

## All Too Late Chapter 3

### Chapter 3 Leukemia

Kathleen turned around with a faint smile. "I don't intend to get you involved, Ms. Williams."

With that, she proceeded to make her way out.

Tears began to drip down Quinn's face.

Kathleen's mother used to be her mentor, yet there was nothing she could do to help Kathleen.

She didn't know how she was going to face her own mentor.

When Kathleen came out of the obstetrics and gynecology department, she showed Tyson the report in her hands. "Take a good look. I'm not pregnant, so you can go now."

What she said made Tyson feel awkward.

"Where are you heading, Mrs. Macari? I'll send you there." Here, he paused and added in a softer voice, "Mr. Macari told me to."

"I don't like being followed around. You can tell Samuel that I will look for Grandma, but I have something else to do right now," Kathleen declared.

"Understood." Tyson nodded.

Kathleen turned and left.

After taking two steps, she realized that she had forgotten to take her phone, so she went back to get it.

When she came out again, someone stopped her by calling her name.

"Kathleen." Nicolette's voice traveled into her ears.

Kathleen froze. How did I end up bumping into her?

She turned around quietly and looked at Nicolette, who was dressed in a hospital gown and looked a little pale.

Even so, she still looked gorgeous.

Despite the physical resemblance between them, their temperaments were completely different.

Kathleen was alluring, but there was something innocent about her.

Nicolette, on the other hand, was purely priggish.

The two of them were worlds apart.

Kathleen furrowed her brows and asked, "Why are you here?"

Nicolette stared back at her icily. A glint of envy flashed in her gaze. "I've been admitted to the hospital for leukemia."

"Leukemia?"

"Samuel was the one who arranged for me to get admitted here." Nicolette smirked. "Oh, right, I heard that the treatment for leukemia in this hospital was perfected by your parents."

Her words disgusted Kathleen. She didn't like the idea of Nicolette receiving the treatment that her parents had perfected.

"Good luck with your treatment, then," Kathleen said emotionlessly.

She wanted to leave, but Nicolette stopped her again. "Give Samuel back to me, Kathleen."

Kathleen paused.

"If it isn't because you snatched him away, I would have been the one who married Samuel three years ago. Because of you, we were separated for so many years, and now, this is the state that my body's in. Do you still intend to have him all to yourself? He doesn't even love you!" Nicolette continued.

Kathleen remained expressionless. "What a joke. If he wants to get a divorce, then he should be the one talking to me about it. Why are you the one saying it? Is he that much of a coward?"

The truth was, she knew that Nicolette had only said that on purpose to provoke her and let her know just how much Samuel cared about Nicolette.

Even though Kathleen was aware of it, that didn't change the fact that it hurt.

She had loved him for so many years, after all.

“Samuel just feels bad,” Nicolette muttered through gritted teeth. “You think it’s natural for you to be with Samuel because you lost your parents and Old Mrs. Macari likes you. But you seem to have forgotten that he doesn’t love you. Not even a tiny bit!”

“How can you be so sure?” Kathleen challenged.

Nicolette was dazed upon hearing that.

“Why would he touch me if he didn’t love me?” Kathleen continued taunting.

Nicolette trembled slightly. Right then, she looked behind Kathleen. “Samuel?”

Kathleen froze for a second and smiled calmly. I guess I fell for it in the end.

She turned around and was greeted by the sight of a cold, striking man.

“I came here to get a checkup. I’ll be on my way now,” Kathleen said.

“And what were the results?” Samuel questioned in a frigid voice.

Kathleen pulled out the lab report and stuffed it into his suit pocket. With a grin on her face, she answered, “Don’t worry. I’m not pregnant.”

Samuel took the report with a slight discomfort in his heart.

Truthfully speaking, he had had his hopes up.

However, the feeling soon dissipated.

“Well, since you’re not pregnant, let’s discuss the future,” he suggested in an unconcerned manner.

“Are you sure you want to talk about that here?” Kathleen looked aggrieved. “I haven’t even eaten yet just so I could get a checkup.”

“Go eat, then,” Samuel responded impassively.

“Take me there.” Kathleen smiled. “We can talk while we eat.”

Samuel stared at her without any warmth in his eyes. “Don’t try anything funny.”

Kathleen giggled, which was music to one’s ears. “If I had tried anything funny, you would have been kneeling in front of Grandma at this moment. All I’m asking is that you join me for a meal.”

Samuel furrowed his brows.

“You can go with her, Samuel. I’ll wait for you in the hospital,” Nicolette piped up, pretending to be understanding.

Kathleen beamed and grabbed Samuel’s arm. “If you say so, Ms. Yoeger. Let’s go, then. There’s a place nearby that I’ve been wanting to try for a while.”

Nicolette watched as they linked arms with venom in her eyes.

Samuel glanced at her and said, “Go back to the ward and get some rest. I’ll be back soon.”

“Okay.” Nicolette bit her lip. “Hurry back. Let’s eat lunch together.”

“Sure.” Samuel nodded.

Kathleen dragged him outside, and they went to the nearby restaurant that she had mentioned.

She took one menu, looking relaxed. “What are you getting, Sam?”

“I’m not eating.”

“You’re trying to save some room in your stomach to have lunch with Nicolette later, right? I get it.” Kathleen gestured for the waiter. “Can I get one quinoa salad? Also, I want a plate of chicken drumsticks. Thanks.”

“Sure.” The waiter nodded, then walked away.

Samuel knitted his eyebrows. “Why are you eating so much?”

He knew that Kathleen typically had a small appetite. She would be full after just a few bites.

“Really, Sam? I only ordered a bowl of quinoa salad and some chicken drumsticks, and you think I’m eating too much? Has your company gone bankrupt or something? Are you poor now?”

“Just eat.”

Sometimes, her cheekiness was adorable. Other times, however, it was plain infuriating.

Even so, Samuel had to admit that it hadn’t been too bad waiting for Nicolette to come back for the past three years with Kathleen by his side.

When the food was served, Kathleen began to dig in.

She was practically starving at that point, and so was the baby she was carrying.

As she chewed her salad, her cheeks puffed up. That action of hers was incredibly cute, and she looked just like a squirrel.

“What did you want to say to me?” Kathleen asked softly.

“What did Nicolette tell you just now?”

Kathleen frowned. Is he trying to settle the score?

“She told me that she had leukemia.”

“That’s true. I went to check for a bone marrow match for her. Surprisingly enough, there’s a donor in this hospital whose blood type is a perfect match for her. Can you guess who it is?”

Kathleen’s eyelid twitched. “You mean... me?”