As if he couldn't suppress it anymore, he immediately took out his handkerchief and covered his mouth.

Kathleen quickly patted him on the back.

When he finally stopped coughing and wanted to put away his handkerchief, Kathleen grabbed his hand and opened the piece of fabric. The moment she saw the blood on it, she froze.

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Chapter 198 You Are Tormenting Yourself

"Samuel, you..." Kathleen hadn't even realized that her voice was shaky.

The man's big hands clutched tight to the handkerchief and said, "It's nothing."

Kathleen bit her lip and asked, "Why didn't you just stay in the hospital?"

"Does it have anything to do with you?" Samuel asked as he threw a frigid look at the woman, stumping her.

"Haven't you chosen to be together with Caleb?" Samuel mocked. "He's better than me anyway. I mean, you're his first love. Since you guys were practically intertwined with each other, I reckon that you've already kissed him at this point. So, why do you care so much about me?"

"You!" Kathleen was so furious that her hand shook violently.

His eyes darkened as he peered at the woman's porcelain fair skin. "I didn't mess with you."

I did try to steer clear of you.

Kathleen slowly loosened her grip.

"I shouldn't have come to find you." Kathleen let go of her handkerchief and got out of the car.

Samuel's eyes turned red as he looked at her silhouette, tears brimming in his eyes.

“Let’s go,” he said in a hoarse voice.

Tyson felt terrible.

He closed the car door and chauffeured Samuel away.

Kathleen went back to the mansion and curled up on the couch.

Charles came down from the second floor and said, “I saw Samuel moving out. That’s great.”

Charles was taken aback after noticing his sister’s devastating looks and tear-stricken eyes.

“My dear, what’s the matter?” Charles went over and asked in a concerned tone.

“Charles, Samuel’s condition is worsening,” she said in a shaky voice.

Charles patted her head and said, “You guys are already divorced. Why do you still care about him?”

“Yes, we’re divorced. But why do I still feel such a strong urge to cry?” Kathleen muttered.

Charles was stumped.

“Shouldn’t I be loathing that man and be happy about his condition instead?” Kathleen sniffled. “Why do I feel so miserable about this?”

Charles circled his sister in his embrace to coax her gently. “Because you’re a kind lady, Katie. No matter how much Samuel hurts you, you would still care about him. This just means that you’re a kind person. It doesn’t have to do with anything else.”

“Will he... die?” Kathleen sobbed.

“I’m not a doctor. So, I can’t answer that question. But, the Macari family is loaded. They can afford to hire the best doctors money can get. He’s not really that sick anyway. It’s going to be all right,” Charles said in an attempt to soothe her.

“No, that’s not it.” Kathleen’s eyes were red. “He’s severely injured from his previous attempts of hurting himself. I realized that when I checked his pulse last time. Normal doctors won’t be able to treat him. He needs a combination of different treatments, but he...”

“Katie!” Charles pressed his hands down on her shoulders and said in a clipped tone, “Don’t overthink this. The fact that he can be discharged from the hospital means that

his condition isn't that serious. Don't worry about him too much. He's young, powerful, handsome, and rich. There's no way he's going to give up such a perfect life. I bet that he hasn't had enough fun in his life yet. This could be a ploy to fish for your sympathy. Do you understand?"

Kathleen stared at Charles blankly. "A ploy to fish for my sympathy?"

"Yes. So, please don't think about him anymore," Charles said as he leveled a stare at his sister.

Kathleen sniffled.

"You're on leave today. Just take a good rest at home. I'm heading to the office," he said grimly.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

Charles got up and headed toward the door.

He paused in his tracks and turned around before saying to Maria, "Take good care of Ms. Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

Charles then turned around to leave.

Kathleen went back to her room.

She reached into her pocket and felt a piece of note in there.

Tyson had handed that to her the day before.

He asked her to head to the place written on the note.

She thought for a moment and hurriedly changed into an all-black attire before leaving the Johnson residence.

After an hour, she arrived at a mountainside.

Cars weren't allowed to drive into the mountainside.

Hence, she got out of the car and walked.

After walking for about ten minutes, she saw a cemetery.

Is this the place?

She walked inside the cemetery.

An old man guarding the entrance asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Tyson asked me to come here," Kathleen said blankly. "I don't know who I'm looking for."

The old man eyed her from head to toe and uttered, "Oh, so it's Mrs. Macari."

Kathleen was stumped.

"This is the cemetery of the Macari family," the old man explained. "I know why Tyson asked you to come here. Please follow me, Mrs. Macari."

"Sir, actually, Samuel Macari and I are already divorced," she said quietly.

"Oh," the man uttered in a hoarse voice.

Then, he said nothing else.

Kathleen followed him to the most corner spot of the cemetery.

"It's right here." The old man pointed at a grave not far from them.

"Thank you," Kathleen muttered and headed there.

She was taken aback at the sight of the epitaph on the tombstone.

My dear children.

Father: Samuel Macari.

Kathleen then wondered if it was the tombstone that Samuel had put up for his two children.

Her agitated heart calmed down right away.

"It's been a year. Mr. Macari would come over every other day and just stand right here as he looks at the tombstone," the old man said.

"Does he come here very often?" Kathleen asked softly.

"Every other day." The old man let out a sigh. "Tyson said that he must be missing you so badly that he made an effort to come here even after he was just discharged from the hospital and despite his illness."

“What good does it do though?” said Kathleen as she mused.

“Mrs. Macari, no one can be sure that they won’t commit a single mistake throughout their whole life. Mr. Macari must be feeling miserable as well. How could he be so vicious to harm or even murder his own children?”

Kathleen crouched to take a better look at the inscription on the tombstone. “Sir, I’ve forgiven him before. I asked him to help me break Nicolette’s leg. But he didn’t do it, and he lied to me. That’s why I left. I just wanted him to do our children justice.”

“Mrs. Macari, of course, Mr. Macari has his faults too. As an outsider, I can’t make further comments on this. But if you really think that way, please also consider what he’s said and done after that. He did make Nicolette pay, and he hurt himself too. He’s atoning for his mistakes.”

Kathleen kept quiet.

“Mrs. Macari, Mr. Macari would’ve been gone if he hadn’t been able to receive treatment in time.” The old man sighed. “You may want to consider asking yourself if you really want him to be gone, Mrs. Macari.”

“No, never,” Kathleen denied it outright. “That thought has never crossed my mind. He’s the one insisting that I do.”

“Mrs. Macari, since he’s already atoning for his mistakes, why are you still feeling so miserable? Do you still have feelings for Mr. Macari? Is it because you can’t accept the fact that you have feelings for him? He has hurt you and your children, so you think that you shouldn’t just let him off the hook that easily and forgive him. Yet, you can’t stop yourself from harboring feelings for him. Instead of blaming him, you’re actually feeling guilty about your own feelings, right?”

Tears rolled down Kathleen’s face immediately.

The old man let out a sigh. “You’re a silly girl. You think that you’re tormenting Mr. Macari, but you’re actually tormenting yourself.”

All Too Late Chapter 199

Chapter 199 I Am Dirty

Kathleen kept her mouth shut and didn’t want to say anything anymore.

She walked out of the cemetery with heavy steps.

Then, she got in the car, leaned against the seat, and closed her eyes.

Honestly, she felt conflicted about her feelings for Samuel after what everyone had said.

She wasn't sure what she should think about her feelings for Samuel.

Complicated thoughts flitted through her mind, especially when she saw Samuel put tombstones for the two children.

But, what of it? Does it mean everything he did could be wiped off the slate clean? They said Samuel would die. Nicolette almost sent me to the morgue. In the end, Samuel lied to me when he hid Nicolette away. Sometimes I wonder. Does Samuel even love me at all? I don't think I'll ever forgive him.

Thinking of this, she was furious. She couldn't calm herself.

Not only was she not able to forgive herself, but she also couldn't forgive Samuel.

Kathleen took in a deep breath.

Forget it. All in all, we aren't destined to be together.

Suddenly, her phone rang, snapping Kathleen out of her daze.

"Hello?" Kathleen answered after putting on her Bluetooth earphones.

"Are you free tonight? Care to accompany me to a banquet?" Caleb asked as he sat in his office.

"No, I don't want to go," Kathleen refused before continuing, "I need to look at Vivian later."

"It's okay. I can wait. After all, I had already told everyone you'd come," Caleb replied, his eyes narrowing.

"You..." Kathleen didn't know how to respond.

"I'll prepare your evening dress," Caleb said and hung up, smirking.

Kathleen sighed.

It can't be helped. I'll take a look together with him then.

In the afternoon, Kathleen arrived at the Lewis residence.

Caleb wasn't in. Although he wasn't there, the evening dress Caleb prepared for her had already been sent to his house.

It was a purple tube top dress, and its length was only up to one's ankle. It was matched with a pair of similar colored high heels.

With one glance, Kathleen stayed quiet.

She had to admit that Caleb had done his research on her.

Her favorite color was purple.

I wonder where he got his intel from?

Then, she went upstairs to check on Vivian.

Vivian was still tied to the bed.

Her gaze were empty as she looked at Kathleen.

Kathleen looked at her solemnly. Then, she walked over and asked, "Do you remember me?"

Vivian frowned. She nodded at first but shook her head after that.

"Kathleen." Kathleen sat on the side of the bed and repeated, "I'm Kathleen."

"Kathleen..." Vivian parroted her words, yet she sounded uncertain.

Looking at the pitiful woman in front of her, Kathleen stretched her arms out and hugged Vivian.

Instantly, Vivian shuddered and tried to push Kathleen away. "Don't touch me! I'm dirty! Don't touch me!"

"You're not dirty." Kathleen hugged her even tighter. "You're not dirty. Really."

"No! He said I'm dirty! He even said he doesn't know who fathered the child I'm pregnant with, and I'm dirty, so the child must be a little mongrel," Vivian sobbed.

Kathleen's heart ached at her explanation. "That's because he doesn't understand you. You only have to disregard him. Moreover, he's the only one that thinks that. Everyone else doesn't."

"I can ignore what everyone else said, but why did he have to say that to me?" Vivian cried in despair. "I love him so much, but he... Ah!"

Vivian fell into insanity yet again. "Don't touch me! I'm dirty! I'm really dirty!"

However, Kathleen didn't release her hold.

"Vivian, snap out of it! Why do you care what that man said to you? What's important is you yourself!" Kathleen comforted her. "You aren't dirty. Just ignore what he said."

Vivian cried even louder.

But fortunately, she stopped struggling.

Kathleen hugged her in her embrace, patting her back gently. "It's okay. Everything will be okay."

Eventually, Vivian fell asleep in Kathleen's arms.

Then, Kathleen put her down gently on the bed before injecting her with medication.

"Is this the mind and body two-pronged treatment?" Caleb queried, his arms folded as he leaned against the doorframe.

Kathleen didn't look up. "Mind you, and this is your sister you're talking about."

"Oh, she'll be our sister, don't worry." Caleb narrowed his eyes.

Kathleen was speechless.

"Do you like the dress?" Caleb asked.

Kathleen nodded. "Yes, I love the color."

The corners of Caleb's lips curled upward. "I was right to watch and study every one of your interviews."

Kathleen was surprised. "You watched all of my interviews?"

"Yes, not only that. I've dug up all your photos online and studied all of those too." Caleb massaged his temples. "I'm so d*mn tired. I didn't get a wink last night. Moreover, I have to wake up early and earn money for you."

"Hah!" Kathleen scoffed. "Why do you need to earn money for me?"

"So when we get married, I can give everything I have to you." Caleb arched an eyebrow.

Kathleen was stunned into silence yet again.

Caleb stared intently at her. "Do you want to grab a bite before going?"

He looked like he was afraid of starving Kathleen of food.

Kathleen stared at him solemnly. "Caleb, I don't recall agreeing to date you. Aren't you too much?"

"No, this is what I call planning for a rainy day." Caleb shrugged. "It'll be too late to look for solutions if things come to a head."

Kathleen looked at him helplessly. "I don't think you need to do so much for me. What if I say I don't want to date you?"

"Then, I'll do my utmost best to stop you from saying that." Caleb stared seriously at Kathleen.

The more he talked to Kathleen, the more he thought she was interesting.

Although that girl looked gentle and meek on the outside, she was actually someone who was resolute and had an attitude.

Sometimes, Caleb wondered if Samuel regretted losing such a fine girl like Kathleen.

Kathleen avoided Caleb's stare.

It suddenly occurred to her that Caleb was different from the others.

Even though Caleb was cold to others, he was a straightforward person.

He wasn't like Christopher, who was secretive and calculative.

On the contrary, Caleb was frank with his thoughts.

He was like an open book because one could see straight into his heart.

In fact, getting along with these kinds of people was much easier than a secretive one.

However, this only worked if they already liked them.

If not, dealing with these kinds of people would be tiring.

Kathleen felt that.

At this moment, Caleb sat at the chair by the side, his long legs crossed, his arms folded, and waited for her to finish.

He didn't urge her to go quicker or look anxious.

He was quiet.

Similarly, Kathleen was calm too.

She changed into her dress for the banquet after finishing Vivian's treatment.

Twenty minutes had passed, and Kathleen emerged in the purple dress. Wearing that dress, she walked toward Caleb.

Caleb stared at her in a daze.

Then, he smiled. "You look gorgeous."

Kathleen flushed.

Caleb didn't sweet-talk Kathleen. He meant what he said.

Kathleen was fair and supple, and when she wore a purple attire, she exuded an elegant and dignified air that accentuated her beauty.

Especially her slightly wavy hair and the purple tassel earrings she wore looked beautiful on her.

Caleb extended his arm, and the housekeeper placed Kathleen's white cashmere coat in his hand.

Then, Caleb helped Kathleen wear it.

"Thank you," Kathleen responded with gratitude.

Caleb responded coolly, "There's no need for thanks."

After that, with a sweeping motion, he let her hair out from under the coat.

He sure is meticulous.

"I'll do it myself," Kathleen said, her ears reddening.

"A beautiful woman should enjoy herself when there's a man who caters to her every need." Caleb flashed her a smile. "Moreover, I want to do it. Please tell me if I'm doing it wrong since this is the first time I am doing this for a woman."

Kathleen felt awkward. "Oh, I wouldn't dare!"

“What’s there to be afraid of?” Caleb folded his arms. “You and I are equals. Taking love out of the equation, I’d still treat you with respect.”

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Kathleen was shocked that those words actually came out of Caleb’s mouth. Caleb took her hand and placed it around his arm. “Let’s go, my future girlfriend.”

Kathleen was dumbfounded, but she still followed him down the stairs anyway.

They got into the car and left.

The banquet between Kathleen and Caleb was about some company’s thirtieth anniversary.

All of the prominent figures in Jadeborough were present.

Kathleen knew that she would bump into members of the Macari family and the Morris family there.

She was a little nervous.

“Don’t worry. I’m here,” Caleb assured her casually. “I won’t let anyone pick on you.”

Kathleen sighed. “Don’t interrupt if anyone from the Macari and the Morris family comes to talk to me.”

“Got it.” Caleb nodded.

She didn’t know what to do with him anymore.

“Kate.”

Just as she finished speaking, Kathleen heard a very familiar voice.

“Hello, Mr. Macari.” Kathleen turned around and saw Calvin walking over.

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” Calvin said with a half-smile.

“Hello, Mr. Macari,” Caleb greeted with a bow.

"There's no need to be so polite, Mr. Lewis. I'm no longer in charge of Macari Group and have handed it over to Samuel," Calvin said with a faint smile.

"Everything?" Kathleen was stunned.

Calvin nodded.

Wouldn't he feel worn out? Kathleen thought.

"He doesn't have much to do except for work anyway." Calvin's smile had deep meaning behind it.

"That's right. Focusing on work can help someone to forget a lot of things," Caleb replied.

Kathleen quirked an eyebrow and glanced at him.

Caleb merely smiled in response.

When Calvin noticed the interaction between the two, he sighed inwardly.

It's over. My son is officially out of the game.

"Mr. Macari." Kathleen paused for a brief moment. "Samuel's body isn't doing well. It might be bad for his health if you give him too much to do."

"There's no use in telling me that. I can't stop him at all." Calvin was also very helpless about Samuel's attitude. "You know how stubborn he is. No one can ever make him change his mind."

Except for you, Kathleen.

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I've already been separated from Samuel, Mr. Macari."

Calvin looked at her deeply while his expression remained stoic. "You're right. It was Samuel's fault in the beginning. Don't worry about it, Kate. Every life has its own ending. To be fair, ever since both of you have split up, his well-being has nothing to do with you anymore. Whether to die or to live will be according to Samuel's own wishes."

Caleb sneered from the side.

What an old bastard. He knows that Kathleen's soft-hearted. That's why he's using this to pressure her. Kathleen probably thinks that he's not blaming her at all.

"You're right, Mr. Macari. I don't have any other solutions as well." Kathleen pursed her lips. "I no longer have anything to do with him."

Calvin remained silent.

Sure enough, Kathleen had been hurt too much.

He had asked Tyson about what happened, and the latter told him everything.

Even so, Kathleen remained unfazed.

However, she couldn't be blamed.

If it weren't for Samuel's negligence, Nicolette's plan wouldn't have succeeded.

Kathleen nearly died because of that.

What was even more dreadful was that she lost her babies.

The Macari family had no right to force Kathleen to stay with Samuel to save him.

Nevertheless, he was still Samuel's father. He could still help him a little.

But he could only do so much.

"Mr. Macari, I'll be bringing Kathleen to meet the others," Caleb said as he led her away.

If he continued to allow Kathleen to talk with Calvin, she might change her mind.

Calvin smiled coldly. Caleb sure is no fool as well.

Caleb brought Kathleen to the other side to greet the other guests.

However, they didn't expect to bump into Felix.

When Felix noticed that Kathleen was standing beside Caleb, his eyes glinted coldly.

If he had known that Kathleen was beneficial to the Morris family, he would've agreed for Christopher to be with her.

Alas, it was too late for regrets.

"I didn't expect you to move on so quickly, Ms. Johnson," Felix said while his words held a different meaning.

Kathleen remained silent.

"There was nothing real between her and Christopher anyway. I remember that you, Old Mr. Morris, had made a big fuss about it. However, she doesn't even want your

grandson anymore. What are you being so cynical for?" Caleb's words were as sharp as a knife.

Felix's expression darkened.

Apart from the Macari family and the Morris family in Jadeborough, there was the Lewis family.

No one dared to challenge these three prominent families.

Moreover, each of these three families didn't like each other at all.

Caleb wasn't afraid of Felix, and the latter was equally so.

Vivian only looked at Samuel as an enemy in some way.

Kathleen looked at Felix coldly. "You were the one who started all of this mess, Felix. It doesn't matter that you're 70, for you are still as shameless as ever."

She hated him down to the bone.

The only reason why she was willing to tolerate him was because of Christopher and Emily.

Regardless, Felix was still ungrateful.

Kathleen continued to stare at Felix with a hostile look in her eyes, but he didn't have a hint of awkwardness on his face at all.

"We'll make a move for now." Caleb, however, smiled lovingly at Kathleen.

Upon speaking, he brought her away.

Just as Kathleen turned around, she saw a figure dash across the entrance.

She furrowed her eyebrows at what she saw.

"I'm going to the restroom, Caleb." Kathleen let go of him and turned around to leave.

Caleb frowned slightly.

Kathleen ran out and looked around her surroundings. She quickly walked over to the restroom.

Just as she neared it, she saw Samuel leaning against the wall.

He was propping himself with one hand and covering his mouth with the other as he coughed nonstop.

Kathleen walked over to him only to see blood dripping out from the gaps between Samuel's fingers.

She turned to walk into the ladies' room to take some tissues out to wipe his hand.

Samuel looked at her blankly.

At that moment, Kathleen heard the voices of some ladies walking toward them.

If they were spotted together, the ladies would definitely spread the news around.

After thinking for a moment, she quickly dragged Samuel into a small room at the side.

The room was actually a lounge, and there was also a small restroom located inside.

Kathleen dragged Samuel into the restroom and turned on the water faucet.

Samuel started coughing out blood onto the sink.

Kathleen was dumbfounded at the sight.

Why has his condition worsened?

She raised her arm and patted his back lightly. "Why did you come if your condition has worsened?" she scolded him.

Samuel's voice was hoarse after so much coughing. "I have to come. There've been a lot of rumors about my health. You know that there are a lot of people eyeing the Macari family. If I don't come today, these people will work together to bring us down."

"What can you possibly do by showing up? Are you going to ignore your health?" Kathleen was furious.

Samuel washed his hands and used them to bring water to his mouth.

He had to gargle many times before he managed to get rid of the blood.

Kathleen brought a towel over for him to wipe his mouth.

She then grabbed his wrist to check his pulse.

"Did you take the medicine I gave you?" She furrowed her eyebrows.

Samuel shook his head.

Because he was afraid that she would get angry at him, he quickly clarified, "I didn't have the time to go and get it."

"You have so many people working for you. Why didn't you ask them to take it instead?" She frowned.

Samuel remained silent.

"Apart from the medicine that I gave you, did you take any other pills?" Kathleen asked.

He shook his head.

"You've been poisoned," Kathleen continued as she stared at him. "What have you eaten lately?"

"All I had was my mother's cooking," Samuel explained.

"What about an IV drip?" Kathleen bit her lip.