

## All Too Late Chapter 381

### Chapter 381

#### Chapter 381 Go On A Date With Me

Kathleen frowned. "If it was not for the Hoover family's matter, I'd have helped you to settle your problem at Blissful Sect."

"The Hoover family's matter has to be dealt with first. Otherwise, Desi will be in danger. We can look into my matter after that," Charles comforted.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "Charles, don't worry. I'll get it over with as soon as possible."

"No rush." Charles glanced at her with his smiling eyes. "We should go now."

Noticing he changed the topic of the conversation, Kathleen gazed at him in worry.

Actually, she was also rather anxious as she wanted to help Charles with his matter.

However, it was true that some things could not be rushed.

"Yeah." Kathleen nodded gently again. "Let's go."

After that, Charles brought Kathleen out of the building of Brilliance Corporation.

"Charles, where are we going?" Kathleen inquired curiously.

"You need to get changed first." Charles sized her up. "It's not suitable for you to attend the dance party in this outfit."

Looking down at her white shirt and jeans, Kathleen thought otherwise. "I think it's fine."

"Just listen to me." Charles flashed a faint smile.

Kathleen could only nod in agreement.

Soon, they arrived at a shop that sold haute couture clothing.

Charles had one of his hands in his pocket as he ordered, "Please bring the dress that I reserved."

The shop assistant immediately brought a black gown over.

It was well-tailored, and the overall design was not too eye-catching.

After Kathleen put it on, her slender neck and delicate-looking collarbone were exposed. It looked fantastic on her.

While Kathleen was attractive, she did not look seductive. Instead, she looked particularly elegant instead of sultry no matter what she wore.

Charles turned toward her and said, "Let's go."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

After they left the boutique, they headed straight toward the venue of the dance party.

It had been a long time since Kathleen attended this kind of event, but she was still familiar with it.

When they arrived, the crowd who attended the party was shocked by her beauty.

People who had attended Frances' funeral knew that Kathleen had come back, but there were some who didn't know about her return. Some even thought that she had died.

However, upon seeing that she was here at the dance party, they could not help but stare at her in disbelief.

"The CEO of Divine Corporation is over there." Charles led Kathleen to the other side.

The CEO of Divine Corporation was Ryder Xenakis, a handsome man who was about thirty-five years old.

Currently, he was clad in gray suit, giving off an elegant and noble aura.

"Hello, Mr. Xenakis." Charles reached out to shake his hand.

Ryder narrowed his eyes. "Hi, Mr. Johnson."

After greeting Charles, Ryder's gaze landed on Kathleen.

Ryder had long heard of her, and he had also seen her in movies.

However, that was the first time he met her in person.

She's indeed a glamorous beauty, bright and eye-catching.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Xenakis." Kathleen reached out to shake hands with him.

Ryder smiled politely. "How should I address you?"

"Anyway you like" she replied.

"I'll call you by your name then." Ryder was a direct person.

"Sure." Kathleen nodded, sizing Ryder up while thinking.

Charles said this guy has an illness. I wonder what it is.

Just then, the music started playing.

Ryder extended his hand to invite Kathleen. "Kathleen, shall we have a dance?"

Kathleen was caught off guard for a moment. "Dance?"

"Dancing together helps to bring us closer to one another." Ryder held her hand, bringing her to the dance floor.

Everyone had a surprised look on their faces.

No one expected the two of them would have any interaction.

Meanwhile, Charles smiled meaningfully.

Since Ryder had her hand, Kathleen could only follow him to the dance floor and dance with him as the music played.

"Mr. Xenakis—"

Kathleen was about to speak when Ryder smiled and interrupted, "What's your relationship with Samuel?"

"We are friends," Kathleen answered.

Friends?

Ryder chuckled wryly. "Oh, so both of you are friends."

"Mr. Xenakis, actually, my brother needs to borrow the most popular actress in your company," Kathleen explained. "Mr. Xenakis, I'm not sure why you don't agree to it."

Ryder cracked a half-smile. "I didn't disagree to that."

His answer caught Kathleen off guard.

“That actress is actually my sister,” Ryder explained. “My sister likes your brother, but she was rejected by your brother previously. However, no one expected he would want my sister to star in that film.”

“Oh, I see.” Kathleen felt awkward all of a sudden.

I didn’t even get the details from Charles.

Ryder chuckled lightly. “It seems like your brother didn’t tell you the truth.”

Kathleen sighed.

“The director of the film is a really good friend of your brother. The director insists on having my sister take the role, so your brother came begging to my sister,” Ryder continued, the corner of his lips quirking up. “But you know that a broken heart is difficult to mend. I think your brother should find another actress.”

Kathleen thought for a while before asking, “Is there no other way?”

“I’m afraid not.” Ryder shook his head.

“Can I meet your sister?” Kathleen asked tentatively.

“Haha.” Ryder laughed. “You’re really smart. Your brother can’t meet my sister, so he doesn’t have the chance to convince her. Although your brother didn’t tell you, you caught on to it immediately. Are you planning to change my sister’s mind?”

Kathleen didn’t expect Ryder would see through her in the blink of an eye.

“Yes.” She stated placidly, “Mr. Xenakis, are you not going to help me?”

Ryder’s lips curled into a smile. “I can help you, but I have a request.”

“What is it?” Kathleen frowned in confusion.

“Go on a date with me.” He cocked a brow.

Kathleen froze.

“You said Samuel and you are just friends,” Ryder added smilingly. “Hence, going on a date with me should be fine. Am I right?”

“Yes.” Kathleen nodded.

Lowering his head, Ryder whispered in her ear, “Don’t worry. I’m not a man who likes to force a lady to do something she dislikes. It’s just a date. It doesn’t mean anything else.”

Kathleen hesitated for a short while before she agreed to it. "All right."

Ryder held her hand, grinning in satisfaction. "Let's meet up tomorrow then."

His swift decision left Kathleen dumbstruck. "So fast?"

"The money has already been invested by your brother's entertainment company. Even a day of delay will cause lots of money. You have to factor that in or he will be burning lots of money." A smile was still plastered on Ryder's face.

That's true.

Kathleen nodded. "Okay. It's tomorrow then. Where should we meet?"

He chuckled in amusement, and there was not a hint of mockery in his laughter. "Kathleen, how long have you not gone on a date?"

She frowned, pondering his question. "Not in the past five years. I'm not sure if I had ever gone on a date before I lost my memory."

"Since it's a date, naturally, I'll be the one who fetches you." Ryder smiled lightly. "I'm a gentleman."

"All right. I'll be waiting for you at home." She felt slightly abashed.

"Okay."

Just then, the music stopped.

Ryder let go of Kathleen's hand. "See you tomorrow."

With that, he turned on his heel and walked away.

Kathleen heaved a sigh of relief, then strode over to her brother. "Charles!"

Charles grinned sheepishly. "What's up?"

"Things are different from what you had told me." She huffed in exasperation, "Ryder doesn't have any illness, and I bet it's not his sister who doesn't want to meet you."

"You've figured it out?"

"What are you trying to do?" Kathleen scowled, feeling annoyed.

"He's the one who said it," Charles explained. "He asked me to bring you to him, and he'd explained the rest to you."

Her frown deepened.

“What did he say to you?” Charles’ curiosity was piqued. “Tell me.”

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#### Chapter 382 Give Them Your Blessings

“Charles, can you not be so busybody?” Kathleen shot him a disdainful look.

“Am I?” Puzzlement was written all over Charles’ face.

“Yes.” Kathleen knitted her brows. “Don’t do this again. Otherwise, I’ll never forgive you.”

Her brother just smile. “It’s not me who set you up this time. Ryder told me he wanted to meet you and promised he would help me to convince his sister to take the role. I had no other choice.”

She puffed out her cheeks, refusing to say anything in reply.

“Once I leave Blissful Sect, Brilliance Corporation will be my only company. You don’t want your brother to go bankrupt, do you?” Charles asked pitifully.

“I’ll take care of you,” she declared in a solemn manner. “I’m pretty loaded.”

“How could I let you take care of me? I’m a man!” He stroked her hair dotingly.

Only then did Kathleen finally crack a sweet smile.

“Can we go now?” she asked.

“Yeah. Let’s go.” Charles nodded.

When they were about to leave, Kathleen saw Tyson among the crowd.

Tyson also saw her and gave her a timid smile.

Immediately, she felt goosebumps all over her.

“What’s wrong?” Charles noticed something was amiss with her.

“N-Nothing.” She felt guilty all of a sudden.

Just then, Tyson came over.

Upon seeing him, Charles seemed to have realized something, and his gaze darkened.

“Ms. Johnson, what a coincidence.” An awkward grin spread across Tyson’s face.

Kathleen asked flatly, “Is something the matter?”

“No. I just came over to greet you.”

Kathleen had an uncanny feeling that it was not that simple. “When did you arrive?”

“I’ve been here for a while now.” Tyson did not dare to lie to her. “Mr. Macari…”

He trailed off.

“Is Samuel here too?” she questioned coldly.

Tyson nodded in response.

No wonder I felt a chill running down my spine just now. So Samuel has been watching me. But we’ve talked through the things between us, so why should I be bothered by his opinions of me?

“Mr. Hackney, enjoy your time dancing here. We’ll leave first.” Kathleen was ready to get out of here.

Tyson wanted to say something, but he held his tongue.

With that, Kathleen pulled Charles with her as she walked out of the place.

Charles smiled meaningfully at Tyson and did not say a word.

Meanwhile, Tyson hurriedly dashed away in search of Samuel.

The latter was on the second floor.

He saw the entire scene when Ryder and Kathleen were dancing together, but he did not show himself.

He merely stood behind a stoa on the second floor and watched their every move.

Tyson approached him and greeted, “Mr. Macari.”

Samuel wore an indifferent expression on his face. "Did you ask her what was going on?"

"Ms. Johnson seemed to be quite hostile when she saw me. I didn't dare to ask her."

Samuel deadpanned, "Do I seem very friendly to you?"

Tyson froze for a split second before shaking his head frantically. "No. Not at all."

Samuel frowned, causing Tyson to break out in cold sweat.

Samuel's brow was deeply furrowed. Ryder and Kathleen were chatting happily just now. I have no right to stop their interaction. Compared to Caleb, Ryder is much more dependable. Ryder's personality is similar to Christopher's, but the former is more assertive. If it wasn't for Felix's interference then, Christopher and Kathleen would have been together. Unfortunately, there was no way Christopher could fight Felix. But it's different for Ryder as he's the head of the Xenakis family.

Samuel was deeply troubled.

"Mr. Macari, Mr. Johnson smiled at me just now," Tyson hurriedly explained himself.

Samuel snapped back to his senses. "Do you think he should cry to you?"

"What I'm trying to say is he seemed to be smiling wickedly. It was as if he was hinting at something."

Samuel snorted frostily. "I knew he's not a good guy."

"Mr. Macari, if Mr. Johnson is not a good person, he wouldn't have given Mr. Eil and Ms. Desi to you." Tyson voiced his analysis. "He could've given them to Caleb because it's much safer to say that they're Caleb's children."

Samuel fixed his ice-cold gaze on Tyson, causing the latter to shudder in fear.

Gosh, I shouldn't have said that just now.

After a while, Samuel stated coldly, "If it wasn't for that matter, I would've beaten him a long time ago."

Tyson chose to keep quiet.

"Ask around again and find out what Ryder and Kathleen were talking about," Samuel ordered.



“Mr. Macari, there were only two of them just now, so nobody would overhear their conversation,” Tyson replied hesitantly. “I think you can directly ask Ms. Johnson. After all, both of you are friends now. Best friends will tell everything to one other.”

Samuel’s expression turned even colder.

Do we look like besties who will tell everything to each other? Kathleen doesn’t even want to get close to me.

Noticing Samuel’s lack of response, Tyson conceded fearfully, “Mr. Macari, I’ll ask around.”

“There’s no need for that.” Samuel turned around and left.

Kathleen and Charles parted ways when they reached the entrance of the venue.

She had her clothes in her hand. “Charles, you should go ahead with your work. There’s no need to worry about me.”

Charles frowned. “Where are you going?”

“I need to choose a place to set up my company.” Kathleen gave him a faint smile. “I will check out some places in the afternoon, so you should attend to your matters.”

“Will you be fine on your own?” Charles was still worried about her.

“Yes.” She nodded. “Bye.”

She then turned away and left.

Staring at her slim retreating figure, Charles was lost in his thoughts.

After a while, he spoke in a low voice to his driver. “Let’s go.”

Right at that moment, the car door was opened from the outside, and Samuel got into the car.

Immediately, it felt as though the temperature inside the car dropped a few degrees.

Scowling, Charles said to the driver, “You may leave the car for now.”

“Yes.” The driver got out of the car, leaving only Charles and Samuel in the car.

“What are you doing?” Charles looked at him with a half-smile.

Samuel shot daggers at him. "That's what I'm supposed to ask you. Why did you let Ryder get in touch with Kate."

"As her brother, can't I consider or make decisions for my sister's love life?" Charles' smile did not reach his eyes. "Frankly, I think a gentleman like Christopher or Ryder is more suitable for my sister who is soft-hearted."

Samuel froze.

"My sister loved you so much back then. For three years, she endured so much without a complaint or regret during her marriage with you," Charles continued, "but if it were Ryder or Christopher, they would be warmed by her even if they had a heart of stone. They would not become the way you're today."

Samuel's expression darkened.

"If Kate and Ryder can't be together this time, I won't stop her from being with you if she chooses you in the future," Charles added impassively. "However, if she has a great start with Ryder, I hope you can accept them and give them your blessings. Can you do that?"

Samuel could not help but cough as he felt blood welling up in his throat.

He swallowed the blood, not wanting to let Charles notice his condition.

"You saw how they had a great chat during their first meeting just now," Charles continued in a somber tone of voice.

"Is this the reason why you asked me to come?" Samuel asked coldly.

Charles gave him a side-glance. "Yes, I realize Kate is very scared of you."

Samuel remained silent.

He had noticed that as well.

"I just want to let you figure it out yourself whether that is out of love or fear." Charles retracted his gaze. "If she is happy and relaxed when she's with Ryder, then it shows that she doesn't like you and the only feeling she has for you is fear."

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Chapter 383 Waging War

Samuel did not utter a word as he got out of the car.

While shooting him a side glance, Charles' decisive tone rang out. "I'll take your silence as an agreement to this bet. If Kate chooses Ryder, then you're not allowed to disrupt their relationship like you did with her and Caleb."

Samuel did not stop walking even after hearing that.

Only he was aware of his agonized, bleeding heart at that moment.

If Kathleen truly fears me, that means I can never be with her again. Ever. From today onward, she'll be someone else's girlfriend and wife-to-be. I can no longer be close to her.

Samuel looked as though he was in utter agony.

At the same time, he knew this was all his fault—he deserved this fate.

Will it truly require my death to gain Kathleen's forgiveness? It's like we're back at square one. Things are as miserable as they were back then.

It felt as though he had stumbled into a deep, hell-like pit, where he could not escape.

Meanwhile, Kathleen arrived at the first office building.

It was located in an industrial area outside of the city center.

The building only had three floors, but they were spacious and well lit.

Kathleen was still wearing a black gown with the same colored suit draped across her shoulders.

The real estate agent was enthusiastic as he said, "This place is fairly decent, Ms. Johnson. It's newly built, and the previous company only occupied it for half a year."

"It's a nice environment but a little too far from the city," Kathleen replied in a placid tone of voice.

"Not at all. It'll only take forty minutes to travel here by cab."

A chuckle came from Kathleen, who pointed out, "Do you expect my employees to take a cab here every time? Aren't you aware of how much it costs?"

Her reply shocked the agent. "Gosh, it's my first time meeting someone who cares so much about her employees, but there's a bus service here."

"A bus service which comes around every thirty minutes." Kathleen had already done her research before arriving here that day, so she curtly said, "Forget it. Show me the other location instead."

The agent nodded, but it was then that his phone rang. "Sorry, I have to take this call."

"Go ahead," Kathleen replied.

Subsequently, the agent turned around to answer his phone while Kathleen roamed around for a bit.

She found the environment satisfactory, if not for the inconvenient transportation issues.

The place was clean, which she loved.

Click! Clack! Click! Clack!

Suddenly, a series of heeled footsteps came from behind her.

She soon turned around and realized it was Dorothy.

"Why are you here?" Kathleen was a little taken aback.

Anger seethed from Dorothy as she demanded, "I want my son back."

That garnered a scoff from Kathleen, who retorted, "Zion has already told me the truth, Dorothy. He's not biologically related to the Hoover family. It's merely a coincidence that he has a unique bodily physique."

Dorothy froze. "How did he find out?"

"Perhaps he overheard it when you guys discussed it." Kathleen indifferently added, "Therefore, why would I hand him over to you if he's not your son?"

"However, according to the law, I'm his legal guardian," rebuked a frowning Dorothy.

"Your guardianship can be revoked since you've abandoned him once." Kathleen flashed a half-smile.

Every muscle in Dorothy's body tensed up when she heard that.

Seeing the former's reaction, Kathleen snidely remarked, "Perhaps you should read more about the law."

Dorothy was so livid that she rushed up to grab Kathleen's wrist, and that sparked an explosive annoyance in Kathleen, who instantly slapped the former.

After Dorothy snapped out from a daze, her features twisted into a scowl as she raised a palm to cup her reddened cheek. "How dare you hit me!"

"Yeah, I just slapped you. Do the same to me if you dare!" Kathleen snarled.

Dorothy wasted no time in raising her hand.

Smack!

The other side of her face had gotten slapped before she could do anything.

Kathleen then spoke up derisively. "How dare you try to slap me just because I told you to! Why don't you ask Theodore about my life during the past five years in Axeworth Corporation? Crushing trash like you daily is a piece of cake for me!"

Dorothy was so upset that her nose almost scrunched high up to her eyes.

Even so, Kathleen continued to chuckle contemptuously.

I was exaggerating when I said I could beat up one person daily. Although, the undeniable fact is that I've never been bullied, much less beaten up. Who does Dorothy think she is?

"If you don't hand Zion over to me, you'll be waging war with the Hoover family!" Dorothy threatened, "Let me tell you something, Kathleen. The Hoover family isn't a force you can defeat! They're nothing like the Yoeger family!"

Kathleen snorted before resuming, "I don't give two hoots. They can come at me if they dare. Also, I want you to relay this message to them. If they have a bone to pick with me, have them send someone who actually has the power to make decisions in their family to see me. I don't ever want to see a worthless person like you again. Get lost!"

"Just you wait!" Dorothy trembled with sheer rage before whipping around to leave.

Kathleen remained indifferent but eventually frowned when she noticed something was off.

Why isn't the agent back yet?

She then walked out of the building.

It seemed like the real estate agent had ditched Kathleen.

She had arrived here in the agent's car earlier.

Now that he had left, all she could do was hail a cab home on her own.

However, this was an industrial area, which meant she needed to go further out to actually find a cab.

Kathleen pinched the space between her brows.

Ugh. How unlucky!

Just when she was speechless, a black Maybach pulled up in front of her.

The license plate was one she knew very well.

It was not long before the door opened, and Samuel's husky voice sounded. "Hop in. It won't be easy getting a cab here."

Kathleen did not wish to put herself in a difficult situation, especially since she wore high heels too.

Her feet would undoubtedly be sore by the time she walked out of the industrial area.

Thus, she got into the Maybach.

"Did you come here alone?" Samuel's gaze settled on her as she took off her heels.

A relieved look appeared on her face now that her feet were free.

The corners of Samuel's lips curled slightly. It had been a while since he saw Kathleen with such an expression.

"The real estate agent left me behind," Kathleen explained in a wry tone.

"Have you found a place?"

"Nope." Kathleen shook her head. "This place is too far away. Overall, I felt having a spot in the city would work better, so I asked the agent to take me there. Little did I know he would ditch me after a phone call."

Preposterous!

Samuel's gaze darkened. "You could've told me that you were looking for a property. Why trouble yourself like this?"

"There's no need." Kathleen shook her head.

When Samuel saw how determined she was, something tightened in his chest. He explained, “Don’t worry. I’m merely recommending you a place. You’ll have to discuss the rental fees on your own.”

He figured it was all right as long as he did not interfere with her decisions.

“You know a good spot?” Kathleen blinked.

“Yep, it’s right in the city.” Samuel drove while continuing, “The building has seven floors. Although the size of every floor is a little small, the building has convenient access to transportation and is in a decent environment.”

“That sounds nice. Could you take me?”

“Sure,” Samuel answered huskily.

He drove ahead with his attention fully pinned on the road ahead.

Kathleen could not help but sneak a glance at him.

His aura remained imposing. Even while sitting next to him, she could feel an immense sense of authority emanating from him.

Without a doubt, Samuel was her type on paper.

Perhaps it was his jaw-dropping good looks, but Kathleen felt no one could compare to him.

The thought of that made her sigh.

Samuel can win me over with his looks alone. As for everything else about him—

“You’ve been staring at me for five minutes.” Samuel’s gravelly voice sounded, breaking Kathleen out of her thoughts.

“W-What?” She snapped out of her trance.

Suddenly, Samuel slowed the car to a halt.

It made Kathleen increasingly nervous as she asked, “What are you doing?”

Samuel froze while unbuckling his seat belt. He looked over at the adorably frightened woman and could not help chuckling. “Do you seriously think I’m going to force myself on you in broad daylight?”

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## Chapter 384

### Chapter 384 Schemes

Kathleen's face instantly flushed red as a beetroot.

"Samuel, you..."

How could he speak such words so unabashedly?

"I'm not as disgusting as you think," said Samuel as he got out of the car.

Kathleen frowned deeply.

Huh? Is he leaving because he's mad at me? He didn't even bother about leaving his car behind. But how am I going to drive? I'm wearing heels!

Just as she was considering whether to call for a driver, Samuel returned.

Carrying a huge bag with his long, graceful fingers, he got into the car and shut the door.

Kathleen was a little taken aback.

However, before she could react, Samuel retrieved a box of adhesive bandages from the bag. Then, he took her ankle with his large, warm hands and placed it on his lap.

Kathleen merely gazed at him in silence as he covered the wounds on her toes and ankle with the Band-Aids.

After that, he put her leg down and picked her other leg up.

His actions were cautious and gentle, and it was clear that his intentions were pure.

Kathleen's heart was racing as she watched him.

"You seldom wore high heels in the past." Samuel's deep voice broke the silence. "You mostly only wore flats. Besides, you never liked shoes of this brand and used to complain that their soles were stiff."

"I've told you this before?" Kathleen was stunned.

Samuel nodded.



"I'm surprised you still remember," remarked Kathleen, who was genuinely astonished.

"Of course, I do. I paid attention to everything you said." Samuel lowered her leg. "You shouldn't wear these high heels anymore later."

"Are you suggesting that I walk barefooted, then?" Kathleen asked, feeling rather exasperated and amused at the same time.

As soon as she said that, Samuel took out a pair of dainty, white shoes from the bag. "Here, wear this pair of shoes. It's your favorite brand."

"Thanks." Kathleen was shocked that Samuel actually thought of buying that as well.

Hearing her word of thanks did not put Samuel in a better mood, but it did not worsen his mood either.

Kathleen put on the shoes and sat quietly in her seat.

As Samuel resumed driving, he began asking, "You and Ryder...."

Here we go!

Kathleen knew he was definitely going to ask about that.

"Yes?" she uttered curiously.

"It's nothing." After a moment's thought, Samuel decided not to ask about it.

Kathleen could not help but feel perplexed.

However, she was somewhat relieved that he did not ask further, as she did not know how to explain it to him either.

"It looks like the weather's going to be fine tomorrow. I'm thinking of bringing Desi and Eil out for some fun. Will you be free?" asked Samuel.

Kathleen immediately froze.

He must be doing this on purpose!

"No," Kathleen answered. After a moment's hesitation, she continued, "Can't we postpone it?"

"I've already promised them," Samuel went on in a deep tone. "I can bring them myself if you're busy. But of course, how should I explain to them that you're not coming along?"

Slightly dumbfounded, Kathleen responded in an embarrassed tone, "You could tell them that I'm busy."

"Sure." Samuel nodded and said nothing else.

Soon, they arrived at the place Samuel mentioned earlier.

It was indeed located in the heart of the city, and the surroundings were nice.

Kathleen could not be more satisfied with it.

Finally, she asked, "What place is this, Samuel? Who should I talk to about renting it?"

"This used to be the office of Macari Group. It's where my grandfather started the company," stated Samuel in response.

Kathleen was stunned to hear that.

"You may talk to my father about it, as this building is under his name," Samuel added.

Kathleen did not know what to say.

So, this place is still under the ownership of the Macari family...

"All right, then," she agreed with a sigh.

"My father's in the office right now. Do you want to come over?" Samuel asked.

Kathleen raised a brow. "Why does it seem like you'd planned all this in advance?"

"I have nothing to do with the agent's disappearance."

"Well, you'd better not let me find out that this whole thing was a setup," Kathleen replied disbelievingly.

"I'm hardly bold enough." Samuel gazed at her with a half-smile.

If Kathleen indeed set up her office here, then it would mean she would frequently have to come back to this place.

He wished more than anything that she would stay here and would not dare do anything that might cause her to stay away.

"Lead the way, then. I'll meet your father now," said Kathleen with a scoff.

"This way, please." Samuel spoke in the most polite tone.

Kathleen's brows were furrowed lightly as she followed him.

Ten minutes later, they arrived at Macari Group, and Kathleen went to meet Calvin in his office.

The moment Calvin saw them entering his office, his eyes instantly brightened.

"Kate! What brought you here?" he greeted her warmly.

Calvin was very fond of Kathleen.

He knew that Kathleen was a girl with a pure heart and that she had married Samuel with no other intentions besides to love him.

Unfortunately, Samuel did not cherish her.

"Mr. Calvin, it's like this. Samuel just showed me Macari Group's old building, and I'm thinking of renting it," Kathleen explained.

"Sounds good. In fact, you may just go ahead and use it." Calvin nodded affirmatively.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

"Dad, will you be serious? Kathleen's no longer part of our family anymore. You're just putting her in a tough spot if you offer the place to her for free now," Samuel remarked in a deep voice.

Kathleen was just about to nod in agreement when Calvin retorted angrily, "You heartless brat! How dare you say that! What did you mean by saying that she's not part of our family anymore? She's the mother of my grandchildren and a great contributor to our family!"

Samuel could not find any words to refute Calvin's statement.

"You're indeed nothing but a heartless brat!" Calvin added, fuming.

Afraid that she was unintentionally causing a rift between the father-and-son duo, Kathleen quickly clarified, "Mr. Calvin, let me explain. It was me who insisted earlier that I would pay rent. If not, then I will not use the place. Besides, Samuel made a fair point. Even siblings should not owe each other money. So, please accept my suggestion."

Calvin felt as if his heart was being ripped in half. Despite that, he could only agree reluctantly, "All right, then. I shall rent the place to you. Are you okay with one thousand monthly for the rental?"

Kathleen merely gazed at him speechlessly.

“Is that too expensive?” Calvin frowned. “How about five hundred, then?”

Samuel could no longer stay silent. “Dad, that’s enough.”

Calvin scoffed at him in response.

Turning to Kathleen, Samuel proposed, “The rental fees for any building in the city are expensive. It would be thirty thousand monthly, which would add up to three hundred and sixty thousand per annum. Seeing as we know each other, I’ll accept three hundred and fifty thousand from you. How’s that?”

“Sounds great to me.” Kathleen was satisfied with his suggestion. “You go ahead and prepare the agreement, then.”

“By the way, would you be needing any office supplies? Our office previously underwent some renovation, and we had bought a lot of supplies. There are still some left in our storeroom. If you need any, feel free to help yourself to them. I won’t be charging you for those, or my father might scream at me again.”

“Sure, don’t mind if I do!” Kathleen nodded.

“All right. I’ll have Tyson get the paperwork ready.”

“Okay.” Kathleen was extremely satisfied with Samuel’s efficiency.

Tyson finished preparing the paperwork in no time, and then Kathleen and Calvin signed the agreement.

Taking the keys that Tyson handed over, Kathleen turned to Calvin.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Calvin.”

Calvin mumbled something incoherent in response.

“Mr. Hackney, could you bring me to have a look at the office supplies?” asked Kathleen urgently.

She wished more than anything that she could begin setting up her office the next day.

“Of course.” Tyson shot Samuel a glance, then led Kathleen out of the office.

Calvin propped his chin in the palm of his hand. “If I’m not mistaken, the supplies in the storeroom should add up to about three hundred thousand in cost. Isn’t that right?”

Samuel remained silent.

“Tsk! What a scheming little brat you are!” Calvin narrowed his eyes as he continued, “How have things been developing between you two?”

## All Too Late Chapter 385

### Chapter 385

#### Chapter 385 An Ambush

“There’s no progress,” Samuel replied truthfully.

Calvin threw his son a look of utter disdain. “You might’ve inherited my looks, but it looks like your EQ is not as good as mine.”

Samuel said curtly, “Should I record the first half of your sentence and send it to Mom?”

“Don’t you dare!” Calvin huffed and glared at Samuel. “You’re the one having problems with your marriage, and you’re trying to make me suffer with you?”

“No. I want you to live happily.”

Calvin found Samuel’s words insincere.

“You should check on Kate. It’s a rare opportunity for you to meet her. Don’t miss it,” the former urged.

Truth was, he could not bear to see his son’s long face.

Thankfully, Samuel took his advice and left.

Calvin snorted quietly while watching him leave.

Meanwhile, Kathleen and Tyson arrived at the underground warehouse.

Sure enough, many things were stored there.

“Mrs. Macari, these tables and chairs are extras from Macari Group’s renovation a few months ago.” Tyson was used to addressing Kathleen that way, which took her by surprise.

Noticing the look on her face, Tyson grew flustered and covered his mouth. “Ms. Johnson, I’m so sorry. I’m too used to it.”

Kathleen studied him in silence. “Do you refer to me as that when you’re talking to the others?”

Tyson smiled sheepishly. “I’ll change it.”

“Has Samuel ever corrected you?” Kathleen asked in puzzlement.

“Of course not. Mr. Macari told us he’ll never let anyone take over your position. He makes us acknowledge you as the only female boss. In fact, he’ll execute anyone who dares to pull strings for other women.”

Kathleen found the news amusing. “Does he see himself as a king? Execute? Seriously?”

Tyson scratched his head in confusion. “In a way, this is Mr. Macari’s territory.”

Kathleen’s eyes glinted. “Indeed, it’s his territory.”

“What are you two talking about?” Samuel elegantly sauntered over.

“Nothing.” Kathleen shook her head.

“Mr. Macari, I’ll get someone to help Ms. Johnson carry these things.” Tyson took his cue to leave.

Gesturing to the checklist in her hand, Kathleen said, “I’ve made a rough calculation. These things aren’t cheap, Samuel. I think it’s best that I pay you back.”

“It’s fine,” Samuel said coolly. “I won’t accept it even if you pay me, so don’t bother.”

Kathleen pursed her rosy lips. “But the total of all these is more expensive than the rent. I’ll feel guilty for not paying.”

Samuel said in a heavy tone, “Kathleen, you have to understand this—we have children together. This is something that’ll keep us indebted to each other forever. Besides, no one uses these when they’re kept here. You’ll be doing me a huge favor clearing my warehouse by taking and using them.”

Kathleen was speechless.

I’ve never heard of anyone using this method to clear their warehouse.

“Let me treat you to dinner, then.” Kathleen still felt bad about it.

“Okay,” Samuel agreed instantly.

Seeing his reaction, Kathleen asked, "Don't you have any social events at night?"

Samuel shook his head. "I never attend them."

More precisely, he rarely attended one ever since Kathleen faked her death.

Of course, his attendance for the recent ones when she returned was an exception.

After all, he attended them because of her.

If not for her, he would not be the slightest bit interested in going.

"What if there's a social event you must go to?" Kathleen asked curiously.

"The Macari family has another mascot," explained Samuel.

"A mascot?" Kathleen asked. "Who's that?"

"My father," answered Samuel.

Calvin?

It was at that moment Kathleen finally remembered Calvin was the chairman of Macari Group.

Well, he's truly the mascot of the company.

Smiling faintly, she said, "The role of the mascot suits him."

Her smile made Samuel lift the corners of his thin lips. "He'll represent me for the events, so I basically don't have to do anything."

Kathleen nodded in understanding.

"Since it's a thank-you meal, what would you like to eat?" she asked.

Samuel's obsidian eyes looked even darker. "You can decide."

"All right." Kathleen frowned. "Why is Tyson not coming back? Why don't we head upstairs? This underground warehouse is a little chilly."

Samuel removed his coat and draped it over her. He wrapped his slender and elegant fingers around hers and led her to the elevator.

They had to take the elevator to go up.

Kathleen could not help but blush at Samuel's actions.

The man was tall and built. As he stood in front of her, he emanated a calm and mysterious aura, which made one feel fearful yet relieved at the same time.

Gusts of wind blew at them.

Kathleen instinctively tightened her grip around Samuel's hand, nervously looking around the area.

Feeling her grip tighten, Samuel lowered his gaze and smiled subtly.

She's still so cowardly.

Suddenly, a series of hurried footsteps approached them.

When Kathleen turned around to look in the direction of the sound, she saw a dark shadow charging at them with a steel blade.

Samuel pushed Kathleen away and used his massive hand to grab the ambusher's hand. With that, the two of them launched into a fight.

The moment Kathleen regained her balance, she hurriedly fumbled through the suit pocket.

As expected, Samuel's phone was in it.

She took out the phone and turned on the screen, only to discover it required a password to unlock.

Kathleen tried her birth date, which unexpectedly worked.

Casting a nervous glance at Samuel, she hurriedly dialed Tyson's number.

"Tyson, hurry down here. We're in danger!" she urged.

"Mrs. Macari, we're at the elevator, but it's broken," Tyson explained. "The door to the third underground floor is locked from the inside."

"Break the door! Hurry!" Kathleen urged once more.

"Got it! We're going there now!"

With that, Kathleen put down the phone and looked at Samuel.

Their ambusher was a man.



His figure was about the same as Samuel's. On top of that, the man seemed to be more powerful than Samuel.

If it was not for Samuel's poor health, that man would not stand a chance against him.

Though Samuel seemed to be having a tough time, it was not an easy fight for his opponent either.

"Kate, run!" he shouted.

Kathleen snapped out of her thoughts and realized the man was charging at her with the blade in his hands, staring at her with a murderous gaze.

Is this man trying to kill me?

Samuel grabbed the man's shoulder from behind. In response, the latter turned around and slashed his blade in front of Samuel.

Thankfully, Samuel turned away just in time and successfully avoided the blade.

Spotting Samuel's arm that was on his shoulder, the opponent brought down his blade on Samuel's wrist.

Samuel looked at Kathleen grimly. "Run! Quickly!"

Kathleen gritted her teeth. "No!"

If I run, he'll be facing the ambusher alone. No way. I can't do that!

To their surprise, the man sneered, "No one's getting away!"

With that, he turned to face Samuel and swung his blade at the latter.

Samuel frowned at the sight.

Meanwhile, Kathleen had been thinking of ways to help Samuel.

Sadly, she could not find an appropriate tool to assist her. There was no way she could go into the fight just like that. Not only would she be of no help to Samuel, but she could also get injured.

"Who sent you?" Kathleen questioned the man. "What's your motive? Spit it out. Why are you doing this?"

Samuel grabbed the man's arms with hostility written all over his face. "She's talking to you, man. Why aren't you answering?"

The man hissed, "Don't you dare think of distracting me to buy time!"

With that, he suddenly exerted more force and slashed the blade at Samuel.

## All Too Late Chapter 386

### Chapter 386

#### Chapter 386 I Have Two Arms

Kathleen held her breath, and her heart was racing maniacally.

Thankfully, Samuel's reactions were swift, and he managed to pull his hand away.

Regardless, the tip of the blade still managed to cut his wrist.

Kathleen's heart tensed.

Oh no! Things won't be good if Samuel's tendons got cut accidentally. Dang it! Why does it have to be now? I don't have anything on me!

The man lifted the blade and swung it at Samuel again.

Unable to hold in her urge, Kathleen clenched her fists and prepared to go up against the opponent herself.

"Stop!" Tyson's voice sounded exceptionally loud on the third floor of the underground warehouse.

The man was taken aback by the sudden noise.

When he saw the massive group of people running toward him, his eyes widened with shock.

He clenched his jaw and swung his blade hard at Samuel.

"Get lost!" Kathleen charged forward, locked her arm around the man's head from the back, and gave it a violent twist.

Crack!

In an instant, the man ceased to move.

Seeing that, Kathleen loosened her grip and slumped to the ground.

Samuel glanced at the man on the ground who had stopped breathing.

Enduring the excruciating pain in his wrist, he walked toward Kathleen, got to his knees, and pressed her head into his embrace.

Tyson and the others came running over.

Seeing that, Samuel ordered grimly, "Deal with him quietly."

"Got it." Tyson knew what he had to do.

He ordered some of his men to approach and take the body away.

When that was done, Tyson caught sight of Samuel's wrist. "Mr. Macari, your hand—"

Samuel shot Tyson a glare, causing the latter to shut his mouth.

He then looked down at the woman in his embrace. "It's okay. No one will find out. Don't be scared."

Kathleen bit her lip. "I'm fine. I just haven't experienced this for some time."

When she was finally calm, she examined Samuel's hand, noticing the cut was very deep.

She lifted her head, looking at him with concerned eyes. "You should go to the hospital first."

"Okay." Samuel nodded.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

The doctor cleaned and bandaged Samuel's wound.

Kathleen had been standing by the side and watching the entire process. "Doctor, how is he?"

"His bones aren't broken, but..." The doctor looked at her solemnly. "His tendon is slightly injured. Mr. Macari's hand won't be the same anymore."

The color drained from Kathleen's face when she heard that. "What did you say?"

The doctor fell silent.

Sensing the panic in Kathleen's voice, Samuel glanced at the doctor coldly and said, "I have two arms, anyway."

The doctor lowered his head and focused on bandaging the arm. "All right. Remember to keep it dry and don't lift heavy things. Take good care of it and it'll return to its original state."

Kathleen pinched her fingers.

If it wasn't for me, Samuel wouldn't have gotten hurt. In fact, he would be so badly injured. That man was clearly targeting me. Had Samuel not been there at that moment, I'd be dead meat by now.

Samuel turned to her and used his uninjured hand to hold hers. "Don't worry. I have another hand."

Kathleen pursed her lips and said nothing.

The doctor prescribed some painkillers, and Kathleen went off to collect the medicine.

When she was gone, Samuel cast a sullen glance at the doctor, asking "Is it serious?"

"Mr. Macari, I'm going to be honest with you. Your tendon was almost completely broken," whispered the doctor. "This kind of recovery is extremely tricky. You must be careful."

Samuel understood the severity of his injury. He then reminded grimly, "I trust you know what to say if she comes looking for you privately?"

The doctor was puzzled. "But Mr. Macari, she's a doctor, too."

"You just need to know what to say. That's all," Samuel ordered.

"Okay. I understand." The doctor nodded. "Don't worry, Mr. Macari."

Samuel got up and prepared to leave.

The doctor sighed resignedly as he stared at Samuel's large and dependable back.

Right then, Kathleen came running back with the medicine in her hand.

Samuel's charming face looked slightly pale. "Don't run. I'm not in urgent need of those pills."

Kathleen merely squeezed the bag of pills and said nothing.

"I'll need you to send me home. I can't drive," said Samuel with a deep voice. "Would that be too much of a trouble for you?"

“No.” Kathleen shook her head.

Fixing his eyes on her, he said, “Let’s go.”

She seems to be quite upset about me being injured.

Even so, he was happy about it.

It meant that she was worried about him.

Soon, Kathleen started the car and sent Samuel back to Florinia Manor.

She was rather familiar with the place.

Kathleen got out of the car with Samuel and walked into the house.

Upon arriving at the room, Kathleen stood in front of Samuel, looking somewhat hesitant. “I’m sorry, Samuel. This happened all because of me.”

He flashed a nonchalant smile at her. “Don’t worry about it.”

“I’ve checked the medicines.” Kathleen bit her lip. “Your injury is serious, right?”

“Kathleen, the severity of my injury has nothing to do with you. You don’t have to feel responsible for it,” Samuel assured her with his deep, attractive voice. “Surely you don’t want me to force you to repay me with yourself?”

Kathleen stiffened at his words.

“I know you won’t, and I won’t force you to do it, either. Stop worrying. If you do that, it’ll make me want to take advantage and bully you.”

His voice was cold yet soothing. Hearing that, she froze, and a frown appeared on her forehead. “What on earth is in your mind?”

“You,” Samuel answered lazily. “All I think about is you.”

His answer rendered her at a loss for words.

“Can you do me a favor?” he asked as he flashed a smile at her.

“What is it?”

“Can you prepare some warm water? I want to remove the blood on my wrist. I’ll also need you to help me change into a clean set of clothes.”

Kathleen nodded.

“Will you be uncomfortable with these requests?” Samuel asked, curious about her answer.

“I’m indebted to you, after all.”

“Sorry for the trouble,” he said with a smile.

Kathleen then turned and walked into the bathroom.

She wet a towel with warm water, wrung it, and walked out.

Meanwhile, Samuel was sitting on the bed and using one hand to unbutton his shirt. It was his right hand that got injured, which made it all the more difficult for him as he had to work with his left.

Kathleen strode over. “Let me help you.”

“Okay.” He nodded.

Kathleen stretched out her hands and helped him undo the buttons one by one, revealing his firm chest and eight packs. A light-colored scar could be seen extending from his chest to his abdomen. It resembled a giant centipede that was crawling on his body.

It was Kathleen’s first time seeing the scar ever since she lost her memories.

She had only heard about it from Charles.

Apparently, Samuel did that to punish himself when she left, which almost cost him his life.

Her heart started to tremble when she saw the scar.

As Samuel lowered his gaze to look at the shocked Kathleen, an unfathomable gaze flitted across his eyes.

After some time, Kathleen stopped herself from staring at the scar. She picked up the towel and wiped his wrist.

When the dried blood was completely removed, she entered the walk-in closet to help him get a set of fresh clothes.

She realized men’s clothing was not the only type of clothing there; there were also women’s.

What was more surprising was that the women's clothing was of the latest design, and their tags were not removed yet.

Kathleen casually chose a shirt and brought it out of the walk-in closet.

For some reason, seeing all that left a suffocating and painful feeling in her chest.

Despite that, she helped Samuel to put on his shirt wordlessly.

Samuel's complexion had turned paler.

"Does it hurt?" Kathleen frowned deeply. "You should take the medicine."

"Okay." He nodded obediently.

Kathleen took out the bag of pills and popped them into her palm. She wanted to place them on his hand when he lowered his head and ate the pills from her palm.

## **All Too Late Chapter 387**

### **Chapter 387**

#### **Chapter 387 You Will Be Gone**

"Water," Samuel croaked.

Kathleen immediately poured some water into a glass and placed it in front of him.

However, he still did not stretch out his hands. Just like what he did earlier, he simply lowered his head and placed his lips at the edge of the cup.

Seeing that, Kathleen raised the glass so he could drink the water.

Samuel swallowed the pills and lay on the bed.

Following that, Kathleen helped him to remove his shoes and tucked him into bed.

In the meantime, he had been watching her with a warm smile on his handsome face.

Though his hand hurt, seeing Kathleen taking care of him filled his heart with warmth.

"Get some sleep," Kathleen breathed. "The pills have a sleep-inducing effect. Your hand won't hurt once you're asleep."

Samuel's thin lips moved slightly. "But you'll be gone when I wake up, right?"

The woman did not answer him. "Go to sleep."

Samuel's throat tightened as sorrow grew in his heart.

He knew Kathleen would not be moved by his actions.

Even if he got injured because of her, her heart would not soften.

However, he could not force her to feel the way he wanted her to.

Feeling helpless, he shut his eyes.

The effect of the medicine kicked in, and he soon fell asleep.

Kathleen finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She sat by the side of the bed and stared at the ceiling, letting out a deep sigh.

This is quite a messy matter. I don't want to owe him anything, nor do I want to develop feelings for him. Yet, he got injured because of me. What should I do? Can someone please tell me?

After pondering for some time, she got up and walked out of Samuel's room.

The housekeeper approached her, asking, "Ms. Johnson, do you need anything?"

"That room I used to live in, is it still here?" asked Kathleen coolly.

The housekeeper nodded firmly. "Of course! Are you planning to stay here, Ms. Johnson?"

"Yes. Samuel's injured. He needs someone to take care of him."

Taken aback by her answer, the housekeeper explained, "You're right. Mr. Macari never let any women serve him. Whenever he's injured, he'll get a man to take care of him."

Kathleen asked quietly, "Really?"

"It's true." The housekeeper smiled politely. "Well, there were female doctors who came to treat Ms. Desi, but none of them ever lived in the house."

Kathleen was the only exception.

She was not particularly moved by the news; she was just surprised.



Samuel did not know she was Kathleen at that time.

Yet, he had an inexplicable preference for her.

“Why don’t you prepare the food a little earlier?” Kathleen asked indifferently. “He can have some once he’s awake.”

“Okay.” The housekeeper nodded. “I’ll cook some for you as well, Ms. Johnson.”

“Sure, I’ll eat in the dining room.”

“Understood.”

After some time, when Kathleen arrived at the dining room, the housekeeper had already placed the dishes on the table.

They were Kathleen’s favorites.

Unable to suppress her curiosity, Kathleen asked, “Do you never prepare Samuel’s favorites?”

It had happened several times; the dishes set on the table were always her favorites.

The housekeeper flashed a smile and explained, “Yes. Mr. Macari told us to only prepare your favorites in this house. This practice has been going on for five years.”

For five years?

Kathleen did not expect so much time to have passed.

“I see.” She picked up her fork and dug into the food.

Knowing Kathleen did not like to be disturbed, the housekeeper informed, “Ms. Johnson, I’ll be right outside. Feel free to let me know if there’s anything you need.”

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

With that, the housekeeper left, and Kathleen carried on with her meal.

Then, her phone rang.

“Charles?” Kathleen called out calmly.

“I heard you were ambushed this afternoon. Are you hurt?” asked Charles, a deep crease forming between his brows.

"I'm fine. Samuel got hurt because of me," she replied grimly.

"Oh. Where is he hurt?" Charles' voice was laced with indifference.

"His wrist." Kathleen pursed her trembling lips. "His hand might be crippled."

What?

"Could the doctor be working with him to trick you?" Charles believed Samuel could do something like that. After all, the latter liked Kathleen a lot.

"Charles, I'm a doctor too. I know the severity of his injury at a glance, but Samuel won't let the doctor tell me the truth."

"So? Are you moved?"

Letting out a sigh, she reminded, "You're the one who told me to not forgive him."

She was referring to the time when they had a heart-to-heart sibling talk. Charles' gaze dimmed at that. "That's right. I'm not letting you forgive him, but you're moved, right?"

"That man was there to kill me," Kathleen uttered. "It had nothing to do with Samuel in the first place."

"Kate, if you like him, then you should be with him," said Charles, a faint smile hanging on his lips.

"I haven't thought things through."

"Kate, this amnesia can be your new beginning," said Charles seriously. "I told you to not forgive him, not because I want to prevent you two from getting together but because I feel that you shouldn't marry him just for the sake of the children. However, if you really like him, then you can ignore what I said back then."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Should I forgive him?" she asked, feeling confused and at a loss over what to do.

"On a certain level, Samuel has paid the price and almost died," Charles explained. "But that depends on you—whether you think the price he paid is worth the compensation."

Kathleen said softly, "But I lost my memories."

She could not remember how much she hated Samuel, nor did she know if everything Samuel did was enough to atone for his mistakes.

Charles smiled. "Since you can't make up your mind, why don't you let time answer for you? If you realize you still like him after a long time, then you should be together. Kate, life's too short to spend it on contemplating. You should enjoy it to the fullest. Being happy is the most important thing."

"Thank you, Charles." Kathleen took a deep breath. "I feel much better after talking to you."

"That's good," Charles said with a warm smile. "As for Ryder..."

"I'll reject him, but I don't think I'll be with Samuel right away. I still need time to think."

"Okay. You have my support no matter what decision you make."

"Thank you, Charles." Kathleen smiled. "Oh, by the way. I don't have enough people with me here. Can you make the arrangements and assign me two more? One more thing. I want to know who was the person who ambushed me today and the reason for the attack."

"Sure. I'll send someone over to see you tomorrow. If you think that person is suitable, you can keep him," said Charles seriously.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded. "I'll hang up, then."

"All right."

Kathleen hung up and let out a sigh of relief.

Though she was not feeling chirpy, at least she was not as stressed as before.

She finished up her meal and headed upstairs.

That night, Samuel woke up due to the pain. He glanced at the side of his bed and realized there was no one. Looks like she's gone.

Enduring the stinging pain in his wrist, he sat up, turned on the bedside lamp, and reached out for his pills.

He popped them into his palm and put everything into his mouth. Then, he stretched out his hand to reach for the glass of water.

To his surprise, someone placed the glass of water in his hand, causing him to freeze for a moment.

"Six painkillers at one go? Have you lost your mind, Samuel?"

## All Too Late Chapter 388

### Chapter 388

#### Chapter 388 Going On A Date

Samuel thought he was hallucinating when he heard Kathleen's voice.

It was only when he saw her hand that he eventually realized she was real.

He took the glass of water and swallowed the medicine. Under the light, his handsome face looked pale yet frail.

Kathleen looked at him impassively. "Is there a need to torture yourself like this?"

Samuel shot her a sideways glance. His gaze darkened as he said, "I'm really in pain."

"You had been injured and had fallen sick so many times before. Don't you know what's drug resistance?" Kathleen frowned. "Isn't what you're doing now considered torturing yourself?"

Samuel stared at how furious she looked and swallowed hard. "You didn't leave?"

"Who's going to take care of you if I leave?" asked Kathleen, puzzled.

Her reply made Samuel's mind go blank for a second. In a deep, hoarse voice, he asked, "Did you stay to take care of me?"

Hearing that, Kathleen chuckled. "If not, did you think I stayed to watch you torture yourself?"

Samuel pursed his lips.

"By the way, don't take your medicine before your meal. It's going to hurt your stomach." Kathleen gave him an indifferent look.

Samuel paused for a while before he replied, "I'm not hungry."

Kathleen rose to her feet and switched on the light.

She stood next to the bed as she cast her gaze upon that man who looked sick yet charming. "I can't do anything if you wish to do things that harm yourself. If you don't need me here, I can leave."

Samuel fell silent.

Kathleen's gaze darkened before she turned around.

Right then, Samuel reached out and grabbed her wrist. His deep eyes beamed as he asked, "Is there anything for me to eat?"

"I told the housekeeper to prepare some food. If you want to eat them, I'll heat them up and bring them to you. Is that okay?" Kathleen asked flatly.

"Sure." Samuel nodded.

Kathleen stared at his slender hand and said, "Let go of me, then."

Samuel gradually released his grip.

Then, Kathleen walked out of the room.

The next instant, Samuel swiftly pinched his own thigh hard.

I'm not dreaming! It's real! Kathleen really stayed to take care of me.

Everything seemed too good to be true, but nonetheless, he was over the moon.

In fact, he did not ask for much. He only wished to hold a place in Kathleen's heart.

It would be enough for him that she had him in her mind, regardless of what she took him as.

Lying on the bed, he placed his left arm on his forehead. His lips curled into a bright smile.

A few minutes later, Kathleen brought the food upstairs.

Upon entering the room, she saw Samuel sitting on the couch obediently. He was staring at her deeply at the same time.

She walked over and placed the food on the coffee table. "They're all something light. Have some."

Samuel gave her a slight nod.

He took the spoon and ate the food bit by bit.

At the same time, with a composed expression, Kathleen sat across from him and watched him.

He looks so frail when he's injured. Despite that, he still looks elegant while eating no matter how hungry he is.

Suddenly, Samuel stopped eating.

He looked up, and his dark eyes met Kathleen's.

Looking composed, Kathleen stared at him. "Why did you stop eating? Is the food not to your liking?"

Samuel shook his head lightly.

"What's wrong then?" Kathleen furrowed her brows.

"Why do you keep looking at me?" Samuel asked solemnly.

For the first time, he felt uneasy under her gaze.

At that point, Kathleen realized that she had been staring at him all the while.

Seemingly trying to brush things off, she chuckled. "That's because you're good-looking. Didn't they say that if we stare at good-looking people more often, we will feel delighted?"

A faint blush rose to Samuel's cheeks.

Kathleen looked at him and urged, "Eat up! Go get some rest after you finish eating. There are some matters I need to attend to tomorrow, so I have to go to bed early too."

"What is it?" Samuel frowned.

"I'm going on a date with Ryder," Kathleen explained.

A date?

Samuel felt a strange feeling welling up in his chest.

"Have we gone on a date?" Kathleen asked curiously.

Her question came as a bolt out of the blue, stunning Samuel.

Indeed, they had never gone out for a date before.

"I guess not." Smiling, Kathleen continued, "I'm really looking forward to it. I wonder if Ryder will bring me to a movie or take me shopping? Either is fine, though. It'd be perfect if we go for a candlelight dinner at night!"

Samuel did not say a word.

He felt his wound slightly aching again.

Kathleen flashed a smile and said, "You don't seem like you enjoy this conversation, do you?"

Her sudden question left Samuel at a loss for words.

"Didn't you say that we're friends? Can't friends talk about this topic?" Kathleen still wore a faint smile on her face.

Samuel replied coldly, "Go ahead as you please."

Kathleen shrugged. "Fine. I'm not going to keep this conversation going. We will find out tomorrow."

Samuel's face grew sullen.

He felt that Kathleen did that on purpose, yet there was nothing he could do to prove his assumption.

He hurriedly finished the food even though he had no appetite.

After the meal, Kathleen kept everything and placed them in the corridor.

The housekeeper would come to collect them in the morning.

In the room, Samuel lay on the bed. His eyes looked dull, almost vacuous.

Then, his gaze fell upon Kathleen.

Meanwhile, Kathleen sat on the couch, removed her shoes, and lay on her back.

Even though the two were not that close to one another, they could hear each other's breathing.

Samuel closed his eyes and felt his heart wrenching. It was as though all kinds of emotions were stirring within him.

As expected, he could not bear seeing Kathleen being together with another man.

He was aware of how possessive he was, yet there was nothing he could do.

Kathleen would not care about it at all.

It hurt so bad that he found it slightly hard to breathe.

Whenever he recalled the time when Kathleen had almost married Caleb, he felt the urge to knock Kathleen out and bring her somewhere far away, somewhere nobody else would go.

A place where there was only two of them, and they could be together forever.

No one could ever break them up.

However, Kathleen definitely would not agree to it.

With his mind awash with a gamut of thoughts, Samuel gradually drifted off to sleep.

Kathleen could tell he had fallen asleep just by listening to his steady breathing.

She turned sideways and looked at Samuel.

The dim rays cast on half of his delicate face, leaving another half of it in the dark.

Samuel always gave off a domineering aura no matter what he did.

She could feel her heart racing as she stared at him.

However, she still found it hard to accept how stubborn Samuel was, so she decided to wait for a little longer.

After a long time, she let out a sigh and closed her eyes.

The next day, it was already eight o'clock when Kathleen woke up.

She sat right up and grabbed her phone.

Just then, Ryder's call came in.

"It's me. Where should I pick you from?" asked Ryder, smiling.

"I'm at Florinia Manor." Kathleen lifted the quilt.

She was confused for a moment when she noticed that the thin blanket on her last night had already been replaced with a quilt.

Could it be Samuel who covered me with the quilt?

As that thought crossed her mind, she looked in the direction of the bed, and Samuel was nowhere to be seen.



He woke up that early?

“Okay. See you later.” Kathleen hung up the phone.

She walked toward the bathroom, and Samuel was just coming out from there.

There were still water droplets on his charming face.

Kathleen was stunned for a moment. “Why didn’t you wipe your face clean?”

As she said that, she grabbed the towel from the side and helped him wipe his face.

Dumbfounded by her sudden act, Samuel stood rooted to the spot.

He had never been that close to Kathleen in such a long time.

Kathleen had always felt distant and unapproachable. He just could not go anywhere near her.

Now that Kathleen was helping him to wipe off the water on his face, he really wished his face would be wet all the time.

“All right. I’m going out. Just call the housekeeper if you need any help,” Kathleen stated flatly.

Nonetheless, Samuel did not reply a word.

“By the way, could I borrow the women’s clothing in your closet?” asked Kathleen.