

# All Too Late Chapter 121

## All Too Late Chapter 120

Rolling her eyes at Charles, Kathleen didn't say anything else as she ate her oatmeal quietly.

Upon seeing that, Charles displayed a satisfied smile.

Samuel fixed his gaze on Kathleen, and his lips curled into a smile.

Charles blocked Samuel's sight and waited for him with a grin.

Samuel wasn't bothered with him because he was Kathleen's elder brother.

He was determined not to do anything to make Kathleen hate him anymore.

"Mr. Macari!" Just then, Tyson came back with a lot of stuff.

Kathleen shifted her gaze toward him.

Tyson was carrying a load of clean clothes, some meals, and a large stack of documents in his hands.

Seeing that scene, Kathleen was rendered speechless.

He's out of his mind. Even now, he's still thinking about work.

"Mr. Macari, I've brought your stuff for you," Tyson uttered faintly.

He was worried that no one would take care of Samuel.

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"Okay. Thanks," Samuel responded gently.

At that moment, Tyson's heart skipped a beat.

Since when did Mr. Macari become so polite? Something must be off!

"Mr. Macari, Sebastian knows that Ms. Johnson is here. Hence, he asked me to prepare another portion for her," Tyson added.

"Okay." Samuel nodded. "I'm not that petty."

Charles felt like he was mocked.

Putting the stuff down, Tyson carried up a pink bag and smiled. "Ms. Johnson, here's some stew that Sebastian asked me to bring for you."

"Thank you," Kathleen responded with gratitude.

"I hope you'll like it." Tyson put the pink bag down. "There're some other snacks inside too."

Upon saying that, he retreated to Samuel's side and started preparing food for the latter.

Kathleen ate some oatmeal and then stopped.

Right away, Charles took out a small cake. "There are strawberry flavor and yellow peach flavor."

"Thanks, Charles." Kathleen smiled meekly like a cat.

Charles smiled in response. I have only one sister. Of course, I'll pamper her.

Samuel took a glance at them. As a matter of fact, he never knew that Kathleen liked to eat those stuff.

Charles took care of her for a while, and soon the visit time came to an end.

Charles had no choice but to leave.

Tyson had to leave as well.

Furrowing his brows, Charles stared at Kathleen with concern while whispering, "If this man does anything to you at night, just scream. If you have no choice, you can smash him with stuff as well."

Kathleen blinked her eyes. "Charles, that won't be necessary."

After all, Samuel is a prideful man. He won't try to conquer a woman with such methods.

"You have no idea at all." Charles stared at her with a complicated look. "Anyway, just remember what I said. I've set up an emergency contact on your phone. If you encounter anything, just press on it, and the information will be sent to my phone. Then, I will come over immediately."

"All right. I got it." Kathleen brushed him off.

Charles poked her forehead gently. "I'll come again first thing tomorrow."

"Okay." Kathleen looked at him faintly.

Charles couldn't comprehend why Kathleen trusted Samuel so much.

In his eyes, Samuel seemed like a man who would do anything to achieve his goal.

Charles could see that the latter was confident about winning Kathleen's heart.

That was why he was so concerned that Kathleen might fall for him.

At that moment, Kathleen cast a helpless look at Charles. Why does he not trust me at all? Do I look like I'm still into Samuel like before?

She couldn't wrap her head around what made Charles so worried.

After Charles and Tyson left, the ward fell into an awkward silence.

Kathleen grabbed her glass and drank the water quietly. She looked utterly adorable.

Just then, Samuel uttered faintly, "I might go to sleep late, so I need to keep the bed light on. Would you mind that?"

Kathleen shook her head. "It's fine. I'm not sleepy either. I want to read through some scripts."

"Okay. Tell me if you mind." Samuel picked up the documents.

Meanwhile, Kathleen took her tablet and started reading the script.

The script was sent by Remy to her via WhatsApp, and there was only one-third of it.

Kathleen fell in love with the play after only reading the beginning.

It was a play about a female assassin.

The female assassin was an orphan, and she was adopted by her master, who honed her into a first-class murderous and ruthless assassin.

He even named her Assassin.

Until one time, she lost her memory on a mission and met a scholar.

The scholar changed her name to Foxy, as her eyes were as charming as a fox.

The two fell in love secretly, and the female assassin was gradually regaining her memory.

One day, the master of the female assassin appeared and exposed the scholar's identity.

It turned out the latter was the target whom the female assassin was supposed to kill, whose real identity was the prince.

The prince used the female assassin to lure her master so that he could capture them in one go.

Only then did the female assassin realize that she was trapped not in the prince's love but in his conspiracy.

She told the prince that she was pregnant, hoping the latter could spare her and her master's life.

Yet, the prince was merciless. He said that as long as she was obedient, she would be a concubine in the future.

Overwhelmed with disappointment, the female assassin picked up her sword again to rescue her master and his disciples.

The prince made a move and stopped her. With that, the two were entangled in a battle.

Her master took the opportunity to sneak up on the prince. She rushed to the front of the prince, and the blade pierced through her.

The prince was left in awe.

Seeing that the assassination failed, her master immediately fled with the people.

Hugging the female assassin in his embrace, the prince eventually cried.

The female assassin asked him if he had ever loved her without any scheme.

The prince nodded.

As such, the female assassin died in the prince's embrace without any regret.

After Kathleen finished reading the outline of the story, tears welled up in her eyes.

A ruthless killing machine finally had some feelings. Even if it were just a little bit, she would hold onto it tightly like a light in the darkness.

Unfortunately, light couldn't be grabbed.

Kathleen was once a foolish girl who tried to chase the light. In the end, she discovered that the light wasn't shining on her but on someone else.

"Why are you crying?" Just then, someone passed her a tissue.

Stunned momentarily, Kathleen cast a side glance at Samuel. "The play is too touching."

Taking the tissue, she wiped her tears off her face.

Samuel smiled slightly. "As long as you like it."

"I like it very much," Kathleen uttered.

Samuel's gaze seemed extremely gentle. "Your eyes will ache if you cry again."

"It's none of your business." Kathleen put her hand down.

Samuel paused for a while. "Did you hate me?"

Kathleen was dumbstruck by his question.

"Did you hate me in these past three years?" Samuel asked again.

Kathleen grabbed the blanket. "I did, but not anymore. It's over now."

"Then why didn't you seek revenge on me?" Samuel asked in a low voice. "You said that I was also the executioner."

"I know myself well enough," Kathleen answered truthfully. "I won't be able to beat you. Anyway, you have been eliminated from my life. That's enough."

Since I can't defeat him, I might as well avoid him.

"If you have the chance, how would you revenge me?" Samuel showed utter curiosity.

Kathleen hesitated for a while. "Do we really need to have such a heavy conversation?"

Samuel uttered indifferently, "If I talk about other things, will you chat with me then?"

"Why don't we just stop talking then?" Kathleen was left speechless.

"But I want to talk with you." Samuel stared at the ceiling. "I want to hear your voice. I miss you so much this whole year after you left."

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Samuel knew how painful it was to miss somebody.

It turns out that even thinking of someone hurts all over.

His stomach twisted. It was the kind of pain that would spread to every limb before having them smashed by boulders.

Despite the pain, he found that he couldn't stop thinking about her.

Kathleen fell silent.

Samuel's gaze deepened. "Say something."

"I have nothing to say to you," she bluntly said as she lay down. "I'm going to take a nap. Please carry on with your work."

Samuel studied Kathleen thoughtfully, trying to decide if she would be heartbroken or disgusted if he told her he had missed her.

Judging by her expression, probably the latter.

Meanwhile, Kathleen felt awful.

Samuel hasn't changed. Why would he tell me this after a year? Does he think that I'm foolish enough to change my mind just because he said that? I'm no longer that girl who loved him wholeheartedly in the stupidity of my youth. Not anymore. Why didn't he treasure me when I did? Leaving him was the right choice.

Samuel looked sideways at Kathleen, who had her back to him. She seemed to be asleep.

He didn't bother her further. Instead, he turned off the light.

The night suddenly became unbearably long.

Kathleen woke up the following day in a daze.

"Good morning, Katie," said Diana with a kind voice.

Kathleen was surprised. "Old Mrs. Macari?"

Diana sat on the chair between the two beds as she reached out to stroke Kathleen's head. "Are you feeling better?"

"I am," Kathleen murmured demurely, like a small furry animal being caressed.

"I brought you something delicious." Diana turned to Maria. "Bring it over."

"Yes, Old Mrs. Macari." Maria brought a hearty breakfast in her arms.

Kathleen was taken aback.

"I got up at three this morning to whip up some mushroom soup with Maria. It's your favorite, isn't it?" Diana smiled kindly.



Kathleen felt a pang of guilt. "Old Mrs. Macari, you really didn't have to go through all that trouble."

The lovely old lady really loves me. I can feel it.

Diana beamed. "It's not a big deal, dear. I'm usually bored on weekdays, anyway. I'm happy to cook you something nice. Now, be a good girl and have a taste."

"Yes, Old Mrs. Macari." Kathleen nodded obediently before picking up a spoon and doing as instructed.

"It's so fresh!" She smiled so broadly that her eyes were reduced to slits. A warm, fuzzy feeling erupted in her heart.

"As long as you enjoy it, Katie."

Kathleen returned the old lady's smile with an embarrassed grin of her own.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Samuel looking at her and pursed her lips at once.

Diana noticed what had caught her attention. "Samuel had some of your soup before you woke up."

Kathleen looked over.

"I really did," Samuel affirmed gently.

Without a word, Kathleen turned her attention back to her meal.

Diana gazed at her grandson. "I did some digging of my own. What happened with the ward this time really wasn't your fault."

Samuel was struck dumb.

I'm really not as dirty as she thinks I am!

Kathleen was surprised to discover that Diana didn't believe Samuel either.

"I heard that a ward is being vacated this afternoon," Diana announced. "I have already arranged for Katie to move in."

"Right." Samuel nodded and didn't voice his disapproval.

Kathleen stared at Diana thoughtfully before commencing her meal.

“Don’t worry, Katie,” Diana crooned as she stroked Kathleen’s hair. “I’d said before that I’ll treat you like my granddaughter, which is naturally better than how I treat Samuel.”

Kathleen was moved to find out that Diana didn’t intend to bring them back together.

Samuel, on the other hand, remained silent.

Soon, the ward next door was vacated, and Kathleen moved in.

After sending Maria to help Kathleen settle in, Diana turned to look at Samuel. “Katie and Christopher are quite compatible, you know.”

Samuel didn’t deign to answer her.

“You have already missed your chance with Katie,” Diana lamented. “It’s not going to work with her no matter how hard you force things. The sacrifice of Katie’s parents has given me several additional decades of life. Moving forward, I’ll only act in her best interests.”

“I do care for her, Grandma,” Samuel said.

“Oh, Sammie.” Diana hasn’t addressed Samuel like that for a long time.

As soon as Samuel was old enough, she addressed him by his actual name.

“I wouldn’t stop you if Katie hadn’t left,” Diana said earnestly. “You and Christopher had each pursued Katie to the best of your abilities. Though it was fair game back then, I now know what Katie needs. I can’t control your obsession with that girl from the Yoeger family, but Katie can no longer suffer the indignities of being a scorned woman, do you understand?”

“Nicolette and I broke things off a long time ago, Grandma,” Samuel said coldly.

Diana was displeased. “Why would you still keep her around if there’s nothing between the two of you? Who are you lying to? Everyone in Jadeborough knows that you have her well-fed in a villa somewhere. Do you think Katie wouldn’t find out about it? She’ll only hate you more when she hears it. You just had to stand before her without a shred of guilt, didn’t you? You’re lucky that she’s too mild-mannered to put you in your place.”

“They’re just rumors.” Samuel’s tone was icy.

“Why don’t you clarify them, then?” Diana retorted. “Even if Katie’s no longer with you, you shouldn’t let her be tormented by this falsehood.”

Samuel gazed at his grandmother calmly. “You’ll find out soon whether or not I clarified matters, Grandma.”

"You're always like this!" Diana burst out angrily. "How does the Macari family end up with a freak like you? Not only do you have abysmal taste in women, but you don't care about the women who love you!"

I do care about Kathleen.

Diana stood up. "Forget it. I'm done trying to talk sense into you. You leave that poor girl alone, you hear me? Also, did you bring Astrid back?"

Samuel remained silent.

Diana sneered. "I've been underestimating my grandson this entire time. Contest openly against Christopher if you dare, but don't resort to such petty tricks when you're falling behind. I never thought you would be capable of such a despicable thing."

"That's very kind of you to say, Grandma," Samuel said lightly.

"Hmph!" Diana scoffed in her anger. "Just you try to hurt Katie again. I'll disown you!"

Samuel's voice was cold. "I won't let her get hurt anyway."

If she gets hurt, I'll be sadder than anybody else.

Diana turned and left him alone in the ward.

Tyson entered a little later and said in surprise, "Mr. Macari, has Mrs. Macari moved?"

Samuel regarded his assistant impassively. "Tell the finance department that you'll be given a year-end bonus of a hundred thousand."

Tyson froze. "Mr. Macari, what did I do wrong?"

Why would there be a reward for me out of nowhere?

"You did nothing wrong," Samuel replied as he picked up the documents. "I'm very satisfied with the arrangements you've made."

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Tyson heaved a sigh of relief.

Mr. Macari isn't being sarcastic today, after all.

"Have Vanessa's people gone to the villa?" Samuel asked.

“She did send some scouts to gather information,” Tyson reported. “In response, I had sent our defense the items according to your instructions, Mr. Macari. They should make a move tonight.”

“Good,” Samuel said calmly. “Let them make the first move tonight. If they decide to attack, we’ll just send them a message. There’s no need to overdo it.”

Tyson nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“What’s going on at Yoeger Group?” Samuel asked next.

“Nothing much.” Tyson hesitated for a while before adding, “I heard that Yareli has returned to the country. Apparently, she’d gotten a divorce from the son of the Yates family.”

Samuel chuckled grimly. “She left Joel Yates?”

Tyson nodded in response.

“The Yoegers are an ungrateful bunch,” Samuel said scornfully. “Contact Joel and extend an offer to a partnership on my behalf. I can help him achieve revenge.”

“Yes, sir. Consider it done.” Tyson nodded again.

“Return to the office with these documents,” Samuel ordered. “We’ll talk about everything else tonight.”

“Yes, Mr. Macari.” Tyson held the thick stack of documents against his chest and turned to exit the room.

Upon passing the ward next door and noticing the ajar door, he glanced inside to discover, to his astonishment, that Kathleen had settled down and that Christopher had arrived.

The way Old Mrs. Macari treats them really blurs the distinction between which one is her grandson and which one isn’t. Having Kathleen move out might be her way of giving Kathleen and Christopher a chance to spend time together. If so, Samuel might lose miserably. As his assistant, I should think of something.

“What are you looking at, Tyson?” Diana glanced sideways at him.

“Nothing, Mrs. Macari,” Tyson mumbled awkwardly. “I’m just concerned for Ms. Johnson. See you around, Ms. Johnson.”

Kathleen gazed at Tyson as he turned around and left.

Diana frowned. "The people around Samuel sure are weird."

"Tyson isn't malicious, Old Mrs. Macari," Kathleen explained. "Whenever Samuel couldn't keep me company, he would always send Tyson."

"That kid has plenty of money to throw about. You don't have much to thank him for," Diana consoled her. "No matter what they say, Katie, don't feel the need to take it all upon yourself. You don't need to be responsible for the lives of others. Your life should be the only one that matters. Take charge of your own life, will you?"

Kathleen nodded. "I understand, Old Mrs. Macari. Don't worry. I'll never put myself in that position again."

I'm not that pushover I used to be.

"Good. Now that Christopher is here, I'll leave you two alone." Diana stood up and smiled meaningfully. "Christopher, take good care of Katie for me."

Christopher nodded. "Don't worry, Old Mrs. Macari."

Diana left with Maria and entered the elevator.

"Do you think Ms. Johnson and Christopher would be better together, Madam?" Maria asked while helping the older woman in.

"What do you think?" Diana was curious.

"I don't have an opinion," Maria said abashedly. "Having lived with Ms. Johnson for a while and after getting to know her better, it seems to me that she treats Christopher like a friend and nothing more."

"That hardly matters," Diana said earnestly. "Romance will blossom as long as friendship is established. I'm only afraid that the pain that Katie had suffered may take more than a lifetime to heal."

Maria understood Diana's worries. "If Ms. Johnson does marry Christopher, what will become of Mr. Macari?"

"He deserves it," Diana said fiercely. "Didn't Katie give him a chance back then? Instead of seizing it, he squandered it and caused things to get out of hand as they have."

Maria didn't know what to say to placate the old lady.

“I won’t stop Katie if she wants to be with Christopher,” Diana continued with a deep sigh. “I’ll even treat her like my own granddaughter. Samuel’ll never know how much he owes Kathleen.”

He’d just missed his chance of being with a woman who loved him to such a degree.

Christopher was looking at Kathleen meaningfully back at the ward after the two women departed. “I should’ve come to see you last night, but my grandpa needed to be taken to the hospital as he wasn’t feeling well.”

However, it was at a different hospital that Christopher had spent his night.

“It’s all right.” Kathleen shook her head gently. “I’m sorry about Old Mr. Morris. Don’t worry about it. You were just fulfilling your duty as a grandson. I’ll shake off this fever soon enough.”

Christopher looked at her calmly. “I heard you and Samuel were in the same ward last night.”

Kathleen nodded. “The hospital told us that they were out of empty rooms. Even this ward had been arranged by Grandma. Fortunately, I won’t have to stay much longer.”

Christopher gazed at her meaningfully. “You don’t even suspect that Samuel did this on purpose?”

Kathleen blinked. “Is he capable of something that shameless?”

“You don’t know him well enough,” Christopher said enigmatically. “He found Astrid, you know.”

Kathleen frowned at the news. “How did you know?”

“Astrid told me personally.” Christopher met her clear eyes. “She told me that there was some problem with her family’s business and that Samuel agreed to help her on the condition that she came back to pester me.”

Kathleen was speechless with shock. How could Samuel do something that awful?

“My relationship with Astrid was made clear a few years ago,” Christopher explained. “We are only friends now.”

“You don’t need to explain, Christopher. I completely understand,” Kathleen said at once. “Though Astrid has feelings for you, you don’t feel the same way.”

“I have rejected her as clearly as I can.” Christopher looked at Kathleen seriously. “In fact, I told her quite plainly the last time I visited you that I would have my assistant handle her pleas for my help. Rest assured, I’ll never have any contact with her.”

Kathleen chuckled. “Why are you so nervous, Christopher? Do I frighten you?”

Christopher scratched his head. “I’m worried that you might misunderstand. I don’t want you to feel insecure.”

Kathleen froze for a moment.

“Thank you, Christopher.” Her voice was soft. “But you’ll miss a lot of great girls by being hung up on me.”

Though Astrid made things difficult for her, Kathleen could tell that the former really liked him.

“It’s better to reject someone outright rather than keep them hopeful, don’t you think?” Christopher said after thinking about it. “I refused Astrid so she wouldn’t waste her time with me and find her happiness instead.”

“I…” Kathleen was at a loss for words.

“You can reject me if you don’t feel the same way, of course,” Christopher continued. “I don’t have anybody at the moment. I won’t go out and have a rebound just because you turned me down. I’ll reject everybody else and wait for you in case you change your mind. Do you understand?”

Kathleen froze, not quite knowing what to say.

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Christopher’s gaze upon Kathleen was disquietingly intense.

Her heart pounded as she heard his words.

Despite being married, Kathleen had never been in a real relationship.

She was always the one running after Samuel, who treated her in much the same way as he always did.

Now that there’s a man who’d confessed his feelings in such a bold and romantic manner, how am I not feeling a thing?

Kathleen struggled to understand her inner turmoil.

Christopher was gentle about it. "I'm not forcing you into anything, Kathleen. I just needed to tell you what's in my heart. I won't be upset no matter what you choose in the end."

Kathleen returned Christopher's gaze. "You make me look like such a horrible person."

Christopher grinned crookedly. "No, you don't. Though you did reject me and have never been intimate with me, at least you've never toyed with my feelings. Do what you need to do to heal at your own pace, Kathleen. I'll always be here waiting for you."

"I'm not as perfect as you make me out to be," Kathleen sighed. "I was married."

Christopher was puzzled. "So what if you were married? Don't you deserve to live a blissful life?"

Kathleen bit her lip, not knowing what to say.

Christopher smiled kindly. "Be kinder to yourself, Kathleen. Don't shackle yourself to such an extent."

Kathleen nodded. "Alright."

Christopher smiled.

Charles arrived with a large bouquet of roses in his hands at that moment.

"You're here, Charles!" Kathleen greeted her brother with a smile. "Where did the flowers come from?"

Charles stared at her by way of greeting. "I got this for you for switching wards."

"Old Mrs. Macari made the arrangements," Kathleen explained.

"Old Mrs. Macari sure is a good woman," Charles said gratefully. "There aren't many old people like her anymore. I'll be sure to pay her a visit and thank her in person."

Kathleen shook her head helplessly as she held the large bouquet in her hands. "You shouldn't go to the Macari residence, Charles. You're going to quarrel with Samuel when you meet him. That'll make Grandma really sad."

"Be good and stay away from him," Charles coaxed. "Then we'll have less of a chance to cross paths."

Kathleen was left even more speechless.



"I've secured your refund from The Fantastic Restaurant," Charles announced in explanation for his late arrival. "There wasn't a problem as both parties have mutually terminated the contract."

"That's good." Kathleen nodded.

"Why are you worried about something like that?" Charles sat down and crossed his legs. "We'll see if they dare put you through any more indignities!"

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Christopher smiled. "Mr. Johnson is right. With us by your side, nobody will dare wrong you again. Don't worry about it."

Kathleen sighed in resignation.

Christopher and Charles left soon after that.

Kathleen wasn't the only artist Charles had on his roster.

As the entertainment company he was in charge of was one of the biggest in the country, he didn't have much time to spend with Kathleen.

The same was true for Christopher. Since taking over Morris Group, he had been kept very busy.

Therefore, the task of caring for Kathleen fell to Valerie.

Kathleen was in the middle of reading a script when her phone vibrated with a notification.

As it turned out, Nancy and the others formed a chat group without Astrid.

Nancy was the first to text: Did you really quit, Kathleen?

Kathleen: I did. My body can't take the strain anymore.

Nancy: Hah! No wonder the production team suddenly changed their minds and announced that they were going to have three new artists over for the next few episodes.

John: Doesn't this count as lying to the viewers? Kate has been recovering at a steady pace. Why are they making arrangements for her replacements?

Kathleen was embarrassed.

Nancy: Well, the contract has been terminated anyway. Don't worry about anything here, all right? Just focus on getting better. I hope to see you soon on the show, Kathleen.

Kathleen: I'll be there.

John: I want to quit as well. I can't stand Astrid.

Nancy: Not as uncomfortable as Steve is, I'm sure.

Steve conveyed his incredulity with a series of ellipses.

Kathleen: What happened?

John: Astrid pestered Steve today and forced him to tell them that you'd quit the show because you hated the sight of her, not because of an illness. Steve ignored her.

Kathleen frowned slightly.

I'm already out of the picture. What else does Astrid want?

Nancy: Here's a juicy piece of gossip. Astrid had signed with a brokerage company half a year ago with plans for her debut.

Kathleen was surprised.

Did Astrid plan to debut as a reporter as early as half a year ago?

However, Christopher had clearly told her that Astrid was found by Samuel.

Half a year ago, she was still filming and had no plans to return. It would've been impossible for Samuel to know in advance.

Unless he had somehow foreseen that, which is also unlikely. What the hell's going on?

John: I knew that everything was premeditated, given the hype around Kate. She must've capitalized on that.

Kathleen considered the implication of his words and sent a message to her brother: Charles, please check which agency Astrid had signed with.

Then, she searched through the chat records in the group.

Nancy: You have to be careful, Kathleen. She's not going to let you go even after you quit. With nothing to lose now, she'll drag you through the mud with her if it means getting back at you.

Kathleen: I won't let her.

Nancy: I'm sure you know what's best for yourself. You'll be met with all sorts of trouble once this slug attaches herself to you.

John: They're right, Kate. Have your fiancé deal with it if you can't. He was the one to have provoked her. Why should you have to deal with it?

Nancy: Shut up, John.

Kathleen: It's all right. I know John didn't mean it. Christopher explained to me that he and Astrid have nothing to do with each other.

Steve: Have him make a statement that Astrid is a bigger troublemaker than Kylie. Don't forget to emphasize the fact that she has thick skin.

Kathleen: Thanks for the reminder. I got it.

Steve: Although our partnership had prematurely ended, I think we all got along very well over the last ten days. We'll keep in touch through this group if there's ever anything you guys need help with.

John: Thank you. This is why I wanted to start the group.

Kathleen: Alright.

Nancy: That's what I thought too.

Kathleen smiled slightly at the phone in her hand as her spirits lifted.

Watching quietly from her corner, Valerie wondered who Kathleen was chatting with to make her smile like that.

Could it be Christopher? He's pretty good for her. Handsome and soft-spoken, his refinement sets him apart from other men at very first glance.

When Valerie arrived earlier, Christopher was in the middle of reminding her of several routines to keep throughout Kathleen's recovery.

It was clear that Christopher really cared for Kathleen.

Samuel had started victorious by having Kathleen's love to himself before he completely lost it all.

Feelings can't be forced to be had.

Though Samuel had enlisted her help, Valerie strongly felt that Kathleen deserved to make her own choices.

Despite originally intending to tell Samuel, Valerie quickly dismissed the notion.

Kathleen and Nancy chatted a little longer before the headline of a startling piece of news grabbed her attention.

According to sources close to the Yoegers, Nicolette Yoeger had returned to her ancestral home at the time of reporting. How the Yoegers responded to the return of their illegitimate daughter remains to be seen.

Kathleen's fingers clenched the phone tightly.

Nicolette is back at the Yoeger residence. Why? Could Samuel have arranged for her return?

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Nicolette's return to the Yoeger family had nothing to do with Kathleen.

She only wanted to find out about her mother's past and identity.

That was all she wanted.

That night, Kathleen tossed and turned and couldn't sleep.

After all, Nicolette's existence perturbed her.

Shouldn't Samuel be worried about Nicolette's safety to release her now? Won't he be scared that I would take revenge on her? Or is he confident about his capability to protect her? Right, perhaps he's that confident.

However, Kathleen despised Nicolette for causing death to her two unborn children because of Nicolette's selfishness, only wanting to save herself.

She didn't even let me off!

However, Kathleen had never thought of killing Nicolette because it was illegal.

If Nicolette were to provoke her, Kathleen wouldn't let her go.

Glancing at Valerie, who was sleeping on the couch, Kathleen didn't wake her up. Instead, she covered herself with a coat and walked toward the balcony to enjoy the breeze.

In reality, she didn't know why she felt so conflicted.

She had repeatedly told herself that it mattered nothing to her, even if Samuel liked Nicolette.

However, bitter resentment and anger washed over her.

Perhaps Samuel didn't even take my unborn children seriously. After all, he had never care of them. Hence, it's normal that he was unconcerned about it, but...

Kathleen lowered her head as tears rolled down her cheeks.

My babies...

"Why don't you know how to take care of your body?" Samuel's frosty voice rang out behind her.

Kathleen was startled.

Then, she turned around and looked at Samuel coldly before saying, "It's late now. Why are you here?"

"What about you?" Samuel took a step forward and looked down at her, a head shorter than himself, from high above.

One year was neither long nor short.

Kathleen wasn't as innocent and young as before and had adorably puffy cheeks back then. However, her delicate facial features grew sharper and more exquisite now. Moreover, her pair of sparkly eyes weren't seductive. Instead, they were crystal clear.

"I'm here for some fresh air." Kathleen pursed her lips and continued, "I'm going back now."

With that, she walked past Samuel.

The next instant, he grabbed at her wrist and asked in a deep voice, "Why are you crying?"

"It's the wind," Kathleen answered calmly.

Samuel's voice became heavier as he said, "You're lying to me."

Kathleen shoved his hand away and said in annoyance, "You don't know me!"

The next moment, Samuel immediately blocked her path and said in a husky voice, "At least I can tell when you're telling lies."

"Haha!" Kathleen let out a self-deprecating laugh. "Oh! You sure have sharp eyes, Mr. Macari! Then do you know why I want to lie to you?"

Samuel's eyes darkened as he heard her words. "It's because you're trying to brush me off."

"Yeah, you're right! I'm glad that you know yourself well." Kathleen sighed and continued, "I'm brushing you off on purpose. Plus, I dislike you, and I hate you! I've got nothing to do with you! So, can you leave me alone?"

Samuel froze at that.

"Samuel, I've asked you to spare me, haven't I?" A pang of painful sensation hit her head as she continued, "Stop torturing me. Aren't you pestering me just to vent your anger, for I have dumped you?"

"No, I'm not." Samuel's gaze fell. An unbearable feeling rose within him as he witnessed Kathleen break down before him. Then, he swallowed his pride and said apologetically, "Kate, I'm sorry. I really am."

Glancing over at him, she saw his eyes were red.

Kathleen smiled faintly. "Why do you have to keep pestering me, then? Do you want me to die?"

After her voice fell, Samuel pulled her into his arms. The coats draped over their shoulders immediately fell onto the ground due to the impact.

Hugging her tightly in his arms, he suddenly realized she was skinny and fragile.

Panicked, Samuel explained, "Katie, I never want you to die. Not for the world. I even wish I could die for you just because I want you to live happily."

Kathleen sniffed in his fresh body scent. With her reddened eyes, she said, "Can you let me go? Stop bothering me, can you? I'll think of my babies whenever you appear before me. Do you know how it feels to have them slowly flowing out of my body? Do you understand how I feel?"

Samuel's heart broke.

He didn't know how to comfort her.

Moreover, he didn't know how to react to her abruptness.

After all, what he said was pointless, and she wouldn't listen to him.

Kathleen wasn't like this before this. Why? Could it be...

He kissed her hair with his thin lips. "Nicolette's return to the Yoeger family has nothing to do with me."

Kathleen replied coldly, "Why do you want to tell me this?"

Samuel said huskily, "The breaking news that you read was released by the Yoeger family. It's not me. It's been a year since I had anything to do with Nicolette. Now, there's nothing at all."

Kathleen pushed him away and smiled in despair. "Do you think I'm that easy to fool?"

Nicolette was staying in his place before this, and everyone in Jadeborough knew about it.

Hearing her response, Samuel fixed his eyes on hers and said, "Why do I have to fool you? What's the point, then? Will you accept me even if I lie?"

Kathleen bit her lip.

"Don't you know that those you heard are only rumors in Jadeborough?" Samuel stared into her clear eyes before continuing, "I had been waiting for you to come back. Then, I was pursuing you again. Do you think I would have anything to do with her again?"

"There's some fact to the rumors, anyway." Then, she glanced at Samuel solemnly and said, "Would you dare to say that you're not protecting and taking care of her for an entire year?"

Locking his gaze on her delicate and elegant face, Samuel responded, "Yes. I took care of her for a year."

Kathleen remained indifferent.

"If you think locking her up in Spirit Villa is a form of taking care of her, I'll admit it," Samuel said coldly.

Confused, Kathleen asked, "Spirit Villa?"

Spirit Villa, the eeriest villa according to everyone in Jadeborough?

"Impossible!" Kathleen didn't believe his words. "You can't deceive me!"

Samuel bent down and grabbed their coats from the floor.

He covered his coat on Kathleen's body and said, "Come to my ward. I'll prove it to you."

Kathleen hesitated.

Samuel took her hand in his and strode down the balcony.

At the elevator, Kathleen retracted her hand and rubbed it on her clothes in disgust.

Samuel huffed upon seeing that. What an immature girl!

Shortly after that, they stepped out of the elevator after its door dinged open.

Holding her hand in his, Samuel dragged her to his ward.

Then, he handed over a tablet to her and said, "It's the surveillance footage in Spirit Villa for that year. Watch it yourself."

Kathleen hesitated before tapping on the video.

The footage was the latest.

Sitting on the bed, Nicolette shouted in exasperation, "Why don't you finish me off, Samuel? Why do you have to torture me?"

Her hair cascaded down her shoulder. She looked frail in a long white dress as if she was a ghost.

"You ask everyone to leave this villa at night! I'm alone in the dark! You're a monster, a devil! Yes, it's no doubt that I've used you, but I love you with all my heart! Why do you have to treat me like this? Why? I can give birth to our babies if you want it!"

## **All Too Late Chapter 126**

Kathleen's expression darkened after watching the video of Nicolette being hysterical.

Is this real? No! It's impossible.

She put down the tablet and said to Samuel, "Previously, you've deceived me with a fake video as well."

Thus, I won't fall for it again.



Giving her a meaningful look, he said, "That was before. But I swear that I have never hidden anything from you since you are back. Everything that you have seen or known is real."

She frowned. Should I trust Samuel?

Lowering his head, he put his lips close to her ears. "After all, you'll be going to the Yoeger residence. Why don't you check it out yourself to see whether I've lied to you?"

Kathleen moved to the side. "Is it possible not to stand too close to me when you speak?"

He curled his lip. "Why can't I stand close to you?"

"Because we're of different genders. That's why!" she blurted out angrily.

"So what?" Slowly, he frowned. "But this is my ward."

"It was you who dragged me inside!" she continued with exasperation.

"I've forgotten all about it," he said meaningfully.

Kathleen chuckled out of frustration. "Forgot? Has your brain shrunk? But you're still young!"

He was at a loss for words.

This young lady sure is... irritating. Although she's as cute as a ragdoll cat, she is feisty. But that's good. It's better for her to berate me loudly rather than give me the cold shoulder.

"What else do you want to know? I can tell you everything." He looked at her gently.

"You don't have to do that." She turned around to leave.

"Kate, do you love Christopher?" he asked suddenly.

Stopped in her tracks, she turned around and asked, "What do you mean?"

"I was merely asking if you prefer a man like him. Do you?" he asked calmly.

"Who doesn't like a considerate and thoughtful man?" Having said that, she added sarcastically, "It'll be better than a man like you, Mr. Macari, a man who's arrogant and snobbish. You don't even care about other people's feelings. Christopher would be a perfect lover if compared to you."

Samuel huffed. "What's good to have someone who behaves in a mellow way, just like warm water?"

She smirked. "Humph! You're right, Mr. Macari. I was attracted to your good looks because I was young and ignorant. Moreover, I had fallen head over heels for your evil and arrogant attitude. After I have experienced a lot of things, I realize how valuable Christopher's soft and gentle attitude is."

Samuel's handsome and elegant face turned cold.

"I've stopped loving you from long ago, Mr. Macari." Her face became indifferent. "It's really true. I have mentioned it to you in the Macari residence before. Now that I'm willing to live peacefully with you, I hope that you can understand it."

"You're only willing to cooperate because of Grandma. In the end, you still hate me." Sullenly, he continued, "Katie, why don't you stab me?"

Isn't it better so that the hatred in her heart can disappear?

"You've stabbed yourself before," she replied calmly. "If I were to disregard the fact that you're remorseful for the two children, I would've ignored you after I came back."

Did she know? Did she know everything?

"Why didn't you come to see me?" Samuel grabbed her shoulder. "If I were dead, wouldn't you want to see me for the final time?"

Kathleen shook her head. "Why do I need to see you? Samuel, did I ask you to end your life?"

He was the one who was willing to do it.

Samuel put down his hands. His handsome and elegant face turned paler than usual.

I told him that I didn't hate him anymore. But, at that time, I really wished that he was dead. He looks so disappointed. Why doesn't he blame me?

Frightened by the hostility in his eyes, Kathleen retreated a few steps back.

Samuel pulled her back into his arms. While embracing her tightly, he said in a low and magnetic voice, "Kathleen, please hear what I want to say. I love you. Thus, I want to pursue you again. I won't force you to do anything because I only want to treat you better. From now onwards, I won't lie to you. Not even a single word."

She was taken aback.

Then, he continued, "I won't do anything that you don't like. Also, I won't do anything that you aren't satisfied with. As you like a gentle and considerate man, I'll try to become one. I can do it better than Christopher." Then, he pressed his forehead against her. Gazing at her intently, he said, "Do you understand me?"

She was furious. "Didn't you say that you won't force me? But you make it sound like it's a notice."

"I don't care what you think about it." Nonchalantly, he continued, "Let's put it aside. The most important thing is how I'll act, isn't it?"

While biting her red lip, Kathleen looked at him sullenly. "Then, release me. You're forcing me right now."

Smiling gracefully, Samuel released his hands.

She turned and walked away.

It looked like she was running away from him.

At that moment, Samuel's phone beeped.

When he lifted it, he noticed that there was a message from Nicolette.

After reading the content, a dangerous glint gleamed in his eyes.

The woman has overestimated herself!

When Kathleen woke up the next day, she saw Charles sitting in front of her bed while reading a book.

"Charles, why are you here so early?" She was very inert. "Will I be discharged today?"

"Yes. I'm here to pick you up. I'll bring you to an audition this afternoon," he said.

"All right." Kathleen was relieved to hear it. "Finally, I can get out of the hospital."

Extending her hand, she wanted to look at her phone. However, she noticed that it was missing.

Baffled, she asked, "Where's my phone?"

"I've accidentally dropped it. It's broken." Charles lifted the phone to let her see it.

Looking at the cracks on her screen, she then said, "Even if you sit on it, it wouldn't be this cracked. It looks more like you had thrown it out of the window."

How can her instinct be this accurate?

“You won’t die without your phone. I’ll prepare a new one for you.” Then, he started to urge her. “Wash up quickly. I already told Valerie to deal with the discharge procedure.”

“Okay.” After getting out of bed, Kathleen went to wash up.

Meanwhile, Charles stared at his phone coldly.

He sent a message to the bodyguards who were waiting downstairs. It seemed like he was making some arrangements.

Indeed, Kathleen didn’t depend much on her phone. Thus, she was unperturbed to find it broken.

As a matter of fact, she didn’t have many friends to stay in contact with. Moreover, Charles would always be there if she wanted to use money.

After she had cleaned up, she came out of the bathroom.

Meanwhile, Charles had helped her to pack her things.

“Hasn’t Valerie come back?” She blinked.

“I’ve told her to wait for us downstairs after she has finished with the procedure. I’ll pack your stuff for you. Why don’t you change your clothes?” he said.

“Okay.” She left to change her clothes.

Subsequently, he lifted her bag and dragged her out of her ward.

When they walked past Samuel’s ward, Charles sneaked a peek inside. Then, he pulled her into his arms and pressed her head on his chest.

“Charles, what are you doing?” Kathleen frowned.

“You’re a huge celebrity. I’m worried that someone might snap a photo of you,” he said meaningfully.

“Why don’t you prepare a hat and face mask for me?” she complained.

“I’m sorry. I was in a hurry, so I forgot. Next time, I’ll remember it.” Wrapping his arms around her, they entered the elevator.

It was only then that he released her.

Immediately, she felt a little strange.

Meanwhile, there were a few uniformed men in Samuel's ward.

One of the men said darkly, "Mr. Macari, the Yoeger family is suing you for Nicolette's unlawful imprisonment. Do you admit to doing it?"

## All Too Late Chapter 127

Samuel asked in a breezy tone, "Does she have evidence?"

The reporter was stunned and replied embarrassingly, "In the past year, Jadeborough was filled with rumors that she has been staying at your villa."

Even though Samuel was seated on a hospital bed, he still exuded a powerful presence. "Looks like I have to sue those who have been spreading rumors. I had nothing to do with her since a year ago. Please don't report something that's not true. It'll cause me a lot of problems if the person I'm pursuing finds out."

The reporter was shocked. "Mr. Macari, you're pursuing someone?"

Samuel's lips curved elegantly. "I thought everyone in Jadeborough knew? What's wrong with you guys? You guys report something I don't admit and make no mention of the things I've admitted."

The reporter proffered an explanation. "Perhaps it's because Mr. Macari didn't like people to know about his personal matters in the past?"

"You're right. It looks like I have to do some reflection." Samuel smiled lightly before continuing, "Do you have anything else you'd like to ask?"

"So, what are Mr. Macari's plans regarding this matter?" asked the reporter.

Samuel laughed coldly. "When a dog bites you, do you bite the dog back?"

The reporter was speechless.

"I'll let her off this time because of our past relationship. However, if she persists in her ways, my lawyer will be getting in touch with her," replied Samuel icily.

The reporter thought that his words felt more like a threat.

"The five minutes for the interview is up. Please leave now." Tyson was ready to chase the reporter out.

“One last question!” The reporter was slightly excited. “Mr. Macari, is the person that you are pursuing Kathleen?”

“Yes,” Samuel answered candidly.

The reporter was bewildered. “But she has a fiancé.”

“I feel that I still stand a chance as long as she’s not married.” Samuel laughed meaningfully. “After all, I’m the one going after her.”

The reporter wanted to ask more questions.

However, Tyson interjected. “That’s enough. Do you want to lose your job?”

The reporter was stumped and had no choice but to leave.

Tyson closed the door and reported, “Mr. Macari, Ms. Johnson has left the hospital. When Charles came to fetch her, he purposely prevented her from seeing what was happening in the ward...”

“I know.” Samuel’s expression was grim. “It’s fine. She’ll find out eventually.”

“Mr. Macari, I have already obtained most of the Yoeger family’s shares that are available for purchase. Do you want me to deliver them to Ms. Johnson immediately?”

“You can send it to her. She won’t accept it. Just hold onto it first. I’ll make her accept it.” He then instructed in an icy tone, “Find out from Richard when I can be discharged from the hospital!”

“I’ve asked him already. You’ll need to stay here for two more days,” replied Tyson.

“Tell him I want to be discharged right now and get him to process it,” Samuel said sternly.

Tyson’s expression became fearful. Where did the man who said would give me a reward this morning disappear to?

Meanwhile, Kathleen followed Charles home.

“Charles, get someone to send me a phone quickly. I need one,” Kathleen urged.

“What’s the rush? If you have a need, you can use mine first,” suggested Charles.

Kathleen crossed her arms and stared at him coldly. “Charles, you’re being weird.”

“How am I weird?” Charles’ expression carried a trace of guilt.

Kathleen couldn't help but feel that something strange was going on. "Your phone!" she demanded.

Upon seeing that Kathleen was upset, Charles had no choice but to surrender his phone to her.

Kathleen opened Twitter and took a look at what was trending.

Nicolette Yoeger suing Samuel Macari.

A lover becomes an enemy.

Nicolette's disappearance for a year.

Nicolette appears after Kathleen comes into the picture.

Samuel Macari admits that he's pursuing someone.

Is it still possible for Samuel Macari and Kathleen Johnson to get together?

The top ten trending tweets were mostly about the three of them.

Kathleen clicked on the first trending tweet.

Why does this feel ridiculous?

Could it be that the videos Samuel showed me yesterday are real and not fake?

"Kate, don't think too much. Even if Samuel did this, it doesn't mean that you have to marry him again." Charles took the phone away.

Kathleen's expression was calm. "Charles, don't be so childish in the future. Get someone to send me a phone now."

"All right. I was only afraid that the reporters would pester you," Charles explained.

"Charles, how would the reporters know my number? You're my manager, and you help me liaise with them on these matters. You only didn't want me to see these or let me know the things Samuel did." Kathleen's small and beautiful face looked rather serious.

"Charles, I don't want to live a life controlled by others, you know?"

Charles muttered guiltily. "I'm sorry. I..."

"Charles, I won't have a change of heart no matter what Samuel does." Kathleen pursed her red lips. "I was the one who asked him to help me take revenge. Now that it has caused him trouble, I should at the very least ask after him."

Charles sighed. "I was wrong. I'll get someone to send a phone over now."

"All right." Kathleen nodded.

She got ready to go upstairs.

After two steps, she said, "Charles, I've already cut all ties with him. You don't have to treat him this way anymore. You can just treat him like a normal person."

"Okay." Charles always listened to his sister.

Kathleen went upstairs to rest.

Ten minutes later, the housekeeper appeared with a phone.

"Ms. Johnson, Mr. Johnson said that he has to return to the office to handle some matters and won't be home for dinner," the housekeeper reported with a smile.

"Noted." Kathleen nodded. "You don't have to prepare too much for dinner. I don't have a preference for strong flavors, so you can just prepare something simple."

"All right." The housekeeper smiled and then turned around to leave.

Kathleen picked up the new phone and inserted a SIM card.

It was a bit warm in the house. She took the phone to the balcony and gave Samuel a call.

"Are you home?" Samuel's voice was deep and attractive, like a cello.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded. "Will it be difficult to settle the matter with Nicolette?" she queried.

"It won't be if you don't give the video to her." In an arrogant tone, Samuel added, "I've always handled matters impeccably."

"Why would I give it to her?" Kathleen was bewildered.

"Perhaps one day, when you're sick of me pestering you and spoiling your relationship with Christopher, you might wish to send me to jail to put an end to things," Samuel said half-jokingly.

"I would never do that! Don't accuse me." Kathleen was livid. "I'm not that kind of person!"



Samuel smirked. "Go inside the house. It's cold outside. You were just discharged from the hospital. Don't end up getting admitted again."

Kathleen was startled. How does he know that I'm on the balcony?

## All Too Late Chapter 128

"Where are you?" Kathleen was shocked.

"You want to know?" Samuel purposely avoided answering that question.

"No, I don't!" Kathleen was furious. "In any case, I was the one who asked you to break Nicolette's legs back then. Even though you didn't do it initially, you still did it eventually. So, no matter what happens in the future, I'll bear all consequences with you."

I'll bear all consequences with you!

How sweet those words were!

However, Samuel knew that wasn't what Kathleen meant.

"Hah, I'm not so hopeless to the point I'd drag a woman down with me," Samuel coldly uttered. "Don't worry. I'll take all the blame if there's a need. Just marry Christopher in peace when the time comes."

"Samuel! Are you out of your mind?" Anger flashed in Kathleen's eyes. "I'm being serious now!"

"To me, pursuing you is a serious matter." The man's gaze deepened. "Don't tell me you aren't serious about marrying Christopher?"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

"I won't make things difficult for you, Kate. I only hope you'll take time to consider your relationship with Christopher properly." Samuel paused for a moment. "Aunt Emily didn't marry into the Morris family that easily either. She has suffered a lot even though Aaron loves her deeply. Old Mr. and Mrs. Morris are extremely good at making things difficult for her."

"Thank you for the reminder," she faintly responded.

"I think there's no other wealthy family that's as joyous and cozy as mine," the man added.

“Samuel, I always find a deeper meaning to your words. I honestly thought those words were coming from your good intentions. But it turns out you’re just trying to brag about yourself!” Kathleen hung up the phone angrily.

She then turned and went back into the house.

Watching her walk away from the balcony opposite, Samuel pulled a smirk on his face.

She sure is cute.

Returning to her room, Kathleen browsed through Twitter.

At that moment, someone from one of her WhatsApp group chats tagged her in a message.

She clicked the pop-up notification.

John: Kathleen, is Nicolette trying to gain attention?

Before that particular text, the group had been actively chatting, but Kathleen didn’t notice it.

Nancy: Of course she is! God knows where she has been all this while. Yet, now that Kate’s back, she appears! It’s obvious she has nefarious intentions.

John: Nicolette says she’ll be revealing evidence in the evening. I’m curious what evidence she has!

Nancy: Hey! Who’s side are you on?

John: I’m obviously on this side. But if I know what it is, I’ll be able to help Kate think of solutions.

Kathleen: Don’t bother yourself about her.

John: Kate, we’ll always be your strongest support!

Kathleen: She won’t be able to provide any evidence. Samuel’s no fool; how would he leave any evidence behind? Nicolette’s probably just putting on an act to mislead everyone.

John: That’s good to hear.

Kathleen: Thank you all for the concern.

Nancy: Don’t mention it.

Kathleen: By the way, where's Steve?

Nancy: Don't mention him. The new guests have been confirmed, and they're three members of a newly-debuted girl group. They would stick together in almost every situation and would get into an argument with Astrid whenever there was a slight disagreement. Steve's trying to help them talk things out. John and I, on the contrary, are bystanders watching a good show.

John: Those three ladies are astonishing! Astrid's nowhere comparable to them at all. And because of that, she tried to complain to us, hinting that we should be on the same team as her and that we can't let the three ladies steal the spotlight.

Nancy: Actually, even though those three ladies are young, they're pretty impressive. They finished everything that needed to be done. Unfortunately, they can't seem to put up with Astrid.

John: Well, I'm only an onlooker waiting for gossip.

Steve: Help me!

John: I don't dare to do that.

Nancy: Aren't you afraid that things will get even more out of control with the presence of another woman?

Steve was a little stumped for a split second.

Steve: Kathleen, help me out, please!

Kathleen: How do you want me to help you?

Steve: Is there any way to stop them from quarreling? Or perhaps an idea to save me from the racket?

Kathleen: How about you quit?

Steve: Well...

John: Hahaha!

Steve: Can you propose something more constructive?

Kathleen: That's easy. Let the three ladies run those errands to purchase stuff instead. Things will get better if you reduce the chances of them hanging around with Astrid, no?

Steve: But you can't possibly expect them to stay out all the time, right?

Kathleen: Well, I don't think Astrid would dare make any noise, right?

Steve: As far as I know, she dares do it to anyone.

John again replied to Steve with a laughing emoji.

Kathleen: Oh, what about the customers who visit for a meal? Let Astrid take the role of a waitress. With those customers around, she wouldn't dare argue with the three ladies. All you have to do afterward is try to get the three ladies to return to the kitchen again. Will that work?

Steve: This seems like a feasible idea.

John: Seems like there's something wrong with your arrangement since the start, Steve.

Steve: How would I know that they would fight?

In fact, he, too, felt especially helpless about it.

Steve: That's all for now. We're going to prepare the ingredients.

Kathleen: Good luck!

Steve disappeared after replying with a frowning emoji.

John: I bet Steve won't dare take on variety shows again in the future. This situation he's in right now is enough to leave him traumatized.

Nancy: Haha!

Suddenly, Steve turned active again and wrote: Stop making fun of me. Hurry. Head over and help me. They aren't listening to me now!

Nancy: Let's go. Bye.

Kathleen also sent a goodbye emoji.

Then, she lay on her bed and let out a sharp breath of air.

Samuel has really imprisoned Nicolette for a year and even broke off her legs.

Nonetheless, she didn't take pity with Nicolette.

After all, no one had spoken up for her when she was harmed by Nicolette then.

But how can Nicolette so shamelessly try to sue someone now? What a joke!

Right then, a cold glint flashed across Kathleen's soft gaze.

I was the one who got Samuel to do that. Since Nicolette dares to take revenge on Samuel, I'm sure she has the guts to take revenge on me too. I'll never let her off if she dares to stir trouble! Never!

Later that evening, Kathleen heard someone knock on the door downstairs.

That person left shortly after a brief conversation with Maria.

Kathleen then headed down and asked, "Maria, who was it?"

"The new neighbor next door came to exchange some pleasantries and even gifted us some cakes." Maria chuckled as she explained.

Averting her gazes, Kathleen exclaimed in delight, "Wow, those are cakes from that expensive brand. I heard there's a long wait even with a reservation made."

"Exactly, Ms. Johnson. And they're all your favorite fruit cakes." Maria smiled.

Kathleen blinked. "I want to have a slice of it now."

"That won't do." There was some seriousness in Maria's tone. "Ms. Johnson, I was instructed to watch you eat dinner. Finish up first, and you'll get to have some cake."

Kathleen, feeling aggrieved, wrapped her small hands around Maria's arm. "Maria..."

Her voice almost made Maria go weak at the knees.

This young lady sure is adorable. How did Mr. Macari bear to divorce her?

"All right. Just one slice, then you'll have to go and eat dinner," Maria said. If she were my daughter, I probably would pamper her with everything.

"Thank you, Maria," Kathleen thanked her with a sweet smile. "I want the strawberry one."

Maria took out the piece of cake topped with strawberries.

Holding onto it carefully, Kathleen walked toward the dining room.

Watching that sight, Maria smiled affectionately and then headed to the kitchen to cook for Kathleen after putting the rest of the cake slices into the refrigerator.

As Kathleen happily enjoyed her cake, she took a photo and posted it on Instagram with the caption: Thanks to the new neighbor, I have such delicious cakes to eat!

## All Too Late Chapter 129

Someone liked Kathleen's post on Instagram less than half a minute after she posted it.

When she tapped on the notification, she noticed it was Samuel who liked it.

It seems like he's very free. Wasn't he very busy earlier?

Sitting on the couch in the living room, Samuel looked at the post that Kathleen had posted on Instagram, and a smile formed on his lips.

This little glutton. She's so easily won over.

After pondering for some time, Kathleen decided to block Samuel on Instagram.

When Samuel launched the app to look at her pictures again, he realized her account had become inaccessible.

Samuel texted: Did you block me?

Kathleen replied: It's my Instagram account, so it's up to me what I want to do with it.

Samuel sent another text: Are you hiding something on your Instagram account?

Kathleen responded: They're all pictures of me and Christopher showing off our affection for each other. Want to have a look?

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Meanwhile, Kathleen felt pleased with his delayed response.

Finally, Samuel replied: Fine! Show it to me!

Kathleen was at a loss for words, and she ignored him.

Meanwhile, she continued to indulge in the cake. When she was done with it, she had a light dinner.

In the end, she ate too much.

She rubbed her round belly. This won't do. I have to exercise for a bit. Otherwise, it'll be embarrassing to audition with a round belly tomorrow.

She stood up and said to Maria, "I'm going for a walk."

Maria walked out of the kitchen and said worriedly, "Ms. Johnson, it's not safe for you to go alone."

"Don't worry, Maria. The security system here is quite strict. It'll be fine. I'll be back soon." With that, Kathleen put on her white jacket and walked out of the house.

Meanwhile, Samuel stood by the window, watching a white figure exiting the house.

Upon seeing that, he frowned, put on a black coat, and strode out of the house.

Meanwhile, Kathleen strolled around casually.

The residential area had a high occupancy rate, yet there were very few people around.

Perhaps the garden in the residential area was too big that there were not many people around.

Even so, Kathleen liked it there.

The scenery should be quite beautiful if I come here during the day.

After taking a few steps, she suddenly felt someone was following behind her.

She turned around abruptly and was stunned by what she saw. "Samuel?"

Why is he here?

"What are you doing here alone at night?" Samuel frowned. His expression was extremely stern.

"I ate too much, so I'm taking a walk," Kathleen explained bewilderedly. Her brows were tightly knitted as she asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm taking a walk," Samuel answered indifferently.

"Why would you take a walk in our residential area?" Kathleen did not believe him.

"Why not?" Samuel stared at her.

Kathleen scoffed inwardly and continued walking forward.

Samuel followed behind her.

As they walked, his long, slender shadow overlapped with hers.

His gaze darkened as he fell into deep thought.

After taking a few steps, Kathleen realized Samuel was still following her. She stopped and questioned, "Samuel, why are you following me?"

"I'm just going the same way." Samuel's handsome and elegant face still had a look of indifference. "What? Is this road yours?"

Kathleen snorted lightly. She ignored him and continued with her walk.

Right then, she recalled he had just recovered from an illness.

She stopped in her tracks again, frowning. "Were you discharged from the hospital?"

Samuel smirked. "Are you worried about me?"

"I was just asking. It's fine if you don't want to answer me." Kathleen turned around and continued walking.

Seeing that, Samuel quickly walked to her side.

Kathleen merely snorted in response.

Samuel grinned. "Was the cake delicious?"

"Yes," Kathleen replied honestly. "Oh, even a neighbor knows what I like. I don't understand why some people aren't the same."

Samuel's expression turned grim. "It's okay. Just scold me. I'll accept it humbly."

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

"Do you know who Yareli Yoeger is?" Samuel asked.

Kathleen looked sidelong at him. "Yes, I do. She's the eldest daughter of the Yoeger family and Vanessa's daughter. What about her?"

"Previously, she had been preparing for a wedding abroad. But she canceled the wedding two days ago and is back in the country." A sharp glint flashed across Samuel's eyes. "I'm sure it's got something to do with the heir of the Yoeger family."

Kathleen paused for a moment before asking, "Does she want to inherit the Yoeger family too?"

"Well, who doesn't?" Samuel asked coldly.

Hearing that, Kathleen frowned.



Samuel smiled. "I know you don't."

"Thanks for telling me this," Kathleen said in a distant manner. "My house is right in front. Goodbye, Mr. Macari."

Samuel smiled faintly. "My house is right in front, too."

Kathleen was puzzled.

Stretching out his hand, Samuel greeted, "Hello, Ms. Johnson. I'm your new neighbor."

Kathleen was speechless.

That night, Charles saw Kathleen sitting on the couch while hugging a pillow the moment he returned home.

"What's wrong?" Charles walked over and poked his sister's face. "Who offended you this time?"

"Charles, you said you've looked into all the neighbors in this residential area, right?" Kathleen glanced at him from the corner of her eyes.

"That's right." Charles nodded. "The one on the left is a university professor, while the one on the right is an old couple."

Kathleen rose to her feet. "Who said our neighbor living on the right is an old couple? He's clearly a singleton! What's worse is he's the kind who's divorced, likes to harass people and tell lies!"

"What?" Charles stood up. "What happened?"

Kathleen fixed her gaze on him.

"Did he harass you?" Charles frowned.

Kathleen nodded.

"Wait here!" Charles turned around and left.

He went to the house next door and rang the doorbell.

As soon as the door opened, Samuel could be seen standing inside. He looked elegant and handsome in a white fitted shirt and a pair of black pants.

Why is he here?

"Where's the old couple who lives here?" Charles asked coldly.

"They moved away." Samuel grinned. "I made arrangements for them to live in Jadeborough's best old folks' home."

Charles was baffled.

This man is really cunning!

"No wonder my sister says you're a singleton who harasses and lies to her," Charles fumed. "You're really despicable, Samuel."

"I won't argue with you since you're Kate's brother," Samuel said, acting as if he was a magnanimous person.

"From what I can see, you're basically asking for a beating!" Charles raged.

"You can beat me up, but I won't retaliate. After all, it'll make Kate feel bad." Samuel stared at him calmly. "It's not too bad since I can get her concern."

Charles was speechless.

Samuel flashed a smile. "Is that all? I'm going to close the door, if you have nothing else."

Charles gritted his teeth and said, "I'm going to move out tomorrow!"

"I'll look forward to being your new neighbor." Samuel smirked.

After saying that, he shut the door, leaving Charles at a loss for words.

This is so frustrating!

Left with no choice, Charles returned to his house.

Upon seeing him, Kathleen asked, "So? How did it go?"

"I would've beaten him up if it wasn't for you," Charles said helplessly.

Feeling embarrassed, Kathleen said, "Beat him up, then. I won't feel bad for him. It's just that Old Mrs. Macari treats me really well. Don't you feel sorry for the old lady if you hit Samuel?"

After giving it some thought, Charles pulled out his phone and gave Diana a call.

Kathleen frowned upon seeing that.

Soon, the call was answered.

“Hello, Charlie!” Diana’s voice sounded rather energetic. That meant the call did not disturb her from her rest.

“Old Mrs. Macari, we have a new neighbor who constantly harasses Kate. Don’t you think I should beat him up?” Charles asked calmly.

“What?” Diana raged. “Why is he harassing Katie? You’re her brother. Just beat him up if you want to!”

“Based on what I know so far, he’s divorced and is even a liar,” Charles said. He was trying to imply something with his words.

“I’ll handle it if you don’t know how to deal with him,” Diana said agitatedly. “I’ll send someone to beat him up.”

Charles said softly, “Old Mrs. Macari, that person is Samuel.”

Diana fell silent.

## **All Too Late Chapter 130**

Diana buried her face in her hands. “Why is he so shameless?”

Kathleen snatched the phone from Charles and assured, “Old Mrs. Macari, ignore Charles. It’s normal for Samuel to have many properties. Just let him live wherever he wants.”

“Katie, you don’t have to speak up for him,” Diana said exasperatedly. “That son of a gun. He never inherited the genes of loving his wife from the Macari family. And now, he’s regretting it.”

“Perhaps his genes mutated,” Charles suggested.

“That’s possible. Who knows, he might not even be a child of the Macari family,” Diana fumed.

Kathleen glared at Charles before telling Diana, “Everything’s fine now, Old Mrs. Macari. Sorry for interrupting your rest.”

“There’s nothing you have to apologize for. I’ll give that grandson of mine an earful now.” Diana hung up the call angrily.

Right then, Charles laughed out loud.

Seeing his response, Kathleen frowned. "Charles, did you lose to Samuel earlier? Is that why you went looking for Old Mrs. Macari?"

"

"Me? Losing to him? What a joke!" Charles denied.

"Fine, I give up. You're too childish." Kathleen stood up.

"Katie, you must not feel sorry for him, okay?" Charles reminded.

Kathleen was speechless, and she turned around to head upstairs.

She entered her room and looked at the balcony opposite hers.

So, is he watching me from the other side today?

Meanwhile, Samuel was sitting in his room. Right then, he saw Kathleen's room lights turned on.

Kathleen's silhouette could be seen through the curtains.

She seemed to be looking in his direction motionlessly.

"Samuel, did you hear what I said?" Diana asked sternly.

"I heard you." Samuel's voice was indifferent. "Grandma, you can stop talking now. I won't listen to you. I'm pursuing her."

"But she doesn't like you anymore," Diana reminded. "Ever since Katie came back, did she show any signs of wanting to remarry you?"

"No," Samuel said flatly. "But that's not important. Feelings can grow. This time, I'm never letting her fall into another man's hands."

"Aren't you afraid of making things worse by constantly pestering her? Samuel, I'm giving you my advice so that you won't make Kathleen hate you. Otherwise, you won't even get the chance to be her friend. Do you understand what I said?" Diana said calmly.

Samuel remained silent, for the silhouette on the opposite window moved.

His lips slightly curved into a smile. I never knew that watching her silhouette in silence like that was such a happy thing.

"I understand, Grandma," Samuel responded faintly. "I didn't do anything, anyway."

"Things like that depend on fate. If you and Katie are fated to be together, the heavens will help you out. Otherwise, nothing would come out of it no matter how you force it," Diana said seriously.

Samuel smiled. "Grandma, how do you know if we are fated to be together or not? Back then, God let me live and didn't take me to him. And now, she's back in the country after a year. I believe that fate brought us together."

Diana stayed silent.

Samuel was too obstinate.

"Samuel, I'll never forgive you if you break Katie's heart again," Diana said in a deep voice. "Her parents died to save me back then. Otherwise, she'd still have parents to protect her. Do you understand?"

Diana always felt guilty about that matter.

"Grandma, I love her. Don't worry. I'll never let her feel aggrieved again." With that, Samuel ended the call right away because he saw Kathleen standing on the balcony. She was holding a metal clothing rail and wanted to knock on his window.

What's she doing?

He walked over to the large window and opened it, asking coldly, "Are you looking for me?"

Kathleen nodded.

"What is it?" Samuel's thin, seductive lips curled to form a smile. "Why didn't anyone open the door when I pressed on your doorbell earlier? Where's your housekeeper?" Kathleen asked.

"I live alone." Samuel stared at her intently. "I was talking to my grandma on the phone just now. That's why I didn't hear it. What's up?"

"Something from my house flew into your backyard. Could you please open the door? I'll go and get it." Kathleen's cheeks were slightly flushed.

"It's okay. I'll get it and pass it to you over the balcony," Samuel said.

"No! No! No!" Kathleen shook her head frantically. "I'll get it myself!"

Samuel was puzzled. "What exactly is that thing?"

Kathleen's cheeks reddened.

"Your bottoms?" Samuel asked discreetly.

Kathleen blushed even more.

Looks like I'm right.

Samuel smiled faintly. "I'll help you get it."

Kathleen bit her lip.

This man must be doing it on purpose.

A wicked look flashed across Samuel's eyes as he left the balcony.

Several moments later, he reappeared on the balcony with something white in his hands.

Kathleen panicked. "G-Give it back to me!"

"How did this land in my backyard?" Samuel asked.

"It was the wind. My house's laundry room is next to your backyard. The second the wind blew, it flew over. Anyway, just give it back to me!" Kathleen urged.

Her face was as red as a tomato.

Samuel smirked. "What are you ashamed of? Didn't I see these things all the time back then?"

Kathleen glared at him. "That's the past. I've got nothing to do with you now. Hurry up and give it back to me!"

Samuel flashed a charming smile when he noticed her anxious gaze. "Give me your clothing rail."

Hearing that, Kathleen followed his instructions obediently.

Samuel hung her undergarment on it.

With a flushed face, Kathleen quickly retracted the clothing rail and removed her undergarment from it.

"I hope you don't mind me touching it." Samuel smirked.

"I'll wash it again!" Kathleen bit her lip.

"It's good to be hygienic." Samuel smiled. "By the way, it feels quite soft, just like you."

"Pervert! Jerk!" Kathleen hollered.

Samuel chuckled. "Will something bigger fly over next time?"

Kathleen glared at him.

"I can't determine if your measurements have changed or not. Based on my observation, they look about the same as they were in the past," Samuel muttered with a meaningful smile.

"Pervert!" Kathleen yelled before turning around to leave.

She then slammed the balcony door shut with a bang.

Samuel stood on his balcony, watching her lock the door and pull the curtains.

He continued gazing at her door intently while licking his thin lips. "How cute."

Meanwhile, Kathleen returned to the bathroom and threw her undergarment into the basin.

"D\*mn it! D\*mn it! D\*mn it!" She scrubbed the fabric furiously.

Why do I get angry so easily whenever I see Samuel? When I was in the hospital, I was his roommate. When I came home, he became my neighbor. Even my undergarment wanted to bully me by drifting to his backyard.

She had done her best to get along with him.

Yet, Samuel constantly agitated her and disrupted the peace in her heart.

That was how things had always been between them.

He always acted however he wanted. When he was in a good mood, he would treat her exceptionally well, no matter if she wanted it or not. When he was in a bad mood, he would treat her badly, without showing her an ounce of compassion. Basically, he was a jerk.

At that moment, Kathleen had the urge to break down.

Her head hurt so badly from all the thoughts.

