

All Too Late Chapter 81

“Don’t spout nonsense,” Sandra reprimanded her sister. The former’s expression became unnatural when she saw Kathleen.

With a stony expression, Kathleen eyed Yvette and uttered, “You have a mouth but fail to speak properly. It might as well have grown below you; at least it would serve some form of purpose then.”

“What did you just say?” responded Yvette in an extremely shrill voice.

“Do you not understand what I mean? If you do, then great. If not, looks like your brain’s faulty too,” said Kathleen with an icy tone.

“Kathleen, my sister did not speak in a nice tone just now, but did you really have to criticize her like this?” interjected Sandra, frustrated.

“Well, wasn’t your sister the one who started it first?” Kathleen said flatly. “Surely you know that it’s always the instigator who’s at fault.”

Sandra bit her lip and did not say a word.

Back then, Kathleen said the exact same thing to her.

Yvette mocked, “Kathleen, what’re you so cocky about? You and Samuel have been married for three years, but he ended up having a mistress anyway.”

Kathleen’s delicate countenance paled a shade.

Previously, Samuel and Nicolette appeared in the Yoeger residence together.

Everyone in Jadeborough knew that he personally fed that woman cake.

At that time, Kathleen’s marriage to him had not been publicly announced yet, so everyone thought that Samuel and Nicolette would be a couple.

“Why the silence?” asked Yvette smugly.

In a calm manner, Kathleen said, “Even if he has a mistress, you decided to insult me, the wife, instead of blaming the cheating man. Where are your morals?”

Yvette was stunned for a moment before replying angrily, “Kathleen, stop lecturing me like you’re on the moral high ground. I inquired about this long ago; Samuel and

Nicolette were a pair, to begin with. The one who snatched someone else's partner was you! You're the real homewrecker!"

Kathleen sneered and said, "I'm the homewrecker? What a pity—the 'homewrecker' you're referring to is actually Samuel's real wife, while Nicolette became the mistress that everyone hates. Are you dissatisfied with that?"

"Kathleen, you vile, shameless woman! Samuel will divorce you eventually! Homewrecker b*tch!" Yvette hissed through gritted teeth.

"Yvette!" Sandra creased her brows.

Kathleen chuckled aloud and said with disdain, "I'm a homewrecker b*tch? What does that make your sister?"

At that, Sandra's expression turned grim.

"What's wrong with my sister?" said Yvette with arms akimbo. "She's a thousand—no, a million—times better than you!"

Kathleen glanced at Sandra frostily and uttered, "Sandra, if you can't restrain your sister even the slightest bit, then don't blame me for going all out."

"Stop talking," said Sandra as she pulled Yvette's arm, intending to drag her sister away.

"Sandra, what're you doing? Why're you afraid of her?" Yvette scowled. "She's a homewrecker, a vixen who destroys other people's relationships! What right does she have to be the young madam of the Macari family?"

"If I don't have the right, do you?" A hint of scorn filled Kathleen's beautiful eyes.

"If I had the chance, I'm sure Samuel would like me," declared Yvette assuredly.

In truth, her attacks on Kathleen were merely out of her jealousy, not out of support for Nicolette.

Yvette came to know Samuel because of Sandra.

Rather than saying she "knew" him, she actually only saw his photo as Sandra and Samuel went to the same school.

Yvette liked Samuel almost to the point of obsession.

Even though she had devised countless plans to approach Samuel, she did not succeed even once.

It was absolutely impossible for people of her social status to get close to Samuel.

Perhaps she could have had the opportunity to get in touch with Samuel back when Sandra was still coursemates with him.

After that, they did not contact each other anymore.

And so, Yvette lost any chance of seeing Samuel.

Although Yvette worked hard throughout the past few years, her efforts proved to be futile.

It was only when Samuel announced his marriage with Kathleen some time ago that she discovered he was taken.

Moreover, the woman that he had married was a parentless orphaned girl.

To Yvette, Kathleen did not match up to Samuel other than the fact that she was pretty.

Thus, when Yvette saw Kathleen, she tried all methods to humiliate the latter.

After all, the person Samuel likes is Nicolette. He wouldn't care about what happens to Kathleen!

"You?" Kathleen insulted, "Back then, your sister tried everything and failed. You're not even half as pretty as her, so what makes you so sure of yourself?"

Sandra's face became flushed.

"She would never!" said Yvette confidently. "I'll teach you a lesson if you dare to accuse my sister again!"

Slowly, Kathleen stated, "Are you sure? You can't read her mind, so how would you know that? I remember that she employed very underhanded tactics."

"Kathleen, that's enough!" Sandra bit her lip and snapped, "I have never offended you, have I? Why must you hold on to the past?"

"Who asked your sister to attack me?" Kathleen said nonchalantly, "I told you just now that you're not restraining her. Instead, you're letting her do as she pleases. Isn't that right?"

Sandra was taken aback.

Kathleen continued stonily, "You had the chance to stop her from sputtering nonsense, but did you? Not at all. Looks like after so many years, you still harbor ulterior motives

and impure thoughts for another man despite your upcoming marriage. Since your sister loves being an upright warrior for morality and pointing out others' faults, how could she miss you out?"

"Kathleen, you're still as eloquent as ever," Sandra commented through clenched teeth.

"Thank you for the compliment. I naturally would not show any mercy toward lowlifes." Kathleen welcomed the woman's remark gladly.

"How dare you scold my sister like that! I'll have your head!" Yvette raised her fist and aimed it at Kathleen.

The corners of Sandra's lips curved upward.

She wanted to see Kathleen beaten up.

Kathleen's eyes were cold as ice as she stared directly at Yvette's fist without budging at all.

Suddenly, a strong force pulled her, and she fell into a warm embrace.

Inhaling the cold, woody scent, Kathleen buried her face into the man's chest.

She felt aggrieved.

Samuel hugged her tightly with one arm while using the other to push Yvette away.

Sandra and Yvette were utterly shocked.

It's Samuel!

When Samuel spoke, it felt as though hell froze over. "Who gave the two of you such courage to lay a hand on the young madam of the Macari family?"

"Samuel, long time no see," greeted Sandra awkwardly.

"Who're you?" Samuel questioned in a cold demeanor.

Sandra's face turned beet red. Does he not recognize me anymore?

"Mr. Macari, she's Sandra, your ex-classmate. My name's Yvette, and I'm her sister." Yvette was not expecting to meet Samuel here, so she was very excited.

Samuel's eyes were dark and cold as he looked at the two sisters. "I asked the two of you—who gave you such courage to lay a finger on my wife?"

"It was she who scolded Sandra first," justified Yvette. "Mr. Macari, do you really not remember my sister?"

"Did you scold her?" Samuel lowered his eyes to look at Kathleen, who remained in his arms.

The woman's lips were a luscious shade of red. "I did."

"So be it," said Samuel nonchalantly.

Sandra and Yvette's faces fell.

He gazed at Kathleen's gentle and sweet face and uttered coldly, "Do you think that I'd believe you randomly scolded someone? I know you. If people don't get on your nerves, you wouldn't lash out at them."

Kathleen was never one to be unreasonable or flaunt her power in public.

Samuel knew this full well.

If she were really that sort of person, she could not possibly have silently tolerated being his wife for three years.

If she did have that kind of intention, their relationship would have been publicized a long time ago.

Hence, it was definitely not Kathleen who started this ruckus.

All Too Late Chapter 82

Kathleen pursed her lips quietly.

Yvette was fuming. "We didn't scold her. All we did was say a few words of truth."

Coldly, Samuel remarked, "What truth could possibly come out of the mouths of dogs like you?"

Yvette was rendered speechless while Sandra froze.

"Mr. Macari, we know that she's the third person who took Nicolette's spot." Yvette reminded, "Isn't Nicolette your true love?"

Samuel's eyes were glazed with a layer of frost. "Who do you think you are to have the audacity to say that you know who my true love is? It seems to me that the two of you are courting death."

Yvette was stunned. Is Nicolette not Samuel's true love? What does he mean?

Kathleen stared at the two sisters icily.

"Sam, do you really not remember this woman anymore?" inquired Kathleen as she lifted a finger to point at Sandra.

"Nope." Samuel added disgustedly, "Why would I remember a random woman? I'm your man; can't you be a little jealous?"

Sandra and Yvette were thunderstruck.

D-Did Samuel just say all that? How could he say such things?

"You don't like them anyway, so why should I be jealous?" Kathleen found his question to be very confusing.

Samuel was displeased by her words.

"Do you really not have any impression of her?" asked Kathleen once more.

"No. Isn't it annoying to ask this again and again? I only have eyes for you," clarified Samuel, who was afraid of answering wrongly.

However, to be fair, he did indeed forget who Sandra was.

Kathleen turned to look at Sandra, whose face was pale as a sheet, and said flatly, "You spent so much effort back then, but he doesn't even remember your name in the end. What a pity."

At that, Sandra's face became even paler.

"Kathleen, don't cross the line," fumed Yvette.

"I crossed the line?" Kathleen mocked, "It was you who insulted me first, saying that I'm a homewrecker b*tch. There're surveillance cameras here; should we check the footage?"

Yvette felt guilty.

Kathleen coldly eyed Sandra. "I warned you just now that you should hold your sister back. Since you did not heed my words, don't blame me for taking action."

The latter panicked. “Kathleen, don’t you dare!”

“Sandra, why’re you scared of her?” The tactless Yvette added fuel to the flames. “She’s just a homewrecker who monopolizes the fact that she’s an orphan to garner sympathy and snatch someone else’s man. How shameless!”

Sandra wished she could slap her sister there and then. Shut up!

Kathleen sneered, turned to Samuel, and asked, “Sam, do you remember Wynnie throwing you a birthday party at home when you were twenty, and a lot of your classmates were invited?”

The latter nodded with a frosty expression. “Yes. I was drunk that time.”

“That’s right.” Kathleen glanced at Sandra and went on, “This woman snuck into your room and wanted to take off your clothes.”

The blood instantly drained from Sandra’s face.

Samuel knitted his brows. “What did you say?”

Kathleen replied, “I saw it with my own eyes. It was I who stopped her. Otherwise, the person whom you would be married to right now would be her.” With a sigh, she continued, “I really regret stopping her.”

“Shut up,” commanded Samuel unhappily.

“You’re lying!” Yvette exclaimed in shock. “My sister would never do that!”

“She even knelt in front of me that time. In fact, I have footage of what happened. Do you want to take a look?” said Kathleen icily.

Yvette was stupefied.

“This matter was initially over long ago, but you brought this upon her.” Kathleen’s tone was gentle yet freezing cold. “It’s too bad that she has a sister like you who causes her trouble.”

“That’s impossible!” Yvette shook her head hard. “You b*tch—Ah!”

Sandra slapped her before the latter could even finish her words.

“Stop f*cking causing me problems!” Sandra was so livid that her insides hurt.

What would happen if the Sullivan family found out about this?

Yvette was dumbfounded by her sister's action.

Kathleen snickered. "Sandra, I'm speechless about your sister. I've reminded you time and time again, and you've told her repeatedly as well, but she insists on making me angry. Does she hold a grudge against you? Or is she envious of you, so she's destroying you on purpose?"

Sandra's face was black as thunder as she eyed Yvette, who felt wronged as she cried, "Sandra, I'm not jealous of you! Really!"

Sandra harrumphed. "Shut it!"

Yvette unhappily lowered her head.

Looking at Kathleen, Sandra said, "It's my fault for not educating my sister properly."

"Did you not educate her properly or did you merely decide to use her as your weapon?" retorted Kathleen expressionlessly. "If you had restrained her sternly, to begin with, I wouldn't have exposed what happened. You brought this upon yourself."

Sandra bit her lip.

"Sandra, I've never been one to be bullied so easily," Kathleen added stonily.

It's just that I love Samuel too much.

"I'm sorry." Sandra had no choice but to apologize.

After that, she dragged Yvette along and left.

The store returned to its usual peaceful state.

Samuel stared at Kathleen, who casually asked, "Why're you looking at me like that?"

Are you surprised at how I behaved?

"It's nothing," answered Samuel in a low voice. "I just thought that I should get to know you properly."

Such a tiny, dainty girl, yet she's so feisty when it comes to teaching people a lesson. This is a side of her that I've never seen before. I knew that she wasn't as weak and demure as she seemed.

"Take your time then," said Kathleen.

Samuel could not resist the urge to pinch her face. "So, you did it to protect me back then?"

Kathleen merely gave a humph.

With a frown, Samuel went on, "I remember that I had had too much to drink then, so I went back to my room to rest. In a daze, I kissed someone."

The woman's ears reddened. "Is that so?"

"I can confirm that it wasn't Sandra, and it's impossible for it to be Nicolette." Samuel gazed at Kathleen deeply and asked, "So, it was you?"

"N-No," responded Kathleen in awkwardness.

"I remember that kiss tasted of peaches." Samuel pinched her chin and said, "Back then, I remember a little peach telling me that she loved eating this type of candy the most."

Kathleen stiffened up. "I-I thought that you had already forgotten about that."

Samuel's face darkened. "I didn't forget it, but I did think that it was a dream."

He had always assumed that was the case, so the matter was buried at the bottom of his heart.

Back then, he had not begun dating Nicolette yet, but he dreamed of Kathleen and even kissing her.

He thought that he was nothing more than a beast.

After all, Kathleen was only seventeen back then.

So, it was really her! My affection for her had already begun a long time ago.

"Let's go try on the bridal outfits." Kathleen was worried that he would give her trouble.

"Kathleen, you're such an idiot," said Samuel as he pinched her face.

"Why're you scolding me?" Kathleen felt speechless. "I wasn't the one who took the initiative. It was you who suddenly grabbed my hand, asked me why I was so sweet, and then... I thought you mistook me for Nicolette."

Samuel fell silent.

What a huge misunderstanding!

“You’re an idiot.” Samuel exerted more force in his fingers and added, “Of course, I’m one too.”

Kathleen furrowed her brows, not understanding what he meant.

“All right, let’s go try out the clothes.” Samuel held her hand to select wedding dresses.

After getting some things in order, Samuel’s mind became crystal clear.

Back when they first got married, he accepted Kathleen at once for a reason.

The man had already fallen for her before he even realized it.

My sweet peach, I must have you!

All Too Late Chapter 83

Kathleen was bewildered. She was totally clueless as to why Samuel was grinning.

The man asked her to try on some wedding dresses, so she obliged.

She dared not say anything about it either.

Nevertheless, the process of trying on the wedding dresses was extremely slow and arduous.

Kathleen only tried on two outfits.

Samuel narrowed his eyes and uttered, “If you don’t try them on properly, I’ll buy everything home, then you can slowly try on all of them.”

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

That’s not how you should spend money, even if you’re wealthy!

In the end, Kathleen selected an off-shoulder, demure wedding dress, which suited her meek and gentle personality.

She exuded a sweet, lovely vibe.

Samuel tested a black tuxedo.

He stood with Kathleen and asked the store employee to help take a photo.

That would be their only picture together later on.

After they finished trying on their wedding outfits, Samuel brought Kathleen out to eat.

Once they finished their meal, the couple went home together.

Kathleen remained happy all the way until before the wedding.

Even though she was still unable to let go of the pair of children whom she had lost, she knew that she had to look forward and move on.

Soon, their wedding day arrived.

The ceremony was to be held in a chapel.

That day, Kathleen wore the wedding dress that she had chosen with Samuel. A joyful grin was carved on her face as she walked step by step toward him amid the well-wishes of her friends and relatives.

Samuel, elegant and handsome, stood before the altar as Kathleen, gentle and sweet, strode forward.

The two seemed like a perfect match as they stood together.

Christopher sat on one of the pews, staring at Kathleen from behind in a serious manner.

If this is her choice, the only thing I can do is respect it and give her my best wishes.

Benjamin was seated on one of the pews too.

Gemma was still unable to get down from the bed, so she could not make it.

He came to give Kathleen his blessing.

No matter who she married, all he hoped for was her happiness.

She must obtain happiness!

Kathleen walked in front of Samuel and placed her small hand in his.

The latter held her hand and, through the transparent veil, gazed at his petite bride. Warmth and bliss filled his heart.

Perhaps we should have held this wedding ceremony a long time ago. How foolish I was!

The couple turned simultaneously to look at the priest, who smiled at them and slowly uttered, "Dear Mr. Samuel Macari and Ms. Kathleen Johnson, do the two of you agree to live together in matrimony and never leave each other regardless of wealth and health?"

Samuel declared solemnly, "I do."

Kathleen's eyes gleamed with sincerity. "I—"

Bang!

Before the woman could even finish her vow, a loud bang sounded from behind.

Then, there was the patter of footsteps.

Kathleen turned around, and so did the crowd.

Nicolette strode forward, silhouetted by the light.

Kathleen froze on the spot.

Nicolette? Why are her legs perfectly well?

Samuel's handsome face turned black as thunder as he ordered his subordinates to take Nicolette away.

How dare she show up here!

Nicolette chuckled sinisterly. "Kathleen, you must be shocked. I caused you such grief and pain, so you requested Samuel to destroy both my legs. But, how could I stand here—perfectly fine—in front of you? Have you thought about that?"

Kathleen slowly flipped open her veil and looked at Samuel. "Was the video you showed me fake?"

In the video, she saw Nicolette's legs being broken.

Samuel grabbed her wrist and stated sternly, "I'll explain things to you when we go home!"

"Samuel, do you not dare to tell her that you couldn't bear for me to get hurt, so you found someone who looked extremely like me as a substitute?" Nicolette smiled seductively and continued, "Kathleen, so what if you lose your children? Samuel doesn't want me to get hurt at all! He loves me more than you!"

D*mn Kathleen! How dare she occupy Samuel for so long! I won't give up so easily!

“Take her away!” ordered Samuel icily.

Slap!

Kathleen raised her hand and gave Samuel a slap. Her visage was purple with rage, and her chest heaved erratically. “Samuel Macari!”

The man’s eyes darkened. “Kate, I’ll explain it to you when we get back.”

“Why did you lie to me?” said Kathleen in anguish. “Why did you lie to me!”

Samuel took a step forward and tried to hug her.

“Don’t touch me!” roared Kathleen. “You’re a piece of work! Do you know how much I hate her? She killed my children and almost took my life, and you let her off unscathed to appear in front of me? Why did you do that?”

“Because he loves me,” said Nicolette smugly.

“Scram!” Samuel glared at her, enraged.

Nicolette was taken by surprise.

“Do you know how much I went through to carry my two children?” Kathleen grabbed Samuel by the collar. “You kept coercing me to donate my bone marrow to Nicolette. I was afraid that you would force me to get rid of my babies, so I didn’t dare to tell you about it. I wanted to divorce you and leave this place, but I ended up losing my babies! It was her! She killed my children!”

Samuel’s eyes became bloodshot.

“I was so powerless, and I could not punish her because you shielded her. I wanted to get a divorce and leave, but you refused. I asked you to break her legs, but you lied to me.” Kathleen roared, “What am I to you? What am I?”

“Kate, I’m sorry.” Samuel gripped her hands that were grabbing hold of his collar. “It wasn’t intentional.”

Kathleen fell into total despair.

“Samuel Macari, you’re such a big bully.” Kathleen’s tears streamed down her face ceaselessly, blurring her vision. “How could you do this to me?”

“Kate!” Samuel wanted to embrace her.

Her cries were filled with sorrow and hopelessness.

Everyone's heart ached for her.

They knew how powerless she felt.

Kathleen pushed Samuel away and shoved a vase at the side onto the floor. A broken shard flew and grazed her neck, leaving a deep streak.

Everybody was astounded.

"Kate!"

"Katie!"

"Kathleen!"

What is she trying to do?

Kathleen stood at the door and turned to look at the crowd. "Samuel, I want a divorce. If you don't agree to it, you won't see me ever again."

Samuel froze.

"Everything that happened between us was always up to you; the ball was always in your court." Kathleen took in a deep breath and went on, "Be it our marriage, our divorce, or our wedding, you were the one in control of everything. Everything! I was but an accessory to you. Even if I had my own opinion, you wouldn't care."

Samuel gulped.

"However, I can have a say in how I'm going to spend the rest of my life." Kathleen shut her eyes for a moment and said, "If you don't agree to it, don't think that you'll see me again. You decide."

"Kate, put down the shard." Samuel clenched his jaw. "I don't want to divorce you."

I like you.

Devastated, Kathleen cried, "I can't bear the weight of your love. I never want to see you again, and I certainly can't bear to see you protecting her."

"Katie, don't do anything silly." Diana panicked. "Samuel, this was your fault to begin with. Hurry up and agree to her request!"

Gritting his teeth, Samuel said, "Kathleen, tell me how you want her to suffer, and I'll make her pay immediately!"

Kathleen sneered coldly. "What's the point in saying all this now? Samuel, I've completely given up. I can't go on with you anymore. Nicolette is the murderer who killed my children, but does that make you any less guilty? If it weren't for your indulgence, would she dare to do such a thing?"

All Too Late Chapter 84

Kathleen then exerted considerably more pressure on the shard against her fair neck.

The cut on her neck deepened as more blood oozed out from the wound.

The pure white wedding gown was also stained red.

It was not a sight for the faint-hearted.

"Promise her, Samuel!" Diana urged anxiously.

Calvin quickly held onto Diana, who was seconds away from fainting. He stared at Samuel as he said, "If you don't agree, Samuel, two lives will be lost due to your indecisiveness."

The two lives he meant were referring to Kathleen and Diana.

Samuel looked at Kathleen with a pained expression on his face.

He really wanted to live a happy life with her.

He wanted nothing more than to pour affection on a gentle young lady like her.

Yet, he owed Nicolette a debt of life and was required to return her the favor.

"Put down the shard, Kate. I'll promise you the divorce," Samuel said. He had no idea that he would experience such intense heartache after saying those words.

He had never felt anything like that for her before. Or perhaps he did, but he was unaware of it.

However, it was too late for him to regret it now.

"I want the divorce agreement, now." Kathleen was adamant about her decision. She really wanted nothing to do with Samuel anymore.

“I’ll bring it,” said Wynnie. She immediately made a call to her assistant. “Bring me a divorce agreement right away. Don’t forget to mention that the wife will receive the entirety of the husband’s assets!”

Wynnie was also shocked to see the scene before her.

She had no other choice but to agree that a divorce was the best course of action for Kathleen and Samuel.

However, she would never allow Nicolette to get a share of their assets.

Nicolette was delighted at first.

Yet, her mood soured after hearing Wynnie’s words.

“Don’t you think you’ve benefited from the Macaris enough over the past few years, Kathleen?” Nicolette asked, her tone mocking. “I can’t believe you’re still capable of extorting more money before you leave!”

What right does Kathleen have to receive support from everyone? And what authority does Wynnie have over Samuel’s assets?

“F*ck you!” Wynnie yelled.

She could not help but curse as she charged forward and kicked Nicolette.

Completely caught off guard, Nicolette lost her balance and fell by Kathleen’s leg.

“Keep your mouth shut, you f*cking b*tch! It’s up to me to decide how the assets of our family are distributed. You’re dissatisfied because you’re not getting any money, aren’t you? You’re merely clinging to my son for the Macaris’ money and status! Let me tell you one thing—even if Samuel and Kathleen divorce, you won’t get anything!” Wynnie yelled.

She would not allow a troublemaker like Nicolette to enter the Macari family.

Wynnie was comforted by Emily who had walked over to her. The latter then said icily, “Your mother carried out the same action in the past, Nicolette. She enjoyed stirring up problems from time to time. It amazes me that you are the same.”

“Well, what can I do? Samuel’s in love with me,” Nicolette snarked with a delighted laugh.

She would have a chance as long as Samuel and Kathleen got a divorce.

Suddenly, Kathleen crouched down and grabbed a fistful of Nicolette’s collar.

Her slender hand was pinching onto the broken shard of the vase. Her palm had already been slit open, and blood was seeping from the cuts between her fingers.

“What are you trying to do?” Nicolette asked, horrified.

Kathleen’s gaze was murderous as she roared, “I want to avenge my two children!”

“N-No!” Nicolette was struggling to set herself free from Kathleen’s grip. However, the latter was too strong.

Nicolette resorted to getting help from Samuel as he was her only option. “Save me, Samuel!”

Samuel moved two steps toward Nicolette and Kathleen.

With a steady voice, Kathleen began, “Samuel. I know. You love this woman. But she murdered my children. Therefore, we will never be able to be together. But I do hope you have some conscience as they’re also your flesh and blood. They were still unborn. Yet, the woman you loved killed them! You even failed to hold her accountable for what she had done. And you even-”

She could not bring herself to finish her sentence.

It was her first time feeling such sorrow. It was also her first time being as rude as she was.

“Why did I have to fall in love with you?” Kathleen muttered to herself. “Why did I insist on torturing myself and turning myself into a running joke in front of everyone?”

“The person I love is you, Kate,” Samuel said, taking another two steps closer.

Kathleen laughed coldly at that. “I won’t ever believe in your words.”

Then, footsteps could be heard coming from outside the door.

The owner of the footsteps was Emily’s assistant, the person who brought along the divorce agreement.

“Sign it,” Kathleen said without looking at Samuel. “Your woman is in my arms now.”

Wynn timer took the divorce agreement and a pen and passed them to Samuel. “Sign it, Samuel. Stop stalling.”

Samuel hesitated for a while before signing it.

He never expected a pen to weigh as much as it did at that moment.

A swish was heard, followed by Nicolette's scream.

Everyone was taken aback!

Kathleen had used the shard to cut Nicolette's face.

And then another swish was heard as another slash was made.

Kathleen had marked a cross on Nicolette's face.

"My face! My face!" Nicolette shrieked as she cupped her face and rolled on the floor.

Samuel stared at Kathleen blankly.

The latter threw away the shard in her hand and walked over to Samuel. With the pen in her left hand, she signed her name on the document.

Taking off her veil, she said, "From now onward, it's totally over between you and me."

Samuel could only gaze at Kathleen without a word.

"As expected, taking revenge on my own feels better," Kathleen said as she glared at Samuel coldly. "I'll be at your service anytime if you want to take revenge on her behalf."

With that, she turned and left.

"Save me, Samuel. Look at my face!" Nicolette cried out while sobbing. "I want to sue her and get her in jail!"

Wynnie sneered. "Well, I'd like to see if any lawyer dares to accept your request."

On the other hand, Samuel had taken a step forward. He wanted to talk to Kathleen.

However, he was held back by Wynnie. "Give her some space, Samuel. I know her better than you do. She wouldn't want to come back if she really made up her mind."

"So what if we're divorced? She's still my woman!" Samuel bellowed.

"Do you really want to push her to the brink of death?" Wynnie asked, staring at Samuel incredulously. "You've always been indifferent to her when she was in our family. What's the point of you acting like this now?"

Why can't he understand that Kathleen doesn't love him anymore?

Samuel did not care and walked out of the place.

Yet, by the time he was outside, Kathleen was already gone.

After that, her disappearance lasted for an entire year.

One year had passed, and Frederick was staring helplessly at the person in front of him.

“Mr. Macari, could you not drop by every two days?” he begged while handing Samuel a cup of coffee. “My coffee’s about to be finished by you.”

“I’ll get people to send you more,” Samuel replied coldly.

Samuel had grown even more mature and attractive in just one year. In comparison to the past, his aura was also even more dependable and strong.

“Do you think I care about the d*mned coffee?” Frederick asked exasperatedly.

Samuel remained silent as he continued to sip on his cup of coffee.

Federick was not planning to entertain Samuel. Yet, he was left with no choice.

“I’m being completely honest right now. I really have no idea where Kate is, Mr. Macari,” Frederick said with a raise of his hands, signaling his defeat. “Give it some thought. It’s obvious that she’s trying to hide from you. Why would she contact any of us from Jadeborough if she wanted to do that?”

Samuel remained silent.

The wedding ring remained on his long and slender ring finger.

It was of a simple style that was chosen hastily in the past.

Yet, he cherished it more than anything at that moment.

“Why don’t you talk to Mr. Morris?” Frederick suggested with a lift of his eyebrows. “He might know where she is.”

The “Mr. Morris” which Frederick mentioned was Christopher Morris.

Ever since Christopher’s father had taken the back seat, he was the one who managed Morris Group.

“He won’t tell me anything,” Samuel replied coldly. “He wouldn’t want me to find her.”

All Too Late Chapter 85

To everyone, it was no secret that Christopher liked Kathleen.

However, Kathleen vanished suddenly without a trace.

It was not like Samuel had never suspected Christopher.

The thing was, Christopher was a cautious man and did not give himself away.

Until then, Samuel still could not uncover anything of interest.

He figured that Federick was among those people who had an idea of Kathleen's whereabouts.

"Kate misses your daughter," Samuel said coolly. "She can't simply vanish without a trace."

She kept in touch with everyone but him.

Perhaps, Samuel was the only person who was oblivious to this fact.

Once, he had even attempted to get Kathleen back by resorting to an extreme method.

Unfortunately, she never returned, and he ended up in hospital for two months.

A crease formed between Federick's eyebrows. "It's too late for regrets now, Mr. Macari."

Samuel kept quiet and maintained a calm expression on his face.

He never expected Kathleen to be so resolute.

Crossing his long legs, he held his cup of coffee and sat still gracefully.

"How are you?" Federick decided to show some concern for his biggest investor.

Six months ago, a crisis descended upon his publishing firm.

It was Samuel who helped to resolve the issue.

"Very well," Samuel replied flatly.

Really?

Federick thought the man opposite him looked terrible.

Ding!

The sound of a notification came from Federick's phone.

He could not hide his surprise when he glanced at the screen.

Then, he realized Samuel's phone was silent.

"Isn't your phone on, Mr. Macari?" Federick asked curiously.

"It's on silent mode," Samuel answered calmly.

Normally, when he was there, he would not answer his phone.

If any issues arose, Tyson would inform him.

Federick sighed and passed his phone to Samuel. "Take a look."

Samuel lowered his gaze and saw a news article.

It read: Congratulations to Kathleen Johnson for winning the Academy Award for Best Actress and for being the first Chanaean to receive this prestigious award.

The article was accompanied by a photo of Kathleen.

In the photo, she looked exceptionally graceful and alluring in her red, one-shoulder evening gown.

Kathleen became even more beautiful after Samuel had not seen her for a year.

He returned the phone to Federick, stood up, and headed outside.

"Where are you going, Mr. Macari?" Federick asked a rhetorical question. "She's coming back tomorrow."

Samuel stopped in his tracks and threw the man a sideways glance. "You do know."

Federick felt embarrassed. "Sorry, it was what Kathleen wanted. If you aren't happy..."

Instead of waiting for Federick to finish, Samuel walked away.

He would not press Federick further.

Otherwise, Kathleen's hatred for him would intensify.

In fact, Samuel knew that everybody else could contact her.

However, it was Kathleen who told them to keep mum.

When he got hurt last time, Kathleen was also aware of it. Still, she did not cave in and return to him.

As such, Samuel had been dumped.

Yet, there was nothing he could do about it, for he had been a horrible person.

Charles Johnson handed a document to Kathleen on the plane.

“Look, it’s a variety show I signed you up for,” he said.

Kathleen donned a red sweater and a pair of white jeans. A caramel-colored beret was placed on her curly hair. Furthermore, she wore a cute pair of cherry-shaped ear studs. To sum up, she looked beautiful and adorable.

“Why is it a variety show? Where are the scripts?” Kathleen asked casually.

“There’s nothing suitable, so it’s best for you to participate in a variety show first,” Charles explained. “You must maintain your popularity if you want to develop your career in your home country. It only takes a few hours to record a variety show. You can take your time to pick a script.”

Kathleen nodded. “You call the shots.”

“Hey, won’t you at least take a good look?” Charles frowned. “I’m the CEO of an entertainment company, and I’m also your manager. Can’t you take this a bit more seriously?”

“You’re my biological brother. It’s not like you’ll harm me.” Kathleen shook her head. “I’m not going to look at it. I’m tired.”

Charles eyed her with pity and said, “Fine. Go to sleep.”

Thus, Kathleen closed her eyes.

The sunlight shone through the window of the plane and illuminated her fair, flawless face, making her look remarkably tender and lovable.

When the plane was about to land, Charles woke his sister up.

Kathleen got up.

Charles brought her white coat over and put it on his sister’s body.

He cared for the young woman like a delicate doll.

After that, the two of them disembarked from the plane.

It was late winter in Jadeborough, and it was extremely cold.

Kathleen covered her face with her large coat.

We meet again, Jadeborough.

Charles passed a face mask to his sister. "Wear it. You aren't a regular person anymore."

"Okay." Kathleen put on the mask obediently.

Her brother smiled. "Excellent."

"Right, Charles. When are we going to the Yoeger residence?" Kathleen asked.

"Don't worry. I'll find out again afterward," Charles replied.

She nodded in response.

Soon, the shuttle bus arrived.

Charles led his sister as they boarded it.

The shuttle bus took them to the airport terminal.

After alighting from the bus, they waited for the workers to remove their luggage before walking away.

Kathleen and Charles were chatting happily when a commotion erupted nearby.

Following that, more than twenty bodyguards showed up to block the passersby in front of Charles and Kathleen and cleared a path for them.

Then, a man in a black, three-piece suit appeared in the distance. He was wearing a black trench coat with a military collar design.

Kathleen's heart skipped a beat.

Samuel! What is he doing here? I doubt he's here to look for me.

Kathleen felt rather anxious, but she pretended to be calm.

Samuel saw his little bunny at first glance.

Although she wore a mask, he still managed to recognize her.

Charles stood in front of Kathleen and comforted her, "Don't be afraid. I'm here."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "However, he might not be here for me. After all..."

Before she could finish, a massive shadow fell upon her.

A familiar, woody scent assaulted Kathleen's senses, and she felt dizzy.

"Are we in your way, Mr. Macari?" Charles spoke slyly. "Let's move aside, Darling."

Kathleen nodded and decided to move along with Charles to make way for Samuel.

Samuel did not know who Charles was, but his gaze hardened when he heard the latter addressing Kathleen as "Darling."

Who does he think he is?

"What? Don't you recognize me?" Samuel muttered. His voice was as deep and seductive as ever.

Kathleen knew he was talking to her.

Hence, pursing her red lips, she raised her head slowly.

As always, her charming doe eyes took Samuel's breath away.

He had to fight the urge to pull her into his embrace.

"Mr. Macari," Kathleen said.

Upon hearing that, Samuel felt a stab of pain in his heart.

Mr. Macari? She sounds so distant. Has she really let me go?

"Mm." Samuel cleared his throat and spoke. "Where are you going? I'll take you there."

"It's fine, Mr. Macari. I'll take her home." Charles was annoyed. "Please be informed that you have nothing to do with Kate anymore, Mr. Macari. She's now a famous celebrity. If you take her home, you'll only create problems for her."

Samuel replied coldly, "I can take care of the press."

Charles chuckled sarcastically. “Mr. Macari, I can make the press shut up, too. However, Kate has a fiancé. How is she supposed to explain to her fiancé if you do that?”

“Fiancé?” Samuel stared at Charles in shock.

She’s engaged?

Kathleen frowned as well.

I have a fiancé? Why didn’t I know about this?

“Yes. You know him, Mr. Macari.” Charles displayed a sly grin. “He’s your cousin, Christopher.”

All Too Late Chapter 86

Kathleen was stunned. She tugged on a corner of Charles’ shirt with her soft tiny fingers to urge him not to sprout nonsense.

Samuel’s eyes turned dark.

Christopher!

“So, Mr. Macari, please know your place.” With that, Charles pulled Kathleen along and left.

Samuel turned his head to look at Kathleen who left without turning to look at him once.

Samuel felt a stab of pain in his heart.

For a while, he could not tell if it was physical or psychological pain.

Regardless, he felt terrible.

Charles dragged Kathleen into the car.

Kathleen complained, “Charles, how could you speak so carelessly? They are cousins. If they really get into a fight, I will be the main culprit.”

“What are you scared of? I’ve already made an agreement with Christopher to say that you two are engaged. This will save you a lot of trouble. Specifically, Samuel will stop clinging to you.”

Kathleen pursed her lips. "That's not a good idea."

"What's bad about it? Isn't Christopher a hundred times better than Samuel? Why? Are you having feelings for Samuel again after seeing his face?" Charles spoke with disdain.

Kathleen was speechless.

Am I really that useless?

She had loved Samuel deeply before.

It had only been a year, so she had not completely let go of him.

Still, she was almost there.

She was very clear that she would never ever get back together with Samuel.

There was no turning back for Samuel and her.

Caring dearly for his sister, Charles advised, "Let me tell you. It's fine if you make your first mistake in this kind of stuff. But if you make the same mistake again, you have it coming. Darling, listen to me. I am a man, so I know what a good man is like."

Kathleen frowned. "But still, it can't be Christopher! Anyway, just don't sprout nonsense anymore."

Charles replied casually, "Too late. Just now, Christopher accepted a live interview. I reckon that everyone now knows that his fiancée is the new winner of the Academy Award for Best Actress, Kathleen."

Kathleen fell speechless.

Charles patted her head. "Accept your fate, young lady."

Kathleen looked at him helplessly as he smirked.

Samuel returned to the Maybach and ordered Tyson, "Check the identity of that man who is with Kathleen."

Awkwardly, Tyson replied, "Mr. Macari, I already checked. He's Charles, the CEO of Astra Entertainment."

Astra Entertainment?

That was the first time Samuel heard of it.

He was never interested in the happenings of the entertainment industry.

“Mr. Macari, there’s something else you should look at instead. This.” Tyson passed the tablet to Samuel.

Samuel received it and saw that it was playing a video.

The video was showing the live interview with Christopher by Financial Magazine.

The host asked, “Lastly, may I ask you a personal question?”

Christopher smiled. “Yes.”

The host asked, “Do you have a girlfriend? This question isn’t from me alone. I’m asking this on behalf of everyone else.”

Christopher maintained his smile. “I have a fiancée.”

The host asked, “Really? Do you mind revealing who she is?”

“She’s Kathleen.”

The host was surprised. “Kathleen, the winner of the Academy Award for Best Actress?”

“It’s her,” Christopher confirmed.

The host wanted to question further, but Christopher smirked and said, “Let’s wrap this interview up and call it a day.”

The video ended at that point.

Samuel’s gorgeous face was drained of its warmth, and his pupils were cold and dark.

“Delete the site,” Samuel spat out the three words and passed the tablet back to Tyson before closing his eyes to rest.

Tyson was put on a spot.

There was no use if the whole site was deleted since the video was already broadcasted.

In fact, there was nothing Samuel could say or do to change that fact.

“Check Kathleen’s most recent travel history. The more detailed the better,” Samuel instructed coldly.

“Mr. Macari, why don’t we plant a spy near Mrs. Macari?” Tyson suggested quietly.

Samuel replied without any emotion, “Okay.”

Tyson pursed his lips. “Recently, a cousin of mine got employed by Astra Entertainment. She just got the notice that she will be Mrs. Macari’s assistant.”

His cousin was certainly elated at the moment.

“What’s her name?” Samuel asked coldly.

“Valerie.”

“Tell her that aside from the salary she’s getting from Astra Entertainment, I will also be giving her ten thousand every month. All she needs to do is to tell me what Kathleen is doing every day,” Samuel commanded.

“Sure thing.” Tyson nodded.

Samuel frowned as his eyes glowed menacingly.

Christopher, are you really trying to steal my woman? Let’s see what you’ve really got to do that!

Charles arranged for Kathleen to stay in his mansion.

Normally, he lived alone.

Kathleen was still watching the video as she entered the mansion.

She looked at Charles and asked, “Charles, would my career in acting be affected adversely if I’m involved in a relationship?”

Charles said, “What’s there to be afraid of? You’re the winner of the Academy Award for Best Actress now! Furthermore, a stable relationship is beneficial to you. This prevents all sorts of people from taking advantage of your reputation.”

Kathleen pouted. “Who dares to do that? You are my biggest support now. Who doesn’t know that within the entertainment industry, Astra Entertainment is the one that should not be messed with? Seriously.”

What’s the point of doing something extra like this?

Charles patted her head and said, “You just have to follow my arrangements. All right, go take a rest. There’s a dinner party tonight.”

Kathleen grumbled, "You're giving me work when I've only just come back?"

"Christopher will be attending. As his fiancée, shouldn't you attend as well? We owe him a favor. If it hadn't been for him, I would never have found you."

Kathleen felt bad. "I know. But after all the things you guys did, how am I supposed to talk to Old Mrs. Macari and the rest?"

"I believe that the Macari family, other than Samuel, is very reasonable and understanding. They won't mind," Charles said as though he understood them well.

Kathleen felt helpless. "But I don't love Christopher. I treat him as a brother. Furthermore, if the marriage is canceled, how should I explain it? It will look bad on Christopher."

Charles advised, "In that case, you should just marry him. A woman should find someone who loves herself instead of someone she loves."

"Charles!" Kathleen got angry.

Charles immediately stopped joking around and got serious. "What's the matter?"

Kathleen was fuming. "Listen well. I know you dislike Samuel, but I am responsible for my own feelings. What you did this time really crossed my line. You know, the main reason why I divorced him last time was that I had been manipulated by him in various ways. Do you want me to cut ties with you as well?"

Charles panicked and consoled, "Kathleen, don't be angry. I just didn't want Samuel to bother you."

Kathleen yelled, "There are many ways to keep him from bothering me. One month later, make an announcement that the marriage between Christopher and me is canceled!"

"Okay, got it." Christopher relented.

Kathleen instructed sternly, "Tell the public that it's my fault. Don't taint Christopher in any way. Start prepping for it now. Do you understand?"

"Understood." Charles did not expect Kathleen to get this angry.

He really did neglect Kathleen's sensitive feelings this time.

However, he only wanted to protect her.

They had returned to handle matters pertaining to their identities and reunion, so Samuel would naturally come to pester her.

He did not want Kathleen to fall further into the trap. Thus, he had no choice but to do that.

Furthermore, Christopher actually loved Kathleen.

He had expressed that he was willing to marry Kathleen whether she loved him or not.

Such a man would surely treat her dotingly. Why would she reject him?

All Too Late Chapter 87

[All Too Late Chapter 86](#)

[All Too Late Chapter 88](#)

Returning to her room, Kathleen took out her phone and called Christopher.

"Chris, are you an idiot? Why did you agree to Charles?" Kathleen was vexed.

"Don't scold him. I chose to do it," Christopher replied in a gentle voice.

Kathleen sighed. "Thank you, Chris. But you really don't have to sacrifice so much for me. I can never repay you for what you did for me."

"Haven't you considered repaying me with yourself?" asked Christopher with a half-smile.

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Christopher gave dry laugh. "I'll stop messing with you. Will you come to the banquet with me tonight? I've told the others. It'll be embarrassing for me if you don't come."

"Okay." Kathleen had no choice but to agree.

"I'll pick you up tonight." Christopher smiled.

"All right." Kathleen hung up the phone.

Sitting on the bed, she knitted her brows slightly.

She wanted to keep a low profile initially, but she had never thought that the movie would make her popular and actually earn her the Best Actress Award at the Academy Award.

The movie had obtained the film release permit, and its release date had been confirmed.

However, to be able to attend the Academy Award this time around, the director decided to submit the movie for nomination earlier.

In fact, they did not hold out much hope, but to their surprise, Kathleen became the dark horse and the Academy Award for Best Actress.

It was hence impossible for Kathleen to keep a low profile.

Knock. Knock.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," Kathleen said.

Charles went in. Looking at Kathleen, he asked ingratiatingly, "Still mad?"

Kathleen snorted coldly.

"I was wrong. Tell me what you want. I'll say yes no matter what," Charles apologized.

Kathleen gave him a sidelong glance. "Don't do this anymore. I don't want to trouble Chris. I also don't want to marry myself off in such a rushed manner. Do you get it?"

"Yes, I do." Charles nodded. "Don't worry. I won't do such a thing anymore."

Kathleen let out a sigh. "I know. You keep saying that I'm useless. You're afraid that I'll go soft on Samuel once I come back and see him."

Charles nodded vigorously.

Kathleen got upset. "Charles!"

Charles cleared his throat. "Kate, you've liked Samuel for ten years. Although you said that you've moved on, I'm always worried that you'll go soft on him."

Kathleen was too soft-hearted and kind.

He was worried that she would be bullied again.

"Charles, you worry for nothing. I won't go soft on him. It won't bring my kids back to life," Kathleen replied calmly.

It was her biggest regret.

It always would be.

"Even if Samuel kneels before me, I won't forgive him." Her soft voice was indifferent and laced with a tinge of coldness.

She still could not be at ease around Samuel, but she was fine with it as she had really gotten over him.

Yet, it did not mean that she needed to get into a relationship with Christopher.

She did not want to think about romantic relationships for the time being.

"That's great. I'm glad you have pride!" Charles gave her a thumbs up. "That's my good sister."

Kathleen sighed. "Quit clowning around. I need a dress for the banquet tonight with Christopher."

"Don't worry. It's already prepared." Charles smiled at her. "Your assistant will send it over in a while."

"Have you found an assistant for me?" asked Kathleen.

"Yes. She's a fresh graduate named Valerie Taylor." Charles had a smile on his face.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded in acknowledgement.

After a while, a girl arrived, just as Charles had said.

Dressed in a white down jacket and a pair of jeans, she had her hair pulled up in a ponytail, looking youthful and energetic.

"Nice to meet you, Kate. My name is Valerie Taylor. You can call me Vee," Valerie introduced herself politely.

"Nice to meet you too." Nodding, Kathleen went on with a smile, "I'm counting on you from now on."

Valerie became embarrassed. "Don't say that, Kate."

Kathleen smiled. "Don't stand on ceremony. I'm not your boss, and you're not my subordinate. We're co-workers."

"Okay." Valerie blushed and could not help admiring the beautiful actress in front of her.

Kathleen is so beautiful. There can be many kinds of beauty, but hers is irrefutable by everyone even if they find fault with everything she does.

Kathleen said with a faint smile, "I'm going to change. Can you help me get the cosmetic case from my suitcase?"

"Sure." Valerie immediately went to get the cosmetic case as instructed.

To her surprise, Kathleen's cosmetic case was very clean and tidy.

Everything inside was organized and not messy at all.

So this is how a celebrity organizes her stuff. It's amazing. I want to learn from Kate!

Kathleen then went to the walk-in closet to change into an evening dress, which was a dark purple gown with spaghetti straps.

Being someone with fair skin and a cool undertone, she looked charming and elegant in the dark purple dress, exuding a sense of mystery.

When she walked out of the walk-in closet, Valerie's eyes widened.

"You're so pretty, Kate." Valerie blinked her eyes. "Shall I take a photo for you?"

"Sounds good." Kathleen nodded.

Valerie took a photo of her and secretly sent it to Tyson, who was on the way to the banquet with Samuel.

The man sitting in the Maybach was dressed in a black custom-made suit, looking cold and handsome.

Tyson then forwarded the photo to Samuel. "Mr. Macari, it's from Vee."

Samuel felt the vibration of his phone.

Taking out his phone, he tapped open his WhatsApp and tapped on Tyson's message.

Then, he saw the woman he had been thinking about day and night.

So she's wearing purple tonight.

"Get me a purple tie," he instructed coldly.

"Okay." Tyson was bereft of speech.

Is he trying to wear something that matches her outfit?

"Also," Samuel paused before continuing, "ask Valerie to add me."

He did not need Tyson to forward him anything about Kathleen.

"Yes." Tyson was speechless that Samuel actually got jealous.

After informing Valerie, Tyson sent her Samuel's contact.

Feeling uneasy, Valerie then added Samuel on WhatsApp, who immediately replied to her as an acknowledgement.

"How is it?" Kathleen came up to Valerie.

Valerie was shocked, but luckily, she was no longer on WhatsApp.

"Very beautiful." She showed Kathleen the photo.

Kathleen took a look at it and said in satisfaction, "It's really not bad."

"You're so pretty, Kate. You look good from every angle," Valerie complimented.

"Enough sweet talking. I'm going to do my makeup," Kathleen replied with a faint smile.

"I'll help you pack your suitcases, then," Valerie offered.

Kathleen had a total of four suitcases.

"Thank you." Kathleen sat down and began putting on her makeup by herself, just like she had always done.

Valerie nodded.

While Kathleen was doing her makeup, Valerie helped her pack her suitcases.

After Kathleen was done, the latter was also done.

Knock. Knock.

There came a knock at the door.

Valerie glanced at Kathleen to make sure that she was ready before she went to get the door.

Standing at the door, Christopher looked elegant and handsome in his black suit.

"Kate, I'm here to pick you up," he said with a smile.

Kathleen stood up. "Perfect timing."

She then walked up to Christopher.

Pursing her lips, Valerie immediately texted Samuel: Mr. Macari, Mr. Morris is here to pick Kate up.

All Too Late Chapter 88

Seeing Christopher, Kathleen could not help but say, "Chris, don't fool around with Charles next time."

Knowing what she was referring to, Christopher gave her a faint smile. "It's okay."

"I told Charles to make it look like we spend a lot of time apart, and we'll announce our breakup a month later so that there'll be a lesser impact on you," Kathleen said with a serious expression.

Christopher felt dejected. Does she still not want to get too involved with me?

"Okay." Christopher's voice was hoarse. "Anything you say."

He only wanted to dote on her and do as she wished.

Only then did Kathleen smile at ease and followed him to the banquet.

This time, Charles did not follow them to the banquet.

As Kathleen had just returned to Jadeborough, Charles needed to make a lot of arrangements for her.

Therefore, only Valerie went with her.

Valerie received training before, so she knew what she needed to do while at the banquet with Kathleen.

The banquet was hosted by Christopher's business partner.

Coincidentally, the host was the sponsor of the variety show that Kathleen was about to join.

Christopher's appearance with Kathleen immediately caused a sensation.

To the people in Jadeborough, Kathleen was not only the winner of the Academy Award for Best Actress but also Samuel's ex-wife.

Everyone knew about her wedding with Samuel, for it was the talk of the town when it happened.

Hence, when they saw her with Christopher, they could not help feeling weird about it.

After all, Christopher was Samuel's cousin.

This relation of theirs made things all the more interesting.

Fortunately, Kathleen had thought of it before coming back, so she did not care about it at all.

“Mr. Lawson,” Christopher greeted a man while taking Kathleen along.

James Lawson was a chubby man. “Mr. Morris.”

“Mr. Lawson, this is Kathleen Johnson. She’s going to join the filming of The Fantastic Restaurant,” Christopher introduced.

“Really? This show will definitely be very interesting with the participation of an Academy Award-winning actress,” James replied with a grin.

Kathleen was embarrassed. “You’re flattering me, Mr. Lawson. In fact, I’m still a rookie whom no one knows.”

“Don’t be humble, Ms. Johnson. You’re so popular now. Who doesn’t know your name?” James said with a half-smile.

Kathleen gave him a faint smile in response.

“Mr. Lawson, I’m going to show her around,” Christopher said.

“Okay.” Due to his kindness and his relationship with Christopher, James would not treat Kathleen as he did with other female celebrities.

Besides, he had heard that Kathleen had a close relationship with the CEO of Astra Entertainment, so he did not dare to do anything to her.

Taking Kathleen to the dining area, Christopher said with a gentle smile, “Don’t be nervous. They don’t dare to make things difficult for you when I’m around. Come. Eat something.”

Kathleen sighed and replied, “I really didn’t think that this movie would win an award. Although I studied acting, I was scouted by the director on the street and given the opportunity to act in this movie by accident.”

In fact, she did not intend to be a celebrity at the beginning, but after thinking about it, she really did not have any other skills.

Besides, her brother was the CEO of Astra Entertainment.

Hence, she had no choice but to make her debut.

She also knew what she would face after her debut. The fact that she was Samuel's ex-wife was enough for others to make a fuss about her.

Thus, she was mentally prepared from the start.

"This shows that you're capable." Christopher took a glass of fruit juice for Kathleen.

Taking it from him, Kathleen drank it slowly.

"What do you want to eat? Actresses can't eat much in the evening, can they?" Christopher asked with a faint smile.

"Yeah. Just give me some vegetables." Kathleen shrugged.

"Looks like it's very easy to provide for you," joked Christopher.

"Of course. It's a blessing to marry me," Kathleen replied friskily.

She had always been bubbly and adorable and not dull.

Although she went through a lot a year ago, fortunately, she managed to overcome it.

The mention of marrying her brought a dark look to Christopher's eyes.

"I wonder if I have this pleasure," he said meaningfully.

Kathleen, who got distracted by the cakes on the table, did not hear what Christopher said.

"What did you say, Chris?" Kathleen tilted her head, looking cute.

"Nothing," Christopher replied calmly.

Kathleen went to take a piece of strawberry cake, but two women did not notice her and ran into her by accident.

Losing her balance, Kathleen fell backward.

Christopher extended his arms to catch her, but someone acted faster than he did.

A long and strong arm wrapped around Kathleen's slim waist as her shoulders hit a man's firm chest.

The familiar and powerful musky fragrance of a mature man filled her nostrils and entered her bloodstream.

“Be careful.” Samuel’s voice was deep and attractive like a cello.

Startled, Kathleen noticed the dark purple tie around the man’s neck.

She quickly got out of Samuel’s arms and took two steps to the side.

Samuel smiled. Her waist is still so soft.

Christopher swiftly stood between them to shield Kathleen.

Now that Kathleen was not related to Samuel anymore, Christopher could openly protect her and did not need to be bound by his identity as Samuel’s cousin.

Samuel did not like seeing how Christopher was protective of Kathleen as if she belonged to him.

He looked over at Kathleen, whose hand was holding a small plate with strawberry cake and blueberry cheesecake. She still likes the same things as she did when she was younger.

Kathleen was speechless to see the strawberry cake on her plate as the strawberry had fallen off the cake.

“Here. Take it.” Samuel handed her a small fork.

Kathleen frowned.

Christopher also picked up a fork and said with a smile, “Go ahead and dig in. I’ll buy you one every day if you like it.”

Kathleen took the fork from Christopher and replied with a sweet smile, “Okay.”

Seeing that, Samuel slowly put down his hand, his heart aching.

“If you like it, I can ask a Michelin chef to make it for you.” His voice was hoarse.

Kathleen did not even bother to look at him.

The last thing she expected upon her return to Jadeborough was that Samuel would pester her.

As the CEO of Macari Group, he did not need to grovel to a woman at all.

Looking up, Kathleen stared straight at her former husband. Her beautiful eyes were adorable, but there was a look of aloofness in them.

"This is inappropriate, Mr. Macari. It can easily cause misunderstanding." Kathleen sounded cold.

Despite his heartache, Samuel asked calmly, "What misunderstanding can be caused?"

Kathleen pursed her red lips. "We have nothing to do with each other anymore."

Samuel gave her a meaningful look and said in an attractive voice, "Kate, Grandma misses you very much."

I miss you too.

Yet, he dared not say the last sentence as he was afraid that Kathleen would be displeased.

Naturally, Kathleen missed Diana as well.

In the past year, she dared not come back to visit Diana for fear that Samuel would find her, so she only called Diana secretly.

"I will find time to see her," replied Kathleen.

"Okay. When will you be free?" Samuel swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

All Too Late Chapter 89

Kathleen knitted her brows. "I don't know."

"Samuel, why do you need to know? You don't plan on waiting for Kathleen when she goes to the Macari residence, do you?" Christopher sneered.

He was hinting at Kathleen about Samuel's plan.

Kathleen was still too young and innocent, particularly for a cunning man like Samuel.

Kathleen gave Samuel a sidelong glance.

He's actually playing mind games with me, but unfortunately, I won't fall for it! Never!

"I'll visit her when I have time. I don't need your intervention." Putting down the plate, Kathleen grabbed Christopher's hand and left with the man in tow.

Samuel watched her flee with a look of dejection in his eyes.

She made no secret of her distaste for him, which sent a sharp pain to his chest.

Kathleen left the banquet with Christopher and apologized, "I'm sorry, Chris. I—"

"You don't need to explain." Christopher understood her completely.

Kathleen was feeling aggrieved.

Reaching out to pat her on the head, Christopher comforted, "Don't take it to heart, Kate. You haven't gotten used to being around him yet. You'll be fine after you get used to it."

"I'm so useless." She was frustrated.

Christopher smiled faintly at her. "It's really fine, Kate. Take it slow."

She looked at him. "Chris, thank you for comforting me."

"You silly girl." Christopher flashed her a smile. "It's getting late. I'll send you home."

"Aren't you going to tell Mr. Lawson first? Wouldn't it be rude to leave like this?" Kathleen looked at him.

Christopher replied with a faint smile, "Wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded obediently.

Christopher then turned to go back in.

Standing by the window, Kathleen looked out of it.

The night view from the window was breathtaking.

All of a sudden, a tall silhouette appeared behind her.

Kathleen saw the reflection of Samuel on the window.

She tried to run away but was instantly hugged by him.

"Let me go!" She struggled to break free from his embrace. Feeling angry and anxious, she threatened, "I'll shout for help if you don't let go!"

"You're a celebrity. Aren't you afraid of being seen by others and getting yourself in a scandal? I won't touch you as long as you don't run away from me, okay?" Samuel's voice was hoarse and deep.

“Let go of me!” Kathleen said angrily.

Samuel let her go.

Turning around, Kathleen shot him a death stare. “What do you want, Samuel?”

There was an incomprehensible emotion in Samuel’s eyes. “I have a question for you. You said you’ve loved me for ten years—”

“I used to! I don’t love you now,” corrected Kathleen.

Samuel smiled wryly. “I know. I just want to know, when did you start liking me? Was it when you first arrived at the Macari residence?”

Kathleen gave a dry laugh. “Samuel, I fell in love with you earlier than you knew.”

“Was it when you fell into the water?” Samuel knitted his brows.

Biting her red lips, Kathleen shook her head.

Samuel was baffled. Was it even earlier?

“Tell me.” Samuel stepped forward and grabbed her wrist. “Tell me, when did you fall in love with me?”

Kathleen was stunned for a moment before saying, “What’s the point of talking about this now, Samuel?”

She did not understand why he could not let it go now that they were already divorced.

“It’s not pointless. Tell me or I’ll kiss you right here until you do!” Samuel said with a clenched jaw.

“You!” With tears in her eyes, Kathleen took a deep breath and went on, “Your high school is right next to my middle school.”

Samuel frowned. “Is it?”

Kathleen glared at him. “Yes!”

Samuel was struck dumb for a while before asking with a smile, “So?”

“One time after school, a driver hit several people with a car. I almost got hit too, but you appeared and saved me by pulling me to the side and running away from the scene with me in your arms. That’s when I...”

I fell in love with you.

The fields of their schools were next to each other.

Coincidentally, she had gym class during her ninth grade at the same time as Samuel's gym class.

She would secretly look at him from across the railing.

The basketball court where he played basketball was very far away from her, but she still went to see him.

Every time he scored, she would be excited, happy, and delighted for him.

Samuel thought of the incident she mentioned.

Saving her was the least he could do at the time, but she kept it deep in her heart.

It turned out that she fell in love with him that early.

If he had known it earlier, he would not have let her down for ten years or even longer.

"Kate..." Samuel's dark eyes were as deep as the sea.

Kathleen had calmed down at that point. "I've told you not to pester me, Samuel. Do you still want to force me to death again?"

Her words made him freeze.

"Kate." Christopher returned.

Seeing Samuel with Kathleen, Christopher was anxious.

"Chris, I'm fine. Let's go." Kathleen had gradually learned how to face Samuel.

Christopher gave his cousin a displeased look. "Let me give you a piece of advice, Samuel, don't make a joke out of yourself."

With that, he held Kathleen's hand and turned to leave.

The look in Samuel's eyes turned cold.

Make a joke out of myself? Ha! How ridiculous. We'll see who's a joke.

While on the way back, Kathleen remained silent.

Christopher said in a gentle voice, "Relax, Kate. To be honest, you will inevitably run into Samuel after you return to Jadeborough. You'll also meet him when you visit Old Mrs. Macari at the Macari residence."

Even if they avoided each other, they would still meet sooner or later, so Kathleen must learn to adapt.

"Chris, I'm actually clear-headed." Kathleen looked at the neon lights outside the car window. "You don't have to worry about me. I know how to get along with Samuel."

Christopher pursed his lips.

Kathleen let out a sigh. "To be honest, I don't love or hate Samuel now. Besides, there are Grandma, Mrs. Macari, and Mr. Macari between us, so it's impossible for me and Samuel to be enemies forever."

Christopher understood that it was a part of Kathleen's personality.

"I'll treat him in a calm manner, and I also hope he can be the same to me." Kathleen pursed her lips. "Actually, it's not only me who has to learn to get along with him, but also him. Both of us need time. We had an ugly breakup back then, and we feel a little resentful deep down, but it's okay. We'll slowly be at peace with each other when we meet again in the future. Then, it will pass."

Christopher nodded. "I believe in you."

However, he did not believe in Samuel, who had done such crazy things in order to see Kathleen.

He did not believe that the latter could move on from Kathleen.

He knew very well what kind of person Samuel was.

Samuel was ruthless and cruel, but it would be terrifying once he fell in love.

His affection included his possessiveness.

Christopher was afraid that Kathleen would not be able to resist it, which was why he tried so hard to make her his.

That way, he would not worry no matter how Samuel pestered her.

However, he had no chance at all in the past year.

If only I could have a few more years.

Alas, Kathleen could not wait as she had a reason that forced her to come back.

All Too Late Chapter 90

Christopher took Kathleen home and drove her to the mansion's entrance.

"We've reached your house," Christopher said warmly.

Kathleen glanced at the white building outside his car window and said, "Thank you for taking me home, Chris."

"There really is no need for thanks, Kate. It's okay." Christopher disliked how Kathleen was being distant from him.

Despite that, he knew if he confessed to her, she would certainly reject him.

"I'll get going then." Kathleen pushed the car door open and got out of the car.

Christopher stared blankly at Kathleen's slim figure as she disappeared from his sight.

Maybe I should give her more time and not force her to make a decision now.

Once Kathleen entered her house, Charles descended the stairs.

"Did you have fun?" he asked in concern.

Kathleen shook her head. "I bumped into Samuel."

"What is he doing there?" Charles walked and stood in front of Kathleen.

"It was nothing. He wanted me to visit Grandma," Kathleen answered and pursed her lips. "I know that! But I just came back home today. I'll visit her. It's just a matter of time. What's the rush, geez."

Charles knew that Kathleen treated and loved Diana like her own grandmother.

"When will you visit her? I'll go with you," Charles said.

"I'll go tomorrow," Kathleen answered after contemplating. "Anyway, I think Samuel would assume I'll visit her several days later, but I want to catch him off guard by visiting Grandma earlier."

Charles smiled faintly. "Okay, I'll prepare the gifts then."

“Don’t get anything that’s too lavish or expensive, otherwise she’ll think we’re not being sincere enough,” Kathleen said before adding, “I think I’d better prepare the gifts myself. I know what she likes best, after all.”

Charles chuckled. “You don’t trust me, your own brother?”

Kathleen snorted.

“Don’t worry. I know what to do,” Charles said with a slight laugh. “Just go and rest.”

“If you say so.” Kathleen nodded and climbed up the stairs with her high heels on.

Charles withdrew his gaze. A hint of coldness glinted in his eyes.

Samuel is such a pest!

The next day, Kathleen and Charles visited Diana in the Macari residence.

For the past year, Kathleen frequently stayed in touch with Diana.

However, they never met face to face.

When Kathleen arrived at the Macari residence, everyone was glad to see her.

After all, Kathleen had lived in the Macari residence for a few years. Moreover, she was kind, so everyone loved her.

Everyone had missed her for the past year.

“Grandma!” When Kathleen saw Diana, she ran over and hugged the older woman.

Diana had recovered well in this past year.

Now, she could get down from her bed and walk around on her own.

“Oh, my sweet little Katie is here! Haha!” Diana exclaimed in joy.

“Grandma, I’m back. I’m sorry for worrying you for this past year,” Kathleen said sadly as if blaming herself.

“Silly girl, it’s not your fault. We’re the ones who let you down,” Diana said as she patted Kathleen’s head. “Come here and sit with me.”

Then, Kathleen released Diana. With a slight laugh, the former introduced her brother. “Grandma, let me introduce you to Charles. This is Charles Johnson, my elder brother.”

Diana was a little shocked. "Your brother?"

Charles took a step forward. "Nice to meet you, Old Mrs. Macari. I'm Kate's elder brother, Charles Johnson."

"You have a brother?" Diana asked quizzically.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded and continued, "Actually, we lost my brother when he was born. He was passed through many hands before he was sold off overseas. We only reunited with him last year."

"My goodness," Diana exclaimed and looked at Charles with pity. "Poor boy, you've really suffered. Come here and sit."

Holding Charles' hand, Diana and the pair of siblings sat down.

Diana scrutinized Charles' face and nodded. "You have your father's eyes."

"Grandma, my brother and I had already done our DNA test," Kathleen explained, grinning.

Diana nodded. "That's good, but it's truly a miracle."

"I heard it from my parents when I was young. They believed that my brother had passed away. Every time he was mentioned, my mom would cry, so everyone was careful not to talk about him anymore because they were afraid that my mom would cry herself ragged," Kathleen continued to explain.

"This is natural. Since you're Katie's brother, then Charles, you are also my dearest grandson. From now on, I'll love you too," Diana said with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Thank you, Grandma." Charles smiled too. It seemed that Diana was an easy person to get along with.

"Maria, please call Calvin and Wynnie. I want them to come back for lunch." Diana was delighted. "We'll have a family lunch!" she exclaimed.

Although she had said it was a family lunch, she did not invite Samuel.

At that instant, Kathleen knew that Diana had her best interests in mind.

Despite that, she only hoped to be able to get along with her former husband.

This could only work if Samuel was willing.

“Yes, Old Mrs. Macari,” Maria said with a smile. “I’ll prepare something Mrs.... Ms. Johnson likes.”

Smiling, Kathleen did not mind Maria’s mistake. Honestly, Maria was not the only one that needed to become accustomed to Kathleen’s new identity, for Kathleen herself needed to get used to it as well.

Maria glanced outside the window. “Old Mrs. Macari, Mr. Samuel is back.”

“What?” Diana panicked.

Why is that little brat back now?

“Grandma, it’s okay,” Kathleen said as she clasped her hands around Diana’s hand. “It’s really okay. We’ve agreed that we’ll treat each other like siblings when we divorced.”

Diana’s other hand gripped Kathleen’s hand in return. Her hand is so cold! She really doesn’t want to meet Samuel. Look how much that little brat must have scared her!

As they were chatting, Samuel entered the house.

His almond-shaped eyes narrowed when he saw the trio in the living room.

“Why are you here?” Diana said, her disapproval being written all over her face.

“Documents,” Samuel said expressionlessly before adding, “I left them here yesterday.”

“Hmph!” Diana scoffed.

Kathleen was a little surprised. Is Samuel living in the Macari residence? I thought he lived at Florinia Manor.

Florinia Manor was the mansion Samuel currently lived in.

The man shot a glance at Kathleen.

Today, she wore a rose-red sweater and a black umbrella skirt. She looked cute yet dignified.

On the other hand, Charles was dressed in a formal black suit and white shirt, making him look like an elite. However, his gaze had a wild look to it.

“Leave when you’ve gotten your document,” Diana urged Samuel unhappily.

“Mm,” Samuel hummed in agreement, but he looked slightly gloomy.

Pursing her lips, Kathleen glanced at him and then at Diana.

Samuel turned and went up the stairs for his document.

“Grandma, does Samuel always live here?” Kathleen asked in curiosity.

“Sometimes,” Diana answered.

Kathleen nodded.

At this moment, Samuel descended the stairs with a document in his hand.

“I’ll get going now,” he said, looking at Diana.

However, Diana ignored him and stayed silent.

Expressionless, he strode with large steps to the entrance.

Before he could leave, Kathleen stood up and called out to him, “Samuel.”

He halted his steps abruptly, turned around, and walked toward her.

Stunned, Kathleen took two steps back instinctively.

“Hey, Mr. Macari. Don’t you know you have to keep a safe social distance?” Charles exclaimed in annoyance.

Why does he have to walk all the way over here? My sister only called out to him. He could have just stood there and answered.

“Looking someone in the eye and talking with the person face to face is the polite way of interaction.” Then, Samuel looked at Kathleen before saying gently, “What is it?”

Kathleen was a bit nervous as she was not used to talking to him with him so near her. Nonetheless, she invited, “Come and have lunch with us.”