

All Too Late Chapter 131

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When Kathleen woke up, she found that it was already the next morning.

She pinched between her eyebrows lightly.

There was a bottle of sleeping pills on the bedside table.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door, followed by Charles' voice. "Kate, are you awake? Can I go in?"

"Come in." Kathleen let out a yawn as she sat up on the bed.

Charles pushed open the door and came into the room. "There's an audition today."

"Okay." Kathleen hugged the pillow while she was in a daze.

Charles glanced at the bottle of sleeping pills on the bedside table. He asked anxiously, "Did you have a headache again?"

"Yes. I couldn't fall asleep last night, so I took two pills." Kathleen nodded lazily.

Charles clenched his fists. "You've already taken two?"

"The doctor said that there wouldn't be a problem for me to increase the dose. Don't worry," replied Kathleen in a lazy voice.

"Is it because of Samuel? This is why I want him to stay away from you!" said Charles solemnly.

Kathleen put on a faint smile. "Charles, it's no use running away from him. The doctor has said that it's a psychological issue. I'll have to get over it."

Charles let out a sigh. "However, it's him who has caused you the trauma."

"I'm the one who doesn't have a strong mentality. It's not his fault. Charles, you shouldn't overthink it. Samuel and I are even now. Just think of him as a normal person," said Kathleen calmly.

"Okay, I promise you." Charles nodded.

"I'm awake now. Wait for me downstairs." As Kathleen had just yawned, her eyes looked gentle and misty.

"Okay." Charles got up and left.

Kathleen stretched her arms.

She walked toward the window, wanting to draw the curtains and let the sunlight shine in.

However, she immediately closed the curtains the moment she opened them.

No! Samuel's living on the opposite. I have to be aware of that pervert!

Ding!

Suddenly, her phone rang.

She picked it up and found that it was Samuel who had messaged her.

Samuel: "When will you be free to cook for me?"

Kathleen was stunned as she had completely forgotten about this matter.

Samuel: "Did you forget about it?"

Kathleen felt guilty.

Kathleen: "I have an audition to attend today. I'll cook for you in the afternoon."

Samuel: "Do you need me to prepare any ingredients?"

Kathleen: "It's fine. I'll bring them from home."

Samuel: "The access code is your birthday. If I'm not around, you can go in first."

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

She decided not to reply to Samuel further and went to take a bath instead.

Charles drove Kathleen to the casting location in his Bentley.

They arrived at the Macari Group building.

Kathleen looked at Charles and said, "Charles, are you sure this is the right location?"

"Yes. Kathleen, he's stuck on you like a piece of gum," answered Charles as he unfastened his seatbelt.

Kathleen was speechless.

They got out of the car together.

Dressing in a black suit with a dark grey color coat, Charles looked elegant and handsome.

Kathleen was in a pale yellow cashmere coat and a pair of white wide-legged pants, looking adorable and charming.

When she smiled, her eyes crinkled up, and her adorable teeth were shown. Looking particularly joyous, she was a likable lady at first glance.

She was sweet and delicate.

They entered the lobby.

Tyson walked over and said, "Mr. Johnson, Ms. Johnson, I've waited for a long time for both of you."

Charles let out a light snort.

Kathleen tugged at his sleeves.

Charles looked at Tyson and explained, "I'm not targeting you. It's your CEO who's being inhumane."

Tyson kept quiet. He has a point. I can't argue with that.

"Please follow me," said Tyson while flushing.

Kathleen and Charles followed him.

The three of them took the elevator and arrived at the top floor.

Kathleen couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Hackney, where's the audition?"

"It's in the CEO's office," answered Tyson.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Charles' voice was cold as he said quietly, "You see?"

Isn't Samuel such a jerk?

Kathleen took a deep breath and said, "I owe it to him."

Just then, they arrived at the CEO's office.

Tyson opened the door and guided them in.

There were three people sitting on the couch in the office.

One of them was Samuel, while the other two people were Spencer, the director, and Remy, the screenwriter.

All of them were looking at Kathleen.

She wore very light makeup that day. It was evident that she had a good complexion.

This movie required the actress to be barefaced in many scenes. Hence, her appearance and skin had to be in good condition.

Kathleen didn't undergo any plastic surgery, so her natural beauty was even more suitable for the role.

"Please have a seat." Samuel grinned as he looked at her.

She looks so cute today.

Kathleen ignored him. She sat down and greeted Remy and Spencer.

Both of them thought that she looked shockingly beautiful at first glance.

As for acting skills, they had confidence in her.

After all, she had won the Academy Award for Best Actress.

Even though the movie was a big production, it was hard to say who would be leeching off the popularity.

"Ms. Johnson, if there isn't any problem, should we start the audition?" asked Spencer.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. Feeling confused, she asked, "Right here?"

Spencer nodded and answered, "Yes."

Remy passed her the script. "Try acting this part."

Kathleen took over the script. After looking through it, she was surprised. "So I have to perform without any props?"

Remy smiled. "Of course not. It's too awkward for me and Cain to do it, so we have asked Samuel to help you."

Kathleen was momentarily stunned. "But this is a kissing scene. Even though the main actor is ill, there are quite a lot of kissing scenes."

Charles frowned.

"This isn't really an intimate scene. All you have to do is to kiss the main actor's nose and lips. Ms. Johnson, you're an actress." Remy showed her a meaningful smile.

Kathleen was speechless.

Charles was about to lose his temper.

Of course, he wasn't angry at Remy or Spencer but at Samuel.

However, Samuel only furrowed his brows slightly as he didn't know about it.

He didn't say anything either.

"Fine. Then, can I have you cooperate with me, Mr. Macari?" Kathleen stood up.

"It's my pleasure." Samuel's lips curled upward.

"Lie down. Remember, you're an unconscious man who has severe injuries," said Kathleen coldly.

"Okay." Samuel lay down. He was 1.9 meters tall, so the couch wasn't enough for his long and slender legs.

He lay down with his eyes closed, looking like a painting.

He was so elegant and reserved as if he was a deity.

Kathleen sat beside him. She inhaled a deep breath as she held his hand.

"Why are you still unconscious?" Kathleen's voice was cold, carrying a sense of interrogation.

In the scene, she was an assassin who had lost her memory. However, she was still slow in realizing her feelings.

She fell in love with a scholar but was unaware of it.

"People told me to kiss you if you're still unconscious. I've never heard about this kind of healing method. Have you heard of it before?"

The scholar didn't reply.

"I'll give it a try, then." Kathleen approached him.

Samuel's elegant face was impeccable. His nose was sharp, and his lips were sexy and tempting.

Kathleen pursed her lips. Then, her cherry red lips fell gently on his well-defined nose.

Samuel's heart was fluttering. It's ticklish!

Immediately after, he felt something soft on his lips, followed by a hint of pain.

Kathleen was biting him.

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Samuel grunted.

That sensation was painful but exhilarating at the same time.

He knew Kathleen was expressing her dissatisfaction.

I didn't know about this scene. I must tell them to delete this part!

Kathleen stopped and gazed bitterly at Samuel's face. "You're still unconscious, after all. They really lied to me!"

With that, she stood up, seemingly ready to seek revenge on those who deceived her.

"Cut!" said Remy, who was holding a phone to shoot the scene.

Kathleen let out a sigh of relief.

Samuel opened his eyes and put his legs down.

He brushed his lips with his slender fingers and smiled faintly. "Has anyone mentioned you behave like a cat?"

"I don't know about me, but I'm sure you are a dog," she retorted.

Samuel chuckled. "But I did not bite you."

Kathleen ignored him and turned to look at Spencer and Remy.

Spencer grinned. "Your acting skills are indeed commendable. Why didn't you debut earlier, Ms. Johnson?"

She explained, "I got married at a young age, but I'm divorced now. This indicates that having a man would only hinder my career."

Spencer wore a faint smile. "Not all men are like that."

"You're right. A good man would never become a woman's stumbling block. Only terrible men would think of women as their possession, prohibiting them from progressing well in life," Kathleen replied sarcastically.

Remy regarded Samuel with a meaningful look.

The latter appeared unconcerned.

I did forbid Kathleen to become an actress in the past, and I will not deny the mistakes I made. However, I will change from now on.

Spencer got up and stretched out his hand. "Ms. Johnson, I officially welcome you to join the cast and crew of Assassin."

Remy stood up as well. "Welcome, welcome!"

Kathleen shook hands with Spencer and Remy.

"If there's nothing, I shall get going then." Kathleen did not wish to stay there for a second longer.

"All right. I will arrange someone to inform you of the specific filming time," Spencer said while wearing an amused expression.

Kathleen nodded. "Okay."

She turned around to look at Charles. "Let's go, Charles."

Charles nodded. Then, he glanced coldly at Samuel before leading Kathleen away.

"I don't think she recognizes me." Remy was disappointed.

Spencer stared at him. "Well, aren't you a daredevil? When did you change the scene?"

"Just now. I did that for Samuel." Remy smirked.

Samuel said coldly, "But she misunderstood that I instructed you two to do that."

"Samuel, you're obviously unwelcome. I can't believe she hates you so much." Remy sighed. "Nevertheless, Kathleen has become prettier. She was the campus belle in the past. So many guys had tried to win her affection but failed miserably."

“Are you one of those guys?” Spencer eyed him.

“I’ll never have the guts to do so!” Remy said sulkily, “I’m afraid Samuel would skin me alive.”

Spencer sneered.

Remy explained, “Don’t get mad at me, Samuel. I was just testing Kathleen’s acting skills. Anyway, I do think that she’s a talented actress. If you had not...”

Samuel’s face darkened.

Remy fell silent immediately.

Spencer grinned. “I think you did a great job with the script. Let’s just use this scene.”

What the heck!

Remy gazed at Spencer in astonishment.

Is he crazy? Samuel will never allow that!

“What do you think, Mr. Macari? Spencer looked at Samuel.

“I think the investment capital can reduce to half the amount,” Samuel answered casually.

“Don’t do that. I’m just kidding,” Spencer responded in embarrassment.

“I’ve told you not to utter nonsense. I’d like to see what you will do without any money!” Remy grumbled.

Spencer kept quiet afterward.

Remy eyed Samuel. “We’ll take our leave now, Samuel. We’ll inform you of the filming time later.”

Samuel nodded indifferently.

Remy hurriedly dragged Spencer along and left.

They were afraid of infuriating Samuel, the devil.

After they were gone, Samuel licked his lips which were forcefully bitten by Kathleen earlier.

He curled his lips into a smirk.

Remy and Spencer went downstairs and met with Kathleen and the others. They waited for the elevator earlier, so both parties arrived downstairs around the same time.

“Kath- Ms. Johnson!” Remy had an outgoing personality. He jogged over to greet her, “Do you remember me?”

She shook her head lightly.

He felt upset. “I’m sad! You even played a role in my screenplay previously.”

Kathleen was puzzled. “Previously?”

“That’s right. I remember it was an event at your school. They requested I write the script and invited me to watch the play. You were the female lead,” Remy elaborated.

She seemed to have recalled that incident. “Oh, I see. I didn’t realize you wrote the screenplay. They said they would ask for a senior’s help to come up with the script, but I didn’t expect that person to be you.”

Remy felt awkward. She only remembers that I’m her senior and completely forgotten that she met with me at the Macari residence. Nevertheless, I cannot blame her for that because we could have had plenty of chances to meet with one another, but Samuel did not allow her to come out. What a jerk!

“Those scenes earlier were truly part of the script. That has nothing to do with Mr. Macari,” he uttered while thinking about Samuel.

I can only do so much for you, Samuel.

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded indifferently. “I know now.”

She stared coldly at him. “Is there anything else?”

Remy flushed. He thought she must be feeling angry.

“That’s all. I’ll see you during the filming then,” he said.

Kathleen nodded again. “See you.”

With that, she turned on her heels and walked away with Charles trailing behind her.

Spencer came to a halt beside Remy and asked, “Is it true when you said that you’ve never liked her?”

Remy lightly coughed and cleared his throat. "No! I've never liked her."

Spencer was unconvinced. "Enough with that pretense. I am familiar with your personality. There's no way you would help your juniors write the screenplay for no reason. You usually charge one thousand for every word you write. Do you know how expensive is that? How much money could those university students have?"

Remy snorted. "Why don't you hire somebody else instead of me if you're so capable?"

Spencer said nothing.

Remy pursed his lips. "I did reject them by giving the excuse of not having any inspiration at that moment. Then, they showed me Kathleen's pictures. I grew up with Samuel, so I was aware of her relationship with him. I also knew they were married then, but I..."

Spencer patted his shoulder. "I can understand your sentiment. Unrequited love is usually the hardest to let go of. Anyway, she's single now, so you still have a chance."

Remy replied bitterly, "Ha. Judging by the look on his face today, do you think Samuel would do nothing and let me pursue her?"

Spencer frowned. "But I think she doesn't like him."

He had heard of some news related to the grudges between Kathleen and Samuel.

In Spencer's opinion, Kathleen did not seem like a lovestruck fool, so he doubted she would fall for Samuel again.

Remy elaborated, "You don't know Samuel. If he has his eyes set on Kathleen, he will never take her by force. I'll put it this way. He will transform into a cunning fox, putting on the façade of the type of man Kathleen admires before approaching her, gradually developing a deeper bond with her. As a result, she will become completely smitten with him."

Spencer laughed.

"Just you wait and see. That guy from the Morris family does not stand a chance," Remy said firmly.

"What if Kathleen really marries Christopher?" Spencer asked in fascination.

"If that's the case, I'll write the screenplay for you for free. What do you say?"

"Deal! That's settled, then. Don't you regret what you've said."

“I’ll admit I’m a sore loser if I go back on my word!” After saying that, Remy swiftly texted Samuel on WhatsApp: Samuel, I’m counting on you to get paid now!

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Samuel read the text Remy sent him without any expression on his face.

He had no idea what Remy was talking about.

I’m better off without his help.

Charles was driving as he asked, “Why didn’t you reject the offer?”

“There’s no need for that. I like the director and the script,” came Kathleen’s answer. “But Samuel…”

Ugh, I don’t feel like saying it.

“Kate, have you ever considered this? If you remain single, Samuel will keep pestering you,” Charles said solemnly. “You kept a distance from Christopher, so Samuel thinks he still has a chance.”

“Charles, I can’t really use Christopher to get rid of Samuel, can I? That isn’t fair to Christopher,” Kathleen explained.

Charles knew that Kathleen would never compromise when it concerned her love life. She was not that particular, too.

Forget it. I’ll have to come up with an idea to deal with Samuel.

“Charles, can you pull up at the shopping mall ahead? I need to buy some stuff,” Kathleen said. “Don’t tag along, for I want to shop alone. Find out who the male lead is and what he is like.”

After saying that, Kathleen unbuckled her seatbelt and got off.

Charles could not even stop her in time.

I shouldn’t have said that out loud. It’s obvious that Kathleen doesn’t have any romantic feelings for Christopher. He’s a great guy, but she doesn’t like him. Should I get her eyes checked?

Meanwhile, Kathleen was shopping alone with a cap and mask covering her face.

It was nice to be able to shop alone.

She got herself some stuff and went to pay for her purchases at the counter.

When it was her turn, she belatedly realized she did not bring her purse out.

It was normal to pay using one's phone nowadays, but she still had not gotten herself a local phone number.

Sh*t, this is embarrassing.

"Let me pay for your purchases." A woman's voice rang out behind her.

Kathleen turned at her shoulder in surprise. "Gem!"

Gemma shot her an exasperated look. "Why didn't you bring your purse out?"

"I forgot. I don't even have a local phone number," Kathleen replied, pouting her lips.

"How much?" Gemma asked.

The staff flashed a smile. "The total would be thirteen thousand and eight hundred."

Gemma was shocked. "What did you buy? I don't even earn this much in a month!"

A flush crept up Kathleen's cheeks. "Just some personal items."

Gemma's lips twitched. "You owe me a meal!"

"Of course," Kathleen responded.

Meanwhile, the staff was frowning. "Are you Kathleen Johnson?" he asked.

Kathleen could barely hide her surprise. Did he recognize me even though I'm wearing a cap and mask?

"Hello!" She gave the staff a tiny wave.

The staff's lips curved. "You're our VIP. There is ten million in your card, so you don't have to pay for your purchases."

Kathleen was confused. "When did I become a VIP?"

"A year ago," came the staff's reply. "Ms. Johnson, here are your purchases. Have a nice day!"

Kathleen's brows snapped together, but Gemma dragged her out of the store.

"This is obviously Samuel's doing," Gemma told her firmly. "After you went missing a year ago, he searched high and low for you. You have no idea how many times he showed up at my house."

Kathleen's frown deepened. "Did he cause you any trouble?"

Gemma shook her head in response. "Not really. He came to ask if I knew where you were. He showed up practically every day."

"I'm sorry for that," Kathleen apologized shyly.

"That's nothing." Gemma gave a dismissive wave. "I told him that it's too late to regret. After I got back to the hospital, he made arrangements for me to be the youngest head nurse in the hospital."

Kathleen blinked twice.

"Don't worry. Even if he offered me help, I won't side with him. He wanted to make it up to me, so I accepted his help," Gemma revealed cheerfully.

"Mm." Kathleen nodded before asking worriedly, "Gem, your waist..."

"I'm still wearing my waist support. The doctor said I have to continue recuperating, for the incident only happened a year ago." Gemma shot her a reassuring smile. "My brother also got promoted, but it wasn't related to Samuel. He got the promotion himself."

"Wow, congratulations!" The corners of Kathleen's eyes crinkled up.

"Should we have dinner together?" Gemma glanced at her. "If Benjamin knows you're back, he won't work overtime."

Kathleen grinned. "Sure. Let's have some fondue."

"Sounds great!" Gemma giggled excitedly.

"We should head to another mall." Kathleen sighed. "I don't know how Samuel found out I often frequented this mall. Back then, he paid no notice to me and never remembered anything about my preferences."

"Okay." Gemma bobbed her head.

They promptly went to another shopping mall.

The same thing happened, and Kathleen was still a VIP. She did not have to spend a cent.

Refusing to give up, Kathleen went to a few other malls, but the same thing happened.

In the end, she collapsed in Gemma's Audi, utterly exhausted.

Gemma chuckled at the sight of her fatigue look. "Where are we going next?"

"Dinner." Kathleen was starving.

"No more shopping mall excursions?" Gemma asked, her lips curved into an amused smile.

Kathleen shook her head profusely. "I won't go to shopping malls, ever!"

Gemma chuckled. "All right."

She started the engine and drove to the fondue restaurant.

There, she gave Benjamin a call.

After learning that they were going to have dinner with Kathleen, Benjamin immediately got off work and rushed over to the restaurant.

Kathleen sent Charles a text: Charles, I need twenty thousand.

Charles transferred the money to her without hesitation.

Kathleen then transferred thirteen thousand and eight hundred to Samuel.

Samuel sent her a question mark.

Kathleen: I don't want to owe you a favor.

Actually, Samuel had been informed that Kathleen went to two shopping malls, so he could guess what her reaction would be.

Samuel: Okay. I'll accept the money.

He then confirmed the transfer.

Seeing that, Kathleen felt much better.

Samuel: I'm famished.

Kathleen belatedly recalled that she promised to cook for Samuel.

Oh, dear. I forgot all about it!

She typed out a reply hastily: I'm sorry, but I totally forgot about it.

Inwardly, she blamed Samuel for doing something unnecessary that caused her to forget about her promise.

Samuel: It's fine. I'm glad you're filling your stomach.

Kathleen bit her lip guiltily, for it was her fault.

Casting a hesitant look at Gemma and Benjamin, she asked, "I owe Samuel a meal. Do you mind if he joins us?"

Both shook their heads.

The corner of Kathleen's mouth quirked up. "Great."

She proceeded to give Samuel a call.

Samuel answered her call promptly and asked, "What's wrong?" His voice was calm, and it did not sound like he was upset.

"I'm sorry, but I forgot about it," Kathleen apologized guiltily.

"It's fine." Samuel gave a half-smile. "Enjoy your dinner."

"I'm having dinner with Gemma and Benjamin. Do you want to join us?" Kathleen inquired.

"No, I won't disturb you. I need to get back to work," Samuel told her. "I told Tyson to buy dinner for me, so you don't have to worry about me."

"Okay." After a pause, Kathleen added, "I'll cook for you tomorrow."

"Mm," Samuel hummed in acknowledgment before hanging up.

"What did he say?" Benjamin asked.

"He won't join us, for Tyson had bought him dinner," Kathleen explained.

To her surprise, Benjamin said, "I saw Tyson when I was on the way here. He was on a blind date."

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Kathleen pursed her lips silently.

Why did Samuel lie to me? Did he lie to me so I can eat in peace? I don't remember him being this nice.

"Eat up," Gemma told her. "You can buy some takeaway food and deliver it to him later."

Kathleen inclined her head.

"The quinoa salad from this restaurant is the bomb. You can buy that for him," Gemma suggested.

"Sure thing." Kathleen did not want Samuel to starve and wait for her, as he could end up in the hospital.

After dinner, Gemma drove Kathleen back to Macari Group.

Kathleen walked into the building with the food in her hand.

Gemma turned to look at her brother. "Benjamin, you're growing more and more apart from Kathleen."

Benjamin remained unperturbed. "Nothing matters more than her happiness."

Bitterness rose in Gemma's heart. "If those things hadn't happened, you'd still be Kate's childhood sweetheart, and—"

"It has already happened. Let's go." Benjamin had accepted reality.

Gemma's lips thinned.

Such was life, and everything was set in stone.

They just were not meant to be.

"Who do you think Kate will end up with?" Gemma queried. "Samuel or Christopher?"

Benjamin gave her a sidelong glance. "Kate's choice matters the most, right?"

"Benjamin, Kate won't pick Christopher." Gemma seemed sure of it. "I can't tell if she still loves Samuel, but did you hear her talking about Christopher during dinner?"

Benjamin stiffened.

“A woman’s intuition is highly accurate.” Gemma started the engine. “You don’t know us well.”

With that said, she sped away.

Meanwhile, Kathleen walked into Macari Group.

Upon spotting her, the security guard greeted her warmly, “Ms. Johnson! Are you here to meet Mr. Macari?”

Kathleen shot him a nod. “Is he still here?”

“Of course. Mr. Macari works overtime every day,” replied the security guard.

Kathleen felt embarrassed. “I’ll head up now.”

“Ms. Johnson, you can take the CEO’s private elevator,” the security guard told her cheerfully.

Wearing an awkward expression, Kathleen replied, “Got it.”

Despite saying that, she chose to take the normal elevator.

The elevator reached the top floor, and she stepped out.

The floor was brightly lit.

Kathleen went straight to Samuel’s office. The door was slightly ajar, and she saw a sliver of light through the gap.

Gently, she pushed the door open and glanced around.

Samuel was resting in his chair with his eyes shut.

She went over and gazed at him.

The man’s features were still sharp and dangerous. His thin lips told tales of how cruel and heartless he could be. Nevertheless, she had to admit that he was handsome and elegant even though he could be merciless and decisive.

“Samuel?” Kathleen broke the silence.

Her brows snapped together.

I'm practically mere inches away from him. Why isn't he responding? Is he suffering from a relapse?

She immediately placed the stuff she was holding down and hurried over to him. Bending down, she prodded his shoulder. "Wake up, Samuel."

Samuel did not even stir.

Kathleen was startled.

He must've fainted!

She pulled out her phone, about to call the ambulance.

Right then, a slender but huge hand grabbed her wrist and gave her a forceful tug. She ended up tumbling into a seducing embrace.

"Did you put up an act?" Kathleen blurted out.

Samuel's arms were wrapped around her. He rested his chin on her shoulder and smiled. "No."

"Liar!" Kathleen fumed. "Let me go!"

Hearing her, Samuel released his grip on her obediently.

Kathleen jolted to her feet furiously. "I was kind enough to come to visit you! How dare you take advantage of me?"

Samuel shot her a lopsided grin. "Weren't you the one who stood me up?"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Indeed, she had given her word earlier but forgotten all about it.

"Besides, my gastric was acting up. I just took the medicine and was about to take a nap when you showed up," Samuel explained. He pushed the bottle of pills on his desk to Kathleen.

He was not lying to her.

Kathleen's lips thinned. "I brought some food for you. You can eat it now. I'll take my leave."

With that said, she spun on her heels and stalked toward the door.

Suddenly, Samuel started coughing violently. "Thank you," he managed in between coughs.

Kathleen halted in her tracks at once.

Reluctantly, she went back to him.

After coming to a stop beside him, she patted his back gently. "How are you feeling?"

"It's an old problem," Samuel grunted. "I'm fine, so you can leave now. It isn't safe to travel late at night."

"Are you going to continue working?" Kathleen was surprised.

"I don't have anything to do back at home. I'm used to working overtime, anyway." Samuel shot her a smile. "You should get back home."

Kathleen pressed her lips together. "Won't you take care of yourself? Do you want Grandma to host your funeral?"

"Ha! That won't happen. If I die, there's still Christopher," Samuel replied nonchalantly. "Christopher's a great guy, so he'll take care of them."

"Stop being sarcastic," Kathleen snapped. Her brows knitted, she said, "You insisted on marrying Nicolette, so you can't blame them for getting mad at you."

Samuel shot her a look. "They'll like any man who marries you."

Kathleen paused before retorting, "Stop talking nonsense. No parents would hate their own child. Now that Nicolette wants to sue you, I believe Mrs. Macari and the rest won't blame you anymore."

Samuel's gaze was scorching. "Kate, if I die, will you take care of my family?"

Kathleen's frown deepened. "Of course. I think of Grandma and Mrs. Macari as my own family. It doesn't matter if you're here or not, for I'll treat them well."

Samuel gazed at her without a word.

Actually, he wanted to ask if she would cry at his funeral.

However, he knew he would get humiliated if he were to ask that question out loud.

"What about me?" Samuel's voice was raspy. "If I have a long life, and my grandma and parents die before me, will you take care of me?"

Kathleen frowned in confusion.

"I mean..." Samuel corrected himself. "Will you visit me occasionally?"

"Samuel, you'll have your own family, complete with a wife and kids." Kathleen asked, "Can I think of you as a family?"

Samuel's gaze grew as dark as thunder. "You mean you want to revert things back to when we weren't married to each other?"

"If you're willing, of course." Kathleen explained, "Samuel, let bygones be bygones. We can never return to the past. I don't want to hold a grudge against you and put your grandma and mother in a tight spot. Can we be relatives and nothing else?"

Samuel asked forlornly, "Will we be relatives forever?"

Kathleen nodded gently.

"You won't stay away from me or hate me anymore?" Samuel added.

Kathleen's reply was vague. "As long as you don't force me to go against my wishes."

Samuel stared at her intently.

"As long as you stay put instead of crossing the line, we can get along well. I promise," Kathleen gave him her word.

After dealing with her business, she was going to leave. It would be annoying if he kept coming after her.

"Kate, can you hug me?" Samuel asked hoarsely. "We shall say goodbye to our past. You left in a hurry one year ago, and we didn't get to say goodbye to each other."

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"Are you seriously agreeing to be my relative?" Kathleen was startled.

Samuel's lips curled. "Yes."

A deep line appeared in the middle of Kathleen's brow. "You won't do things that I hate? For example, kiss me or flirt with me without warning?" she asked doubtfully.

"No," Samuel responded with a shake of his head.

“All right.” Kathleen paused. “I’ll give you one last chance.”

Chuckling deeply, Samuel spread his arms wide.

Kathleen hesitated before wrapping her arms around him.

Samuel felt his heart clenching up as a lone tear dropped down his cheek and disappeared underneath Kathleen’s collar.

She’s so soft and fits right into my arms perfectly. Alas, this will be the last time we’ll ever hug each other.

Kathleen had no idea why her heart was aching.

A year had since passed, but the pain still remained.

“From now on, we’ll be a family. If you need help, just let me know. I’ll try my best to help,” Samuel rasped. “I promise no one will dare to lay a hand on you in Jadeborough.”

“Mm.” Kathleen bobbed her head.

His lips curled up, Samuel added, “One more thing. I hope you’ll say yes to my request.”

“Say it,” Kathleen urged.

“Please don’t show your affection for Christopher in front of me. I might’ve agreed to be your family, but that doesn’t mean I can accept your relationship. Do you understand?” Samuel stated.

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

I won’t be affectionate with Christopher in public, anyway.

“I can’t bring myself to release you,” Samuel grunted. “If I let go, you’ll no longer belong to me.”

Something told him he would forever be her family.

Kathleen hesitated. “I’ll let you hug me for ten seconds longer.”

Samuel snickered and commented, “How kind of you.”

“Release me then,” Kathleen hissed with her brows furrowed up.

“No!” Samuel tightened his grip. “I earned the ten seconds myself.”

Kathleen let out a light snort.

Ten seconds later, Samuel released her reluctantly. He placed his hand on her head and said, "Let's get along well, Kate."

Kathleen was dumbfounded.

Samuel let out a low chuckle. "What did you bring?"

He must've faked that tear! I felt bad for him, but he started joking again. Never mind. If he dares to go against his word, I shall cut off all ties with him!

"Quinoa salad." Kathleen placed the takeaway food in front of him. "It's still piping hot, so eat up. I shall take my leave now."

"Did you drive here?" Samuel inquired.

"I'll get a taxi," Kathleen answered.

"I'll give you a ride." Samuel got to his feet. "I'll eat this at home."

"No need for that. It's just ten o'clock." Kathleen raised her hand to glance at her Patek Philippe watch. "You don't have to give me a ride home."

Samuel put on his coat. "I insist. Did you forget what I said? I said I won't let you run into danger ever again."

Every time he recalled how she had nearly lost her life after he abandoned her on the street, he would have to resist the urge to slap himself twice.

Kathleen bit her lip. "All right."

She had stopped recalling the matter.

Samuel drove a Maybach, and it was the first time Kathleen had ever driven it.

Sensing her anxiety, Samuel chuckled. "Drive slowly. It's fine. I can eat the quinoa salad in the car."

"Stop mocking me." Kathleen clenched her jaw. "I can drive a Bentley, let alone this car. Eat your food."

"Okay." Grinning, Samuel started eating his supper slowly.

Kathleen was focusing on driving. She pursed her lips in concentration and wore a determined expression.

Samuel glanced at her and smiled discreetly.

Finally, the car arrived at the house.

She promptly heaved a sigh of relief. Turning around, she looked at the quinoa salad in Samuel's hand and grumbled, "The journey took over an hour. Why didn't you manage to finish your food?"

"It isn't as good as your cooking," came Samuel's answer.

Kathleen snorted. "Back when I cooked for you, you never praised me."

Samuel flashed a half-smile. "I was an idiot back then."

Kathleen frowned. "I'll park the car in the yard and tell Maria to prepare some food for you."

"Can't you cook for me?" Samuel asked. "I collected so much information for you and agreed to be your family today. Is that how you repay me?"

Kathleen gaped silently.

Why is this suddenly my fault?

She caved in. "Will pasta do?"

"Sure." Samuel inclined his head.

Kathleen sighed. "Let's go."

She unbuckled her seatbelt and got off the car.

Samuel's lips curled into an alluring smile.

He got out of the car and caught up to her.

At the door, Kathleen entered her birthdate. The door clicked open.

Whipping around, Kathleen asked, "Won't you change the passcode?"

"No. Is there a rule saying I can't use my relative's birthday as my passcode?" Samuel retorted.

No, indeed. But one usually uses the birthday of one's significant being as the passcode. It's totally different!

“Kate, you’ll have to give me some time to get used to it.” Samuel’s voice was bitter. “You changed our relationship forcefully. You might’ve gotten used to it, but I need more time.”

Kathleen felt as though she was an evil person. “All right, then.”

She strode into the house.

A smile nudged Samuel’s lips as he went in after her.

Kathleen went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator.

The refrigerator was full, so she grabbed a few ingredients and began cooking.

Samuel removed his coat and placed it on the couch.

He went to the kitchen and asked, “Can I ask you some questions?”

“Sure, if you don’t try to invade my privacy.” Kathleen was busy cutting tomatoes.

Samuel smirked. “How did you find your brother?”

“It was Chris’ doing,” Kathleen explained. “He helped me to check my family records and discovered I had a long-lost brother. All the while, he had been searching for Charles, and Charles happened to be looking for me, too. They then bumped into each other.”

Samuel fell silent. If I showed her more concern, I might be able to help her.

“What happened next?” Samuel asked.

“Charles assumed we’re getting a divorce, so he didn’t show up. He planned to reunite with me after our divorce and take me with him. However…” Kathleen paused momentarily. “Anyway, he took me with him later on.”

Oh, I see.

Samuel’s gaze was dark. No wonder I failed to find anything even though I investigated Christopher thoroughly.

“You never told us about this,” Samuel remarked.

“I didn’t want to trouble you.” Kathleen stopped in her tracks. “Actually, I don’t mind if your grandma decides not to adopt me. I’m glad that my parents are kind souls. I didn’t grow up to be like them, but I can promise that they didn’t save her just because she’s Old Mrs. Macari.”

"I know. You don't have to explain that to me. There was no way they'd recognize her during the incident," Samuel replied hastily. He was afraid she would misunderstand things.

Kathleen exhaled. "Anyway, I can't bring myself to ask for your help to find Charles. I didn't know Chris was helping me, either."

Samuel's gaze deepened. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because you don't love me," Kathleen answered with a soft sigh. "You were busy and didn't have time for me. I don't blame you, though."

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"Well then, when did your affair with Christopher begin?" Samuel asked coldly.

Kathleen leered at him sideways. "Do you truly want to know? Aren't you afraid of getting triggered?"

"I am," Samuel answered. His tone was bone-chilling.

"So don't ask." Kathleen paused, hesitating. She then continued, "I take a person's privacy very seriously. Hence, I have no interest in sharing my private life with outsiders."

Kathleen's word echoed in Samuel's mind. Outsiders?

A shadow gradually enshrouded his eyes. She called me family not long ago, but now I'm an outsider?

"It's done. You can eat now." Kathleen turned off the fire at the stove.

She then moved the plate of pasta out to the dining room.

Meanwhile, Samuel tried to stamp out the hostility in his eyes, attempting to regain his composure. "Thank you."

"All right, enjoy your meal. I'm heading home now." Kathleen removed her apron and got ready to leave.

Samuel paused for a moment, then asked, "Would you stay and talk for a bit?"

Kathleen gazed at him serenely. "I'm going to bed. The face of a female celebrity is of utmost importance. No botox injections can compare to the benefits of beauty sleep."

Samuel stared at her in return.

Kathleen had spoken calmly without spite. She was merely stating a fact.

It appeared as if she was undeniably treating Samuel as an average family member.

“Okay, then. Goodnight,” Samuel uttered in disbelief.

Nevertheless, there was nothing he could do about it.

He had no other choice. Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to grow closer to Kathleen in his entire lifetime.

When Kathleen approached the doorway, she swiveled around. “Samuel, please revoke my VIP status from the malls.”

Samuel looked at her coldly. “All you need to do is not spend your money there. I’ll stop the subscriptions then.”

“I’ll pay you back next time.” Kathleen desired a clean slate with him.

Samuel glared at her. “Will you be spending Charles’ money?”

“Of course.” Kathleen tipped her head up, then declared proudly, “He’s my brother after all.”

“And I’m your family and your brother, too. So why can’t you spend my money instead?” Samuel was slightly peeved by then. “Or is it that you don’t want to be family with me? I don’t mind either way.”

“All right, I understand.” Kathleen always had difficulty winning an argument against Samuel.

She then turned around and left.

Samuel stared at his plate, which had a sunny-side-up egg on it. The egg was round and reminded him of Kathleen’s adorable face.

He picked up his fork and took a bite of it. Instantaneously, the corner of his thin lips arched up ever so slightly. She can never escape from me.

Kathleen walked back to the Johnson residence.

The moment she stepped into the house, she heard Charles coughing.

He had a gloomy expression on his face. "Where did you go? I hadn't heard from you the entire day!"

"I had a meal with Gemma and Benjamin," Kathleen explained. "I even bought you a necktie!"

The corner of Charles' lips twitched. "You had only a meal with them? That's still no excuse to return so late."

He was secretly angry, thinking that Kathleen was trying to mislead him with a necktie.

Kathleen grinned. She then confessed, "I met with Samuel as well."

Charles nearly fell down the stairs. "And here I thought it was him who was pestering you."

Meanwhile, Kathleen felt at ease. "Charles, relax. I talked things through with Samuel. From today onward, the two of us are only family members. He is something like a brother to me, and so are you. The two of you are brothers henceforth. Please do get along well!"

Charles laughed sarcastically, "Haha! I will never be his brother. It'll be asking me to stoop to his level."

"Do as you please then. I can't be bothered to care about all that. In the end, if you do somehow enrage him to the point where he no longer wants to be my family, he'll come pestering me once again. When that happens, I won't let you off so easily," Kathleen uttered nonchalantly.

Charles was rendered speechless.

Kathleen promptly made her way upstairs.

"Did you really promise to be his family?" Charles found the entire notion inexplicable.

Kathleen peered at him. "That's right. You don't believe it's true?"

"If it's someone else, then I do believe that it can be true. But if it's Samuel, I don't believe it at all." Charles scoffed.

That man is way too cunning. His proposal to merely be Kathleen's family is probably just a way for him to buy more time. I bet it's so that he could get closer to her. Why is she so foolish, though? She actually bought it.

Kathleen gazed at Charles flatly. She then spoke with indifference. "Charles, not even I know what Samuel is planning. But, at least, with a deal like this, he won't intervene if

we decide to leave one day. Otherwise, once everything is settled, do you honestly believe that he will let us go?"

Charles pursed his lips.

Even though he was not afraid of Samuel, Charles feared that Kathleen would be the one to pay for it if Samuel did end up plaguing them.

Kathleen sighed. She was not a fool. "You should learn to trust in me more."

Charles was taken aback by her words.

Then, Kathleen marched up the stairs.

Charles gazed after her slim figure, then let out a deep, long sigh. Perhaps she's actually clever but she doesn't show it. Some things are better left unknown. Elsewise, it would be utterly meaningless.

The next morning, Kathleen was having breakfast when Maria brought over an invitation. "Ms. Johnson, this is an invitation from the Morris family."

Kathleen was surprised. The Morris family?

She took the invitation, then flipped it open. As she scanned through it, Kathleen began to grin from ear to ear. "This is from Christopher?"

"No, Ms. Johnson. It's from Felix Morris," Maria answered. Kathleen immediately placed the invitation down. "It's Christopher's grandfather."

"Why is he inviting you over?" Charles questioned.

"I'm guessing he wants to ask about what's going on between Christopher and me. Now, do you understand what I meant? Nothing was happening between Christopher and me, but in the end, the Morris family misread the situation. They're making a commotion out of nothing." There was no readable expression on Kathleen's clean face as she spoke.

Charles turned awkward in a heartbeat. "So should we give Christopher a call then?"

"Felix is asking me to go over on my own. It's obvious that he wants to speak with me alone. So what's the use of calling Christopher?" Kathleen stated coldly.

"So, what do you plan on telling them?" Charles was curious.

"The truth." Kathleen had no desire to lie to Felix.

Charles paused for a moment. He then asked, "Should I accompany you?"

"There's no need. I won't be gone long," Kathleen muttered.

She decided to explain everything and then come straight home.

However, Charles was still worried about her.

Once they were done having breakfast, Kathleen packed her things and left the house.

She drove to meet with Felix all by herself.

Felix did not reside with Christopher. Instead, Felix stayed at the old Morris mansion.

Kathleen drove her car in and came to a stop in the courtyard. Then, she got out of her car promptly.

A man who looked like a butler strolled over to her. "Ms. Johnson, this way into the house, please."

Kathleen nodded lightly and followed the butler into the mansion.

After they stepped into the mansion, the butler led her up to the second floor, which surprised her.

"The second floor is where Old Mr. Morris lives and receives guests." The butler intentionally emphasized his last word.

Kathleen was unconcerned about being referred to as a guest. She simply replied, "Okay."

Soon enough, they arrived on the second floor, which did indeed have a living room.

"Ms. Johnson, please wait here for a moment. Mr. Morris came over to keep Old Mr. Morris company last night. Hence, Old Mr. Morris got into bed rather late. I'll go and get him now," said the butler calmly.

Kathleen nodded. "It's all right. I'm not in a rush."

"Please make yourself at home, Ms. Johnson." The butler then turned around and strode toward the room at the inner part of the mansion.

Kathleen remained standing in the lounge as she examined its layout.

The living room's design had more of an eastern style to it. Furthermore, there were numerous bookshelves as well.

It appeared as if the room was an amalgamation of a living room and a study.

It was evident from the room's layout that Felix led a life of silence and tranquility.

All of a sudden, there was a noise coming from a room nearby.

The door opened, and Christopher walked out of the room. His clothes were disheveled.

He was stunned the moment he laid eyes upon Kathleen. Why is she here?

Kathleen, on the other hand, was not surprised. After all, the butler did mention that Christopher accompanied Felix until late last night. It's obvious that he spent the night here.

Just as Kathleen was thinking to herself, a woman stepped out of the same room as Christopher. The woman had on a thin dress. She implored, "Christopher, don't go."

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Kathleen looked at that woman coldly.

Astrid Holloway, what a coincidence. Did they spend last night together? No wonder Felix specially mentioned on the invitation card, for me to come earlier. Did he do that just to make me witness this scene? Interesting.

"Kathleen?" While Astrid appeared to be surprised, a flicker of smugness flashed through her eyes. "Kathleen, don't get it wrong. Actually..."

"Shut up!" Frustrated, Christopher looked at Astrid and stopped her from talking.

Christopher strode over to Kathleen and said calmly, "It's not what you think. I'll explain to you later."

"Oh." Kathleen nodded.

In fact, she would not be bothered even if he did not explain it to her, as sexual attraction was common.

Astrid's face flushed with embarrassment after she got chided by Christopher, and she started whimpering.

Kathleen's lips curled into a sarcastic smile. "I really can't tell that you used to be a war correspondent."

Astrid was shocked to see how calm Kathleen was, as though she was not at all bothered with Astrid, and what Astrid did was child's play.

At this moment, Felix walked out of the room with a crutch in his hand.

With his face darkened, he asked, "What's going on?"

"Grandpa, it's nothing to do with Christopher. It's all my fault." With tears trickling down Astrid's cheeks, she looked heart-rending.

Felix questioned gravely, "What exactly happened?"

Both Christopher and Astrid remained silent.

Felix looked at Christopher with a solemn look and reproached, "Christopher, as a man, you should bear the responsibility."

"I was drunk last night, so I couldn't have..." Christopher did not believe that he had done such a thing with Astrid.

A drunk person would not have the extra energy to do that.

There was no such thing as a drunken mistake. It just depended on whether someone was willing to do so.

Christopher was certain that he would never lay a finger on Astrid, as he was not interested in her.

"Mm... Mm..." Astrid wailed, aggrieved.

Felix's expression darkened. He instructed the butler to go take a look.

After a while, the butler came out while holding the bedsheet, which had some red marks on it.

Kathleen felt like laughing, and she did burst out laughing too.

Felix shot her an apathetic look and questioned, "Ms. Johnson, what're you laughing about?"

Kathleen answered calmly, "Well, it's nothing much. Old Mr. Morris, I simply feel that you actually don't have to go through so much trouble to stop Christopher from marrying me, as Christopher and I..."

"Kate!" Christopher gritted his teeth.

“Christopher and I are not engaged.” Kathleen smiled faintly. “However, even though we’re not in a relationship, Christopher doesn’t like Astrid either. To force me into leaving Christopher, you’ve resorted to sacrificing his marriage and happiness. That’s somewhat not worth it.”

Frowning, Felix asked, “Aren’t you two engaged?”

“We’re not, of course.” Kathleen explained monotonously, “It’s actually because my brother is afraid that Samuel would be pestering me after I’m back. Therefore, he asked Chris for a favor, and Chris agreed to help me out. I initially intended to tell the reporters after a month, that Chris and I have called off the engagement.”

Felix replied in a stern voice, “Ms. Johnson, you should know that you’re not compatible with Christopher.”

“Grandpa!” Christopher was getting anxious. “It’s between me and Kate. Stay out of it!”

Christopher walked to Kathleen, grabbed her hands, and wanted to lead her outside.

Nevertheless, Kathleen refused to leave.

Christopher looked at her, and his gaze was dark yet nervous.

“Old Mr. Morris, you seem to be very concerned about me. Is it because I’m Samuel’s ex-wife?” asked Kathleen, appearing calm and composed.

“That’s right.” Felix did not hide what was on his mind either. “If you were the ex-wife of a random person, I probably wouldn’t say anything too. But the problem is, Christopher and Samuel are cousins! If Christopher marries the ex-wife of his cousin, he’d become the laughing stock of others! Even if you’ve no shame, the Morris family can’t afford to have our name tainted!”

“Grandpa!” Christopher bellowed, “The whole thing is my idea. Why do you have to humiliate Kate like this?”

Kathleen grinned. She looked confident under her captivating facial features. “Old Mr. Morris, precisely because I’m shameless, I still came here on my own after receiving your invitation despite knowing that it might be a trap. Do you think I’m a fool that I don’t know what you’re up to?”

Felix’s eyes narrowed into slits.

Amused, Kathleen smiled and stated, “You claimed that I’m shameless, but how about yourself? You’ve let an outsider like me witness this scene. It seems like there’s nothing good about the Morris family either since you’re not at all afraid of becoming the gossip of others.”

Felix's expression changed drastically.

"Old Mr. Morris, don't tell me you think that I wouldn't retaliate for getting scolded by you like this." Kathleen sneered, "Or do you assume that I'd put up with all these just to get married into the Morris family?"

Felix stared at her coldly. "Ms. Johnson, you're really sharp-tongued."

"Thank you for your compliment." Kathleen simply smiled in response. "I'm being reasonable after all."

Felix's face fell. "Ms. Johnson, sorry for being blunt. I'm afraid that no one would want to marry a divorced woman like you, especially someone from a prominent family like ours."

"Haha!" Kathleen could not help but burst out laughing. "The Morris family means nothing to me. While your family is wealthy, isn't mine too? My brother isn't inferior to anyone else, and the revenue of the company he runs is not less than that of your company as well. What right do you have to look down on me?"

Felix fixed his cold gaze on her.

"There's really no need for you to abuse your seniority." Kathleen stated coldly, "Lastly, Old Mr. Morris, I've to tell you that times have changed. Third marriage can turn out well for a woman too, not to mention a second one."

After finishing her words, she turned to leave.

"Kate!" Christopher went after her.

"Christopher, stop right there!" Felix warned harshly, "Don't forget that you've something very important to do."

Christopher sneered, "Since she has no shame, let's call the police to run a test on her and see if I did anything to her!"

Astrid froze, as she never expected Christopher to say such a cruel thing, which was completely different from his usually genteel and polite image.

Kathleen headed downstairs and bumped into Samuel and Charles.

Surprisingly, not only were they here, but they also heard everything Kathleen said just now.

Charles felt utterly embarrassed. "Kate, I'm sorry. I really never expected that..."

There'll be this kind of person in the Morris family.

"There's nothing to be surprised of. It's just that the Macari family has made us think that everyone from a wealthy family is as kind as they are." Kathleen cast Charles a nonchalant gaze. "That's exactly why I disagreed with you and Christopher secretly deciding on your own."

"Kate, don't be angry. I won't do this again." Charles replied sheepishly, as he never expected such a thing to happen.

"The most important thing you need to do right now is to release the news to inform everyone that there's nothing between me and Christopher." Kathleen warned in a grim voice, "Also, leave me alone today!"

After that, she walked off.

Charles felt bad for what he had done.

Just then, Samuel grabbed ahold of her pale wrist from behind.

Kathleen turned around. "Samuel, let go of me! There's nothing between me and Christopher, but I don't want to have anything to do with you either!"

Samuel fixed his darkened gaze on her. "Don't worry. I understand where I stand, and I'm not thinking of forcing you either. I'll get you out of here!"

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Samuel dragged Kathleen toward the car.

However, she did not want to get in the car.

Samuel asked coldly, "Do you want Christopher to come down and pester you? At that time, Felix might think that you're just blowing hot and cold. Will you be able to explain yourself?"

Kathleen bit her lip.

Then, Samuel continued in a low voice, "I really won't do anything to you. Just get in the car!"

Kathleen gave up struggling and was pulled into the car by Samuel.

He closed the car door and drove away with Kathleen.

When Christopher rushed out, they had already left.

Christopher gave Charles a sidelong glance. "Why didn't you stop them?"

Charles felt a mix of emotions and replied, "I couldn't. Christopher, Kate doesn't like you, indeed. This is the first time I saw her talking back in that way. Your grandpa had gone too far."

After that, he got into his car.

Christopher gritted his teeth.

Samuel must be behind this!

Meanwhile, Kathleen was sitting in Samuel's car. She looked out of the window, and her vision turned blurry.

Samuel felt a stab in his heart.

Why does she like Christopher so much?

In fact, Kathleen felt aggrieved.

Argh! I had never gotten scolded so much by an elder in my whole life. What have I done wrong?

Looking at how she was crying miserably, Samuel could only try to make himself appear less hostile and gloomy.

Then, he stopped the car and said in a hoarse voice, "Stop crying."

Kathleen shot him a sideways glance. The next instant, she grabbed Samuel's tie and questioned angrily, "Samuel, tell me what's wrong with a second marriage?"

Samuel was slightly stunned.

Kathleen bellowed in a gentle voice, "So what if I'm a divorcee. Do they think I wanted that divorce? I wouldn't have opted for a divorce if I hadn't been forced to the edge! Who did he think he is? What rights does he have to chide me like this?"

Samuel looked at Kathleen who broke down tears. After hesitating for a moment, he took her into his arms.

His voice was extremely hoarse as he apologized, "It's my fault. I'm sorry. I was the one who made you bear the title of a divorced woman. Blame it all on me."

Kathleen broke down and asked, "Why are they blaming me? What have I done wrong? I gave you all my love, and I tried my best to maintain the family. Why am I the one to be blamed in the end? They even said that I will never be happy in the future. Why?"

Samuel's heart ached.

He had never been in such pain.

Kathleen was right.

She was not the one at fault.

"Kate, I'm sorry!" Samuel could only hug her tightly, as he was the one to be blamed.

It was him who made her suffer.

"Ahhh!" Kathleen was torn between sorrow and anger.

She had never thought of getting involved with Christopher.

Yet, she was scolded without any mercy.

Samuel was at a loss for what to do, so he could only hug her without saying a word.

After Kathleen cried for a while, she finally regained her composure.

Then, she let go of Samuel and wiped her tears. "Sorry, I... lost control of my emotions."

Samuel merely smiled. "It's good that you can vent it out. I was afraid that you'd keep everything to yourself."

Kathleen sniffled. She then looked at his crumpled suit and tie. "I'll compensate you for a new set."

"Sure." Samuel nodded.

Kathleen fell silent.

Samuel looked at her calmly. "The suit can still be saved, but not the tie."

"Then why don't you just let me pay for your tie?" questioned Kathleen, frowning.

"You're earning more than one hundred million from the film. Why can't you buy me a suit?" asked Samuel.

Kathleen snorted in annoyance.

Samuel handed her a tissue and said, "Take this. You're the one who requested to make everything clear between us. And now, I'm merely following your request, yet you're unhappy about it."

Kathleen wiped her nose. "I'll buy it for you."

Having been distracted by Samuel, Kathleen did not feel as depressed as before.

Samuel looked out of the window and cast his gaze upon the beach and sea. "I come here often. After you left, I'd come here whenever I missed you. I'd sit in the car alone, listening to the sound of the waves rolling in and out in rhythm and the whistling of the passing breeze. No one was there to disturb me, and I was able to enjoy a moment of serenity."

Furrowing her brows, Kathleen uttered, "You..."

"I just want to tell you that it's really quiet here. You can close your eyes and take some rest," said Samuel as he opened the sunroof.

It was a bright and sunny day.

The sound of waves and whistling of the wind sounded in their ears.

Kathleen sat in the car, and she slowly calmed herself down.

Then, she gradually closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Samuel took off his coat and covered Kathleen.

As Samuel fixed his gaze on the lady's sleeping face, his heart softened.

She's not with Christopher now, and she'll never be with him. That's great.

Just then, Diana sent him a message: Is Kate with you?

Samuel: Yes.

Diana: Do you possibly think that Kate will have something to do with you just because she has nothing to do with Christopher?

Samuel: Yes.

Diana: If you dare to plot against Kate again, she will not forgive you.

Samuel: Okay.

Diana: Don't think that I'm joking! If you still treat Kate the way you used to, then you should give up as soon as possible.

Samuel: Sure.

Diana was utterly speechless.

She did not want to bother him anymore.

Suddenly, Wynnie sent Samuel a message that wrote: Are Kate and you dating?

Samuel: Yes.

Wynnie: Wow. You're dating her right after she had a fallout. Are you a monster?

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Obviously, his mother showed no mercy when it came to educating her own son.

Wynnie: Don't try to take advantage of her. Kate will never like you!

Samuel lightly pinched between his eyebrows and replied: She wouldn't like Christopher anyway.

Wynnie: Do you think you have a chance, then?

Samuel did not want to keep the conversation going.

At the same time, he received Calvin's message on WhatsApp: Good job, Samuel! Although I don't support you and Kate together, I finally don't have to see that smug look of Aaron! Haha!

Seemingly annoyed, Samuel massaged his temple and switched off his phone right away.

He diverted his gaze to Kathleen's sleeping face, and even his thin lips appeared gentler than before.

Samuel got off the car. Then, he leaned against it and lit a cigarette.

After a while, the car window was wound down and Kathleen stuck her head out. With a sleepy look, she said, "Samuel, let's go back. I'm hungry."

Samuel asked while holding the cigarette between his slender fingers, "Would you like to eat what I make?"

Kathleen looked up and asked, "Is it edible?"

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Kathleen only flashed him an awkward smile.

"Let me finish this cigarette." Samuel turned his head away.

Kathleen placed both her fair hands on the window frame and stared at him.

Samuel was undeniably good looking.

He looked attractive even when he smoked.

With a slight frown on her face, Kathleen advised, "Samuel, stop smoking. You're not in good health, yet you smoke."

Samuel glanced at her. "I only feel like smoking under two kinds of situations."

"What kind of situations?" She was curious to know.

"First, it's when I miss you," said Samuel in a husky voice.

Kathleen was momentarily stunned. "What about the second one?"

"When I miss you very much." Samuel threw the cigarette butt away and squashed it with his leather shoes.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment before saying, "But I'm right in front of you."

Samuel seemed a little sad. "Is there a rule that says one could only miss someone when that person is not around? I merely miss the old you, the one who used to love me so much. I always think if God is willing to give me another chance, I'll give you everything I have."

Kathleen was a slightly nervous.

Samuel's thin lips curled slightly. "Don't be nervous. I only want to chat with you. That's all."

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Kathleen bit her lip and said, "I'm not nervous. Samuel, I don't want to look back."

In truth, there was no way she could turn things back to how they used to be.

Samuel looked at her delicate and flushed cheeks. He wanted to kiss her but he held himself back.

“I know. I’m not forcing you to go back.” His voice was slightly hoarse.

Kathleen secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Samuel turned around and got in the car.

“What would you like to eat?” Samuel asked.

Kathleen glanced at the time. It was already one o’clock.

“Just find a restaurant.” She thought for a while and continued, “It seems like the two of us haven’t eaten out together before.”

Samuel nodded. “That’s true.”

“Back then, you were always afraid that we would get caught on camera by the media. Were you afraid that Nicolette would get mad after she found out and choose not to come back?” Kathleen asked curiously.

Samuel looked at her deeply and asked, “Do you want to hear the truth?”

Kathleen nodded and replied, “Why would I ask if I don’t want to hear the truth?”

Samuel looked straight into her eyes. “Well, it’s not entirely right. You know my identity. It’d cause you trouble if you got exposed. Of course, it’s true that I neglected your feelings. As for Nicolette, I didn’t think about it that much.”

He had not thought about it at all.

and he just felt there was a need to protect his privacy.

However, Samuel finally understood it now.

There was no need to sacrifice someone for the sake of his privacy.

If he had just admitted it openly, the media would not have probed further on that matter.

Blinking, Kathleen said bitterly, “It seems like we don’t know each other well enough, so it’s normal for us to part way from one another. Maybe we would break up too even without Nicolette.”

“Not necessarily,” Samuel replied in a deep voice.

In actuality, he had thought about it.

He might not divorce her, as he had never thought of letting her go when he began to realize his affection for Kathleen.

It was just that Kathleen had opted for the extreme ways.

If she had not threatened him, Samuel would not have broken up with her.

Whether she resented or hated him, he would never leave her.

However, all of that had become the past.

And Kathleen had left the past behind.

Nonetheless, that was not the case for him.

Maybe he would dwell on the past for his whole life.

Samuel took Kathleen back to the city center and found a restaurant.

The weather was too cold, so Samuel ordered hot stew for Kathleen.

Kathleen ate something warm, and her pale face immediately turned rosy.

She looked as adorable as a peach.

Samuel gazed intently at her.

He felt inexplicably satisfied just by watching her.

During their meal, Kathleen received a call from Emily.

She quickly placed her cutlery aside and answered the call.

“Hello, Mrs. Morris,” replied Kathleen, feeling bad.

Emily sounded resigned. “Kate, I’ve heard about everything. I’m very sorry. In truth, I’m aware of what kind of a person my father-in-law is, but I forgot to give you a heads-up. Last time, he and my mother-in-law tried to stop Aaron from getting together with me. I didn’t expect them to meddle in Christopher’s marriage now!”

Kathleen replied calmly, "It doesn't matter. If I were to think from Old Mr. Morris' point of view, he's not wrong too. It's just that Christopher and I have been faking our relationship all this while, and we lied to you."

"Is that true that you two have been faking it?" asked Emily in a soft voice.

Nodding, Kathleen replied, "Yes. Chris and I are just friends."

Emily was disappointed.

Everything seemed to be over now.

Kathleen was clearly aware of the situation.

She had even bumped into Christopher and Astrid, who came out of the room in a disheveled state.

Hence, it was apparent that Kathleen would not even have the thought of getting together with Christopher anymore.

Emily sighed. "Kate, I understand how you feel, but Christopher is truly fond of you."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I'm very sorry."

"It doesn't matter. I can't force you to like someone," said Emily with a faint smile.

"Mrs. Morris, please help me to persuade Christopher more." That was all Kathleen could say.

"Christopher has been insisting that he has done nothing to Astrid. He also called the police and asked them to do a test for himself and her. I believe there will be results tomorrow," said Emily.

"Okay." Kathleen merely nodded.

"Have a good rest then." Emily hung up the phone.

Only then did Kathleen let out a sigh of relief.

Samuel merely looked at her impassively and asked, "What's wrong?"

Kathleen shot him a meaningful look and said, "It seems like guys have to protect themselves well when they're out now."

Samuel was baffled.

In the meantime, Kathleen sipped on her coffee.

“My family isn’t that shady. I guess why Felix doesn’t like you is most likely due to the reason that he had once lost to my grandpa. Besides, he used to like my grandma.”

Cough! Cough!

Kathleen was slightly agitated to learn about the shocking fact.

Samuel stared at her and continued, “It was merely a one-sided love. Grandma and Grandpa are each other’s first love, and you know that.”

Kathleen nodded lightly. “Of course, I know that.”

“So, Felix hates you mostly because of this reason. It’s not because you’re getting married for the second time,” Samuel said meaningfully.

Kathleen pondered for a while before asking in doubt, “You didn’t make up a story just to comfort me, right?”

Samuel looked at her and replied, “No. If you don’t believe me, you can go and ask Grandma.”

Kathleen felt embarrassed and said, “I’m not going. What if things get awkward?”

Samuel lowered his head and smiled dotingly. “Relax, I won’t lie to you.”

There was no need for him to lie about that.

Kathleen then picked up the fork and continued eating. She stuffed both her cheeks full. A look of happiness appeared on her face.

Samuel stared at her with an unfathomable gaze.

If only I can make her happier than now, then she will never leave me.

Every time Samuel thought about that, he just could not wait to give her everything.

What can I do to make her fall in love with me again?

After their meal, Kathleen said to Samuel, “You can go back to the company. I’ll return home on my own.”

“I’ll send you there.” Samuel put on his coat.

Kathleen raised her head and looked at the handsome and noble man in front of her. "Your phone screen lit up a few times. It must be Tyson looking for you. You don't have to waste your time on me when you should be working and making money."

Samuel gulped and stated, "Money is nothing but a set of numbers to me."

"Haha! Stop bragging in front of me. If money is a set of numbers to you, then why are you working overtime?" Kathleen sneered.

"Because I feel bored at home," Samuel explained in a low voice.

Kathleen froze. She then looked at Samuel with a serious expression. "Samuel, you can always look for another woman other than Nicolette. I'm sure there are people who're fond of you. Why would you choose to be alone?"

Samuel looked at her soft face, and his handsome face darkened. "So what if they're fond of me? It's pointless if I don't feel the same. Could you accept someone who loves you but you don't have any feelings for him?"

Kathleen was stumped by his question.

I can't.

"I'm sorry. I was wrong to put things that way. I just wanted to persuade you..." said Kathleen.

Samuel grabbed her chin and said with a solemn look on his face, "Everyone has a bottom line that even their family member shouldn't cross. Do you get what I mean?"

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Kathleen felt awkward.

She nodded in response sheepishly. "Got it."

Samuel's dark eyes finally regained rationality.

In a low voice, he said, "If I want to enter into a relationship, I will tell you. Hence, you should do the same too."

Kathleen nodded faintly.

“Call a taxi, as I will not send you home. However, do send me a message when you arrive at your house. If not, I will feel worried.” Samuel gradually released his big, slender hand.

Kathleen rubbed her chin and replied, “Mm.”

Samuel stared at Kathleen’s delicate features as he said furiously, “Please don’t ever bring up the topic about me searching for a partner. If you piss me off, I might do anything.”

“Okay.” Kathleen was dumbfounded.

I’m merely trying to advise him nicely. Is it necessary for him to react so terrifyingly?

Kathleen took her coat and bag. “I’ll go get the bill.”

Coldly, Samuel said, “I’ve never let a woman pay the bill before.”

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Samuel glanced at her.

“I only wanted to treat you to a meal to express my gratitude because you’ve spent the whole morning accompanying me,” explained Kathleen.

The charming man stared at her calmly. “Ms. Johnson, I’ve lost tens of millions because of you this morning. Do you think you can compensate me with just one meal?”

“That much?” Kathleen exclaimed in surprise.

“Do you expect the Macari Group to be similar to the Morris Group?” questioned Samuel sarcastically.

Kathleen was speechless. “No matter what, the Morris family is still your Aunt Emily’s in-laws.”

“If my aunt and Aaron filed a divorce, I’ll take care of her until the day she dies.” Samuel sounded frivolous.

At his words, Kathleen didn’t know how to react.

Soon, Kathleen hailed a taxi and returned to the Johnson residence.

Just when she entered her room, Charles called.

“Are you home?” Charles asked casually.

“Yeah.” Kathleen nodded. “Charles, what’s the matter?”

“Oh, I called to tell you I’ve already released a notice to announce the calling off of the engagement between you and Christopher. You ought to know we can’t possibly inform the public it was a fake engagement. After all, I must consider both your reputations,” explained Charles.

“Yes, I understand.” Kathleen continued in an icy tone, “Didn’t we agree to announce the cancellation of the engagement and not say a word about the engagement being fake?”

“Anyway, the announcement will not jeopardize both your reputations this way.” Charles hesitated for a while. “Christopher told me that he had never touched Astrid before.”

“Charles, there is no need to explain to me whether he has or has not touched Astrid.” Kathleen continued coldly, “If he did, he should talk to Astrid about the matter. If he did not, Astrid should give him an explanation. As the situation has nothing to do with us, I suggest you don’t interfere with it.”

“Right, I got you.” Charles understood that Kathleen really wanted to draw a line with Christopher.

As Felix’s attitude was terrible toward Kathleen, it was apparent that Charles could not bear to see his sister married into a family like that and live the rest of her life miserably.

“Get some rest. You need to go for a photo shoot for a promotional poster tomorrow,” said Charles.

“All right.” Kathleen nodded. “I’ll hang up now.”

With that said, she ended the call.

Meanwhile, Charles breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Kathleen did not ignore me. I will never play matchmaker for Christopher and her ever again. If not, I might lose my dear sister.

Kathleen took off her high heels and lay on the bed.

Although she wasn’t tired, she wanted to have a good rest.

Just then, her phone rang. It was a number she didn’t recognize.

Kathleen frowned upon seeing that.

She then let the call through.

“Hello?” Kathleen’s voice was clear.

“It’s me.” An icy yet familiar voice came through.

“Nicolette.” Kathleen sat up straight as she continued, “I can’t believe you would dare to call me.”

Nicolette grinned wickedly. She questioned, “Why should I be afraid to phone you?”

Kathleen sneered. “What is it?”

“I saw the news today. I’m shocked that you and Christopher called off the engagement.” Sarcastically, Nicolette continued, “Are you planning to get back together with Samuel?”

Kathleen smiled indifferently and asked, “Who are you to question me?”

Nicolette was stunned at her words.

“Why did you call me immediately after seeing the news of Christopher and me breaking off our engagement? Are you so afraid that Samuel and I will reconcile?” mocked Kathleen.

“Haha.” Nicolette scoffed and replied, “Kathleen, don’t forget that your children wouldn’t have died if Samuel hadn’t indulged it!”

“How would I ever forget about it?” Kathleen sounded cold. “Yes, Samuel is at fault. But Nicolette, you are not innocent.”

“Hahaha!” Nicolette’s laughter became madder. “Too bad I have the Yoeger family backing me up now. Kathleen, what can you possibly do to me?”

Kathleen snorted.

At that moment, she knew the reason Nicolette gave her a call.

She merely wanted to trigger her.

“Nicolette, I’ve only agreed to let you off temporarily. That doesn’t mean I will spare you forever.” Kathleen’s gorgeous face became as cold as ice. “Now that you don’t have Samuel supporting you and only have the Yoeger family, do you think I’d care?”

“Oh, so you’re scared of Samuel too,” mocked Nicolette.

“Haha. Of course, I am. Aren’t you?” Kathleen asked in return.

“Coward.” Nicolette said in an icy tone, “I thought you’d do anything to seek revenge for your children.”

“It is not wise to take action before having a detailed plan. There is no use provoking me. Previously, I was unsure of what Samuel thought of you. Hence, I didn’t take any action. But now that I do, do you think I’ll show mercy? Do you think I’m scared of you?” Kathleen was expressionless.

Nicolette remained silent.

“Previously, I dared to scratch your face in front of Samuel.” A cold glint flashed across Kathleen’s eyes. “Right now, I don’t want to dirty my hands because of a person like you. However, I understand that you want me dead.”

“That’s right!” Nicolette was infuriated. “Kathleen, if it weren’t for you, I would already be Samuel’s wife. Besides that, he wouldn’t have broken my legs personally. Do you know how much hate I have in me because of that?”

Samuel broke her legs with his own hands?

Kathleen pursed her lips. “If so, do you hate him?”

“Yes! I hate all of you!” Nicolette gritted her teeth.

Kathleen hesitated for a while. Then, she said, “Nicolette, do you know the person who decided to send you overseas wasn’t Old Mrs. Macari?”

Upon hearing that, Nicolette snorted. “Are you trying to speak up for the Macari family?”

“I don’t have any reason to do that. You will hate us whether I tell you or not.” Kathleen was calm. “I just want to tell you that the Macari family isn’t the only party that caused the separation between you and Samuel.”

“I won’t believe you.” Nicolette clenched her teeth.

“It’s the Yoeger family.” Kathleen said indifferently, “I overheard someone from the Yoeger family call Old Mrs. Macari. They said they would send you away.”

Haha!

Nicolette smiled coldly. “It doesn’t matter anymore. I’ll seek revenge on all of you! Kathleen, I’m calling to tell you that I will never forgive you. You will meet your end soon!”

With that said, Nicolette hung up the phone.

Immediately, Kathleen narrowed her eyes. Is the day I've been waiting for so long finally here?

She turned, walked to her closet, opened a cabinet, and took out two pairs of infant shoes.

My beloved children, I will avenge you!