

All Too Late Chapter 201

Chapter 201

Chapter 201 You Will Be Fine

Samuel hummed in response. His handsome face was very pale.

“It seems that someone mixed poison into your infusion.” Kathleen furrowed her brows and continued, “I think you should ask Tyson to take a look. Don’t just—”

Samuel suddenly felt dizzy and collapsed in Kathleen’s direction.

Kathleen held him, only to realize that his body was feverish to the touch.

“Wakeup!” Kathleen said urgently, “Samuel!”

Samuel put up a strong front and replied, “Tyson is out running errands for me. I came alone.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

“Just leave me here. As long as no one sees me being so weak, it’ll be fine,” said Samuel in a hoarse voice.

“Leave you here?” Kathleen sounded incredulous. “Then what they will find tomorrow is your corpse, bleeding out from seven different orifices.”

Samuel said nothing in response.

In his mind, he noted that Kathleen’s body was quite soft. Leaning against her was comforting.

If I just close my eyes, it’ll be fine. At least I’d die in her embrace.

Kathleen really couldn’t support Samuel, who was about a hundred and eighty-eight centimeters tall.

She dragged Samuel out and lowered him onto a couch.

However, she soon noticed that she did not have a phone on her.

Kathleen walked over to Samuel and felt about his pockets. Fortunately, he still had his.

“Don’t call my father. He’d panic and turn the world upside down,” Samuel slurred as he drifted in and out of consciousness.

Kathleen knew what he was worried about.

After all, which parents do not worry about their children?

Letting Calvin know would plunge the Macari family into chaos, and the news would only spread even faster.

Kathleen nodded in agreement.

As she mulled over whom to contact, she realized that she only memorized one person’s phone number and promptly dialed it.

“Samuel, what is the meaning of this?” Charles said in a low voice. “Why are you calling me?”

“Sam, it’s me.” Kathleen was unable to explain the situation.

Charles frowned. “Kate!”

What’s going on? Didn’t she attend the banquet with Caleb? Why would she use Samuel’s phone to call me?

“Can you come pick me up?” asked Kathleen.

“What’s wrong?” Charles suddenly went on high alert. “Did something happen?”

“You’ll know when you get here, but you cannot raise an alarm,” Kathleen urged.

“Okay.” Charles agreed.

Ten minutes later, Charles arrived.

Kathleen immediately dragged him inside.

Charles was speechless when he saw Samuel lying there.

“Let me guess. This meeting was somehow fated?” asked Charles with an arched brow.

“Stop asking me questions. I need you to help me find a way to get Samuel out. He was poisoned and must be treated as soon as possible,” Kathleen said.

“All right. Just move him out, then,” said Charles faintly.

"If I could do that on my own, why would I need to call you?" Kathleen hissed.

"True." Charles pursed his lips and thought for a bit before speaking again. "I'll pretend that we've both had too much to drink and take him outside."

Kathleen's mouth twitched slightly. "For the love of god, have some sense. Anyone can share a drink, but the two of you? What if someone sees you? And if you've had too much to drink together, what would people think?"

"They will think that I have accepted Samuel, so you and Samuel are definitely going to remarry," Charles said quietly.

"Exactly." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Think harder."

"I'll use the back entrance then," Charles said coldly. "I'm familiar with this place, so no one will see me."

"Okay," murmured Kathleen.

Charles helped Samuel up and asked, "Are we taking him to the hospital?"

Kathleen looked at Samuel's pale face. "No, take him to our house."

Charles said nothing.

"Just get him outside. I'll notify Caleb before leaving." Having said that, Kathleen turned around and left.

Charles gave Samuel a sideways glance. "Do you know how much you owe my sister? You have hurt her so many times, but she still spares no effort to help you. Samuel Macari, you should really count your blessings."

Unfortunately, Samuel did not answer. He seemed to have truly fainted.

Kathleen returned to the scene and noticed that Caleb was looking for her.

"Where did you run off to?" Caleb then gave her the once over. "Are you okay?"

Kathleen nodded her head. "Of course I'm okay. By the way, I really should get going."

Caleb frowned. "What's the rush? I still want to dance with you."

"Another time," said Kathleen.

"I'll drop you off," said Caleb in resignation. He was not going to force her to stay.

“No need.” Kathleen shook her head gently. “My brother is here to pick me up and he is waiting for me outside. I’ll just leave with him. You should stay and enjoy yourself. Goodbye.”

After saying that, Kathleen turned around and left.

She took her coat, put it on, and headed for the door.

Caleb looked at her retreating back quietly, his eyes somber.

She seems to be in a hurry. But since she doesn’t want me to know, I won’t ask. Hmm, I’m still curious though.

Kathleen walked out of the party.

Charles brought the car around with Kathleen sitting at the back.

The first thing she did when she got into the car was to check Samuel’s condition.

At the same time, she took out her mobile phone to call Maria, asking her to prepare for their arrival.

“Yes, I need you to fill a tub with hot water and put those herbs in,” urged Kathleen. “Turn the heating on and make sure the room is warm too.”

“Okay,” said Maria.

Kathleen hung up the phone and looked at Charles. “Charles, hurry.”

“We’re almost there.” Charles snorted.

Kathleen frowned, and she looked at Samuel worriedly.

They soon arrived at the Johnson residence.

Charles helped Kathleen get Samuel out and brought him into the villa.

The two of them then tried to help Samuel up the stairs.

“Go to the bathroom,” said Kathleen.

Charles then promptly brought Samuel there as instructed.

In the bathroom, Kathleen took off Samuel’s jacket and suit first.

“I’ll handle this,” said Charles to Kathleen. “You should prepare the other stuff.”

Kathleen nodded, turned around, and left.

Charles closed the door, took off Samuel's clothes, and put him in the bathtub.

Soon, Kathleen returned with silver needles.

Her coat had been removed, and her long black hair was tied into a ponytail.

Holding the silver needles, she stuck them into several important acupoints.

She then picked up his right hand, pricked the index finger, and squeezed hard.

A black blood trail flowed down his fingertips to the ground.

Charles was surprised. "He was poisoned?"

Kathleen nodded. "Somebody put poison in his infusion."

"How sinister." Charles was shocked.

"I don't know who it is." Kathleen frowned. She raised her hand and brushed away Samuel's ruffled hair.

Charles looked at Kathleen pointedly. "Do you still love him?"

Kathleen's fingertips trembled, but she didn't answer.

Charles sighed. "Why is it so difficult for you to let him go? Hasn't he hurt you enough? Sure, he seems repentant now, but what if he encounters another woman in the future and he still treats you like this? What then?"

"I never said I wanted to be with him again," said Kathleen helplessly. "Go and mind the tinctures I'm brewing in the kitchen, please."

Charles was speechless.

"Go on," said Kathleen urgently.

"Fine." Charles got up and left.

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief.

She looked at Samuel's pale yet handsome face and said in a hoarse voice, "Samuel, you're going to be okay."

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Chapter 202 Not Getting Physical

After a while, Charles came in with the tincture and handed it to Kathleen. "Is it okay to not send him to the hospital?"

Kathleen took it from him. "Are you doubting my medical skills?"

Charles was embarrassed.

"You could bring him to a hospital, but they may not be able to treat him on time. They can't think of possible diagnoses soon enough," said Kathleen faintly.

Charles said nothing.

"Charles, help me," said Kathleen brusquely. "Straighten his head, or I can't feed him his medicine."

Charles sighed, and he reluctantly helped Samuel up.

Kathleen placed the liquid near Samuel's lips, coaxing him to drink.

However, Samuel did not respond.

"Just force it in," said Charles heatedly.

Kathleen glared at him, then took a mouthful of medicine and kissed Samuel.

She did not falter or hesitate.

Charles was rendered speechless at this.

Did she just... offer herself up as a sacrifice or something?

After about three or four mouthfuls, Kathleen finished feeding Samuel the medicine.

She then took a towel and dabbed the corners of his mouth gently.

Kathleen glared at Charles. "Don't you dare!"

Charles shrugged and grunted in response.

He was not about to say anything anyway.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel.

His face was not as pale as it had been at first.

She then decided to take his pulse again.

“How is he?” Charles was curious.

“The toxins have reduced, but it will take time to come to,” Kathleen said calmly. “He might need about a week.”

“That long?” Charles was surprised.

“Yeah.” Kathleen nodded.

At that moment, Samuel’s cell phone rang.

Kathleen picked it up and saw Tyson’s name flashing on the screen.

“Charles, keep an eye on him for me.”

Bringing the phone with her, she decided to take the call outside.

“Mr. Macari?” came Tyson’s hushed tone. “Where are you?”

“Tyson, it’s me,” murmured Kathleen.

Tyson was stunned. “Ms. Johnson? How did you—”

“Tyson, Samuel has been poisoned,” Kathleen said coldly. “Check and see if any of the hospital staff seems suspicious to you. I think someone tampered with his fluids.”

Tyson was furious. “Ms. Johnson, you mean to say that someone has deliberately harmed him?”

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded.

“These b*st*rds!” Tyson said angrily. “It must be those people!”

“Those people?” Kathleen frowned lightly. “What are you talking about?”

“Jacob Stewart. Jacob and his god-forsaken family.” Tyson explained, “This b*st*rd has always been jealous of Mr. Macari. He used to do things behind his back. This time, Mr. Macari won the bid for the construction of Flobury. I imagine he must’ve been pretty pissed and done this in retaliation.”

Jacob Stewart?

“Tyson, Samuel told me before he passed out that no one should know that he was poisoned,” Kathleen said quietly. “He’ll be staying with me for a week.”

Tyson was very excited.

A week? This is terrific news! But wait a moment...

“Ms. Johnson, Mr. Macari must attend the press conference for Flobury in three days,” said Tyson sheepishly. “There will be many important people at that time. This schedule has already been announced and cannot be changed.”

“What will be the consequences if he doesn’t show up?” queried Kathleen warily.

“Poor public opinion, for one. And it will leave a poor impression, especially since so many important people are attending.” Tyson continued, “Actually, the most important thing is the development of Macari Group. Mr. Macari and the other executives will have every move planned carefully. Jacob Stewart also has his eye on the prize and seeks to compete with Mr. Macari. However, given that he could not do this head-on, he resorted to such lowly tricks!”

Kathleen frowned in response. “Tyson, Samuel likely won’t be conscious for another three days. Knowing his physical condition, recovery would take at least a week.”

Sighing, Tyson asked, “What can I do?”

Kathleen paused before she responded. “No matter what, you can’t reveal that Samuel stayed here with me.”

“Ms. Johnson, don’t worry. My lips are sealed,” said Tyson reassuringly. “I know what would happen if this leaked.”

“Very well.” Kathleen nodded. “I’ll help him get rid of the poison.”

“Ms. Johnson, we’re fortunate to have you,” Tyson said, moved. “I’d have been a complete mess if I had to handle this on my own.”

Kathleen said solemnly, “Also, make sure that nobody at home finds out. Just tell them he went abroad.”

“This is easy to say now, but three days later? That’s a different story.” Tyson could feel pain surging through his temples.

That event was truly critical.

Kathleen said coldly, "I will think of something."

"Okay," replied Tyson.

"I'll leave the rest of this to you." Her tone was somber.

"No problem, Ms. Johnson. Don't worry."

"If anything happens, you can call Samuel's cell phone directly, and I will pick it up. I'll get going now."

"Okay," replied Tyson. "I'll look into the poisoning."

"Remember, keep a low profile," Kathleen urged.

"Yes, I understand." Tyson hung up the phone.

Kathleen put down her hands and sighed.

She went to the bathroom.

Charles's eyes were gloomy. "What happened?"

"This week, Samuel will stay here." Kathleen's gaze was dark. "Please don't reveal Samuel's whereabouts."

"Don't worry. I won't," Charles said calmly. "I never thought he'd be poisoned like this."

"It's hard to guard against something like this. I never thought someone would have the audacity to tamper with his fluids." Kathleen sighed in resignation.

"Didn't he have a friend at the hospital?" Charles reminded.

"You mean Richard?" Kathleen frowned. "I doubt he would have known either."

Charles shrugged. "It's fortunate that he met you. Otherwise, he would have died for sure."

Kathleen said nothing as she looked at Samuel's pale face.

"I wonder what you did in your past life to owe him this much right now." Charles truly found this hard to fathom, given how coincidental it was.

"I don't know either." Kathleen looked at Samuel's handsome face.

After all, how could she know what happened in her past life?

“Charles, it’s almost time. Help me get Samuel out.” Kathleen raised her wrist and glanced at his watch.

She had brought over a white bathrobe.

Together, they lifted Samuel out of the tub and dressed him in the robe.

After that, they slowly made their way toward the bedroom and laid him down gently on the bed.

Kathleen said to Charles, “I need a pair of your pajamas.”

Charles hummed disapprovingly. “I’ll wipe him dry. You should go and fetch the clothing. Men and women shouldn’t be in such close contact.”

Kathleen glared at him wordlessly.

“Come on, now.” Charles pushed her out of the room.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Goodness gracious, what reaction is he expecting me to have towards Samuel’s body in the first place? This is ridiculous!

She went to Charles’s room and came back with a set of pajamas.

Charles then helped Samuel put on his pajamas.

Kathleen looked at Charles, who was sweating profusely and said with a smile, “If not for the fact that you’re both men, I’d have assumed you fancied him yourself. Look at you, putting in so much effort!”

Charles glared at her.

Kathleen only offered a giggle and a wicked grin in response.

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Charles showed her an impatient look. “Me, fancying him? Even if I were a woman, I’d do better than a sc*mb*g like this!”

“On a more serious note,” Kathleen said sternly, “Samuel will be staying here, with nobody to take care of him. If you’re not busy, you should stay home and help out.”

“What?” Charles vehemently disagreed. “We have a housekeeper, so why do you need me?”

“Wasn’t it you who brought up the notion of men and women not being allowed close contact or something?” Kathleen simpered.

Charles was about to retort but was forced to keep quiet.

“If you don’t want to, then you can help me get a week’s leave. I will take care of him myself,” Kathleen said coldly.

“No!” Charles objected.

Kathleen frowned at him.

Charles was very angry. “I will take care of him. You’re not allowed to leave work!”

“Then I’m leaving him in your capable hands.” Kathleen smiled faintly. “Wait, I will write down a schedule for you. With that, you’ll know when to give him his medicine and when he needs a soak.”

Charles was full of anger.

“Charles, you are the best!” Kathleen took his hand.

Charles could then feel his anger dissipate slightly.

“By the way, how is Vivian?” Charles looked at Kathleen, his expression mild.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment. “Both good and bad, I suppose.”

“How can I cure her?” Charles asked with concern. “Tell me, I’ll find a way.”

“Charles, Vivian’s situation is quite complicated.” Kathleen said quietly, “She has suffered from quite a shock.”

“Apart from Finn abandoning her, is there another reason?” Charles asked coldly.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment, then murmured, “Yes.”

Charles snapped, “What is it, then? Answer me!”

Kathleen didn’t know how to tell him.

"It's fine, you can tell me." Charles had prepared himself mentally for this.

Kathleen hesitated and said, "She was violated."

Charles was shocked.

"It wasn't just one person." Kathleen looked desolate. "She doesn't even know who the child in her womb belongs to."

Charles's face turned pale. "Really?"

"Vivian was not in the right mind, but I managed to deduce that much from her rambling. Caleb was with her at the time, but he did not say anything." Kathleen fiddled with her sleeve before continuing, "Of course, Caleb had every intention of finding out who hurt Vivian, but maybe he's also testing me."

Charles frowned. "Testing you?"

"Wait, surely you don't think that Caleb and I are truly dating?" said Kathleen sardonically.

Charles blinked.

"He approached me to find out who hurt Vivian."

"What?" Charles was dumbfounded at the revelation.

Kathleen thought it was funny. "You don't really think I like Caleb, do you?"

"He... Why does he need to figure this out?" Charles frowned. "Could it be that it's someone she knows?"

"I think so." There was a chill in Kathleen's voice. "If it were anyone else, Caleb would have done whatever he could for revenge long ago. He probably didn't know who or where this happened, so he thought of using me to his advantage. Or rather, he combed through a list of men that Vivian got along with well. Since you are a known acquaintance, he decided to make a move on me."

Charles looked at Kathleen pointedly. "You know this, and you're still dealing with him?"

"I just wanted to use Caleb to get rid of Samuel," Kathleen replied. "But I didn't expect Samuel to become like this."

"But why not use Christopher?" Charles asked, his tone thoughtful. "Are you reluctant to hurt Christopher, or do you think he's not even qualified?"

Kathleen was flustered.

Charles sighed. "I'm guessing that deep down, you think that Samuel is much better, don't you?"

"Don't you think so?" Kathleen was quiet.

Charles smiled faintly. "I mean, it's only through my understanding of someone like Samuel. I think this man is not only unfathomable but also very shrewd. You can't tell his temper, and you don't know what can set him off. His heart is bottomless, but I understand your fear of Samuel's feelings."

Although after Kathleen came back, Samuel had been behaving very well.

He was gentle, considerate, and patient with Kathleen.

However, he remained just as domineering at everyone else.

However, he could not be blamed fully for this. After all, what Samuel had experienced was different from everyone else.

That was also how he ended up that way.

Because she could not read his emotions well, Kathleen was afraid.

Samuel could see through others, but others could never do the same with him.

That was the most terrifying part of him.

"But since Caleb is approaching you with a purpose, no matter how good you are, you can't want this kind of man." Charles was most worried about Kathleen.

"Charles, I only want to get to the bottom of this situation involving Vivian. I also don't want you to end up in trouble," explained Kathleen.

Charles paused. "I will ask him to make it clear. I think he shouldn't need to hide his intentions."

"Can I listen in on this when you speak to Caleb?" murmured Kathleen. "I'm also curious about you and what kind of life you lived back then."

Charles was also very secretive about his past.

Kathleen had always wanted to know, but Charles revealed very little.

He said that his secrecy was also to help his friends.

If he was willing to reveal that to Caleb, she wanted to know too.

Charles nodded. "Very well."

"Then let's ask him to come over tomorrow. We should do this as soon as possible to avoid dragging this out. It's no good for all of us," Kathleen suggested.

Charles nodded lightly. "Okay."

"But would you be betraying their trust by doing this?" Kathleen was still a little worried.

"No, because he didn't keep his promise," Charles said coldly. "You don't have to worry."

A promise? I bet there's a whole story to that.

At that moment, Kathleen yawned.

"It's getting late. Hurry up and go to bed." Charles looked at Kathleen distressedly. "I'll take care of Samuel."

"Can you manage?" Kathleen yawned again and again. "You need to give him medicine every three hours."

"Don't worry." Charles frowned. "Go to bed now. You have to film tomorrow."

"Fortunately, there are not too many scenes these days," Kathleen explained. "If you can't manage, you can call me."

"Yeah." Charles nodded.

Only then did Kathleen walk out, making her way to the guest room for the night.

Charles walked toward the bed, grabbed Samuel's collar, and said angrily, "If you really have a conscience, you should stop pestering my sister, or treat her better! Otherwise, I'll beat you to death!"

Charles hissed. This man was truly infuriated.

He was aware that Kathleen liked Samuel, but things could not continue this way. Samuel's behavior had led to Kathleen feeling somewhat fearful.

He took Kathleen away and did not let them meet again.

In fact, he promised Kathleen to come back.

After all, he did have selfish motives himself.

He wanted to undo the knot in Kathleen's heart so she could move on.

However, he thought that even she could not undo it on her own.

Perhaps it had to do with Samuel.

Perhaps Samuel could undo the knot for her.

Charles sat beside the bed and sighed. "Samuel, what do you want Kate to do? She gave you everything. Is Christopher bad? Caleb too? Are they not good enough? She doesn't even like them, and it's all because she loves you still."

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Samuel lay motionless on the bed.

Charles felt sorry for him. "Why does she like you so much? She can't forgive herself because of that. Actually, all of us know that it's not that she can't forgive you, she just can't forgive herself."

There was a pin drop silence in the air.

Samuel's breathing rate was regular as Charles continued, "You have hurt her, but she still loves you so she can't forgive herself. She thinks that she's silly and foolish. Even though she knows that you're the one who hurt her, she still can't stop herself from loving you. That's why she's eaten up with self-blame. Do you understand her? Can you even do that?"

It all came down to the fact that Kathleen fell head over heels for Samuel.

But her love for him could not undo the things that he had done.

Kathleen despised herself for not being able to bring herself to hate him deeply.

Even when she stood face to face with him, she suffered a meltdown.

Charles sighed. "How I wish I could kill you for my sister and end all of this."

However, he could not do that because his sister would be more upset if he were to do it.

Charles felt helpless.

The next day, the first thing Kathleen did was to check on Samuel.

After checking his pulse, she smiled. "His pulse is fine. Charles, thanks for your help last night."

Sitting on the couch, Charles snorted coldly in response.

"I'm going to wash up." With that, Kathleen went out.

When Charles saw her leaving, he sighed. Can't she see the dark circles under my eyes? What kind of sister would do this to her brother?

After washing up, Kathleen went to have her breakfast.

She gave a prescription to the housekeeper. "Get the medication from the pharmacy."

"Yes, Ms. Johnson." The housekeeper took it over.

Kathleen took a sip of the milk in her hand. "Prepare the medication once you get it. Change the medication of the medicinal bath as well."

"All right." The housekeeper nodded.

After that, Kathleen continued to eat her breakfast.

Later, Valerie and the others drove over to pick her up to the studio for filming.

Charles felt speechless as he drank a cup of coffee. "She hasn't even asked if I'm okay since the time she woke up. I feel like I am dead!"

The housekeeper chuckled. "You're overreacting, Mr. Johnson. Ms. Johnson gave me two prescriptions just now, and one of them is for you."

"Really?" Charles' mood was instantly uplifted.

The housekeeper gave the prescription for him to see.

Seeing his name on it, Charles said, "Hmm, she still has a little conscience."

"Mr. Johnson, I'm going out to get the medication."

"Sure, when you go to the pharmacy of the Lewis family, get the medication using Caleb's name if someone asks you about it," Charles reminded.

The housekeeper nodded.

After the housekeeper left, Charles went upstairs to check on Samuel.

Although Charles was quite reluctant to do so, he had to do it because Kathleen had entrusted him to do that.

Hence, he had to take care of Samuel well.

At noon, Caleb visited the film set, bringing a food truck along with him.

Kathleen stared at him speechlessly.

He smiled. "Does this make you proud?"

"Come here. I have something to say to you," Kathleen uttered frostily.

Caleb strode over to her. "What's the matter?"

"Are you free tonight?" Kathleen asked in a low voice.

"You want to go on a date with me?" Caleb flashed a half-smile. "Do you want to go to the seaside or to the mountain? Where do you want to go?"

"My house. Are you free?"

"Your house?" He narrowed his eyes. "Is it good for us to rush things in our relationship?"

She scoffed, "What? Are you chickening out?"

"Me? Chickening out?" He glanced at her. "I'm not going anywhere. I'll stay here and wait for you."

With that, he plopped down on the couch in the lounge.

She spoke indifferently. "If you don't mind being bored, wait then."

After saying that, she left to continue filming.

Remaining true to his words, Caleb did not go anywhere else in the entire afternoon.

He asked Philip to send work documents to him so that he could deal with work matters in the lounge.

As a result, everyone knew that Caleb was pursuing Kathleen, and he was doing it very sincerely.

After work, Kathleen went to the lounge.

She went to change her clothes first before approaching Caleb.

He was on a phone call. "You have invited me, Mr. Stewart. Of course, I'll go."

She perked up her ears upon hearing that. Mr. Stewart?

"Don't worry. I'll be there, Mr. Stewart." Caleb curled his lips into a smile.

After saying that, he ended the call.

Kathleen looked at him. "Is Mr. Stewart Jacob Stewart?"

"You know him?" Caleb raised his brows.

"I've heard of him," she replied placidly. "Do both of you have a collaboration?"

"He wants to team up with me. Both he and I didn't get to work on Flobury since Samuel won the project." Caleb sounded calm. "Soon, there'll be a huge land reclamation project at South Sea. Mr. Stewart and I are interested in it."

Land reclamation? This must be Samuel's development plan mentioned by Tyson yesterday. It seems Caleb is interested in it as well.

"Does that mean that both of you are going to join forces?" Kathleen took a bottle of water but couldn't open it no matter how hard she tried.

Caleb took it over to help her open it. "That's a national project. Of course, we're interested, but who knows who will get it in the end? That's a huge project, so one corporation can't handle it on its own."

"Even Samuel?" she asked curiously.

Caleb cast her a complicated look. "You seem to care a lot about whether Samuel can have the project all to himself."

She smirked. "Of course. If Samuel can do that, Jacob and you can collaborate to compete with Samuel. Besides, don't forget that I'm involved in Flobury too."

Caleb flashed a wry smile. "Girls shouldn't get involved in this."

"Girls?" She chuckled. "Even Samuel doesn't dare to say that to me."

Caleb was stunned momentarily.

Kathleen continued, "But since you say that, I feel displeased. I have suddenly had an interest in this project too."

He narrowed his eyes. "Should we team up?"

"Nope." She shook her head. "You looked down on me just now. If I team up with you, You'll take the credit and deny my efforts in the future."

Once again, Caleb was caught off guard. He started to regret why he blurted that out without thinking.

"But I don't care who you want to collaborate with." Kathleen smiled, but the smile didn't reach her eyes. "But I'd advise you to think twice before collaborating with Jacob."

He stared at her with an unfathomable expression. "Why?"

"Intuition." Kathleen's eyes were clear as she spoke. "I think he's not a good guy."

He grabbed her wrist, his voice deep. "Do you think I'm a good person?"

"No," she answered firmly.

"How about Samuel?"

"Of course, he's not." Kathleen smiled. "Although you guys are not good people, you guys are not evil either. However, Jacob is not the same."

Caleb's eyes darkened.

She shook off his hand and continued, "Caleb, I'm not trying to stop you. Actually, I don't care about who you want to collaborate with. Alright, let's go to my place."

He narrowed his eyes. "I thought you were angry and didn't want to let me go with you."

"Why would I?" She grinned nonchalantly. "I'm not that petty. Let's go."

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Caleb thought that Kathleen was not angry anymore as he followed her home.

Even though he knew she was not a loose woman, he thought she might want to take their relationship one step further since she had invited him to her place.

Kathleen didn't head there with his car.

He wanted her to ride in his car, but she did not agree to it.

Caleb was unfazed.

They reached the Johnson residence one after another.

Caleb went over to her and asked, "Is your brother at home?" \

There was an aloof look in her clear eyes. "Are you hoping for him to be at home?"

Her reply caught him by surprise. "No."

Kathleen blinked. "Why?"

"I thought it's just the two of us. We won't have privacy if he's around."

"Haha." She chuckled lightly. "I thought you're more interested in him than me."

"How so?"

"You know why." She cast him a side glance.

He narrowed his eyes.

As she opened the door and entered the house, Caleb followed after her.

Charles was carrying a cup of coffee as he walked out of the kitchen. "You're back?"

"Mm." Kathleen nodded.

Caleb eyed Charles. Is he really at home?

Charles shot Caleb a cold look. "Have a seat."

Caleb's handsome face remained aloof.

"Charles, are you not going to eat?" Kathleen piped up.

"In a second." Charles nodded.

"Then I'll go to change my clothes first." Kathleen walked up the stairs while Charles invited Caleb to have a seat in the living room.

When Kathleen reached her room, she put down the things in her hand and went to check on Samuel first.

Good. The potency of the poison has reduced, but his hands are still cold.

She put Samuel's hand back under the cover before adjusting the temperature so that the room would be warm.

As she looked at his well-defined facial features, she reached out and poked his cheek.

Why have I not noticed that it feels good to poke his cheek before this?

After that, she stood up to get changed.

Samuel was unconscious, so she did not avoid him as she changed her clothes.

After changing into a snow-white sweater and a pair of jeans, she went downstairs.

The atmosphere in the living room was tense.

There was zero communication between Charles and Caleb.

Only when Kathleen reached downstairs did Caleb say, "Mr. Johnson, I haven't thanked you for helping my sister."

Charles took a sip of his coffee and replied in a cold voice, "You want to thank me?"

Caleb narrowed his eyes in response.

"I assumed you thought that was what I should do, Mr. Lewis," Charles added coldly.

"Mr. Johnson, what are you trying to say?" Caleb stared at Charles meaningfully.

"Shouldn't I thank

you?"

"I don't need you to thank me if that's insincere," Charles said slowly. "I can't afford to accept it anyway."

"Mr. Johnson, maybe you should stop beating around the bush." Caleb finally realized what Charles was getting at.

Charles asked solemnly, "Mr. Lewis, there's something I want to ask you."

"You can speak your mind, Mr. Johnson."

Kathleen sat down. Looks like they're not in a hurry to eat, but I'm hungry.

She then decided to get herself a mandarin and started peeling it.

"Good." There was a cold expression on Charles' face. "Mr. Lewis, why do you pursue my sister?"

"Because I like her." Caleb was looking at Kathleen as he answered the question.

Kathleen, who was eating the mandarin, was unbothered.

Charles' gaze darkened. "Is that the truth?"

"Yes," Caleb replied firmly. Charles huffed. "Caleb, stop lying."

Caleb narrowed his eyes slightly.

Charles questioned as he added, "Are you not getting closer to Kate to use her to investigate me?"

Caleb was stumped.

"You think that I was behind Vivian's mental condition. Am I right?" A cold glint flashed across Charles' eyes. "You don't dare to confront me directly because you think I won't admit it. Knowing that I dote on my sister, you plan to wait until your relationship with her turns stable before you ask me about it, and because I don't want to hurt my sister, you figure I will definitely come clean. Right?"

Caleb furrowed his brows. "Who told you that?"

"Hmph!" Charles was exasperated. "No one is stupid! Right from the moment you started planning this, Kate has seen through your ploy!"

What?

Caleb looked toward Kathleen, explaining, "I didn't."

She gazed at him with a calm look. "Caleb, someone told my brother and me that you took a very worn picture to have my brother investigated, and in that picture, only my brother's face was clear."

Caleb was dumbfounded.

She continued, "You knew Vivian was violated by several men, so you surmised my brother was surely one of them. That was why you wanted to get close to me."

Charles pursed his lips.

Strangely, he was a tad nervous.

Kathleen knew all of that, but she was not angry at all.

He felt inexplicably uneasy in his heart, as he thought that she should not have been so calm and collected

She should have been angry or upset.

Her expressionless face felt like mockery to him.

It was as though she was making fun of him. After all, he was the one who set up the plan, but he fell for her first.

Yes, that was the plan. The one who falls in love first will be the one who's going to be controlled.

Kathleen did not fall in love, but he did.

In a way, he had sort of submitted to her.

Charles added, "Caleb, when I left Pollerton back then, your sister was still fine."

Caleb looked at him in silence.

"There's no need for me to lie to you," Charles continued somberly. "I know I need to have evidence."

"Do you have any proof?" Caleb asked gravely.

Charles sighed. "I do."

Caleb frowned, staring at Charles.

"But before that, I want to make things clear." Charles looked back at Caleb meaningfully. "Besides the four people in the picture you gave them, there were actually five of us including the one who took the

picture."

Five?

“Back then, we were studying abroad in Pollerton. We knew each other since high school, so we often hung out together,” Charles continued. “Three of us are guys, and the other two are female.”

Caleb frowned. “I had checked before, but why can’t I find any information about all of you? Even my sister’s information was not available.”

“That’s because out of five of us, there were three people who needed to have their identities concealed,” Charles answered coldly. “The girl who took that picture was an illegitimate child of a Spaunia’s royalty. After she graduated, she went back to her home country to get married. For safety purposes, her father deleted all her information, so our information was deleted as well.”

Caleb narrowed his eyes in silence.

“Another guy was the crown prince of Bera.” Charles continued to explain. “For safety purposes, his information was deleted as well. Therefore, besides the information you can get from the university’s system, you can’t find any other personal information.”

“So my sister’s information was not deleted deliberately?” Caleb was dubious.

Charles sighed. “Someone took advantage of that to tamper with her information.”

“Is that the third person?” Kathleen asked curiously.

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Chapter 206

Charles nodded.

“Who is this third person?” Caleb asked with great concern.

Charles replied slowly, “I promised him that I would never reveal his identity.”

verre

Caleb knitted his brows. “Why?”

“Because he’s my friend, but...” Charles trailed off.

“Why do you still want to hide it after what happened to Vivian?” Caleb questioned.

“Caleb, I’m even sadder than you after Vivian becomes like this. When I left, she reminded me to go back and attend her wedding!” Charles said in a deep voice.

Caleb was stumped.

Kathleen asked, “Charles, who exactly is that man?”

“Felix Morris has an illegitimate son,” Charles revealed coldly.

Kathleen was shocked that Felix actually had an illegitimate son.

“His name is Finn.” After a pause, Charles went on, “He’s the man Vivian is in love with.”

“There’s no need to delete all the information even though he’s the illegitimate son of Felix, isn’t it?” Kathleen pointed out, stunned.

“Finn’s mother is Lindsay Turner, a world-famous celebrity thirty years ago. She later married into the royal family.” Charles paused for a moment and continued, “But she was already pregnant when she got married.”

Kathleen was astounded.

Charles went on, “After Finn was born, he was rejected by the rest of the royal family. For the sake of his future, Lindsay sent him to Pollerton to study. That was how we knew each other.”

“Then what?” Caleb asked coldly.

“Then, Vivian, the belle in the community of international students, was the crush of many men, including Finn and I. However, she likes Finn, so I didn’t pester her and just silently watched over her. It wasn’t until my adoptive parents asked me to come back that I left Pollerton. We haven’t been in touch since then,” explained Charles.

“Where’s the proof?” demanded Caleb.

Charles threw him a flash drive. “There’s a recording of them seeing me off back then, which can prove that I’ve left Pollerton upon graduating from the university. At that time, Vivian was still doing fine. In addition, you can go look up my itinerary over the years. Other than the last time I went to Pollerton with Kate, I’ve never been there ever.”

Grabbing the flash drive, Caleb asked expressionlessly, “Why did Finn do this?”

Charles shook his head. “I don’t know.”

Kathleen surmised, "Could it be that he felt that Vivian was a stumbling block to his future? For example, he needed to accept a blind date or a marriage arranged by the royal family in order to gain their approval, but Vivian got pregnant at the time, so he—"

Caleb cut her off with a gloomy face, "If that was the case, I'll definitely not let him off!"

Charles said calmly, "Finn will be in Jadeborough tomorrow."

"Why is he here for?" Kathleen asked, surprised.

"To attend a meeting the day after tomorrow." explained Charles

A meeting?

"Is it the press conference of Macari Group's Flobury?" Kathleen asked slowly

"I'm not sure about that," Charles answered.

It must be!

Kathleen was certain about it.

There would be no major events in Jadeborough two days later, except the press conference for Flobury

She even overheard a discussion about it earlier on the set that day.

It was no wonder the Stewart family would secretly do something about it

The thought filled Kathleen with anger.

"Does that mean that I'm about to see him soon?" Caleb clenched his fists.

The rage in him seemed to be out of his control.

"Charles, did Finn tell you anything?" asked Kathleen curiously.

Charles shook his head. "He hasn't contacted me since our last call, but since he's here, it won't be that easy for him to leave."

"I'll go there that day," Caleb declared in a deep voice.

Charles shot him an indifferent look. "Anyway, what happened to Vivian has nothing to do with me. I hope you'll stop pestering Kathleen because of this. If you dare to continue pestering her, I will definitely not let you off!"

Kathleen was his Achilles' heel.

Caleb gave Kathleen a solemn look. "So you already knew what I wanted to do, didn't you?"

Kathleen nodded.

Caleb sneered at himself. "I really didn't expect it."

"So don't look down on women," Kathleen stated indifferently.

Caleb smiled meaningfully. "I didn't. In fact, I admire you even more now."

Kathleen looked at him blandly.

"You are indeed different from the rest. I have something to tell you too, Kathleen. I'm serious about you. Regardless of what my motive was in the beginning, my feelings for you are real."

Kathleen was stunned.

"I won't give up." Caleb declared.

Kathleen had a cold look in her eyes.

Caleb rose to his feet. "Mr. Johnson, thank you for telling the truth. I'll get to the bottom of it. As for Kathleen and I, I've expressed myself clearly. My pursuit of her has nothing to do with revenge. I will continue to pursue her."

Charles narrowed his eyes.

"Goodbye then." Caleb turned to leave.

Kathleen and Charles exchanged looks.

"Don't believe the words of such a man. He has other motives from the very beginning and is so fickle minded. You shouldn't go out with this kind of man."

Kathleen replied awkwardly, "What are you talking about? I don't like him. No matter how fickle he is, it has nothing to do with me."

Charles furrowed his brows. "You're still young. Although you become popular right after your debut, you still have to maintain it."

"Don't worry. I know what I want better than anyone." Kathleen assured.

Charles nodded.

“I’ll go check on Samuel again,” Kathleen said, worried.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Charles frowned.

“I will after that.” Kathleen turned to go upstairs.

Charles muttered to himself, “I kind of know why she doesn’t like Caleb now.”

That man had a place in her heart all the time.

She is still into him!

When Kathleen was upstairs, he heard Samuel’s phone ringing.

She answered it. “Hello.”

“Ms. Johnson, how’s Mr. Macari?” asked Tyson.

“He’s still unconscious. Why? Is there something wrong?”

“The reclamation project has attracted the attention of many people. Many have come to

Jadeborough, waiting to participate in the launching of Flobury and get in touch with those people above. If Mr. Macari isn’t present, I’m afraid that those people will be ahead of the game.”

“Calm down. I’m still here, remember?” said Kathleen.

Tyson stiffened.

“Tyson, have you forgotten that I am the biggest shareholder of Macari Group?” Kathleen reminded.

Tyson was stunned at once.

Only then did he remember that Samuel had transferred all his shares to Kathleen when they divorced.

In other words, Kathleen was the boss.

“What they care about is that there will be chaos if something happens to Samuel, who has no heir, don’t they? Now that I’m here, what else would they dare to say?”

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All Too Late

Chapter 207

Chapter 207 The Big Boss

“You’re right, Ms. Johnson!” said Tyson with sudden realization.

Kathleen said softly, “Though I’m not as good as Samuel in business, I’m not totally ignorant. Tyson, I’ll handle the press conference the day after. Give me all the relevant information.”

“Okay,” replied Tyson excitedly.

“We’ll let Samuel have a good rest,” said Kathleen as she looked at Samuel’s handsome face.

Yesterday he was deathly pale, but he had regained some color in him after one whole night of rest.

“Okay.” Tyson nodded and added, “Shall I come round for you the day after?”

“No,” replied Kathleen impassively. “It’s better that no one knows that Samuel is here with me. I’ll drive there.”

“Sure.” Tyson nodded again.

Kathleen then hung up.

She let out a long sigh.

She was confused and lost.

In fact, she asked herself why she did all that for.

She pursed her lips and convinced herself that it was definitely not for Samuel.

She was doing it for the Macari family.

Diana and the rest of the family had been very good to her.

If something were to happen to the Macari family, it would definitely affect them.

Kathleen reiterated to herself that she did it for the Macari family and not for Samuel.

Definitely not.

No way.

...

The next day, Kathleen was roused from her sleep by the ring tone of a phone.

At first, she thought it was her phone.

It turned out to be Samuel's phone, and it displayed the caller ID of Ms. Schott.

Kathleen was instantly wide awake.

Oh, no. How can I forget about her completely?

This is bad!

Ms. Schott was in Jadeborough and wanted to meet Samuel and was looking for him.

It meant that she had to pick up the call.

After a moment of hesitation, Kathleen finally answered the call.

"Hello," said Kathleen softly.

The caller on the other end, obviously taken aback, asked, "Who are you?"

It could be discerned from the voice at once that the caller was someone elderly but authoritative.

"I'm Kathleen," replied Kathleen.

Kathleen?

Ms. Schott frowned and asked, "Why are you answering Samuel's phone?"

"Well..." Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"Aren't the two of you divorced?" Ms. Schott broke in, sounding displeased.

"Yes, but-" Kathleen pursed her lips and continued, "We are together again."

Ms. Schott said coldly, "I want to speak to Samuel."

After a little hesitation, Kathleen answered, "Ms. Schott, it's not convenient for Samuel to talk to you now. You can tell me what it's all about and I will inform him."

"Okay. Remind him what he said to me before—if I were to come to Jadeborough and get him and my sister out of the Yoeger family, he will get engaged with my granddaughter. Ask him if this still stands!" Ms. Schott replied angrily.

Kathleen stiffened at what she had just heard.

Samuel is marrying Ms. Schott's granddaughter? Why has Samuel never told me anything about it? Unless Samuel is trying to help her and has, therefore, agreed to Ms. Schott's condition.

"I get it," answered Kathleen, feeling more and more uneasy with every passing minute.

Then, she hung up with a big frown clouding her face.

She found the matter hard to believe but was relieved that Ms. Schott had not insisted on seeing Samuel.

Still in her nightie, Kathleen returned to her room.

She walked up to the bedside and felt for the pulse on Samuel's wrist.

The pulse felt a lot stronger than it was yesterday.

Perhaps, he would come round in less than seven days.

However, she was sure that he would not recover consciousness by tomorrow.

Hence, it was necessary for her to go to the press conference.

She poked Samuel's face and said, "Samuel, I have underestimated you. I thought you'd never marry, but it seems you have already made plans."

She could not understand why she was feeling uneasy. Her heart felt heavy for no particular reason.

Forget it. Maybe Ms. Schott's granddaughter is a beauty. It's nothing unusual if Samuel is captivated.

Returning to her soliloquy, she said softly, "Since you have made other plans, why do you bother to look affectionate? You are such a cheater! You should have told me your intention to marry Ms. Schott's granddaughter and I will never stand in your way. If you

have planned a new life with another woman, you should stop seeing me and pay greater attention to your safety. Don't make your wife a widow right after you two get married."

Having aired her resentment, Kathleen stood up and prepared to leave.

At that moment, Samuel's hand flickered.

Kathleen thought he was coming round.

However, he showed no further responses.

Kathleen sighed and turned to leave.

Samuel's hand moved again, and his eyeballs started to roll, but nothing more happened.

The next day, Kathleen asked Charles to help her apply for leave from the film crew.

She drove to Flobury where the press conference was being held.

Tyson was waiting for her at the entrance of the venue.

She got out of the car to reveal a confident and professional persona, dressed in a light green business suit with a matching yellow silk shirt.

Tyson blinked as he looked at her. "Ms. Johnson, you look every inch the big boss of a company."

Kathleen replied softly, "I've gone through the information that you sent me yesterday. Everything seems to be in order."

"That's great." Tyson was still feeling nervous. "But the most critical thing is to establish a good working relationship with the top brass. You are not familiar with them, so-

"It's true that I'm not familiar with them," cut in Kathleen coldly. "But I don't see that as something to worry about. Let's go."

"Okay." Tyson nodded in response.

Kathleen led the way, and Tyson followed behind.

The moment they entered, attention was drawn to them.

Kathleen could also hear the murmurs and mutterings among those present.

“Why is Kathleen Johnson here?”

“That must be Samuel’s secretary behind her.”

“There are only Kathleen and Samuel’s secretary, but Samuel is not here. Where is he?”

“It’s rumored that Samuel has disappeared. There has been no news of him for the past two or three days.”

“Has Samuel been kidnapped?”

“Who knows but something must have happened. Otherwise, it’s unlikely that he hasn’t been seen for the last few days.”

“If something happened to Samuel, why is the Macari family taking it so calmly? Stop your wild speculations for he may be coming soon.”

“Let’s not talk about when he’ll come, but don’t you find things rather strange?” The question on everyone’s lips was why Kathleen was there.

“That’s right. Why is she here for the press conference? Can she be a specially invited guest?”

“Do you invite your ex-wife as a guest to your press conference?”

“Of course not. However, isn’t Samuel going after Kathleen? That’s why she’s invited.”

“Even so, Kathleen is already here, but where is he?” “He should know better what kind of an occasion this is. What good can a guest do?”

“Kathleen is not a guest. She’s in partnership with Samuel, so it’s perfectly normal for her to come.”

“Her presence serves no purpose. The key point is whether Samuel will be here. In fact, this press conference is of no importance at all. What counts is how to deal with the top-level leaders so that they can be won over.”

“Spot on. Only if they are convinced will Macari Group get the project for land reclamation and urban development. If Samuel does not come, others will score an advantage.”

Kathleen remained calm in the face of the conjectures flying around her.

Come what may, she was determined to help Samuel make the press conference a success.

Tyson, on the other hand, was very tense and nervous.

Kathleen looked at him coolly and said, "I'm not even afraid. What are you afraid of?"

All Too Late Chapter 208

All Too Late

Chapter 208

Chapter 208 I Cannot Sit With You

Tyson did not know why he was so nervous.

Perhaps he was feeling that way because the press release that day was too important.

In the past, no matter how major the event was, all he had to do was make the arrangements.

There was nothing to worry about as long as Samuel was around.

"Ms. Johnson, I don't want to feel this way, either," explained Tyson. "I just realized Mr. Macari's existence is extremely crucial to me and the entire Macari Group. It's as if with him here, nothing will go wrong."

Kathleen replied quietly, "He does give others that feeling."

Although she feared Samuel, his powers were evident.

"Don't worry. I won't let the company collapse," promised Kathleen.

Tyson nodded. "Everything will be fine as long as today's press conference carries out according to the usual plan. As for the higher-ups, they'll just have to show up. That's all."

He expected nothing more.

Kathleen glanced at him solemnly but said nothing.

"Kate?" Christopher walked over.

Kathleen looked at him impassively. "Chris?"

“Why are you here?” Christopher furrowed his brows. “Where’s Samuel?”

“He’s still on the way. He might not make it for the press conference,” Kathleen breathed.

Hearing that, Christopher stared into Kathleen’s eyes.

In his recollection, Kathleen would never lie.

However, Kathleen was an excellent actress.

As expected, Christopher did not notice any problems with her words. Softly, he said, “Tell Samuel to hurry. How could he be late for an event like today’s?”

“He doesn’t want to be late, either,” Kathleen answered sheepishly.

It was the truth.

Samuel never expected to be poisoned and pass out from it.

“Since you’re here, why don’t you sit here with me later?” Christopher whispered.

Kathleen shook her head. “I’m sorry, Chris. I can’t sit with you later.”

Christopher paused for a moment before saying, “Oh, I forgot. You and Caleb—”

“No,” Kathleen cut him off.

Her sudden interruption caught Christopher by surprise.

Kathleen said gently, “I’m not going to look for Caleb.”

Christopher tilted his head in confusion.

“I need to host the press conference on Samuel’s behalf.” Kathleen’s red lips curled into a smile.

Christopher stared at her in surprise.

“See you later at the press conference.” Kathleen flashed him a warm smile before leaving with Tyson.

A shocked Christopher was left to his own thoughts.

Kathleen’s hosting the press conference on Samuel’s behalf? Is she joking? Then again, she doesn’t look like she’s joking.

Christopher frowned and followed them.

The press conference was starting in five minutes.

Tyson went to the front to steal a glance.

To his surprise, there were many people seated below the stage. Even some of the higher-ups had shown up.

On top of that, all of them had solemn expressions.

When he was done studying the people in the hall, he backed down and went off to look for Kathleen.

She was busy studying the script when he appeared before her. With a calm expression, she asked, "What's wrong, Tyson?"

"Nothing. It's just that I saw some of the higher-ups there, and they look very serious," Tyson said, feeling uneasy. "They're literally expressionless. Are they unhappy because Mr. Macari isn't here?"

"People who held high positions usually have no expression on their faces. They don't like people to see through them," Kathleen said nonchalantly. "If we want to figure out what's on their minds, we'll have to wait until the press conference is over."

Tyson asked in a deep voice, "Mrs. Macari... I mean, Ms. Johnson, have you finished reading the script?"

Kathleen glanced at him and nodded.

"Let's go. The event will start in three minutes," said Tyson.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

They walked to the entrance together and arrived right on time.

Tyson walked up to the stage and started speaking. "Thank you for attending Macari Group's press conference for Flobury today. I'm Mr. Macari's assistant, Tyson Hackney. Due to certain reasons, Mr. Macari isn't able to attend today's event on time. Hence, we'll be inviting our boss to speak on Mr. Macari's behalf."

Shocked expressions appeared on the faces of the guests below the stage.

Macari Group has another boss?

Right then, Kathleen walked up the stage.

She wore a slim-fitting suit, which gave her a charming yet powerful presence.

She looked drastically different from her usual gentle and obedient self.

“First, I’d like to explain the situation to all of you.” Kathleen smiled. “A year ago, Samuel and I were divorced. During that time, he felt bad and decided to transfer all his shares to me.”

Looks of astonishment appeared on the audience’s faces.

“Samuel is hired by me to manage the company.” A faint smile remained on Kathleen’s face. “Hence, I’m the biggest shareholder of Macari Group, also known as the ‘Boss’ Tyson mentioned.”

In other words, she was hinting that she had all the rights to be standing on the stage.

That said, naturally, no one dared to raise any doubts.

Kathleen was well aware that the objective of those people was to let the higher-ups see how little Samuel cared for Flobury.

They wanted to ruin the higher-ups’ impression of Samuel.

Most importantly, he was absent from the press conference, and many people would be curious about the reason.

If the news about Samuel being poisoned and falling unconscious was released, someone might seize the opportunity to stir trouble.

Thus, it would calm everyone’s hearts with her standing up to speak.

It gave them reassurance that no matter what happened to Samuel, Macari Group would never end up in a state of chaos.

Kathleen silently scanned the crowd. Sure enough, she had gotten control over them.

Next, she started introducing Flobury’s launch and its construction plan.

She had the script for all that.

All she had to do was repeat what was printed on it.

In fact, she memorized it so well that she made no mistakes.

Soon, the first stage was over.

The next item on the schedule, the business lunch, was the most stressful part.

If Kathleen failed to communicate with the higher-ups, it would give others the opportunity to interrupt.

Especially Jacob, who had been coveting Macari Group.

As soon as Kathleen finished her speech, she was pulled over to meet the mayor, Aydin Lopez.

Unexpectedly, Jacob beat them to it.

“Mr. Lopez!” Tyson interrupted the conversation forcibly. “Mr. Lopez, let me introduce you to someone. This is the boss of Macari Group, Ms. Johnson. Ms. Johnson, this is Mr. Lopez.”

Aydin eyed Kathleen with a frown.

Jacob interjected, “Mr. Hackney, didn’t you see me talking to Mr. Lopez just now?”

“I did,” Tyson replied calmly.

So what?

Jacob snorted. “Don’t you find yourself rude, interrupting us like that?”

Tyson could not help but curse at Jacob inwardly.

Tyson could not be bothered about being polite.

At most, he would take full responsibility if something happened.

However, he would never let Jacob get the chance to talk to Aydin, let alone talk about the land reclamation project.

“Mr. Lopez, as you can see, Samuel’s employee is an arrogant person. In fact, Samuel is even worse. How could he not turn up for such an important event?” Jacob narrowed his eyes at Kathleen. “They even created a so-called boss. Huh, what a joke.”

“Mr. Stewart, are you saying that I’m not qualified enough?” Kathleen asked coldly.

“Back then, didn’t your father step down to work behind the scenes because he had health issues and couldn’t manage the company? Didn’t your mother take over? They did the same thing like us. How is it that we become a joke for doing it? What does that make your family, then?”

All Too Late Chapter 209

All Too Late Chapter 209 Life Savior

Jacob narrowed his eyes and shot Kathleen a cold glare. "Ms. Johnson, I know who you are, but you have no right to interrupt during this kind of occasion."

With a snort, Kathleen said indifferently, "I wasn't expecting to meet a snob out here today."

"What did you say?" Jacob eyed her coldly.

"You are a snob," Kathleen taunted, smirking.

"You!" Jacob gritted his teeth and glared at her furiously.

Tyson was at a loss for words.

Kathleen can really be ruthless when she scolds someone, but I have to admit, it's really satisfying.

"Ms. Johnson, you look rather familiar." Aydin raised a brow.

"Mr. Lopez, she's acted in a movie before. Of course, you'll find her familiar." Jacob paused briefly before continuing in a disdainful tone, "Then again, she's just an actress. There's nothing impressive about it. If it were in the past, she'll just be a slave who's a little more premium."

Everyone's expression darkened when they heard his words.

Tyson felt more infuriated.

However, Kathleen merely stared at Jacob icily.

When Jacob was about to continue provoking her, someone spoke up. "Jacob Stewart, watch your words!"

Caleb could be seen walking over with a deathly expression.

"I didn't say anything wrong," Jacob argued gloomily. "She just earned a load of money because of a divorce. It's nothing worth being proud of. She didn't work for it."

"Well said." Kathleen clapped her hands.

Jacob paused, stunned by her response.

The smile on Kathleen's face was elegant yet icy cold. "You're right. The fact that the Macari family is so successful today is all thanks to the hard work put in by the different generations, from Old Mr. Macari to Samuel. All three generations were diligent workers. This is a known fact. You, on the other hand, are really something else. In fact, you're not even worth comparing to them. Though everyone addresses you as the CEO, your mother is the one who has a say in the family. You don't own a single share. Yet, you have the guts to stand here and insult someone else. Who exactly do you think you are?"

Jacob's face turned purple with rage.

He wished he could strangle Kathleen to death.

"Ms. Johnson is right!" Tyson nodded vehemently, expressing his agreement. "Apart from being courageous, having a good eye is also a crucial attribute to become a leader of a company. This is what Ms. Johnson has. She chose to let Mr. Macari continue managing the company because she acknowledges his capabilities. Besides, she has also contributed to the construction of Flobury because she gave Mr. Macari the two mines. All of these require good judgment. What about you, Mr. Stewart? What have you done so far? Please enlighten us."

Jacob's face was ashen, and he remained silent.

"Oh, I remember it now," Aydin piped up. "Ms. Johnson, you saved my daughter in Norwal City three months ago, right?"

Kathleen smiled. "I'm glad you remember me, Mr. Lopez?"

"I knew it. No wonder you looked so familiar." Aydin laughed heartily.

The others were stunned.

"Mr. Lopez, did you two know each other?" Caleb questioned.

"I haven't seen Ms. Johnson before. But my daughter went to Norwal City for a winter camp three months ago. She stumbled into some foreigners when she was walking on the streets, and they tried to mess with her. Thankfully, a Chanaean lady helped her out. My daughter even took a picture with the lady and sent it to me. It was you, Ms. Johnson. Thank you so much for saving her." Aydin was overjoyed.

"It's no trouble at all, Mr. Lopez," Kathleen responded with a polite smile.

Caleb stared at Kathleen in amazement.

So, she saved Mr. Lopez's daughter in the past. No wonder she wasn't worried from the beginning. Looks like she was planning to use this connection long ago. That's a smart

move. She waited for Mr. Lopez to recall the incident instead of bringing it up herself. After all, her motives will be too obvious if she does that, and it'll make people dislike her. The situation will be different now that Mr. Lopez was the one who mentioned it.

Tyson was all excited.

Is this for real?

The awkward look on Jacob's face made Tyson extremely pleased.

No wonder Kathleen has been so calm since the beginning. She has a plan all along.

Tyson was so excited that he was at a loss for words.

Wow, we actually depend on Mrs. Macari to salvage the situation.

"Mr. Lopez, I'm truly sorry. Samuel really has something important to deal with. That's why he's delayed," Kathleen explained. "I'll get him to talk to you about these things once he's here."

To her surprise, Aydin said, "You don't have to address me so formally when it's just among us. Just Mr. Aydin will do."

Kathleen grinned and said, "Of course, Mr. Aydin."

"Actually, Samuel has already told me everything in detail," Aydin said solemnly. "It doesn't really matter if he's not here today."

Kathleen let out a sigh in her heart.

Samuel has already prepared beforehand.

"Mr. Lopez, actually—" Jacob spoke up.

"Gosh, I wonder who said I was being rude earlier," Tyson muttered.

Hearing that, Jacob glared at Tyson furiously, only to see traces of mockery on the latter's face.

Despite Tyson's mockery, Jacob seized the opportunity and said, "Actually, Mr. Lopez, I'd like to talk to you about the land reclamation project in private."

Unfortunately, Aydin replied, "Jake, today isn't the day to talk about such things. Besides, this isn't something I can decide alone. I'll still need all of you to make your bids in the future. So, it's pointless even if you talk to me."

Jacob froze.

Aydin's response had destroyed all of his plans.

Kathleen snorted quietly.

What an idiot! These kinds of matters can't be rushed. The more impatient he gets, the more he'll get taken advantage of. Only those who can stay calm will get the upper hand. The bidding hasn't even started, and he's already trying to get close to Mr. Lopez. He didn't even bother observing if Mr. Lopez was willing to do the same.

Kathleen was determined to help Samuel regarding that matter.

"Ms. Johnson, it's time to open the bottle of champagne," Tyson prompted.

Kathleen smiled politely, saying, "Mr. Aydin, please excuse me."

"Sure." Aydin nodded.

Kathleen walked to the stage while Tyson handed her a bottle of champagne that was already unwrapped, saying, "You'll just have to open it. It's very easy."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

She held the bottle of champagne and smiled at the crowd, looking extremely gorgeous. "On behalf of Samuel, I'd like to thank all of you for attending today's event. Thank you!"

Pop!

She opened the bottle of champagne, and the crowd applauded.

The next thing she had to do was to pour the champagne into the champagne glass tower.

However, the height of the tower was made according to Samuel's height.

Samuel was one hundred and eighty-eight centimeters tall. Her height, however, was only one hundred and sixty-five centimeters.

On top of that, she was not wearing exceptionally high heels. Thus, it took her a lot of effort to reach the top glass.

Tyson blushed with awkwardness.

He, too, had overlooked that detail.

Meanwhile, Christopher and Caleb had noticed the problem.

They wanted to go over and help when a tall and handsome figure walked past them, which made them stop in their tracks.

When Kathleen was at a loss for what to do, her back fell into a refreshing embrace.

“Let me help you.” Samuel extended both hands to help her raise the bottle.

Kathleen looked as if she was being hugged by him.

Instantly, thunderous applause broke out below the stage.

Samuel lifted the topmost glass, curling the corners of his pale, thin lips. “My apologies for being late, everyone. Thankfully, my boss has already helped me to fulfill my duties. Thank you for your support, everyone. And thank you, too.” At the final sentence, Samuel lowered his gaze to look at Kathleen.

Kathleen was almost pulled into his dark, sparkling eyes when she stared at him.

All Too Late Chapter 210

All Too Late 210 Samuel

When Samuel was about to take a sip of the champagne, Kathleen grabbed the sleeves of his suit. “You can’t have alcohol.”

“I’ll be fine. It’s just a gesture.” Samuel’s deep voice was very attractive.

Finally, he took a sip and placed the glass down.

A waiter then walked over, transferred some glasses of champagne onto the tray, and served them to the guests.

Suddenly, Kathleen felt a weight on her shoulders.

As she turned around, she found Samuel leaning onto her skinny shoulders. He whispered, “Lend me your shoulders for a while.”

Kathleen nodded.

With that, they stepped down from the stage together.

“Mr. Macari!” Tyson shouted excitedly.

“You did a great job,” Samuel praised flatly.

“You...” Kathleen scrutinized Samuel. “Where did you get your clothes from?”

“Look familiar?” Samuel smiled. “Charles said this is a birthday present you gave him last time.”

“No wonder it looks so familiar!” Kathleen exclaimed as realization dawned on her.

During Charles’ previous birthday party, she gifted him a custom-made suit.

That was precisely the suit.

She did not expect the suit to fit Samuel so perfectly.

At that thought, Kathleen lifted her head to look around, finally spotting Charles standing somewhere not too far away.

He was leaning against the wall with his hands stuffed in his pocket, looking rather displeased.

Truth was, he did not willingly give his suit to Samuel.

It was Samuel who snatched it from him.

“It’s great that you’re awake.” Kathleen glanced at him awkwardly.

Their relationship seemed to have gone back to square one.

“I... Uh...” Kathleen hesitated for a moment. “I’ll go talk to Caleb.”

However, Samuel did not release his grip on her. “Can’t you go later? Who am I going to lean on when you’re gone? My cover will be instantly exposed if you leave now.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

“Come on. Accompany me to greet Mr. Lopez,” Samuel said softly.

Hearing that, Kathleen nodded.

Along the way, she told Samuel about her history with Aydin.

Samuel smiled slightly. “Thank you.”

Kathleen snorted disapprovingly. “There’s no need for that. If you didn’t force me to go to Norwal City, I wouldn’t have encountered that episode.”

With a low tone, Samuel said, "I'm sorry, Boss."

Kathleen was speechless.

She could not help but feel that that address had an underlying meaning.

Soon, they arrived before Aydin, and the men exchanged pleasantries.

No matter what, the truth would always be exposed once Samuel appeared.

Standing not too far away was Jacob, watching the trio with his arms crossed.

Ugh! I can't believe Samuel stole my opportunity again!

He side-eyed Caleb. "Isn't that woman your girlfriend? Aren't you mad that a man's being all touchy-feely with her?"

Caleb responded coolly, "She's not my girlfriend yet. I'm pursuing her."

"That means she's toying with your feelings." Jacob attempted to sow seeds of discord.

"You should be more careful. Don't fall into the traps of promiscuous women like her."

"Jacob, just how shameless can you be?" Caleb narrowed his eyes. "Do you want me to beat you up?"

Jacob was taken aback, and he asked with a scowl, "Are you serious about her?"

"Of course." Caleb looked over silently.

Looks like Samuel's having health problems.

Right then, Jacob gritted his teeth and muttered under his breath, "I can't believe Samuel is still alive."

"What did you say?" Caleb cast him a side-glance.

Jacob narrowed his eyes and answered, "I didn't say anything."

Hearing Jacob's words of denial, Caleb grabbed the former by the collar, demanding, "What did you do to Samuel?"

"I just drugged him a little to stop him from showing up at today's press conference. I never expected him to come up with a countermeasure by transferring all his shares to his ex-wife," Jacob hissed. "Caleb, if I were you, I would do everything to win Kathleen over. That way, Macari Group will be mine."

Caleb clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles cracked.

No wonder Kathleen said that yesterday. Looks like Kathleen views me and Jacob as the same kind of people.

“Jacob, go home and tell your mom that the collaboration between Lewis Enterprises and the Stewart family is off.” Caleb’s gaze was hostile.

“What did you say?” Jacob was dumbstruck.

However, Caleb turned around and left, leaving a stunned Jacob frozen to the spot.

No wonder Kathleen gave me that look. D*mn it! Jacob has wasted all my effort!

...

When Samuel and Aydin finished exchanging pleasantries, Kathleen carried Samuel away because she realized he was constantly gulping.

Kathleen knew he had vomited blood.

True enough, as soon as they entered the car, Samuel covered his mouth and coughed violently.

Seeing that, Kathleen handed him a piece of tissue.

He accepted it and coughed a few more times.

Immediately, the tissue was stained with blood.

Kathleen brought over a bottle of water and uncapped it before giving it to him. “There, there. Just cough it out. It’s a good sign. It should be the last batch of poisonous blood in your body.”

Samuel let out a sigh and leaned against the seat to rest.

He silently watched Kathleen help him get rid of the used tissues.

“Why are you helping me?” Samuel croaked.

“It’s for the Macari family. I’m doing it for Old Mrs. Macari and the others, not you.” Kathleen turned away to look out of the window.

Samuel smiled weakly. “Thank you, no matter who you’re doing it for.”

“Stop talking.” Kathleen turned around. “let’s go home. If you want to be fully recovered, you’ve got to continue taking the medicinal bath.”

“Okay.” Samuel nodded. “I don’t have much energy left, anyway.”

He forced himself to come, worried about Kathleen not being able to handle the event on her own.

However, he was obviously overthinking it.

Kathleen had matured.

She was no longer the gentle and obedient girl from the past.

It made Samuel feel relieved and sad at the same time.

“I’ll drive,” Kathleen offered, fastening her seatbelt before helping Samuel with his.

Suddenly, Samuel’s massive arms locked around her, taking long and deep breaths.

Despite that, Kathleen did not move.

After a while, Samuel released her and said, “Let’s go. I’ll get some sleep.”

“Okay.” Kathleen bobbed her head and started the engine.

Before shutting his eyes, Samuel briefly glanced at Kathleen.

His heart pained for her.

He was in great sorrow, for he had deeply hurt a woman who loved him so much—so much so that he did not know how to make it up to her.

Nothing he did was enough to make things right.

Meanwhile, Kathleen focused on the road as she drove.

Soon, they arrived at the Johnson residence.

After pulling up in front of the entrance, Kathleen helped Samuel to get off the car, and they entered the mansion.

She then helped him to the bedroom and placed him on the bed.

She removed her coat and tied up her long hair. “Sit here and get some rest. I’ll fill up the tub with hot water.”

“Okay.” Samuel nodded.

His face was pale, and beads of sweat had formed on his forehead.

It should be quite fun to bully him now.

However, she shook her head and dismissed the thought, quickly leaving to prepare the medicinal bath.

When she was done, she called out to Samuel, who was already half asleep.

Kathleen shook him gently. “Samuel, wake up.”

Samuel held her hand. “Katie, my head hurts.”

Kathleen hesitated, unable to tell if he was telling the truth. “Are you faking it?”

“You’re a doctor. Do you think I’m lying?” Samuel asked while looking helpless.

Kathleen touched his forehead. Indeed, it was burning. “Why are you having a fever again?”

“That’s how my body works.” Samuel started coughing again.

Kathleen passed him a tissue and examined his clothes. She said grimly, “Why didn’t you wear a thicker outfit? Surely you’re well aware of your current condition? Couldn’t you wear a down jacket?”

Samuel muttered pitifully, “No one bought it for me.”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Who is he kidding?