

All Too Late Chapter 231

All Too Late All Too Late Chapter 231

When Samuel and Kathleen arrived at the entrance of the hospital, they realized it was snowing outside.

Kathleen held her hand out and caught a few snowflakes. Sadly, they melted as soon as they touched her palm.

Samuel, too, did the same, but they did not melt as fast as hers.

Seeing that, Kathleen touched his hand with a frown. "The ward was so warm just now. How is your hand still so cold?"

Samuel lowered his hand. "Because you said you'd buy me some clothes, but you haven't."

Is this even related to the clothes?" Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Samuel smiled calmly. "Let's go." "Mm." Kathleen nodded.

Thus, they left for the restaurant across the street.

As expected, it was still operating.

Along the way, Samuel placed his hand on Kathleen's head to prevent her hair from getting wet.

By the time they arrived at the store, the back of his hand was wet with snow.

He took out his handkerchief and wiped it gently.

Meanwhile, Kathleen noticed an empty table by the window and led Samuel there.

As they sat down, a waiter placed the menu in front of them, asking, "What would you like to order?"

"I'll

like a quinoa salad," Kathleen answered without looking at the menu. "Oh, a side dish and a set of charcoal grilled roast beef too." "All right." The waiter nodded. "What about you, mister?" "Same as hers. I want the quinoa salad," Samuel said coldly.

“Okay. Please wait for a moment” The waiter collected the menu and left.

Kathleen removed her coat, revealing the caramelcolored sweater she wore on the inside. She looked sweet and polite in it.

Samuel, however, wore a black suit on the inside as usual.

It was as if he did not have other clothes.

Kathleen’s slender fingers tapped the tabletop, and Samuel instinctively placed his hand on the table.

He had long, slender fingers with prominent knuckles. When he put out his left hand, Kathleen realized the wedding ring was still on his finger.

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She sighed. “Do you want to take it off?”

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No.” Samuel shook his head.

Kathleen checked his pulse with a neutral expression.

“Are you upset?” Samuel asked in a low tone. “Then again, this is my personal preference.” “That’s right. I have no right to interfere with your preference,” responded Kathleen helplessly.

Samuel regarded her thoughtfully. “What do you think things would be like now if we had gotten together back then?”

Kathleen thought for some time. “We’d still be like this, I suppose. There wouldn’t be any changes.” “Do you really understand what I’m saying?” Samuel asked in a raspy voice. “I meant if I knew I liked you sooner, we would’ve gotten married once you graduated from university. Perhaps we’d be living another kind of life now.”

Instead of being like this.

Kathleen pursed her lips. “Samuel, stop thinking about what ifs. It’s meaningless.”

Samuel fell silent.

She withdrew her hand and instructed, “Remember to stay warm for these couple of days. If you don’t take care of your health this winter, your condition will worsen in the next.”

Samuel smiled. "Okay."

"I'll

I'll buy you the clothes," added Kathleen. "After all, I don't want to owe you anything."

II

Samuel had an inexplicable expression. "Okay."

Not long after, their food was served.

They stopped talking and tucked into the food in silence.

After their meal, Samuel paid for the bill.

When he returned to the table, he told Kathleen, "Grandma wants us to go home straight away. She'll stay with Old Mrs. Yoeger tonight, so we don't have to worry about her."

II

Pursing her lips, Kathleen answered, "Okay, then." Samuel's gaze dimmed. "They won't be able to get any rest if you stay here, anyway."

Kathleen nodded in agreement.

It was indeed uncomfortable to share a room with three people.

"Let's go." Samuel picked up Kathleen's scarf and handed it to her.

Kathleen hesitated for a moment.

She then took the scarf and beckoned him over.

Seeing that, Samuel moved closer, only to be surprised by Kathleen putting the scarf around his neck.

Her scarf was beige, which suited him well.

Samuel smiled as he caught Kathleen's scent from the scarf.

"I'm

I'm lending it to you temporarily. You'll have to return it once we get back," Kathleen said flatly.

Samuel's smile faded instantly, and his shoulders slumped.

"I

I'll get you a new one later," Kathleen added.

"Okay." An affectionate look instantly appeared in Samuel's eyes.

Kathleen secretly rolled her eyes, baffled by her own actions.

Why am I so soft-hearted toward him?

Soon, they arrived at Kathleen's house.

II

Kathleen was about to get out of the car when Samuel said solemnly, "I'll return your scarf tomorrow, in case you don't buy me a new one."

Kathleen was dumbfounded.

"Goodnight," Samuel wished with a smirk.

Exasperated, Kathleen alighted the car and walked into the mansion.

Samuel watched her enter the house before bringing the scarf to his nose and taking a deep breath. Only then did he drive to the mansion next door with a satisfied smile.

I'm going to sleep well tonight.

Meanwhile, Charles was shocked to see Kathleen enter the house. "Why didn't you return to the hotel?" "I came back to get some things. I'll go there tomorrow," explained Kathleen.

Charles nodded. "Did Samuel send you home again?"

"Yes." She nodded.

Charles did not want to say anything to that.

She has no idea how serious this matter is.

"Charles, how's Vivian?" Kathleen asked concernedly.

Hence, Charles recounted the entire incident.

Kathleen frowned when she finished listening to the story. "That's unbelievable."

Charles said calmly, "I'm planning to pay Finn a visit tomorrow. It's best to resolve this matter as soon as possible, so tomorrow-" "It's okay. Grand aunt and the others will be there tomorrow. You don't have to worry about me," Kathleen assured.

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Charles sighed. "I didn't want to say anything about this, but I'll be less worried if Samuel goes with you. He'll definitely keep you safe if he sticks around you."

Kathleen scoffed, "You make it sound as if I'm weak. I'm quite good at protecting myself, you know?" "Haven't you heard of the idea of outnumbering your enemies?" Charles asked sternly. "I'm sure Finn wouldn't meet me no matter how many times I ask him. Hence, I have no choice but to meet him in a public place, otherwise, I'd never leave you alone."

Kathleen was dumbfounded. "Okay, okay. I get it.

Stop nagging. I'll take care of myself. Don't worry."

II,

Okay." Charles nodded. "All right. You should get some rest. It's very late now."

II.

Got it!" Kathleen shot up the stairs.

After a moment of silence, Charles picked up the box of cigarettes and the lighter on the coffee table and walked out of the house.

As he smoked in the courtyard, Samuel walked out in a down jacket.

"What's up? Samuel asked hoarsely.

"I really, really don't like you," Charles stated coolly.

Samuel kept silent, waiting for the rest of his words.

"But you're the person I trust the most in Jadeborough." Charles' eyes glinted coldly. "I'm handing Kate to you. You've got to keep her safe, understand?"

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"I'd still do that even if you didn't tell me so," Samuel commented flatly.

Charles growled, "You'd better realize how lucky you are. Don't you dare hurt her again, otherwise, you'll get a taste of my wrath."

Samuel responded icily, "I won't."

With a stony expression, Charles said, "And that woman, Nicolette. I'm sure you know what to do."

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"What about that woman?" Samuel's tone was impassive.

Charles was infuriated.

He grabbed Samuel's collar and yelled, "What about that woman? If you really want to pursue my sister, you shouldn't have let her get away with her crimes!"

Samuel's gaze darkened. "Get away with her crimes? Do you think she's getting away with it?"

Charles was stumped.

It's true. Nicolette isn't really getting away with it.

"But she still got out," Charles hissed. "And I know she threatened Kate today."

Samuel's gaze was horrifyingly cold. "I know what to do. You don't have to worry about it." "If you upset Kate one more time, I promise you'll never find her again," Charles warned, gritting his teeth. "Why do you think you haven't heard any news from her for the past year?"

A vicious expression appeared on Samuel's handsome face as he stared at Charles.

Smirking, Charles continued, "I'm not skilled in anything else, but no one's better than me at hiding someone."

With that, he spun around and left.

Samuel felt a stab in his heart.

/ won't let Kathleen disappear! I won't allow it!

He looked to the window of the room that glowed softly due to the nightlight.

As long as she did not disappear, he was satisfied with just watching her like that.

Kathleen woke up early the next day.

She collected the things she needed to use in the hotel and walked out of the house, finding Samuel already waiting outside.

“Why didn’t you come in?” Kathleen was puzzled.

In response, Samuel cast Charles an unfathomable glance.

Seeing that, Kathleen frowned and looked at her brother for an answer. “Charles?”

Charles grunted. “I didn’t hear him knock.” “Did the housekeeper not hear it, too?” Kathleen questioned frostily. “Are you trying to freeze him to death? You know I’ll still be the one treating him if that happens, right?” “He just stood out there for two minutes,” Charles stated unhappily. “Just two minutes. It’s nothing compared to all the times he bullied you in the past.”

Kathleen was baffled.

“Your brother’s right.” Samuel smiled politely. “I deserved it.”

Kathleen glared at Charles. “I’m going to be mad if you keep up with that attitude.”

Charles merely snorted in response.

Samuel, you simp!

“Let’s go,” Kathleen prompted, rolling her eyes at Samuel. “You’re another silly one. Couldn’t you wait in the car for me?”

A faint smile surfaced on Samuel’s charming and elegant face. “I forgot.”

Looks like there’s something wrong with his brain. Kathleen, I think you should prescribe him some supplements. Poor thing. He’s already a muddlehead at such a young age. I hope he doesn’t pester you for the rest of your life if he can’t get a wife in the future,” Charles warned softly.

Sighing heavily, Kathleen asked, “Charles, weren’t you going to see Finn? Why are you still here?” “What’s the rush?” Charles asked. “That banquet starts at the same time as your press conference.

There’s no need for me to rush.” “We’ll leave, then.” Kathleen walked off, pulling Samuel along with her.

Charles watched their backs speechlessly. Why does it feel like it's getting harder to keep her at home?

Kathleen followed Samuel into the car, and they left for the press conference.

As usual, the press conference was held at Macari Group's main hall, for that was Samuel's territory.

Vanessa and the others would not dare to cause trouble there.

Soon, everything was all set.

Thanks to Samuel's efforts, the reporters of every major media outlet and even those working for certified social media accounts were there.

The place was bustling.

Yasmine had arrived long ago.

Even Diana had come with Frances, whose presence shocked Kathleen.

"Don't worry, Kate. I'm as healthy as a horse," Frances assured while holding Kathleen's hand.

Kathleen could feel that Frances' hands were warm and dry.

Diana smiled. "Don't worry, you two."

Kathleen nodded.

Meanwhile, Samuel stood quietly beside Kathleen like a loyal guard protecting his princess.

He had become more mature, dependable, and charming compared to a year ago.

Hence, many women there could not help but fix their eyes on him.

However, Samuel only had eyes for one person- Kathleen.

Yasmine walked over. "I think we can start now.'

Kathleen nodded and said to Frances, "Please excuse me, Granny."

Frances nodded in response.

Kathleen hooked her arm around Yasmine's and walked up to the stage.

Diana chuckled as she held Frances' hand, watching Kathleen from below the stage. "I really didn't expect we'd have a child in common."

Lost in her thoughts, Frances muttered, "I know, right? We were even in-laws once." "If it weren't for my incompetent grandson, we'd probably have a closer relationship by now." The thought of Samuel's past actions made Diana furious.

Despite that, Samuel continued standing there in silence.

"I'm thinking of arranging a marriage for Kate." Frances sighed. "I think my health's deteriorating, Diana. I didn't get to see my daughter in a wedding dress, so I really want to see Kate getting married."

It 'All right. We'll find a young man for her together," consoled Diana.

With that, she lifted her head and glared at Samuel, whose eyes were fixed impassively on the stage. Even so, his fists were clenched.

Kathleen seems to care a lot about Old Mrs. Yoeger. If Old Mrs. Yoeger forces her to get married, Kathleen will definitely give in. If that happens, who will Old Mrs. Yoeger choose as Kathleen's partner? I bet it'll be either Christopher or Caleb. It'll never be me. But if that's the case, I'll never get to be with Kathleen.

Nevertheless, Samuel hoped Kathleen would follow her heart regarding the matter instead of simply marrying someone.

Right then, the press conference officially started.

Yasmine smiled gently. "I'd like to thank all the reporters for attending today's press conference. Today, I have a very important announcement to make. The true identity of the person beside me, Kathleen Johnson, is actually-" "Wait!" Vanessa shouted as she walked in.

Everyone turned to look at her.

Vanessa rushed to the stage. "Aunt Yasmine, what are you doing?"

Yasmine gave her an indifferent look. "If you want to find out, take a seat and listen quietly, otherwise, I will kick you out."

Vanessa scoffed, "This is interesting. Aunt Yasmine, don't you feel you're being shameless for bringing my mom out of the hospital and holding some stupid press conference here?"

Shameless?

Yasmine frowned. "Me? Shameless? How's that so?"

"Aunt Yasmine, I don't know how I've offended you, but do you really think it's a good idea to collaborate with an outsider to snatch our family's assets?" Vanessa asked, burning with rage.

"Outsider?" Yasmine snorted. "Are you referring to Kate?"

"That's right. She's an outsider," Vanessa said coldly.

"Didn't you know that?"

"I'm Granny's biological granddaughter. How does that make me an outsider?" Kathleen asked indifferently.

Suddenly, Vanessa laughed maniacally. "Of course, you're right. Your mom is my mom's biological daughter, but-

She paused for a moment and fixed a sharp gaze on Kathleen. "Your mom's biological father isn't my father."

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All Too Late Chapter 233 An Evil Idea

Everyone in the hall gasped, trying to make sense of what she meant.

"Shut up!" Yasmine was enraged. "Vanessa, have you lost your mind?" "You're the ones who've lost your minds!" Vanessa yelled at the top of her lungs. "It's our family's assets. Why should it be given to an illegitimate child whose origin we don't even know?"

"Enough!" Yasmine was clearly pissed off. "Vanessa, do you know what you're talking about?"

Vanessa scoffed, "Of course I do. In fact, I know everything. Ms. Schott, you're my biological aunt. Shouldn't you know more about this matter?"

The keen senses of the reporters present told them that juicy gossip was about to be released.

They became excited and started shooting questions at Yasmine.

"Ms. Schott, can you answer Ms. Yoeger's question?1 "Ms. Schott, what's happening? Just whose daughter is Kathleen's mother?" "If Kathleen's not Old Mr. Yoeger's granddaughter, is she still qualified to inherit the Yoeger family's assets?"

Feeling smug, Vanessa stared at the stage with a smirk on her lips.

See it now? If you people can manipulate public opinion, so can I. I'll never lose to all of you!

Yasmine cast Vanessa an indifferent glance. "You're an idiot." "I'm an idiot?" Vanessa snickered. "I guess you're right. If I were to be any more foolish, all of our family's assets would've been taken away. Anyway, I'll never let you give our family's assets to an outsider!"

Yasmine's face darkened. "How is Kathleen an outsider? Even if she's not Old Mr. Yoeger's biological granddaughter, she's still the only descendant left by your mother's daughter.

"Mother?" Vanessa let out an arrogant laugh. "Aunt Yasmine, if Kathleen's mother, Rebecca, was actually my sister from a different father, I'd gladly accept the decision. Unfortunately, she's not!"

Yasmine's expression darkened more. "Must you really unveil this secret?" "Why not?" Vanessa asked icily. "Everyone's going to find out about it sooner or later."

It's only a matter of time.

Yasmine gave her an unfathomable gaze and said frostily, "Fine. Since you're dying to cause a scene, then I won't hold myself back from exposing the Yoeger family's secrets. You better not regret this, Vanessa." "Regret?" Vanessa scoffed. "Regret is what I'll be feeling when I watch you give away my family's assets with my own eyes." "Very well!" Yasmine snorted. "I hope you'll be able to keep up this attitude until the end."

Vanessa remained indifferent.

Yasmine turned to the crowd below the stage and announced emotionlessly, "I promise everything I say today is the truth. I'll accept any form of judgment if there is a single lie in my words."

Everyone was ecstatic upon hearing that.

Yasmine said sternly, "The story begins over fifty years ago."

That long ago?

The audience was shocked to hear that.

"As everyone knows, the Schott family has three daughters. My eldest sister is Teresa, my second sister is Frances, and I'm the youngest. My elder sisters were twins, and they were spitting images of each other. Even our family members couldn't differentiate

them sometimes. Teresa had a serious temperament, while Frances was more cheerful. Many people liked Frances instead of Teresa, thinking the latter was hard to get along with. When they turned twenty years old, Old Mr. Yoeger, Hector, fell for Frances. However, he didn't know it was Frances he was attracted to. On top of that, Teresa pulled some tricks, causing Hector to marry her instead of Frances."

She took a deep breath before continuing, "After the marriage, Hector realized something was amiss, but it was already too late. From then on, he hated Teresa for pretending to be Frances and ruining his marriage with her. Thus, he started giving Teresa the cold shoulder and drank all day, even refusing to go home at night.

At that point, Teresa was already five months pregnant. Hector never spoke to her, even after she gave birth. In the end, Teresa fell into depression during her pregnancy. On top of that, she lost excessive blood during labor. She lost all motivation to live and died in the middle of giving birth."

Everyone fell silent.

What the heck? Hector's basically a scumbag!

"That's not all!" Yasmine said furiously. "The doctor performed a C-section on Teresa. Turns out, she had two babies—a boy and a girl. They were too small and needed someone to take care of them. It was at that moment when Hector conceived an evil idea."

Hearing that, everyone stared at Yasmine, wondering what the evil idea was.

Yasmine snorted coldly. "He told our family to let Frances marry him with the excuse that other women might not treat Teresa's children well. My parents were threatened back then; they had no choice but to agree. Frances was in a relationship at that time. In fact, she and her boyfriend loved each other very much.

For the sake of our family and Teresa's two children, Frances had to sacrifice her relationship and marry into the Yoeger family. She didn't realize she was already pregnant until she married Hector. Unable to accept Hector as her husband, she made a deal with him. She would help him bring up Teresa's children. In return, he had to accept the child in her belly. However, Hector made a request." At that, she paused.

The crowd was intrigued; they could not figure out what request Hector had made.

Yasmine snorted again. "He knew Frances was great at business, so he let her manage the Yoeger family's business. I'm sure everyone's heard of Frances being called an iron lady. Well, sure enough, the Yoeger family's business bloomed as soon as she got involved. At that point, she made another request. She wanted to own thirty percent of the shares, and she wanted the right to manage them personally."

The audience listened attentively. They seemed to have a picture of what had happened.

“Hector agreed to her request,” Yasmine said indifferently. “In other words, Hector accepted it despite knowing Frances was pregnant with someone else’s child. Secondly, she didn’t steal the shares. In fact, she acquired it fair and square. Thus, I believe no one has the right to interfere with how she decides to deal with her shares.”

With that, everyone in the hall finally understood the situation.

Yasmine glared at Vanessa. “Even if Hector were alive today, he has no power over those shares. So, what makes you think you have the right to intervene, Vanessa?”

Vanessa paled.

When she found out Rebecca was not Hector’s biological daughter, she was so elated that she instantly rushed over despite Zachary’s efforts to stop her.

She never expected there was more to the story. “That’s impossible!” Vanessa insisted, gritting her teeth. “Words are not enough to prove it. I’ve got the results of the paternity test. I can prove that Rebecca’s not my father’s daughter!” “You want proof?” Samuel spoke coolly.

Everyone’s attention instantly turned to him.

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All Too Late Chapter 234 People Backing Her Up

A cold glint flashed across Samuel’s eyes. “You want evidence, don’t you?” he asked again.

Vanessa gritted her teeth. “Yes!

Samuel replied indifferently, “I shall give it to you then.”

What?

“Vanessa Yoeger, let me remind you of something. When Hector Yoeger transferred those shares to Old Mrs. Yoeger, three lawyers were present to witness the process. Now, the three lawyers are highly respected people in the legal industry,” he continued.

Vanessa furrowed her brows.

There were lawyers present?

Just as he finished speaking, three white-haired old men walked toward them.

The three men had a few subordinates following them. Each of them carried a briefcase, looking smart in their suits.

“Isn’t that one of the leading figures in the legal industry, Jay Gomez?” “The one beside him is Loki Yandell. He participated in the amendment of a law a few days ago!”

“The other one is Zeke Lopez. He is now the chancellor of University of Law.”

No one expected that the three lawyers who witnessed the transfer of the shares were now prominent figures in the legal industry.

Their reputation was so great that no one would dare to doubt them.

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“Mr. Macari, sorry for being late,” Jay said.

Samuel replied placidly, “It’s okay. You came right on time.”

Jay glanced at his assistant.

His assistant then opened his briefcase, taking out a document for Jay.

Raising the document in his hand, Jay spoke up. “This is the original document of the transfer of the shares from Mr. Hector Yoeger to Ms. Frances Schott. I’ve kept it with me all these years. When they signed the papers back then, all three of us were there. We can prove the authenticity of this document.”

Loki and Zeke nodded in unison.

As everyone saw that, they realized that was the proof Samuel said he had.

Thus, they believed Yasmine’s words more.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel, then Yasmine.

Upon noticing the calm look on their faces, Kathleen realized the two had planned this beforehand.

They had prepared for this confrontation.

Kathleen gasped inwardly as a thought crossed her mind.

Who knows? Maybe this is actually a trap set by the two of them for Vanessa, otherwise, why didn't his subordinates stop her just now? And Vanessa has no idea that she has jumped right into the trap. With this commotion, the Yoeger family's scandalous past will spread.

Meanwhile, Vanessa's face turned ashen. She couldn't believe that they actually had the evidence.

This is unbelievable!

As she stared at Samuel frostily, realization also dawned on her that it was all a trap.

D*mn it! I fell for it!

Vanessa wore a grim expression.

Yasmine shot her a nonchalant look. "Vanessa, do you have any more to say?"

Vanessa's lips pressed into a thin line as she got ready to leave.

"Hold on." Yasmine did not want to let her go so easily.

Vanessa stopped in her tracks obediently.

Yasmine said in a cold tone of voice, "I know you don't acknowledge Kate's identity, but that's okay. It's fine for her to not be a daughter of the Yoeger family. After all, I'd feel disgusted if she becomes cousins with Nicolette."

Vanessa was stunned.

Yasmine added, "Thus, I hereby announce that I'll pass the thirty percent of the shares of the Schotts' family company, which originally belonged to my sister, Frances, to Kathleen. She is not a child of the Yoeger family; she's the child of my family, the Schott family."

What?

Vanessa was enraged. "How could the shares of both the Yoeger family and the Schott family be given to her?" "What? Should I give them to you instead?" Yasmine shot back sarcastically. "Do you remember what you've done?"

Vanessa froze.

Her reputation had been destroyed after the video clips of her abusing Frances were uploaded to the internet.

“Besides, it belongs to Frances. She can give it to whoever she wants. Does that have anything to do with you?” Yasmine questioned coldly.

Vanessa’s eyes almost bulged out of their sockets as she shot daggers at Yasmine. “She can give it to her biological grandchild, but what about my mother’s shares?” “Your mother took them back then.” Yasmine explained, “But later when Hector wanted to marry Frances, he gave those shares back to the Schott family as a betrothal gift. In the end, Hector didn’t suffer any losses at all, and what he did was disgusting.”

Vanessa’s expression stiffened. She couldn’t believe that had happened.

Yasmine continued in an emotionless tone, “Besides, the Schott family became prosperous after your mother passed away, so the heads of the Schott family are rightfully Frances and me. It has nothing to do with your mother.”

Vanessa chewed on her lip, holding her tongue.

Bitterness was written all over her face.

“You can ask the three lawyers if you have more questions. If not, you can either scram or watch on with your mouth shut,” Yasmine snapped impassively.

Vanessa shot a deadly glare at her before wheeling around to leave.

Once she was gone, the atmosphere became much more relaxed.

Yasmine asked someone to bring over the shares transfer agreement.

With that, Kathleen also inherited thirty percent of the shares of Schott Group.

She was now a loaded lady, but she would not have it all to herself.

She would give them to Charles. After all, she was not interested in business even though she could handle it as well.

When everything was settled, the press conference came to an end.

After getting off the stage, Kathleen held Yasmine’s hand and went to meet Diana and Frances, only to find Frances was in tears.

Kathleen crouched down and comforted her.

“Granny, are you all right?” “I’m okay.” Frances was still weeping. “I didn’t expect that my life would be filled with so much adversity.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Frances, now that things have developed to this point, can you tell US who was the man who made you pregnant?" Yasmine frowned deeply. "Why didn't he care or ask about you all these years?"

Frances shook her head lightly, sighing. "It'd be better for you all not to know about these things, so don't ask me again."

She didn't really want to talk about it.

Yasmine looked at her sister helplessly, and Kathleen didn't want to push Frances either.

"All right. Don't cry anymore," Diana consoled. "How about this? I will bring you to watch a movie. It's been a long time since we watched a movie together." "What are we going to watch?" Frances asked in a low voice.

"The movie in which Kate played the female lead. That's also the one she got an Academy Award for. It was released a few days ago," Yasmine suggested.

"Sure!" Frances was quite hyped. "I have to support Katie!"

"I'll make the arrangement," Samuel chimed in. "I'll reserve the whole place." "No!" the three old ladies rejected together.

Diana was the one who disliked his idea the most. "We'll use our own money to support Katie, not yours." "That's right!" Frances nodded. "We're not going to use a scumbag's money. We don't want to smear Katie's reputation."

Samuel was left speechless.

"I'll do it then." Yasmine took out her phone smilingly, booking the tickets.

Kathleen threw Samuel a sideways glance.

Noticing her glance, he flashed her a helpless smile.

Now that there are so many people supporting her, she's definitely over the moon.

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How could I let you all fork out the money?

Kathleen chuckled. "It's on me." "No can do," Diana disagreed. "We need to show our support for you with our actions." "Yeah, we're your family," Frances added.

Since Kathleen couldn't change their minds, she could only let them do what they wanted.

"All right. You should go and attend to whatever you need to deal with." Diana waved her hand. "We don't need any help here."

After Kathleen was driven away, the three old ladies huddled together to discuss what they should eat after the movie.

Realizing that someone was tugging at her sleeve, Kathleen turned around to find that it was Samuel.

"I'll send people to protect them," Samuel said aloofly. "You should head back to the film set."

"Oh." Only then did Kathleen remember that she needed to head back to work.

"I'll send you there," Samuel offered in a deep voice.

She nodded in reply.

After all, her stuff was in his car, and there was no one else here to send her.

They got into the car together.

As Kathleen reached out to put on her seat belt, Samuel gulped before saying, "I heard your granny say that she wanted to see you in a wedding dress before she passed away."

Kathleen was at a loss for words and could only look at him quietly.

His Adam's apple bobbed again. "You're a good granddaughter, so you will agree to her request, won't you?" "No one can force me to do something like this," she responded coldly. "If I meet someone suitable before Granny breathes her last, for sure I'll get married"

Samuel pursed his lips as she continued, "But, Samuel, you don't need to probe because I'm also not sure what will happen in my love life. However, no matter how much you've hurt me, I still believe in love."

Upon hearing that, he forced a smile even though he was hurting inside. "You still believe in love?"

"I do." Kathleen nodded.

"That's great." Samuel's voice had never been so hoarse.

He drove her over to the hotel. It was opposite the film set, so he did not need to send her over.

Besides, the stylist was waiting for Kathleen in the hotel room.

Samuel watched as Kathleen stepped into the hotel.

Only then did he put down his hands dejectedly. He sat in the car in silence, motionless.

At Macari Group.

Ever since Calvin passed Macari Group entirely to Samuel, the former seldom came to the office.

However, since Samuel was unwell recently and needed to rest, Calvin came to work again.

When he reached the office, he took a look around and realized that Samuel was not present.

He knew Samuel had gone to send Kathleen off, but it had been about three hours, and yet, his son still had not come back.

Just as Calvin was about to send someone to look for Samuel, he saw the younger man coming in with a defeated look.

"What happened to you?" Calvin, who was sitting on the couch, stared at Samuel.

Samuel poured himself a glass of water. "I'm fine." "You seem as though something is bumming you out." Calvin continued to look at him. "Do you need me to tell your fortune?" "Are you very free?" Samuel snapped in a cold demeanor.

"Thanks to you, yeah." Calvin smiled faintly.

Samuel took the upper half of the stack of documents on the desk and gave them to him. "Go through all of these."

Calvin was stunned.

"Between both of US, who is the father?" Calvin questioned unhappily.

"You're the one who said that our father-son relationship doesn't matter in the office," Samuel retorted monotonously.

Livid, Calvin took one of the documents. "It must be because your relationship with Kate is not going well."

Samuel remained silent.

"Surely, Old Mrs. Yoeger doesn't like you," Calvin continued angrily. "Who would like your cold personality?"

Samuel pinched between his eyebrows lightly.

If he weren't my father, I'd have chased him out already.

"Except Kathleen, I can't think of anyone else who can fancy you despite your annoying personality." Calvin continued to mock his son. "Even though Nicolette likes you, she also wants to use you." "Can you stop?" Samuel asked flatly and walked toward his desk, starting to work.

Calvin stood up and went to his side. "Son, I've been there. Don't you want to hear my opinion?" "Your relationship with Mom is smooth sailing. What opinion can you have?" "But we've met more people than you have," Calvin said patiently. "No matter what, you have to understand that Kate has already given up on you." "You don't need to remind me about that." Samuel's expression darkened.

"You'll have more difficulties pursuing her compared to others, but you can get close to her easier. Do you know why you can be at her side trouble-free?"

Samuel shook his head.

"Sense of security," Calvin said. "She knows that you won't take advantage of her or bully her. That's the advantage you have. You have to be patient. You can't rush things when you pursue her."

"It's not me who is impatient." Samuel responded hoarsely, "It's Old Mrs Yoeger." "What did Old Mrs. Yoeger do?" Calvin was taken aback.

"She said she wanted to see Kathleen in a wedding dress before she passed away."

Calvin grinned from ear to ear. "She deliberately said that for you to hear."

"I know," Samuel uttered. "But it's precisely because I know that that I'm more worried. If that day really comes, Kate will agree to it."

Calvin sighed. "If that day really comes, and Kate chooses another man, not you, there's nothing you can do about it either."

Samuel did not say a word.

“You can only give her your blessings,” Calvin continued solemnly.

Samuel felt a pang in his heart. His voice was low as he said, “Dad, I can’t do that.”

Calvin looked at Samuel, his heart breaking for his son. “You won’t have a choice unless Kate chooses you.”

“Dad, is there a machine that turns back the clock? Samuel inquired gruffly.

Calvin kept mum.

Samuel mocked himself, “I think I’ve gone mad.’ “If you think that you’re crazy, that means you’re not out of your mind yet.” Calvin motivated, “Perk up. Besides, Kate gives you treatment every day, and your illness won’t go away in a day or two. She’s busy working during the day, and yet she uses the little bit of time she has left to treat you. She doesn’t have any time to date another man.”

Samuel was stunned for a moment.

That had never crossed his mind before.

“When you’re with Kate, don’t mention anything related to love and relationships. Care for her daily life more, and don’t let her feel as though you haven’t given up yet. Don’t stress her out. Let her change gradually,” Calvin advised.

Samuel nodded.

“When your mom and Emily chatted that day, only then did I know that Christopher made Kate feel pressured while he was chasing her.” Calvin sighed. “Because of that, he failed to win her heart. Don’t make the same mistake he did.”

Samuel didn’t utter a word.

/ see. Christopher was rejected because of this.

“Old man, seems like you’re still a bit useful,” Samuel said In an icy tone.

Calvin, who had been called “old man,” was displeased. “Me? An old man? other old men already have grandchildren to play with them. What do I have? Nothing!”

Samuel was rendered speechless.

All Too Late Chapter 236

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Chapter 236 Do Not Forget To Pay

Despite what he said, Calvin still helped to shoulder half of Samuel's work.

Samuel got off work early to call Kathleen.

On second thought, he resisted calling Kathleen as he was afraid that she would feel pressured.

However, he still wanted to see her, so he drove to the hotel.

Parking the car in front of the hotel, he waited for her to appear.

He would neither tell her nor disturb her.

He just wanted to see her.

That was all.

After staring at the entrance of the hotel for a while, he accidentally dozed off.

His energy level was not as good as before.

He had a nightmare during his sleep.

In his dream, he saw Kathleen, who was dressed in a wedding gown, entering a church arm in arm with a man whose face could not be seen.

"K-Kate!" Samuel jerked back to wakefulness.

At the same time, he heard someone knocking on the car window.

He glanced sideways and saw Kathleen. Wrapped in a white down jacket with a mask over her face, she was looking at him speechlessly.

He opened the car door.

"Why are you here?" Kathleen frowned.

"I..." Samuel paused. "I feel unwell."

"Just go to the hospital." Kathleen was annoyed.

Samuel fell silent for a while before saying, "I felt better after soaking in the medicinal bath last time, but it doesn't seem to work recently."

Kathleen thought for a while. "Maybe you've developed a resistance to the drugs. It built up faster than I expected. I thought you could last until spring at least."

Samuel kept quiet.

"Come with me. I'll check your pulse after dinner," Kathleen said.

"Okay." Samuel was about to get off the car when she put a hand on his chest to stop him.

"Hold on."

Then, she reached out to help him put on the hood of his down jacket because she did not want him to catch a cold.

Samuel allowed her to help him tidy up his outfit.

After she was done, she handed him a mask. "You'll attract too much attention."

He put it on obediently before getting off the car.

In truth, no one dared to make big news of it even if he did not wear the mask as he had sent someone to keep an eye on the media.

Kathleen then brought him to her room upstairs.

She was staying alone, but the room was clean and tidy.

Standing in the room, Samuel realized that he had never seen Kathleen being slovenly before.

As a matter of fact, she was a sentimental person with a sense of ceremony.

"Take off your coat. We'll eat first," Kathleen stated calmly.

"Okay." Samuel obediently removed his coat and hung it on the side. Afterward, he washed his hands and sat down at the dining table.

Kathleen was amused. "Your obedience is making me feel a little embarrassed."

Actually, he doesn't have to be like this.

Looking down, Samuel hid the overwhelming emotions in his eyes. "I enjoy this."

He enjoyed being controlled by her.

He wanted to be the most obedient man for her.

Kathleen was exasperated, but she proceeded to sit down and had dinner with him.

She had a simple dinner—beef and some greens.

After noticing Samuel in his car earlier, she had asked Valerie to cook up a normal dinner for him.

Samuel did not need to stay in shape, so it was fine for him to have some carbohydrates in the evening.

He ate very slowly.

It was not on purpose as his stomach really did feel unwell.

Kathleen looked at him and frowned slightly. "Did you have lunch after you sent me back to the hotel?"

"Yes," replied Samuel.

There was a skeptical look on Kathleen's face. "Really?"

"I ate with my dad. You can ask him," Samuel explained.

Kathleen knitted her brows.

If he did have lunch, why would he still be unwell?

She stopped asking further. After dinner, she checked Samuel's pulse.

She took a longer time than before to check his pulse.

Sitting across Samuel, she rested her chin on one hand and checked his pulse with the other.

Samuel looked at her gentle and beautiful face quietly.

After a long while, Kathleen put down her hand. "Why is your body still not getting better if you eat your meals and take the medicine on time?"

Samuel said nothing.

"Are you working too hard?" Kathleen looked at him calmly.

"Dad took half of my workload. I left work early today," replied Samuel.

Thud!

Kathleen thumped the table. "You should go home and sleep after getting off work early. Why did you come here? Couldn't you have called me?"

Samuel pursed his lips.

Kathleen stared at him. "Samuel, you're making me feel guilty."

"I just..." Samuel paused for a second before saying self-deprecatingly, "Sorry."

He could find no reason as he had promised not to lie to her.

Kathleen did not want to speak either.

She did not know what to do with him.

Samuel rose to his feet. "I'm going back."

He then put on his coat, preparing to leave.

He had tried everything but to no avail.

The look on Kathleen's face told him just how much she did not like him.

His heart felt like it was being torn apart.

He could never get out of this cage and could only helplessly watch Kathleen walk further away from him.

Covering his mouth, he started coughing.

Initially, Kathleen wanted him to leave just like that, but her heart softened after hearing him cough.

Walking over to check on him, she was shocked to find that he had coughed up blood again.

"Don't leave." She was worried.

"I'm fine," Samuel answered in a hoarse voice.

"If something happens to you, I won't be able to explain to Old Mrs. Macari and the others. Weren't you very obedient earlier? Why are you not listening to me now?" Kathleen frowned.

Samuel replied self-depreciatingly, "I don't want you to think of me as bothersome."

"Funny of you to say that. If that were the case, why are you pestering me all the time? Am I that good? But I always lose my temper with you. I thought you like someone who's gentle, well-behaved, and obedient?"

"Because I like you. I'll still like you even if you're a feisty woman," explained Samuel.

"Go wash your hands first. I'll give you a round of acupuncture and see how things go," Kathleen said coldly.

Samuel did as told.

Kathleen then prepared the tools for acupuncture.

When Samuel returned after washing his hands, Kathleen pointed at the bed.
"Remove your shirt."

Samuel took off his shirt.

Even though he was thin, he had maintained his figure very well.

In fact, he still had eight-pack abs and an Apollo's belt.

His wide shoulders and narrow waist made him the perfect human mannequin.

"In what way should I lie down?" Samuel asked seriously.

Kathleen came back to her senses, her face slightly flushed.

"On your back," she replied softly.

Samuel knew her very well.

She was a pure and innocent woman.

He was the only man she had ever slept with.

That thought made him feel better.

After he lay down on the bed, Kathleen took out the silver needles and inserted them into his body at several acupoints.

Samuel was soon covered in needles, rendering him immobile.

Kathleen clapped her hands. "Stay like this for fifteen minutes."

Samuel nodded.

Then, Kathleen took out a pen and paper. "I'll give you a different prescription to try out."

"Thanks." Samuel sounded hoarse.

Kathleen snorted. "You're welcome. Don't forget to pay."

All Too Late Chapter 237

All Too Late Chapter 237 That Bad

"I don't have any wealth to my name." Samuel then continued softly, "I gave all my shares to you."

Kathleen's brows twisted into a tight frown upon hearing that. "Right. Speaking of which, contact Tyson and have him transfer those shares back to you. The hefty portion of shares I currently have is giving me so much anxiety."

However, Samuel wasn't planning on taking his shares back. "They were always meant to be yours."

"That won't do. I've got no use for all those shares and monetary assets. I also plan to return the Yoeger family shares to my brother. The only shares I'll keep are those from the Schott family," Kathleen explained.

Not a word came from Samuel.

"Listen to me, Samuel. All three companies will suffer a great deal should anything bad happen to me since I currently own a majority of their shares," said Kathleen, her features contorting into a stern expression.

Yet, Samuel continued to refuse her wish. "Consider it my compensation to you."

That caused Kathleen's frown to deepen as she retorted, "I'm not short of money. Besides, I don't even need the shares."

"Whether or not you're in need of money isn't something to do with me," replied a stubborn Samuel. After all, the shares were the last thing that allowed him to remain in Kathleen's life.

A sigh came from Kathleen as she helplessly suggested, "Well, you don't have to give it all to me. How about this? I'll accept five percent of the shares. After all, it's not wise if you don't own any of your company's shares."

Samuel indifferently responded, "I still have twenty-one percent of shares under my name that I bought over from the other shareholders."

Silence befell them as Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"I'll do my best to run the company so you can live a happy life. Don't worry." Samuel raised his hand and rested it on Kathleen's head reassuringly.

"I'm not worried," Kathleen stated in an exasperated tone.

It was then that Samuel changed the subject by hoarsely saying, "I'm a little tired now. Can you wake me later?"

Upon seeing Kathleen's nod, he closed his eyes to rest.

Kathleen watched him from the side, not uttering a word as she focused on the scar that slashed across Samuel's body.

Her heart inexplicably clenched with sorrow at that instant.

It was not long before fifteen minutes flew by, and she took out the silver needles.

However, she did not wake Samuel but pulled the blanket over his body, allowing him to continue resting.

She then laid down on the massive bed inside the room and fell into a deep slumber.

The next day, a series of knocks sounded from outside the room, startling Kathleen from her sleep.

Oh no! The makeup artist has arrived, but Samuel's still here!

She leaned over to look at Samuel but was shocked at the empty space beside her.

Even his clothes that hung off to the side last night had vanished.

Did he leave?

Despite being perplexed, Kathleen went to open the door for the makeup artist to enter.

Once the latter came in, she greeted Kathleen, "Good morning."

"Morning." Kathleen nodded before adding, "Could you give me a moment? I haven't washed up for the day."

"Oh, sure." The makeup artist flashed an understanding smile.

Following that, Kathleen hurriedly went to wash her face and brush her teeth for the day.

When she returned from the washroom, she saw the makeup artist chuckling. "Gosh, you've got quite the hardworking assistant, huh? She's already delivered breakfast for you despite it being so early in the day."

Huh? Breakfast?

Kathleen looked over at the desk nearby.

Indeed, there was a breakfast set waiting there for her.

That can't be Valerie's doing. If it were, she would've woken me up long ago. It has to be Samuel.

Kathleen sat down and took a sip of the coffee included in the breakfast.

It was still piping hot, which meant Samuel must have left not long ago.

Still, Kathleen could not fathom why he did not say anything before leaving.

Meanwhile, Charles arrived at the Lewis residence with a gift for Vivian.

It was the scarf that she previously visited him to ask for.

That day, there seemed to be a trace of warmth on Vivian's expression.

"Charles, look! This is the new dress they got me. Is it pretty?" she excitedly asked while hopping around since she was no longer tied up.

Seeing the way she behaved, Charles' heart began to ache.

He soon retracted his gaze and handed her scarf over. "Here. This was what you previously asked me for."

"Thanks!" Vivian seemed utterly delighted.

She took the scarf and wanted to look into a mirror, but there was none in the room.

That was because she had previously broken the mirror and nearly harmed herself with one of its shards. Thus, the mirror had been removed.

A tinge of displeasure showed on Vivian's face at once.

Seeing that, Charles calmly spoke. "I'll help you."

"Okay." Vivian handed the scarf in her hand over to him.

It did not take long for Charles to pull all her hair into a ponytail before securing it with the scarf.

Vivian then lightly touched the back of her head and asked, "Does it look nice?"

“Mm-hmm. You’re the prettiest lady I’ve ever laid eyes upon,” Charles complimented.

Yet, the bashful Vivian snapped, “Liar. What about your sister? Don’t you think she’s pretty too?”

That garnered a chuckle from Charles, who replied, “You’re both pretty ladies.”

Vivian giggled while commenting, “You’ve gotten much better at flattery, Charles. You would’ve never tried to please both parties like this back then.”

Her words amused Charles, who continued to chuckle lightly.

At some point, she glanced out her bedroom window, which had metal bars across it.

Her gaze remained on the view as she walked over to the window and said, “Is it winter now?”

“Yeah.” Charles nodded before adding, “But it’s about to be spring soon.”

“Spring?” A series of giggles came from Vivian. “Charles, can we please go on a picnic when spring comes?”

“Sure,” said Charles with a grim tone.

“Yay! It’s gonna be great!” A beaming grin spread across Vivian’s face right away. “I love trips! I remember when—”

She suddenly stopped.

At that moment, Charles cast a deep and intent look at her. “What do you remember?”

“Finn!” Vivian gripped Charles’ collar frantically as though she had recalled something. She exclaimed, “I remember! Finn doesn’t want me anymore…”

An ache rose in Charles’ chest again as he soothed, “Come now. Let’s not think about that.”

“No! He doesn’t want me anymore and even got someone to humiliate me!” Vivian shrieked while forcefully shaking her head.

Charles hurriedly swept Vivian into a tight embrace, not wanting her to harm herself during her episode.

However, Vivian desperately wanted to break free, so she bit down hard on his shoulder.

The excruciating pain caused him to grunt in agony.

Fortunately, a housekeeper noticed things were going south and hurriedly called for help to separate the two.

In no time, Vivian was tied onto the bed as she was before.

Charles shot her a sorrowful look.

It felt as though all strength had departed his body, leaving it in a state of helplessness.

Once Kathleen wrapped up her job, she returned to the hotel and saw Charles smoking outside her room.

She walked over and asked, "Is something wrong?"

To her confusion, Charles remained silent.

She glanced at the cigarette butts on the trash can next to him before stating, "Come in."

Kathleen opened the door to her room, and Charles followed her inside.

"What's up with your shoulder?" the former asked while glancing concernedly at her brother's shoulder.

Charles took a seat with a dejected expression. "Vivian bit me."

"Have you dealt with the wound?"

In response, Charles shook his head.

"Show me your shoulder. I'll apply some medicine to the wound." Kathleen turned around to get her medical kit.

Since she was currently filming a period drama, she often needed to perform stunts with high-tension wires and kneel in dramatic scenes. Thus, she had prepared a medical kit in case of any injuries.

Charles obediently revealed the bite wound on his shoulder.

The wound was so gruesome that Kathleen could almost feel how badly it hurt.

"Is there no other way?" Charles' hoarse voice asked.

Kathleen gazed coldly at him and replied, "The main thing is Vivian's current state. She would never let you erase her memories, even if you wanted to. There's no way she'll cooperate."

Silence filled the air as Charles could not muster a word.

"You met with Finn, didn't you? What did he say?" Kathleen asked curiously.

"He refused to admit to anything," came Charles' frosty reply.

"So did you two get into a fight?" Kathleen questioned while gazing at her brother.

"Hah. I wish."

"Perhaps you can try this instead. Run an investigation on who was involved back then and start from there. After all, Finn would never admit to the truth," suggested Kathleen.

"No one knows about this. Even Vivian remains in her dazed state and can't recall a thing." Helpless, Finn added dejectedly, "She even went mad when she remembered Finn."

Those words were enough to make Kathleen's eyebrows furrow deeply. "That bad?"

Charles nodded.

All Too Late Chapter 238

All Too Late Chapter 238 Play Pretend

Kathleen was very cautious in applying medication to the wound on Charles' shoulder.

His injury wasn't that serious, but Vivian's teeth had broken the skin, causing the wound to bleed.

"This will definitely leave a scar on you," said Kathleen flatly.

Charles was unfazed, though, responding, "It's fine. It couldn't be more normal for a man to have one or two scars."

In a placid tone, Kathleen replied, "It's fine for you but not your future wife. Would she be comfortable seeing another woman's teeth mark on your body? Don't always assume that women should accept you unconditionally. What if the woman of your life had a tattoo of another man's name on her body? Would you be pleased, then?"

Charles kept his mouth shut.

Noticing his dejected visage, Kathleen let out a snort. "It's okay! I'm here to help you."

Charles turned to look her in the eye. Was she teasing me intentionally?

"So, Charles, could you get Caleb to come here with you tomorrow? I have something to tell you guys." Kathleen was done treating Charles' wound, so she began tidying up the medical kit.

"Can't you just tell me now?" queried Charles ever so casually.

Kathleen shook her head.

Helpless, Charles went on, "You're so secretive even though I'm your brother."

By then, Kathleen had already kept the medical kit away as she walked up to Charles, asking, "Have you visited Granny yet?"

"Yup." Charles nodded as he spoke. "She still recognized me."

"That's good, then." Wearing a calm mien, Kathleen dropped a suggestion. "Granny will be discharged from the hospital in a few days, but she can't stay with the Yoegers anymore. I think you ought to hire someone to clean up the house and let her move in."

"That I know." Charles paused for a bit to ponder before saying, "I'm thinking of getting a bigger house, though. The current one is kind of small."

Kathleen remained silent for a brief moment. She then questioned, "Charles, do you think Granny might be willing to follow us abroad?"

Knitting his brows, Charles answered her with another question, "You've thought of leaving this place?"

"Wasn't our initial plan for coming back here just to investigate Mom's background?" Kathleen explained, "Now that we've figured out her identity, the only matter we have left to deal with is Vanessa and the others."

Charles shook his head. "I'm not so sure... After all, Granny's not young anymore. If she were to go abroad, she would have to adapt to a completely new life. Not only that, but I'm afraid that there are plenty of other things we need to consider."

Kathleen listened to him quietly while nodding.

"Are you worn out by Samuel's persistent pestering?" asked Charles. His heart ached for her.

“Me? No... It has nothing to do with him. I’m just thinking... Samuel has been gradually leading us into his trap. He even made use of Granny to divide my attention.”

Charles froze momentarily before flashing a faint smile. “Do you mean you feel annoyed that he set you up?”

Hearing that, Kathleen was stumped for words.

“I have to admit he’s really meticulous in his schemes. I’m actually pretty impressed by that. No wonder he could always succeed in everything he did.” It was so rare for Charles to sing Samuel’s praises.

The corners of Kathleen’s mouth twitched a little on that note. “Hey, Charles, which side are you on?”

Putting on a smirk, Charles answered, “Do you have to ask? Of course, I’m on your side.”

“I’m truly terrified of Samuel, Charles.” A hint of uneasiness flashed across Kathleen’s sparkling eyes. “I know better than anyone how capable he is when it comes to entrancing a woman’s attention. I’m afraid that I—”

Deep down, she was worried that she might eventually fall for Samuel.

Therefore, she hoped to put an end to all this before anything actually happened.

Charles could already tell by her look. “Don’t always punish yourself because of someone else’s mistake. There’s very little point in worrying whether you’d fall for Samuel. Even if you still hold a bit of feeling for him, that doesn’t mean much.”

Kathleen hung her gaze low, her long eyelashes concealing the hopelessness in her eyes.

Perceiving her bearing, Charles continued to comfort her, “As you said, Samuel has his way of bewitching a lady, and you’re no saint yourself. Since he has a thing for you, he’ll certainly go all out to captivate your heart, just like Christopher and Caleb. They, too, wished to show you only their best. This is all very normal, so you have nothing to fear.”

Kathleen side-eyed him. “Once I finish all the scenes of this film, could you arrange a job for me abroad? I’d like to take a breather for some time.”

“Okay, no problem.” Charles nodded in agreement.

Joy washed over Kathleen’s face as she expressed her gratitude. “Thank you so much.”

“You don’t have to be so courteous with your own brother, okay?” Displeased, Charles frowned.

His words made Kathleen smile from ear to ear.

That night, Samuel suppressed his urge to seek out Kathleen.

Even so, he missed her.

When he caught a glimpse of Kathleen’s scarf, he wrapped it around his neck and buried his head in work.

Not long after, there came a knock at the door.

“Come in.” Samuel’s voice was hoarse and deep.

A man pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Instantly, he squinted his eyes at Samuel. “Are you that cold?”

Samuel furrowed his eyebrows when he heard that voice. “What do you want, Nicholas?”

That man was Nicholas Larson. He approached Samuel and reached out to grab the scarf before taking a sniff.

“Oh? The scent of a lady’s perfume. Hehe...” said Nicholas with a half-smile. “Is it Kathleen’s?”

“Hands off my scarf!” Samuel snatched the scarf back from Nicholas’ hands in a flash.

“What a reaction!” Nicholas then wheeled around to grab a bottle of brandy and two empty glasses from the wine cabinet.

He filled up both glasses and served one of them to Samuel while claiming the other one for himself.

“I’m not drinking.” Samuel’s tone reeked of coldness. “Why are you back from Loang? Didn’t you run away from home to escape your family, who kept pestering you to get married?”

Taking a sip of the brandy in his glass, Nicholas let out a chuckle. “How is it that even your house’s brandy tastes so much better?”

Wearing an impassive countenance, Samuel remarked, “Get lost if you refuse to answer me.”

“Hey, why are you so cold-hearted?” Nicholas put down the glass as he spoke. “Don’t you know I’m back because of you?”

“Because of me?” Samuel remained frosty at that. “You’d better explain yourself.”

Heaving a sigh, Nicholas uttered, “Don’t tell me a smart guy like you can’t figure it out? I’ve naturally caved in and agreed to that marriage arranged by my family. Otherwise, I’d never dare to return.”

Samuel’s expression turned grim. “So, who’s your date?”

“You already have the answer.” Nicholas arched a brow.

“Kathleen?” Samuel’s voice was eerily low and cold.

Nicholas nodded.

Immediately, Samuel grabbed hold of Nicholas’ collar and threatened him, “It seems that I’ve got to think of a way to make you disappear.”

What the hell?

“Calm down, Samuel!” Nicholas had never been so speechless before. “Listen to me first. I’ve already mentioned that I’m doing this for you.”

Samuel’s chilling gaze remained pinned on Nicholas.

Having no choice, Nicholas explained further, “You know very well the relationship between my grandma and Old Mrs. Yoeger, which is why Old Mrs. Yoeger suggested setting me and Kathleen up on a blind date. Think about it. Even if you murder me now, there’d still be some other guy taking my place. You can’t just kill them all, can you?”

“Why not!” Samuel glared at Nicholas.

The latter chuckled bitterly. “Please... Kathleen will deem you a lunatic and leave you for good if you do that.”

Upon hearing that, Samuel pursed his thin lips.

Nicholas caught a glimpse of Samuel’s grim expression. “I’m your friend, Samuel. I’m well aware of your feelings toward Kathleen, so I won’t snatch her from you. I’m on your side, all right?”

With that, Samuel slowly released his grip on Nicholas.

The latter tidied his collar and elucidated, "I'm going to heed my grandma's order to meet up with Kathleen. But then, if our blind date fails, I bet Old Mrs. Yoeger would just introduce Kathleen to other guys anyway."

Samuel remained forbidding.

Isn't that obvious?

"So, I was thinking of seeking Kathleen's agreement to pretend that we hit it off well and be in a make-believe relationship," suggested Nicholas softly.

All Too Late Chapter 239

All Too Late Chapter 239 You Do Not Trust Me

"Pretend?" Samuel narrowed his eyes.

"That's right. That way, Old Mrs. Yoeger won't force her to go on more blind dates, and you can stop worrying about some other man snatching her up. Doesn't that sound great?" Nicholas said in a deep voice.

Samuel pursed his thin lips, not saying anything.

"In other words, you can both use me as your cover." Nicholas explained, "With no men after her, you can take your time to pursue her. Isn't that a good thing?"

Samuel's eyes turned icy. "I think she's the one being the cover for you."

Nicholas was taken aback.

"You should go to her about this. It's not my decision to make." Samuel fell silent after that.

Nicholas smirked. He knew that this meant Samuel had agreed.

"I'm supposed to have my blind date with her the day after tomorrow. Remember to come." Nicholas patted him on the shoulder. "Don't look so gloomy. The reason I'm back is to help you."

"Hah! Help me?" Samuel was in disbelief.

Nicholas shot him a meaningful look. "Just wait and see. I'll show you how fortunate you are to have a friend like me."

With that, he turned around and left.

Samuel furrowed his brows deeply.

It seemed like what Frances had said to him the other day was for real.

Two days later.

Kathleen had no choice but to follow Frances' order to go on a blind date.

This time, the blind date was set at a dinner party.

The guests were mostly young adults with very few older people.

Kathleen had just finished work. She changed into a comfortable set of clothes and came over.

Regardless of her outfit, as a celebrity, she still managed to look good.

Her figure was slim, and her face was beautiful. Anything she wore looked good on her.

With the addition of her having won an award before, everyone present immediately turned their attention to her.

However, she didn't stop there. She went straight to look for Frances and the others, who were having coffee in a private dining room on the second floor.

There were four people present.

Around the table sat Frances, Diana, and two other women who appeared to be Nicholas' birth mother and grandmother.

Melanie, Nicholas' mother, seemed to be rather shy.

Kathleen had heard about her from Frances before.

Apparently, Roger – Nicholas' father – and Melanie had accidentally ended up sleeping together.

After that, Melanie got pregnant. It was only then that she married into the Larson family.

Melanie came from an average family background.

Thus, she became very insecure by nature. She was very timid in everything she did.

Of course, the Larson family treated her well.

They did not look down on her because of her background.

Although Roger did not fancy her, he had never cheated on her in the past two or three decades. He was very responsible toward his wife and children.

Frances said that a family like that was sure to raise well-educated children.

“Hello, Granny, Grandma, Old Mrs. Larson, Mrs. Larson,” Kathleen greeted them all.

The more Frances looked at her granddaughter, the more wonderful Kathleen seemed. “Old Mrs. Larson, don’t you think my granddaughter is beautiful?”

Kathleen felt bashful.

Geraldine, Nicholas’ grandmother, looked Kathleen up and down. “She’s not bad.”

She has a tiny waist and wide hips. It’s a good proportion for a woman.

Kathleen felt uncomfortable at Geraldine staring at her stomach.

It felt like she was a slab of meat on a chopping board.

“Nicholas and the others are inside the house,” Melanie said.

Kathleen looked over.

We’ve barely even said anything to each other. Why is Mrs. Larson so rushed? What’s going on with the Larson family?

Geraldine could also sense that something was off. She smiled gently and said, “Let me bring Nicholas over. Both your grandmothers have already met him earlier.”

“I can go get him. I’ve seen him several times before,” Kathleen replied calmly.

“You know Nicholas?” Melanie was shocked. “Is it because of Samuel?”

Kathleen nodded. “Yes.”

It was true that Samuel was the reason they had met.

Melanie pursed her thin lips. “Ms. Johnson, Nicholas...”

“Okay, that’s enough.” Geraldine might have appeared gentle, but in reality, she was warning Melanie.

Melanie lowered her head.

“I’ll go now,” chimed in Kathleen.

She turned around and left.

Frances and Diana exchanged a glance.

Frances shot Geraldine a cold stare. “Are you hiding something from me?”

Meanwhile, Kathleen went out of the room to go outside and look for Nicholas.

Directly opposite her were a few games rooms.

She wasn’t sure which one Nicholas was in.

“On your right.” Samuel’s voice suddenly sounded from behind her.

She turned back and stared curiously at the man elegantly striding over.

Samuel hadn’t come looking for her in over two to three days.

He really missed her.

However, he knew that he couldn’t be too clingy toward her.

“They’re in the games room on the right. They’re playing snooker.” Samuel walked up to her. His voice was hoarse.

Kathleen’s face was soft and pink, like a peach.

“Come with me!” Kathleen said as she looked around.

She wanted to find a place to have a talk with him.

Samuel smiled. “The innermost room is empty.”

“How do you know?” Kathleen’s eyes widened.

Samuel chuckled. “Because that’s my personal room.”

“Hmph. I see you are living your life to the fullest.”

Samuel paused before explaining, “I haven’t been here in a year.”

Kathleen let out a light snort.

“Let’s go.” Samuel resisted the urge to reach out to grab her hand. “You have something to say to me, right?”

Kathleen walked ahead, so Samuel followed behind her.

When they reached the innermost room, Kathleen prepared to open the door.

However, she realized the door had an electronic lock.

Why would someone install an electronic lock here?

Samuel stood behind her. With a slight smile, he bent down and placed one hand on her shoulder. Then, he keyed in the password with his other hand.

1026.

It was Kathleen’s birthday.

She knitted her brows slightly.

The door opened, revealing the pitch-black room inside.

Samuel reached out his hand to turn on the lights.

Instantly, the room was illuminated.

Samuel led her in, then closed the door behind them.

Kathleen looked at him curiously. “Why is the password my birthday?”

Samuel hesitated before answering, “Should I have used mine instead? That would be too easy to guess, don’t you think?”

“If you set it up so long ago, shouldn’t it be Nicolette’s birthday instead?” Kathleen asked.

Samuel flashed her an unfathomable smile. “I’ve never once thought about this question. Why is it that I used your birthday for many of my passwords even though I had feelings for Nicolette?”

Kathleen was stunned.

Many of his passwords?

“Kate, my subconscious realized that I liked you a long time ago.” Samuel’s voice was raspy. “However, I just never noticed.”

Kathleen pressed her lips together. "I have a question."

"Go ahead." Samuel seemed to be very willing to cooperate with her.

"Are you involved in this blind date matter with Nicholas and me?" she asked solemnly.

"Not at all." Samuel shook his head.

Kathleen stared into his jet-black eyes.

His expression was indifferent as he uttered, "I really don't know anything."

Kathleen's fair, delicate face was tense. "Really?"

Samuel nodded. "I've told you that I would never lie to you."

Kathleen breathed a sigh of relief. "That's good."

Samuel looked at her meaningfully. "You..."

"Can you call him over? I have something I want to say to him."

"Okay." Samuel nodded.

He took out his phone and sent Nicholas a text.

The entire time, Kathleen never took her eyes off him.

Samuel smirked. "Do you really not trust me that much?"

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All Too Late Chapter 240 I Believed It

Kathleen snorted.

Samuel walked over to her side and hugged her from behind. He then held his phone up in front of her so she could see the screen.

Well, since he was already showing it to her, she figured she might as well take a look.

Kathleen stared at the screen.

At this moment, Samuel felt like Kathleen was like an adorable, curious little kitten. She was staring at his phone screen very seriously.

He couldn't help but pat her on the head.

Kathleen froze. All the hairs on her body were standing on end.

It feels nice.

Kathleen did not say anything, but Samuel did not dare to touch her again.

Just then, a knock came from the door.

Samuel let go of Kathleen to go open the door.

Nicholas came in. "Ms. Johnson, you're here to go on a blind date with me. Why are you meeting your ex-husband in private?"

Kathleen replied seriously, "Listen here, Nicholas. I only came because of Granny. I don't have any feelings toward you."

"Your words are quite hurtful," Nicholas answered bitterly.

Samuel walked behind him and gave him a kick in the back of his shin.

Nicholas winced in pain.

Kathleen was speechless.

"Don't talk while standing up. Come, sit down," Samuel said gently to Kathleen.

Following his words, she went over and sat down.

"Are you hungry?" he asked considerately.

She had rushed over here from the film set. Hence, he was sure that she hadn't eaten yet.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded.

Samuel curled his thin lips into a small smile. "I'll get them to make you some food."

As he spoke, he called the waiter and made an order.

Kathleen looked at Nicholas. "Take a seat."

Nicholas came and sat down opposite the both of them.

He stared at Samuel.

Samuel has turned into Kathleen's servant. He does whatever she says.

"Nicholas, to be honest, I only agreed to have a blind date with you because of Granny." She continued, "It doesn't mean I like you in any way."

Nicholas was relieved to hear her say all this. "Me too!"

Kathleen frowned.

On the other hand, Samuel had a slight smirk on his face.

Nicholas noticed his smirk immediately. This d*mned man. Look at how happy he is!

"What do you mean by that? Are you saying she's not good enough for you?" Samuel stared at Nicholas icily.

Nicholas was too stunned to speak.

At this point, Kathleen turned to give Samuel a cold stare.

Samuel cleared his throat. "What I meant to say is, you're a wonderful person. He shouldn't dismiss you so easily."

"Hahaha!" Nicholas was at a loss for words. "Then, should I say I like her instead?"

"Go to hell." Samuel's face was expressionless.

Nicholas was completely dumbfounded.

"Ms. Johnson, hear me out. The truth is, I don't want to be sent on blind dates either," admitted Nicholas.

Kathleen stared at him in silence.

"How about this? Let's pretend we're dating to fool those oldies. If we don't work out, they will just keep arranging more blind dates for us. Don't you think it's too troublesome?" suggested Nicholas.

"I have a way to persuade Granny, so I'll pass on your offer." Kathleen was not interested in his proposal.

Nicholas was stupefied.

“You realize that the one with the problem here is you, not me, right?” Kathleen laid things out for him. “Your grandma is so anxious to matchmake you because she’s afraid you’ll end up like your father. She was never satisfied with your mother’s background. Because she’s afraid you’ll repeat those same mistakes, she keeps pushing you to go on blind dates. Isn’t that right?”

Nicholas looked at Kathleen in shock.

How does she know all that? Did Samuel tell her?

Nicholas looked over to Samuel.

“I never said anything,” Samuel stated calmly.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Samuel got up to open it.

A waitress came in with a food cart before setting all the food down on the table.

“Mr. Macari, all the food you ordered has arrived,” uttered the waitress politely.

Samuel nodded lightly. “All right. That will be all. You can leave.”

He took out five hundred in cash.

The waitress smiled as she received it. She understood what Samuel was implying.

Samuel was indirectly telling the waitress that she was not allowed to say anything about this.

“Enjoy your meal.” The waitress turned around and exited the room.

On her way out, she shut the door swiftly.

Kathleen picked up her fork and started to eat.

She was starving.

No matter how hungry she was, she still looked very elegant while eating.

Samuel voluntarily started to peel some prawns for her.

They were the freshest tiger prawns available.

Samuel had ordered them steamed and served as is.

At the side, Nicholas stared speechlessly at the loving couple in front of him.

Are they really divorced? How interesting.

At this moment, Kathleen suddenly said, "Nicholas, you've been divorced before, right?"

Nicholas was dumbfounded as his eyes widened.

"Samuel!" Nicholas turned to stare at his friend.

"She didn't hear it from me." Samuel was not the type to gossip about others. Thus, he had never said anything about this to Kathleen.

Kathleen cut in and responded, "You don't have to look at him like that. He isn't the one that told me. I took a guess."

"How can you guess something like that? Are you Sherlock Holmes?" Nicholas replied in bewilderment.

"No, I'm not." She stared at him meaningfully. "However, when I met your grandmother and mother just now, I realized they both seemed very anxious. They want us to solidify our relationship as soon as possible."

Nicholas furrowed his brows.

"As a woman who's been divorced myself, I wondered what could make them so anxious to set you up with me. Is it because I'm rich? Of course, that is a possibility. However, the other possibility is that you like a woman that they don't approve of. So..."

Nicholas bowed at her in admiration. "Ms. Johnson, you're right on the mark."

He had to hand it to her.

"Since you understand what I mean, you can explain things to your grandmother when we meet them later," Kathleen stated flatly.

"Ms. Johnson, if you don't want to fake a relationship with me, what will you tell Old Mrs. Yoeger?" Nicholas was curious.

"I have my own methods. Don't worry."

He sighed in frustration. "Very well."

Then, he glanced over at Samuel.

Samuel was focused on peeling prawns for Kathleen.

“By the way, am I not included in this meal that you ordered?” Nicholas stared despondently at Samuel.

Samuel’s gaze was icy. “If you’re hungry, go out and get some food.”

Nicholas was speechless.

How cruel!

“I’m leaving!” Nicholas was furious. “I can’t believe you’re prioritizing a girl over a friend. Back when you used to like Nicolette, you never acted this way.”

Upon hearing that name, Samuel shot him a glare.

Ignoring him, Nicholas got up to leave.

“Don’t pay him any mind. Just eat up.” When Samuel saw Kathleen’s puffy cheeks filled with food, he smiled lightly. She looked just like a squirrel.

After Nicholas had left the room, Kathleen revealed, “Actually, I lied to him.”

“About what?” Samuel frowned.

“You’re the reason I know about his divorce,” Kathleen admitted.

“But I’ve never told you about that.” Samuel was confused.

“I know.” She nodded. “The thing is, there was once where he had come to our house to see you. When you guys were talking in the study, your voices were really loud, so I heard everything.”

Samuel was dumbstruck.

“I’m sure not many people know about this. Granny definitely doesn’t. Although, I think she might be getting suspicious,” Kathleen said as she munched down on some fish.

Samuel smiled helplessly. “You were so convincing earlier, even I believed it.”