

## All Too Late Chapter 18

Kathleen had not expected the usually gentle and soft-spoken Christopher to get angry.

“Chris, it was only a suggestion. He can’t do anything if I don’t agree to it,” Kathleen said awkwardly.

“You’re too easygoing,” Christopher said as he eyed her worriedly.

“Don’t say that. I actually have quite a temper too.” Kathleen’s eyes were like beautiful dark orbs.

Christopher felt incredibly bad for her. “It’s because he forced you to it.”

Kathleen glanced at Christopher.

He really is too nice!

“Chris, you’re such a nice person. Why aren’t you married yet?” Kathleen asked curiously. “You’re a gentleman who’s very good at comforting people.”

Christopher glanced at her with an unfathomable expression. “Well, it’s because there’s no one I like.”

“I remember the incident from last year. Grandma said she wanted to introduce a girl to you, but you said you already had someone you liked.” Kathleen suddenly recalled.

“Yes, but she’s married,” Christopher replied cagily.

The person was married?

“Oh, Chris. I’m so sorry for prying. I won’t ask anymore.” Kathleen felt extremely apologetic.

“It’s okay,” Christopher replied warmly. “If you’re done packing up, let’s head downstairs.”

“Okay.” Kathleen nodded.

Christopher stared at Kathleen. The latter was like an adorable bunny. He really wanted to stroke her head and tell her not to be afraid.

However, he had to resist the urge.

If Kathleen really divorced Samuel, Christopher vowed to stay by her side no matter how painful the road ahead was going to be.

Without her asking, Christopher automatically helped Kathleen carry her bag.

Kathleen felt embarrassed. She said sweetly, "Oh, there's no need. I can do it myself."

"It's fine." Christopher was exceptionally gentle.

He was going to take good care of her from this day onward.

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

Then, they stepped into elevator.

They were on their way to the ICU to visit Benjamin.

Gemma was keeping watch outside.

"Gemma," Kathleen called out as she went over. "You're here. Did you have a good rest?"

"Yes, I did." Gemma tugged at Kathleen's hand. Glancing at Christopher, she asked, "Who is this?"

"My name is Christopher Morris." Christopher's tone was mild.

Gemma gazed at him intently. Flushing slightly, she greeted, "Hello."

"How's Benjamin?" Kathleen asked in concern.

"Benjamin's condition has stabilized somewhat," Gemma explained. "The doctors said that they are using the best medicine and that the effects are better than expected. Kathleen, thank you so much."

"What for?" Kathleen was surprised.

"I heard from the doctors. The Macari family paid for all of Benjamin's medical fees," Gemma replied.

Kathleen shot Christopher a glance. "Did Wynnie already meet up with the director of the hospital?"

"She shouldn't have." Christopher knitted his brows.

If it wasn't Wynnie? Then, who was it?

“It was me.” Samuel’s icy voice sounded from outside the room.

Samuel? Kathleen’s gaze turned cold.

Well, it doesn’t matter. There isn’t much difference between the Macari family’s or Samuel’s money anyway.

After all, the Macari family was his.

“Thank you,” Kathleen said.

“He’s your savior. It’s only natural that I pay for his hospital bills. There is no need to thank me.” Samuel had a dark expression on his handsome face.

Just who’s wife do you think you are?

“Christopher, why are you here?” Samuel frowned.

Samuel and Christopher were only a few days apart in age. Therefore, the former had never addressed Christopher with deference.

“Aunt Wynn timer asked me to send Kate home,” Christopher replied impassively.

Samuel saw the bag Christopher held in his hand. It was filled with Kathleen’s daily necessities.

Moreover, Christopher and Kathleen both wore turtleneck sweaters. Christopher’s was white, while Kathleen’s was black. They looked like they were wearing matching outfits meant for a couple.

Samuel’s expression darkened considerably. “What a coincidence. I’m headed home too. I will take her.”

“There’s no need.” Kathleen refused in a soft voice. “You’re always so busy. I can’t possibly inconvenience you. I’ll go with Chris instead. There’s no need to trouble yourself.”

Samuel said coldly, “It’s currently a busy time at my mother’s firm. Christopher would be late to get back to assist her after he sent you. I’ll take you home.”

Kathleen pursed her lips.

“Samuel, I’ve quit working at Aunt Wynn timer’s law firm,” Christopher replied coolly.

“What?” Kathleen was taken aback. “Chris, did you quit working as a lawyer?”

“No, I’m still a lawyer. I’ve only changed firms.” Christopher quirked his lips.

“Where did you transfer to?” Kathleen asked curiously.

“Morris Group,” Christopher replied.

Kathleen was stunned.

Christopher went back?

When Christopher graduated from university, his father, Aaron Morris, wanted him to help out at his company.

However, Christopher had gotten into a huge fight with his father when he first went to university.

He had wanted to attend medical school, but Aaron had secretly changed his application behind his back.

Christopher had been livid when he found out. Following that, the relationship between the father and son became incredibly strained.

Despite Emily attempting to act as a mediator, things did not improve.

However, since Christopher said he had gone back to Morris Group, did that mean he had reconciled with his father?

Samuel huffed in displeasure.

Christopher had once said, if he returned to the Morris Group, it would be only for one reason.

He was willing to return to the company for the sake of the girl he loved. He would go back if she needed his aid.

So, does that mean the girl he likes needs him? For the sake of some woman, he was willing to give up his freedom. How ridiculous.

Kathleen blinked a few times.

Christopher stared at her with a lidded gaze. “I’m all right. It’s my choice to do so.”

For her sake.

"The Morris Group's business is even busier. We'll take our leave now." Samuel took the bag from Christopher's hand. He then grabbed ahold of Kathleen's slim wrist and tugged her toward him. "I'll send her back first."

"Gemma, I'll come to visit Benjamin again tomorrow." Kathleen turned around and told Gemma.

"Okay." Gemma looked at her faintly.

With that, Samuel successfully dragged Kathleen away.

Christopher wore an unfathomable expression.

Currently, Kathleen was still Samuel's wife in name.

Thus, Christopher's hands were tied.

When they finally divorced, he would never allow Samuel to take Kathleen away from him ever again.

He would never allow that to happen again.

Samuel exited the hospital with Kathleen in tow.

He then stuffed her into the passenger seat of his car.

Throughout the way, Kathleen behaved herself. She did not struggle or rebel against him.

Although she did not like Samuel touching her, she had to think of the baby in her belly.

Kathleen refused to let Samuel harm her baby.

After getting in the car, Samuel asked coldly, "Didn't you use to address Christopher by his name? When did you start referring to him as 'Chris'?"

"I can call him by whatever name I wish." Kathleen's fine white teeth bit into her ruby lips. "Just like how I used to call you 'Sam,' or when I called you 'Darling' in bed. I did as I liked. Now that I don't like you, I'll just use 'Samuel.' What's wrong with that?"

Samuel snorted in response.

Kathleen was right.

When they were having an intimate moment, Kathleen would often call him "Darling" sweetly.

At that moment, it melted away all his fatigue.

It made him feel comfortable and at ease.

“Why won’t you call me ‘Sam’ anymore?” Samuel’s expression stiffened.

“I no longer like you,” Kathleen replied as she stared out of the car window. “That’s why.”

Hmph!

Samuel cleared his throat nervously. He wanted very much to ask why she no longer liked him.

However, upon further thought, the answer was blatantly obvious.

“Samuel,” Kathleen said despondently. “Let’s get a divorce. I’m really tired of all this.”