

## All Too Late Chapter 211

### Chapter 211 You Can Decide

I'm not fond of the ones that others have bought for me." A touch of sincerity flashed in Samuel's eyes as he added, "However, I like what you've gotten for Charles. How about this? I'll pay you to purchase some for me."

Baffled, Kathleen retorted, "You think I'll do it for money?"

"Why not? You've already provided me with treatment. What's wrong with helping me purchase two jackets?" His intense gaze locked on her.

In response, she met his eyes while speaking. "Well, I suppose I can since you've already asked me. However, you can forget about paying me. After all, I'm your boss now, so let's think of this as an early bonus."

"Thanks, Boss," came his reply in a husky voice.

That made Kathleen snort coldly. Don't get too happy.

"I want jackets from the same brand that you usually wear." A half-smile crept up Samuel's face while he continued, "You can decide everything else."

After glancing at him, Kathleen responded, "Okay, I'll order some online. They'll get delivered to you in no time."

"Great." Samuel nodded, a dashing grin curving across his well-sculpted face.

Hmph. What are you so happy about?

Kathleen shoved away her grumpy thoughts while placing her hands on her waist. "Take off your clothes and go soak in the tub for a bit."

"Okay." Samuel seemed obedient as he took his time undressing.

Meanwhile, an icy look graced Kathleen's face as she watched him.

She wondered if his limp and slow actions were because his body genuinely lacked strength at that moment.

Her eyebrows twitched endlessly, irking her as she snapped, "Did you get starved or something?"

Just then, loud grumbles came from Samuel's tummy.

The ironic turn of events rendered Kathleen speechless.

Opposite her, Samuel's charming face flashed a helpless look. "I'm indeed famished."

It was only natural as he had been bedridden for three consecutive days without any food.

All he consumed was water.

When he regained consciousness, he forced Charles to let him tag along as he was worried that Kathleen could not handle things on her own.

Thus, he had not eaten anything for the entire day, much less drank any water.

Kathleen sighed. "I'll go whip up some food."

That was when Samuel grabbed her hand, his eyes narrowing to slits while his pupils constricted. "You can call Tyson over if taking care of me is too much of a chore for you. I'll just be borrowing your place for a bit."

At that moment, Kathleen gazed at the man's slender hands, realizing how much weight he had lost over the past three days.

It was so severe that the shape of his phalanges seemed obvious beneath his skin.

"There's no need for that." Kathleen shook his grip off her arm before stating, "Don't worry about anything. Just rest up and recuperate."

With that, she turned on her heel to leave.

Something flashed in Samuel's deep gaze as he watched her lithe figure depart.

Once she was gone, he hurriedly took off his clothes and got into the bathtub for a soak.

In the meantime, Kathleen arrived at the kitchen.

She looked through the fridge before taking out the ingredients to make some risotto.

It did not take long before she brought a warm bowl of freshly cooked risotto upstairs.

After placing it on a table, she walked into the bathroom.

Inside the tub of water and medicinal herbs was a sleeping Samuel, whose arms held the sides of the tub as his head tilted back.

The circles beneath his eyes were dark like coal as fatigue stained his gorgeous face.

Kathleen knelt by the tub while reaching out to poke the man's face.

Just as her finger was about to touch Samuel's cheek, he awoke.

He then grabbed her fair hand and placed it on his bare chest before shutting his eyes to rest once more.

Kathleen was at a loss for words at that point.

Has he lost his mind?

"Samuel, wake up." She wanted to retract her hand but realized she could not wiggle free from Samuel's death grip.

Not a single reaction came from him.

Desperate, Kathleen leaned toward him and yelled, "Samuel! Quit sleeping. You've already slept for three days!"

She then shoved him hard, her fingers briefly grazing against his firm and muscled arms that contradicted his slim appearance.

Samuel's eyes gradually opened to reveal a dark look in his eyes.

"Are you awake now?" Kathleen asked.

It was only then that Samuel realized he was holding the former's hand.

Fearing Kathleen would get upset, he hurriedly let go of her.

"I didn't mean to do that." His husky voice explained apologetically, "It's just that I have had a bad dream."

Those words made Kathleen freeze for a moment.

She continued kneeling by the tub and staring at the man before her. "You get nightmares too?"

Samuel stiffened before moving closer to Kathleen's side.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, huh? After all, I'm not worth anything in this world, not even nightmares," he stated huskily.

A cold scoff came from an indifferent-looking Kathleen. "I need to tell you something, Samuel."

Anxiety caused Samuel's heart to drop at once.

Is she going to announce her engagement to Caleb? No, I don't want to hear that. Please let it be anything but that.

"I was diagnosed with depression after arriving in Norwal City," Kathleen calmly said.

Her words made Samuel tense up then and there.

She fixated her gaze on him and resumed, "My weight dropped from forty-five kilograms to forty. Do you know how frightening that was?"

Samuel clenched his jaw.

Meanwhile, Kathleen's gaze lowered to the ground. "Charles couldn't stand to see me suffer any longer, so he scouted out the best hypnotherapist in Norwal City."

Grief engulfed Samuel so much that he had no idea how to respond.

Nevertheless, Kathleen continued speaking, her delicate features appearing indifferent. "The hypnotherapist explained I couldn't fully recover from my depression because I kept having nightmares. Every night, I would dream of blood seeping out of my body. Even if it wasn't real, it was so convincing that I could feel myself getting shoved into a body bag. I even heard someone zipping the bag up from outside, trapping my body. That's why all my clothes don't have zippers. I break down every time I hear that sound. Do you understand?"

Samuel gazed at her intently.

"I then underwent hypnotherapy. Do you know what my hypnotherapist did to me?" asked Kathleen with red-rimmed eyes, sniffing.

Pest-like guilt ate away at Samuel's handsome face while he shook his head.

A chill-inducing chuckle came from Kathleen. "My hypnotherapist removed some of my memories, like the romantic things that happened between us. She would then alter those memories to make me believe I did all those things alone. Such a method won't entirely delete my memories, but it can remove all traces of my deep-rooted emotions for you. This way, my love for you will no longer run deep. I don't view the things that happened that night as an oversight on your part anymore. Rather, I now see it as something I brought upon myself."

That was enough to make Samuel stunned.

“It sounds magical, huh?” Kathleen’s emotionless voice elaborated, “Although I’m aware of everything that happened, I don’t feel any pain now that my feelings for you are out of the picture.”

Only grim silence came from Samuel.

“However, this method isn’t a permanent measure.” Kathleen’s voice grew hoarse as she clarified, “If I don’t see you for many years and live a breezier lifestyle, then it won’t hurt should I recall my original memories. However, if I encounter you before fully moving on from the past, those memories will rush back to my mind like a raging ocean.”

“What will happen if you recall everything?” Samuel questioned glumly.

A dark expression flashed on Kathleen’s face. “I’ll fall back into a deep state of depression.”

Samuel’s husky voice spoke once more. “What should I do then? Stay away from you?”

At that point, Kathleen turned around and leaned her back against the tub while curling into a ball. “I don’t know either. I haven’t been able to sleep with the lights off these days. It’s like I can picture myself being shoved into a body bag despite still being alive.”

A sharp pain clenched in Samuel’s chest, suffocating him.

He hugged Kathleen from behind and could not stop trembling guiltily.

“I’m sorry.” His voice became utterly hoarse and exuded deep sorrow. “I’m so sorry, Kate. If I had understood everything sooner, I would’ve never let Nicolette off so easily back then.”

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### **Chapter 212 Warn Him**

Even Kathleen became choked up.

She bitterly asked, “Did you assume I faked my depressed state back then?”

“No. That’s not what I meant.” Samuel’s dark eyes now took on a tinge of red as he added, “It’s just that I lacked empathy back then and didn’t try to understand things from your perspective. I’m sorry.”

Not a trace of emotion showed on Kathleen’s delicate face.

Behind her, Samuel's hot breath tickled her skin while his tear landed in the crook of her neck.

Silence filled the air as the afternoon sun shone into the space from the windows above.

It felt as though there was no one in the bathroom.

Both Samuel and Kathleen knew the truth deep down in their hearts.

They got stuck in this perpetual state of being unable to move or return to the way things used to be, and they were both to blame. The indefinite loathing in Kathleen's heart prevented the two from moving on while Samuel's past actions had blocked off any possibility for them to return to the way things were.

It was then that a series of knocks came from outside the door.

Samuel let go of Kathleen, who then stood up.

She instructed, "That should be long enough. You can come out of the tub and get dressed before having your meal."

"Okay." Samuel nodded compliantly.

After that, Kathleen went to open the door outside, where Tyson stood with two bags.

"Ms. Johnson, I'm here to deliver some things to Mr. Macari," said the latter.

"You can come in."

Once Tyson entered, Kathleen stepped out of the room and said, "I'll have a look at things outside for a bit."

"Okay," replied Tyson who had put down the bags in his hand.

That was when Samuel came out of the bathroom in a black robe.

Tyson immediately walked over and greeted him, "Mr. Macari."

"Mmm, is something the matter?" said an expressionless Samuel.

"Ms. Schott wants to see you, and she insisted on meeting you tonight."

Huh? Tonight? Something icy flitted across Samuel's eyes as he sternly responded, "All right. Also, I want you to keep a close eye on the Stewart family."

“Rest assured, Mr. Macari, I’ve arranged everything.” However, Tyson hesitated for a bit before continuing, “It’s just that Jacob Stewart seems really discontent and even hired trolls to villainize Ms. Johnson on the internet.”

“He did what?” A murderous intent filled Samuel’s voice.

Helpless, Tyson explained, “He spread rumors that Ms. Johnson is a promiscuous woman involved in sexual relationships with various men. However, our company has already taken action against him. We won’t let him get away with it.”

That was when Samuel shot a sideways glare at Tyson. It felt as though a dark mist filled with rage was exuding from the former’s body.

Tyson instantly fell silent.

Subsequently, Samuel picked up his phone and dialed a number.

A few minutes passed before the line connected.

The person on the other end asked, “Hello?”

“Hello, Mr. Stewart. It’s me,” said Samuel’s frosty tone.

The “Mr. Stewart” on the call was Byron Stewart, Jacob’s father.

Byron was currently spending his retirement overseas in a town named Bellridge.

He was shocked as he spoke into the phone. “Samuel Macari? How do you have my contact number?”

“You don’t have to worry about that.” Samuel was candidly cold as he made his purpose clear. “I merely called to ask about that nurse that’s always looking after you. How are she and the baby in her tummy?”

Byron’s expression grew grim at once. “Y-You!”

“Do you think you actually hide your secret well, Mr. Stewart? Do you assume that no one would ever find out because your wife is always busy with company matters and unable to visit you all this while?” Samuel thundered sardonically.

“What do you want from me?” Byron asked through gritted teeth.

“Mr. Stewart, as the saying goes, a father is to blame for his son’s misbehavior. I believe you’re more than aware of what Jacob has done recently.” Samuel’s voice became dangerously low like a menacing growl. He added, “If you can’t teach him to behave, I’ll

gladly step in. I can also give him a stern reminder that being an heir to a well-off family doesn't mean the world is his oyster."

"Y-You..." Byron tensed before giving in. "I'll warn him not to do it again."

"I'll let you off the hook this once, Mr. Stewart. However, if your son makes the same mistake, do know that I won't let him go that easily. I hope you understand me clearly."

After uttering that threat, Samuel hung up the phone.

That left a sullen-faced Byron on the other end.

I can't believe that stupid son of mine dared to ruffle Samuel's feathers! Who does he think he is?

Enraged, Byron quickly dialed Jacob's number.

"Dad, why did you call me? Are you feeling better these days?" Jacob questioned, feeling a little shocked by the sudden call.

"How can I feel better when you're trying so hard to piss me off?" Byron's voice boomed from the phone's speakers.

"What do you mean, Dad? I've been helping Mom out at the company all this while," Jacob defensively and confusedly stated.

That further caused Byron to blow his top. "Oh, really? Are you sure what you're doing is actually helping us out? Samuel Macari has just phoned me!"

"Hah! Is he a three-year-old or something? What's with him trying to rat me out to my parent? How shameless!" Jacob scoffed.

"It seems to me that the one who's shameless is you! Do you think he's merely ratting you out? Well, you're wrong. He's given us a warning!"

"Why are you afraid of him, Dad?" Jacob felt disgruntled and complained, "He's not actually that remarkable."

"You think he isn't?" Byron was baffled by his son's words.

"Duh. He's not that big of a deal! I got someone to drug him, and he didn't even notice! I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for his ex-wife meddling with my plan!"

"W-What did you say?" Byron felt his blood pressure rising with every second. "Don't worry, Dad. No one can trace it back to me since the people I hired are all loyal to me."



At that point, Byron desperately wanted to reach through the phone and choke his son for uttering such cocky words.

His face took on a hideous shade of purple as he roared, "You idiot! Don't you know why the Macari family is known to be powerful?"

Upon getting yelled at, Jacob felt upset as he grumbled, "No."

Byron explained with utter rage, "The Macari family has operated their businesses on behalf of the country's higher-ups for a few generations Don't you understand? During Chanaea's most challenging times, Samuel's great-grandpa, great-grandma, and their entire family helped the country with their business. Why else do you think Samuel secured Flobury with such ease? And consider why he has a part to play in the land reclamation project too. It's all because his ancestors made significant contributions to Chanaea!"

That shocked Jacob, who had no idea such a situation could exist.

"Why do you think Felix Morris is so obsessed with one-upping the Macari family? Because he sided with the wrong people all those years ago and is jealous of their family's smarter decision!" Following that, Byron massaged his temples while urging, "Samuel has placed a massive target on your back. Our business will gravely suffer if you remain in Chanaea. I want you to pack your bags and lay low overseas for now."

"Now?" Jacob was evidently upset by the state of things. "But Dad, it'll be New Year soon!"

"Why does that matter? Do you not value your life?" Byron yelled through the phone.

It rattled Jacob's bones, causing his nose to scrunch a little as he said, "Okay, I understand."

Only then did Byron hang up the phone.

However, he knew that his family, the Stewarts, would soon encounter a grave problem now that his son had pissed Samuel off.

That was because Samuel would never let a person bold enough to drug him off easily.

Fear filled Byron's mind at that moment. Our family is doomed...

Sometime later, Kathleen walked into the room and saw Samuel eating the risotto she had made earlier.

She placed the mushroom soup in her hands down on the table. "Have some."

The man before her looked her in the eye and said, "I need to head out for a bit tonight."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded before continuing, "Take the medicinal herbs home with you. Make sure to soak in it for a while, and you'll be fine. The drug in your body has pretty much been neutralized."

Upon hearing that, Samuel's gaze flickered to stare intently at her. "Dr. Johnson, you may have neutralized the drug in my body, but you have yet to heal me entirely."

## All Too Late Chapter 213

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### Chapter 213

Kathleen paused for a second before murmuring, "I thought you said that you don't need it?"

"I regret saying that." Samuel smirked.

Gazing at his handsome features, Kathleen let out a chilling huff. "You went to see Ms. Schott?"

"Yes." He nodded as a response.

Then, she pursed her lips and asked, "I heard that you invited Ms. Schott here to agree to date her granddaughter. Is that right?"

Granddaughter?

Samuel fixed his eyes on her flawless face and said, "Granddaughter? As far as I know, Ms. Schott only has one grandson."

Hearing his reply, she was at a loss for words.

"Hah!"

Samuel let out a chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" Kathleen looked at him in silence.

"It seems like Ms. Schott was joking with you, but you believed her anyway." Samuel showed a teasing smile.

His words made Kathleen feel unhappy.

With his lips curled, Samuel asked, "Let's go together, shall we?"

Kathleen's face flushed red almost instantly. "No!"

"Let's go visit Ms. Schott's granddaughter." Samuel stared at her intently.

"You told me that Ms. Schott only has one grandson, right?" Kathleen asked grimly.

"Yes." He curled his lips in amusement before continuing. "If you want to know the truth, you should see it yourself."

Nonetheless, Kathleen shook her head and rejected him, "No, I don't want to."

Ah! This is so embarrassing.

With a faint smile, Samuel replied, "If you refuse to go, I think it will be difficult for Ms. Schott to help you get Old Mrs. Yoeger out of the Yoeger residence."

Hearing that, Kathleen was caught off guard by his words.

"Kate, Old Mrs. Yoeger is your granny. Are you really intending to leave her alone?" Samuel stared at her.

"I didn't say that!" After giving it a brief thought, Kathleen voiced, "I'll go!"

To that, Samuel grinned in response. He took a sip of the mushroom soup and said to her, "I'm feeling cold, Kate.

In other words, he was hinting at her about the down jacket that she had promised to buy for him.

"I've already asked someone to send it over." Kathleen fixed her gaze on him.

Sainuei merely nodded.

It was at that moment they heard footsteps coming from outside the door.

Maria was carrying a bag as she walked in. "Ms. Johnson, someone sent this over a while ago. I got it for you."

"Thank you!" Kathleen took over the bag from her.

She then opened the bag and took out a red down jacket from it.

Seeing that, Samuel could not help but twitch his mouth a little, as he only wore outfits with simple black, white, and gray color tones.

Is she serious? I don't think that the red color suits me at all. Furthermore, that color might even undermine my dignity...

"Do you like it?" asked Kathleen.

Nevertheless, Samuel kept mum, knowing that she did it intentionally.

"Yes, I like it." Samuel nodded.

"If so, put it on." A look of anticipation appeared on her face.

Samuel paused for a while. "Why not..."

"What?" Kathleen focused on him and asked.

"I'll go put it on now." He stood up leisurely and then shot Tyson a glare, hinting him to leave.

Noticing the look in his eyes, Tyson was taken aback.

Is that even necessary? It's just a red down jacket!

Although that thought crossed his mind, Tyson walked away accordingly.

Shortly after, Kathleen handed the down jacket to Samuel.

It took some time for Samuel to summon his courage before wearing it.

Upon wearing it, he felt uncomfortable.

"Why are the sleeves so short? I feel uncomfortable on my shoulders too." He frowned deeply.

With an insouciant expression, Kathleen answered, "Is it? Maybe I forgot about your size. Don't blame me for that."

Samuel walked toward the mirror to check out the down jacket on him, only to see Kathleen slowly shifting herself to the door.

"Kathleen!" Samuel's eyes were fixed impassively at her.

Kathleen turned around, looking at him faintly, and uttered, "It was you who asked me to buy it!"

Feeling helpless, Samuel said, "But this is for ladies..."

"This design for this jacket is the same for both males and females! Don't wear it if you don't like it. My style is not as good as Nicolette's," Kathleen exclaimed angrily.

Almost instantly, Samuel felt a stab of pain in his heart.

He could not help but feel that whatever he did was never right.

Eventually, he compromised. "I'll wear it."

Kathleen bought it for me, after all.

Kathleen did not expect that and was shocked to hear those words coming out of Samuel's mouth. "Really?"

"Yes. I won't disappoint you," Samuel said while nodding his head.

After that, she bit her lower lip and muttered, "Actually, I bought another red sweater for you too."

Samuel felt helpless, yet he gazed lovingly at her. "How about you get me a pair of red pants as well?"

Blinking her eyes, Kathleen responded, "I'll buy it for you if you like it!"

He continued staring gently at her. "Sure. I'll wear whatever you buy for me."

As Kathleen laid her eyes on him, she felt a little embarrassed.

"I'll go get changed." Samuel took off the down jacket and placed it on the side. Afterward, he walked to his room to change into the shirt and suit that Tyson had brought for him.

Right when he got out of the room, he saw Kathleen packing the jacket.

He walked toward her, grabbed her by her wrist, and stated in a husky voice, "I'll wear it. Don't take it away."

It's rare for her to buy me something. How would I not appreciate it?

Hearing his words, Kathleen felt an ache in her heart.

Throwing him a sideways glance, she noticed that he looked composed and elegant in his black outfit.

With that, she mumbled, "I think you look better in black.1,

Samuel started to feel anxious hearing her reply. "I truly don't mind."

Kathleen held the down jacket in her embrace and voiced, "It's mine. Why are you trying to snatch it away from me?"

"Yours? What do you mean? You bought it for me, right?" A frown marred Samuel's countenance.

Kathleen fixed her eyes on him. "Samuel, I become forgetful after the hypnotherapy. However, it's impossible for me to forget about your size. In fact, I bought this down jacket for myself."

As soon as she said that, Samuel was rendered speechless, "So, you didn't buy it for me?"

"No." Kathleen nodded.

He let out a breath of relief upon hearing her reply. Nonetheless, he felt slightly uneasy at the same time.

Slowly, he withdrew his hand.

"Since you're all ready, let's depart now," said Kathleen.

His pale face was expressionless as he nodded lightly in response.

Later, Kathleen put on her white down jacket and exclaimed, "Ah! It keeps me warm!"

Samuel did not utter a word.

They then went downstairs together and bumped into Maria. Baffled, Maria asked while holding a bag. "Ms. Johnson, why are you hiding this?"

Kathleen dodged her eyes from Samuel's gaze and replied, "It's nothing."

Approaching Maria, she continued, "I'm not hiding it. I totally forgot about it."

"Is it? I think this is a down jacket. It looks quite big. If I'm not mistaken, it's for a guy." Maria mentioned in puzzlement.

Hearing that, Samuel raised his brows.

He walked over to her and directly took out the down jacket from the bag.

Seeing that, Kathleen yelled in panic, "What are you doing?"

Without hesitation, Samuel grabbed the down jacket and wore it on himself,

Meanwhile, Kathleen was stumped.

Having a tall and slender figure, Samuel looked extremely good in that down jacket

"Mr. Macari, you look so good wearing this!" Maria exclaimed in delight

The next second, Kathleen shot her a side-eye.

Noticing that look in her eyes, Maria was taken aback



"Not bad." Samuel was very pleased.

Kathleen said unhappily. "I bought it for my brother."

Hearing that, Samuel furrowed his brows.

The perplexed Maria voiced again, "I remember Mr. Johnson doesn't wear a down jacket."

Kathleen was at a loss for words.

Ugh. Is she trying to make a monkey of me...

With a beam on his face, Samuel said, "I like wearing a down jacket."

He then landed his eyes on Kathleen's jacket and spotted that it was exactly the same design as Kathleen's jacket.

"Let's go." Samuel held her hand.

Kathleen stiffened and mentioned, "It's just a gift I bought for you. Don't overthink. It doesn't mean anything."

## **All Too Late Chapter 214**

### **Chapter 214**

"I know." A faint smile appeared on Samuel's charming face.

No, you don't know anything. Kathleen pursed her lips and uttered, "Let's go."

Samuel let go of her hand, which led her to pause in her tracks.

The man walked slowly.

She looked back and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid I'll fall," said Samuel, looking frail.

Kathleen was a little speechless as she walked over and reached out her hand to him.

Samuel took her hand and explained, "When I'm better, I won't touch you anymore."

She looked at him judgmentally, thinking what he said sounded extremely weird.

Samuel felt wronged and explained, "I'm not lying to you. Aren't you a doctor? You can check my condition and see if I'm getting better."

"Okay, enough. I know." Kathleen didn't know what to do with this man.

Do I really need to check to know the condition of his health? He obviously looks ill.

Actually, she didn't mean anything by saying that just now. It was just that Samuel's actions were so natural when he took her hand, as if that was what they always did.

She only wanted to remind him to watch his behavior, but he ended up putting on a pitiful facade.

Kathleen was never a ruthless person. If she really were ruthless, she would have ignored Samuel.

Holding her hand, Samuel got into the car, and she asked, "Where does Ms. Schott live?"

"I've prepared a mansion in advance for her. She likes it quiet, so the place is quite secluded," Samuel replied in a deep voice.

Kathleen nodded.

When they arrived at the mansion, they saw a black BMW parked at the entrance.

Tyson said in a low voice, "Mr. Macari, that's Vanessa's car."

Kathleen spoke faintly. "She's fast in catching wind."

Samuel, on the other hand, scoffed. "She's still too late. Ms. Schott has been here for days, and if she only knows about this today, that means my men succeeded in controlling her information network, causing her to get the information later than everyone else."

Kathleen turned to look at him in shock. "You destroyed her information network?"

Samuel snorted disdainfully. "You call that an information network? I simply sent some of my guys to mess with it, and look how it turned out! She's not as powerful as she thinks she is."

Kathleen feil silent and had to admit that Samuel was indeed outstanding in finding out information.

The results of her and Charles' effort, albeit a lot of time was spent, were nowhere near the mere lift of Samuel's finger.

Sometimes, she had to admit she admired his capabilities.

"Let's go and check out what Vanessa said to Ms. Schott." Samuel's lips curled and formed a cold smile.

"Mm." She nodded.

The two of them got off the car together and walked into the mansion side by side, entering the living room.

They saw an elderly woman sitting on the couch with a cigarette in her hand while Vanessa sat on the couch next to her.

Narrowing her eyes, Vanessa stared coldly at them. "Why are you guys here?"

"We're here to visit Ms. Schott. Do we need your permission to do so?" The look in Kathleen's eyes was frosty as she spoke with an equally glacial tone.

Vanessa snorted in response.

"Ms. Schott, I'm sorry for not being in Jadeborough a few days ago. I had something to tend to." Samuel's voice was indifferent.

Yasmine said with a faint voice, "Have a seat."

A decorous smile surfaced on Samuel's charming face. This is Kathleen Johnson."

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Schott," greeted Kathleen.

The old woman scrutinized her wordlessly before Samuel pulled her to sit down.

"Ms. Johnson, we've talked on the phone before," said Yasmine icily.

"Yes." Kathleen nodded.

Samuel, who knew about this, began, "Ms. Schott..."

“Mr. Macari, my granddaughter is still waiting for you.” Yasmine spoke meaningfully.

Samuel didn’t say a word.

“Ms. Schott, I’m sorry. I didn’t know you had a granddaughter,” said Kathleen, her face flushed.

Yasmine chuckled coldly. “If memory serves me right, you sounded so righteous and solemn through the phone.”

Kathleen was clueless about how to explain herself.

She wouldn’t have spoken to Yasmine like that if the latter hadn’t said such things.

“You have quite the courage.” It was unknown whether the old woman was praising her or reproaching her.

Kathleen felt awkward, while Vanessa was quite pleased. “Aunt Yasmine, if you’re unhappy, just throw her out.”

Kathleen glared coldly at Vanessa, who said, “If it weren’t for her, Nicolette wouldn’t have been stuck in jail.”

“She’s nothing more than the illegitimate child of a b\*tch. I can’t believe the Yoeger family treats her like she’s some kind of princess. Has the Yoeger family deteriorated?” Yasmine was suddenly displeased.

Vanessa instantly froze.

“I never like judging people by their identity, but have you ever thought of what Nicolette and her mother did? You guys are ridiculous!” reprimanded Yasmine.

Vanessa’s face fell, and Kathleen struggled to hold back her laughter.

As expected, everything has its vanquisher.

“I’m telling you; since my sister is currently in this state, she has to be sent to the hospital. I swear I’ll expose everything the Yoeger family ever did if you try to get in the way again!” Yasmine bellowed furiously.

Vanessa’s body stiffened as she tried to reason with Yasmine, “Aunt Yasmine, how could you scold me in front of outsiders?”

Can’t she save me some face?

“Outsiders? So you still don’t know?” Yasmine glared coldly at her.

As she met the old woman's gaze, Vanessa was stunned.

Subsequently, Yasmine grinned sarcastically and asked, "Don't you know? Kathleen's mother is the child that my sister lost."

Vanessa knitted her brows.

It turned out that Yasmine had known about this a long time ago.

Yasmine looked sideways at Kathleen. "You shouldn't have hidden everything if you know about this, too."

Kathleen explained in an aggrieved tone, "Ms. Schott... Grandaunt, you've misunderstood me. I wanted to reveal my identity last time, but I didn't dare to because of what happened to Granny. I'd be the laughing stock if someone refuses to acknowledge my identity."

The look in Vanessa's eyes was cold as she stared at Kathleen, who spoke lightly to Yasmine. "But now, with you around, I'm sure you'd be able to help me."

Yasmine's lips twitched. "You sure know how to use me."

Kathleen replied embarrassedly, "No, I would never. It's just that it'd be best if an elderly is around when I announce that. Otherwise, someone might think I'm an impersonator."

Yasmine gazed at her with a profound look in her eyes and said to Vanessa, "You heard her."

Vanessa remained stunned.

The old woman declared indifferently, "If you can't make a decision, then let me. Let my sister and Kathleen do a DNA test. We'll know if Kathleen is truly related to the Yoeger family or not after the results are out. Such things can't be proved with words alone. Do you understand?"

Vanessa bit her lip. "Yes. But Aunt Yasmine, you can't blame us for this. We're just trying to be cautious because, throughout the recent years, a lot of people tried to impersonate Kathleen."

Yasmine boiled with anger. "Being cautious? If you guys wanted to be cautious, you guys should have run DNA tests instead of blindly rejecting people. Who knows? One of those people who are rejected might actually be my sister's granddaughter! A shameless illegitimate child was easily accepted by the Yoeger family, while the rightful heiress of the family was left wandering out there. The audacity of you guys to even try and explain to me. How outrageous!"

## All Too Late Chapter 215

### All Too Late Chapter 215 Do You Have A Granddaughter Or Not

Vanessa was indignant and humiliated, but she dared not express her distress.

“I’ll go back and arrange for the DNA test,” she responded sheepishly.

Yasmine said emotionlessly, “Go ahead then.”

“All right.” Vanessa got to her feet and shot Kathleen an icy glare before turning to leave.

“Is there anything else you guys want to talk about?” Yasmine queried.

“Thank you, Grandaunt! Without your help, I wouldn’t be able to return home.” Kathleen went to sit next to Yasmine.

The latter snorted coldly, concealing her true feelings.

This girl is lovable. She’s quite the sweetheart.

“Save it. Anything you say will be useless if the test proves that you’re not my sister’s granddaughter.” Yasmine put up an aloof front.

“Even if I’m not, I’ll still think of you as my grandaunt.” Kathleen flashed a smile.

Yasmine looked at the young woman apathetically.

Well, she does look like my sister.

“Ms. Schott, I’ve already run the DNA test.” Samuel suddenly spoke.

Yasmine was slightly stunned. “When did you do it?”

Kathleen was equally shocked, too.

His tone was bland as he answered, “A few days ago. I took the DNA of Old Mrs. Yoeger and Kate’s mother and ran the test.”

Yasmine was even more taken aback. “I thought Kate’s mother had passed away?”

He explained, “Yes, but Goodwill Hospital kept her DNA.”

“How is that possible?” Yasmine couldn’t believe it.

Samuel clarified, “Goodwill Hospital was able to be established with the support from Kate’s parents, so the hospital kept both her parents’ DNA.”

The elderly woman nodded. “The couple is indeed respectable.”

Upon finishing her sentence, she turned to Kathleen. “You have something else you want to ask, right?”

“Can I?” Kathleen questioned carefully.

“Go ahead.” Yasmine prepared herself to answer whatever question that was thrown at her.

Kathleen pursed her lips. “Grandaunt, do you have a granddaughter or not?”

Yasmine fell silent, while Samuel curled his thin lips.

Does she care so much about that?

The old woman was speechless. “No. I only have one useless grandson.”

“I see. I was just thinking, if you do have a granddaughter, I would have an elder sister.” Kathleen looked disappointed.

Yasmine stared at her. “Who knows if you’re telling the truth?”

“I am telling the truth, I swear!” the young woman replied seriously.

“Is there anything else you want to ask?”

“Grandaunt, what did you mean when you said you’re going to expose what the Yoeger family did?”

Yasmine furrowed her brows. “I can’t tell you that yet.”

“Does it have something to do with Zachary’s and Vanessa’s ancestry?” Kathleen asked out of curiosity.

The old woman was dumbfounded. “How do you know?”

Kathleen didn’t respond but instead mused inwardly. Samuel told me all that!

After a brief pause, Yasmine said with a deep voice, “I didn’t expect word about this has gotten out, too.”

“Word about this isn’t widespread. There aren’t many who know about it. You don’t have to worry,” reassured Samuel.

When Yasmine heard him say that, she was sure he knew everything.

“I’m not trying to hide anything. Actually, I did this as a way to protect Kate,” she said emotionlessly.

Protect me?

“What do you mean by that, Grandaunt?” Kathleen was stupefied.

“Your mother is different from Vanessa and the others.” Yasmine looked deeply into her eyes.

“Different how?” Kathleen didn’t understand.

“I’ll put it this way. In terms of relationship, Vanessa and your mother had different parents. It’s just that both of their mothers are twins who share the same blood,” elucidated Yasmine.

Kathleen was surprised. “Which means my granddad’s surname isn’t Yoeger?”

Yasmine nodded, and Kathleen turned to look at Samuel, who apparently had no idea about that either.

The two of them had never expected to hear something like that.

“Grandaunt, please elaborate,” Kathleen urged.

The old woman slowly began to tell the story, “Back then, our eldest sister Teresa Schott married the eldest son of the Yoeger family due to the relationship between both families. After that, she passed away due to difficult labor.”

Kathleen listened intently.

“At that time, the Schott family had declined, and the Yoeger family was the rising upstart. Just like that, my parents did everything in their power to force Frances, your grandmother, to become the second wife of the Yoeger family’s heir.” Yasmine sighed.

Kathleen was enraged to hear that. “How could they?”

“That’s what Frances said, too. However, my parents are selfish human beings, and if she didn’t do as told, they’d make me do it instead. I was twenty years old and was studying abroad. Frances is a kind woman, so in the end, she had no choice but to give in.”



Kathleen felt horrible. "Then who is my mother's biological father?"

Yasmine shook her head. "I have no idea, too. All I know is that Frances was dating someone during that time. I guess she didn't tell anyone about it because her boyfriend didn't have a dignified status, and my parents despised the poor. After that, she married into the Yoeger family and was probably separated from her boyfriend. She was already pregnant by then, and out of a mother's love for her child, she didn't abort the child."

"If that's the case, didn't Old Mr. Yoeger say anything?" Samuel queried coldly.

Yasmine replied, "I suppose no. If he did mind back then, the child would have been aborted. I don't know what they talked about privately, but ever since then, Frances became the lady of the Yoeger family. She did everything for the sake of the Yoeger family and raised two children on her own. It was not easy for her."

Kathleen spoke sadly. "Yet Vanessa and Zachary still wanted to harm her."

"I think they must've known about their own identities. I saw all those surveillance footage, too. What Zachary and Vanessa did are indeed outrageous, but we still need to investigate what they were thinking and what their goal was. The most important thing now is for Frances to be treated," said Yasmine in a low whisper.

"Don't worry, Grandaunt. With me around, Granny will be cured of the poison. I promise," Kathleen reassured.

"I'm relieved to hear that." Yasmine breathed a sigh of relief.

"Ms. Schott, this matter shouldn't be delayed. To stop Vanessa and Zachary from doing anything, what do you say we pay the Yoeger residence a visit?" asked Samuel solemnly.

"Okay." Yasmine agreed after pondering briefly and stood up from her seat. "You guys wait here. I'll go change."

Kathleen and Samuel nodded and watched as the old woman trudged up the stairs.

Kathleen tugged at Samuel's sleeve. "When did you run a DNA test?"

"When you told me about your relationship with the Yoeger family," answered Samuel.

"That was a long time ago. Why did you only tell me today?"

He looked at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes. "You want to know why?"

She bobbed her head. "Of course. Would you tell me or not?"

## All Too Late Chapter 216

### All Too Late Chapter 216 Compassionate Release

A complex luster glinted in Samuel's dark eyes. "Because I wanted to have more reasons and excuses to see you."

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

The man looked at her pretty and delicate face. "But now I've changed my mind. You hate me so much and don't want to see me, so I don't think I have a need to hide that from you any longer."

"I don't hate you." Kathleen pouted.

Samuel stared attentively at her. "Then what do you feel about me?"

"I don't feel anything about you." She turned her head away and snorted.

"I see," he said with a chuckle, which surprised her.

Usually, he would tell her something along the lines of how he still loved her and couldn't forget about her.

However, his reaction was so unexpectedly plain and insipid.

"I can tell that you're quite happy to know that Ms. Schott doesn't have a granddaughter." Samuel brought that up on purpose despite knowing Kathleen wouldn't want to talk about it.

"What are you talking about? I'm not happy." Kathleen refused to admit it.

He curled his lips. "If you say so."

She ignored him and rolled her eyes.

How presumptuous!

He slightly lowered his head and said, "Oh, by the way, the down jacket is indeed comfy."

She didn't say anything, and her silence put a faint smile on his face.

Soon after, Yasmine came down the stairs from the second floor, and the trio headed toward the Yoeger residence.

Upon reaching the place, they sensed a stagnant atmosphere.

Yasmine was immediately angered when she saw that they hadn't sent Frances to the hospital yet.

"Samuel, where are your subordinates?" asked Yasmine with a deep, displeased voice.

"They're outside."

"Have them come in here and send Old Mrs. Yoeger to the hospital," ordered Yasmine.

"All right." He took his phone out and summoned his men, who had been standing guard outside.

After receiving the call from Samuel, they stepped in right away to carry out the order.

"Aunt Yasmine?" Zachary stepped out of the room, shocked to see Yasmine.

The latter sneered. "Oh, so you're around? I thought everyone in this house was dead."

The man felt awkward. "Aunt Yasmine, when did you get here?"

"I've been here for a while. Didn't Vanessa tell you? She had just left my place," questioned Yasmine with an icy tone.

Zachary pursed his lips, looking at Samuel and Kathleen.

Samuel whispered a few orders to Tyson, and the latter immediately sent someone to Frances' room.

A few of Samuel's men carried the old woman out of the room and put her in the car, sending her to the hospital.

At the same time, Tyson took the camera that Kathleen installed a few days ago when no one was paying attention.

The footage saved inside would act as evidence.

"Aunt Yasmine, where are they bringing my mom?" Zachary was concerned.

"The hospital, of course! Look at the state she's in! Why didn't you guys send her to the hospital?" Yasmine responded unhappily.

Zachary didn't know how to answer.

"Can't you all see my sister's terrifying complexion? How dare you guys delay sending her to the hospital? What a bunch of b\*stards!" Yasmine exploded with fury.

Zachary pursed his lips and explained calmly, "Aunt Yasmine, we consulted a doctor. My mom's suffering from Alzheimer's disease, that's all."

"That's bullsh\*t! How dumb do you think I am? Do you think I don't know anything about Alzheimer's? How would someone's face turn purple from getting Alzheimer's?" Yasmine roared.

Zachary was at a loss for words.

"Just you wait. I'll make you guys pay if the test results show that you guys are the culprit!" Yasmine was genuinely infuriated as she turned on her heels and left the residence after yelling at Zachary.

Samuel and Kathleen exchanged a brief glance and prepared to leave as well.

"Ms. Johnson, can you talk to Mr. Lewis and ask him to show mercy on my daughter?" Zachary suddenly spoke.

Kathleen turned to look at the man. "Nicolette can only blame herself for being arrested. Even if I go to Caleb, he wouldn't be able to do anything. She deliberately violated the law, so she must be punished."

"She won't be convicted if you drop the lawsuit. Even if you are resentful, I don't think you should vent all your hatred on her." He looked at her with a grim expression on his face.

She chuckled. "Why do I have to listen to you about who I should or should not hate?"

Zachary was tongue-tied.

"Yes, I hate Nicolette, and yes, I do want to see her downfall. She's the culprit of that incident. As for Samuel, I have some other way of punishing him. You're in no place to teach me what I should and should not do. You can't even educate your own daughter properly. How dare you tell me what to do? Who do you think you are?" she said, her tone as frosty as ever.

Zachary's face darkened.

She continued, "No one has the right to make me forgive or punish someone. None of you are qualified to do so. Stop putting on airs and acting all high and mighty in front of

me. If you want to save your daughter, come up with a way yourself. Don't come and pester me, or I'll make sure she never gets out of jail."

Zachary's breathing became rapid while Samuel gazed deeply at Kathleen.

She's never a weak woman. Back then, at the condominium, she pointed out Nicolette's scheme with the same calm and indifferent attitude.

That was also when Samuel began seeing Kathleen in a new light.

He spoke to Kathleen in a gruff voice. "Let's go. Why waste your time talking to someone like him?"

She nodded and prepared to leave with him when Zachary spoke up. "Samuel, you and Nicolette were once in love."

There was a glacial light in Samuel's eyes as he turned to scowl at Zachary. "Once in love? Who told you that?"

Zachary was slightly startled by the look in Samuel's eyes.

Samuel scoffed. "Didn't anyone tell you that I mistook my gratitude toward Nicolette for love? Moreover, after that, I found out that she was never my savior. Kathleen was my savior. She pretended to be my savior, which is another crime. So, she can kiss her days of freedom goodbye."

Upon finishing his sentence, he took Kathleen's hand and headed out.

Zachary watched them leave and clenched his jaw. It looks like it won't be an easy feat to get Nicolette out of jail.

When Kathleen and Samuel exited the residence, they happened to run into Vanessa.

She looked quite helpless, probably because she was reprimanded by Yasmine just now.

However, the woman's spirits were immediately lifted when she saw Kathleen and Samuel.

The duo didn't even bother to look at her as they strode past her.

Upon entering the mansion, Vanessa looked at Zachary in annoyance. "Why didn't you stop them? How could you allow Aunt Yasmine to take Mom away?"

“Do you know how many men Samuel brought with him? How can I possibly do anything when everyone in the residence is at your disposal?” Zachary said coldly in a sarcastic tone.

Vanessa bristled with rage. “Are you blaming me? I returned home late because I was helping you get Nicolette out of jail! Just look at the state of your health. How long more do you think you could hold out?”

Zachary’s expression was dull. “Then did you come up with a way?”

“Nicolette would be released from jail three days later. I’m sure.”

“What did you do?” asked Zachary.

“Her leg has issues, and she needs to be taken care of. Two more days later, I’m going to make her fake a leg infection and get her out of there through compassionate release,” explained Vanessa.

## **All Too Late Chapter 217**

### **All Too Late Chapter 217 Let Her Decide What To Do**

Zachary’s anger subsided after he listened to Vanessa’s explanation.

“I truly didn’t expect Aunt Yasmine to return.” Zachary felt utterly regretful.

“It means we aren’t ruthless enough.” Vanessa’s voice fell to a hush.

Zachary’s face darkened. “We’re talking about our mother here!”

Vanessa sneered, “Zachary, don’t you already know our true relationship with her deep down?”

Zachary knew that Vanessa was referring to Frances.

“Nevertheless, she was the one who brought us up after all,” Zachary murmured. “Furthermore, even if she is not our biological mother, she’s our second aunt who is related to us by blood.”

“Haha.” Vanessa laughed in ridicule. “You’re so naive.”

Zachary was displeased by her words.

"I only know she plans to pass down the Yoeger family assets which belonged to us to that illegitimate brat, who doesn't even know the identity of her father. Who gave her the right to give that brat our family's inheritance?" Vanessa felt very resentful.

Zachary took in a deep breath.

"If you regret it, you can choose to back out." Vanessa directed her words to Zachary in an apathetic voice. "You can arrange the matter regarding the kidney transplant too. I couldn't care less."

Zachary's face turned gloomy. "I didn't say anything."

"Let me get things straight today, Zachary. I'll spare no mercy to those who dare to get in my way. Don't assume I won't dare take action just because she's our aunt." Vanessa narrowed her eyes. "Unlike you, I'm not a coward!"

With that, she went upstairs.

Zachary's complexion turned even paler.

Don't tell me Vanessa even plan to get rid of Aunt Yasmine? Wouldn't that be too vicious?

When Frances got sent to Goodwill Hospital, the doctor immediately performed a throughout body check-up on her.

After that, the doctor called the others to his office.

"Old Mrs. Yoeger indeed has symptoms of poisoning. However, the signs are already very mild," the doctor explained.

"Then why is she always unconscious?" Yasmine expressed her concern.

"It's because the poison has not completely passed out of her system, which would take a day or two," the doctor answered. "Fortunately, Old Mrs. Yoeger has no other health issues. You can be at ease."

"What about her Alzheimer's disease?" Yasmine inquired again.

The doctor replied, "I need to wait for her to regain consciousness before examining her brain. Only then can I determine if her brain was affected by drugs previously, or she was truly diagnosed with the illness."

Yasmine nodded while looking dejected.

"Thank you." Kathleen expressed her gratitude to the doctor.

The doctor responded calmly, "No problem. We should let Old Mrs. Yoeger get more rest. You can look for me anytime if you have any questions."

Kathleen nodded in reply.

Then, the doctor turned around and left.

Yasmine breathed a sigh of relief.

Kathleen supported her to sit on a chair.

"Don't worry, Grand aunt. Granny will certainly be all right," Kathleen assured her.

There was a profound look in Yasmine's eyes. "Luckily, you were able to sneak into the Yoeger residence and help her to expel the poison in her body. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Kathleen pursed her lips at her words.

"Ms. Schott." Samuel's cold voice rang out. "How do you plan to deal with Zachary and Vanessa?"

Yasmine was promptly stunned, seemingly to be at a loss.

After all, they were both dear to her.

No matter what, Zachary and Vanessa were also the children of her other older sister.

"I believe you two should know why Zachary and Vanessa had acted this way," Yasmine said in a grave tone. "Isn't it all for the sake of the family assets?"

Samuel callously replied, "Family assets? Do you think they deserve to inherit the hard work that Old Mrs. Yoeger had put in over the years?"

Yasmine froze after hearing his comment.

"Old Mr. Yoeger knew that Old Mrs. Yoeger was already pregnant when she married into the Yoeger family. Despite that, he still passed over the family matters to her. Apart from trust, they must have formed an agreement before that, which was why she could decide whom she wanted to hand the family assets to." Samuel continued sarcastically, "For people who try to forcefully snatch things that don't belong to them will get struck by karma."

Yasmine fell silent sheepishly as she knew Samuel was speaking the truth.



Kathleen suggested softly, "Why don't we wait for Granny to wake up and ask for her opinion?"

Samuel and Yasmine fixed their eyes on her simultaneously.

"All in all, it was Granny who raised them. We should let her make the decision," Kathleen said placidly.

Samuel did not refute her idea.

Meanwhile, Yasmine couldn't help but nod her head. "You're right. I should let my sister decide what to do."

Ultimately, no one knew exactly what was on Frances' mind.

"Grandaunt, I think Granny might only wake up tomorrow. Since you're already here, why don't I let Samuel arrange for someone to send you home?" Kathleen could tell that Yasmine was feeling pretty exhausted.

To have seen how Vanessa and the others had been treating Frances must have caused Yasmine to feel both anxious and upset.

As one grew older, there would be a growing limitation to their strength.

Having experienced several ups and downs emotionally could cause people to feel drained.

Yasmine nodded in agreement.

Once Kathleen looked at Samuel, he immediately understood her intention and called for Tyson to personally send Yasmine back home.

After the couple watched them enter the elevator, Kathleen couldn't help but ask, "If you send Tyson away, who's going to drive you home?"

"Aren't you here too?" Samuel gazed at her piercingly. "Are you not going to care about me again?"

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She suddenly felt she was getting pestered.

"I didn't say I wasn't going to care for you." Kathleen frowned.

"You're my doctor," Samuel reminded her. "So, this is not considered pestering. That is what you'd promised me after all."

Kathleen became speechless once again.

The feeling of digging herself into a hole was very unpleasant.

"I remember that. You don't need to remind me." Kathleen felt helpless. "Anyways, you can get out of here after soaking inside the medicated bath once more today!"

Get out of here?

Samuel's thin lips quirked into a small smile. "What about in the future?"

"I'll come by your house and look for you after that. You don't have to stick around with me every day," Kathleen responded apathetically.

"Very well." Samuel appeared to be cooperative.

However, Kathleen sensed that things weren't as simple as they seemed.

She then glanced at Frances' ward.

"I'll dispatch people to protect her and absolutely not allow Vanessa and the others to come near her." Samuel gave Kathleen his words. "I'll arrange for people to stand guard at the hospital's entrance, the elevator, and the door of Old Mrs. Yoeger's ward."

Kathleen responded with a nod.

"Kate!" Gemma ran up to her.

"Hey, Gem." A smile appeared on Kathleen's face.

Gemma was slightly startled as she didn't expect to see Kathleen and Samuel appearing next to each other.

"I heard from someone just now that you came to the hospital and thought something must have happened to you. That was why I rushed my way here." Gemma studied her from head to toe. "What's going on?"

"Nothing happened to me. It was my granny," Kathleen explained.

"Granny?" Gemma was astonished. "I thought she had passed away a long time ago?"

"I'm referring to my biological granny," Kathleen replied. "She's my mother's biological mother."

Gemma could not mask her shock. "Is that true? You finally found your biological granny?"

Kathleen bobbed her head.

“That’s great. I’m so happy for you!” Gemma replied smilingly. “Who is your granny?”

“Old Mrs. Yoeger of the Yoeger family,” Kathleen answered.

Gemma was taken aback by the revelation. “Isn’t she Nicolette’s grandmother?”

## All Too Late Chapter 218

### All Too Late Chapter 218 Close Friend

Kathleen nodded.

With her brows furrowed, Gemma asked, “So you two are cousins, right?”

“Yes.” Kathleen pursed her lips. “But I refuse to acknowledge her as my cousin.”

“Right! Someone like her isn’t good enough to be your cousin. No wonder there’s a resemblance between you and Nicolette.”

Kathleen replied calmly, “Yes. I even became her replacement back then.”

Samuel cleared his throat, trying to soothe the awkwardness.

As though she had sensed something, Gemma replied, “I’ll be on duty tonight, so I’ll take care of your granny for you.”

“Gem, thank you,” Kathleen expressed her gratitude.

“There’s no need to thank me.” Looking into Kathleen’s eyes, Gemma said, “Look at your dark circles. They look so bad. Hurry and go home to have some rest.”

“All right. I’ll get going now.” Kathleen nodded.

“Okay. Be careful on your way home,” reminded Gemma.

Kathleen gave a slight nod and tugged at Samuel before leaving.

After leaving the hospital, Kathleen and Samuel got into a Maybach.

Samuel let out a cough and said, “I’ve never taken you as a replacement before. Never.”

He could ensure that, at least.

Although Kathleen and Nicolette resembled one another, and sometimes he had also wondered why they looked so alike, he had never taken Kathleen as Nicolette's replacement.

Pursing her red lips, Kathleen replied, "It doesn't matter anymore."

In a deep voice, Samuel muttered, "Kate, if I had taken you as her replacement, I would've only disliked you more."

Kathleen shot him a sideways glance.

"I know myself well, and I think you do too." Samuel's voice was hoarse. "If I couldn't accept how you resemble Nicolette, I wouldn't have married you."

Initially, he married Kathleen due to pressure from Diana.

However, he definitely did not see Kathleen as Nicolette's replacement.

If he had really done so, he would have resented Kathleen more, and he would not have thought of going near her.

The truth was that he had already done so since the beginning, and he had fallen head over heels in love with her.

"I trust you." Kathleen held the steering wheel with her slender fingers as she continued, "Samuel, I could still make my own judgment on some matters. The misunderstanding wasn't the reason why we got divorced."

Kathleen and Samuel were both clear-minded.

They were aware that their divorce was not caused by the reason that someone had sowed discord between them.

Even if there were some misunderstandings, and they were to talk things out, they would still divorce in the end.

The root of the problem was that they were not meant for each other.

Her voice was faint as she said, "Did you realize that we actually got along well before our marriage and after our divorce?"

Samuel did not say a word.

“Perhaps, that could only mean that it’d be better for us to stay friends.” Kathleen had no choice but to make herself clear.

Suddenly, Samuel gently placed his cold finger against her thin lips.

His gaze on her was gentle as he replied, “You don’t have to explain to me, and you don’t have to feel pressured. Kate, I’m not doing anything to you. After you’ve done treating me, it’s all up to you whether you wish to leave or stay. I’ll not stop you. Besides, I’ll agree if you want to keep in touch. If you wish to stay as friends, we’ll stay friends then.”

Furrowing her brows, Kathleen asked, “Do you really understand what I mean?”

Samuel responded with a nod.

“All right, then.” Kathleen took a deep breath, and the refreshing scent of the man wafted through her nose. “Can you stop with those gestures that a friend wouldn’t do, like holding my hand, touching my face and head?”

Samuel paused for a second before replying, “Okay.”

Kathleen gave him a sidelong glance and questioned, “Have you really kept that in mind?”

“Yes.” After a momentary pause, Samuel continued, “Could you tell me what kind of friends we are to each other?”

“Ordinary friends,” Kathleen emphasized.

“If we’re just like what you said, would you be this harsh to your ordinary friend?” Samuel asked seriously.

Kathleen was rendered speechless in an instant.

Haha! So now I’m the one to be blamed!

“Kate, can I say something?” Samuel asked cautiously.

“Go ahead.” For some reason, Kathleen was getting impatient and furious all of a sudden.

“I can’t be your friend, and you feel the same, too.” Samuel went straight to the point. “It is because we used to be husband and wife.”

Kathleen remained silent.

“Let’s be each other’s close friends. After all, some physical touches are inevitable. What do you think?” Samuel suggested casually.

“Close friends?” Kathleen sneered. “Do you know how easy it is for close friends to step over the line?”

“Why would you think close friends tend to step over the line?” Samuel’s charming face grew solemn. “Have you ever had any close friends?”

Kathleen was tongue-tied.

The man’s warm breath lingered around her. “You would know how good it feels to have a close friend after having one. Moreover, we’re business partners. I don’t think we could be considered ordinary friends.”

Kathleen shot him a suspicious look.

Samuel’s gaze darkened as he stared at her.

Without saying a word, Kathleen pursed her lips slightly and started the engine.

Samuel cast her an unfathomable look. “So, is that a yes?”

“Shut up!” Kathleen exclaimed, enraged.

Samuel curled his lips into a wicked smirk.

I knew she would agree to it.

Kathleen and Samuel went back to the Johnson residence together.

As Samuel had regained consciousness and no longer needed someone to take care of him, he went straight for the medicinal bath after having his meal.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was resting in the guest room.

Her bedroom was occupied by Samuel as usual.

Just as she was looking into the script, Caleb’s call came in.

“Hello.” Kathleen picked up the phone.

“Are you busy?” Caleb’s voice sounded rather husky.

Ever since Kathleen had exposed his intention, he was filled with an indescribable sense of guilt whenever he faced her.

“Not really,” replied Kathleen. “Did something happen to your sister?”

Caleb fell silent for a moment before he questioned, “Can I only call you when something happens to my sister?”

“Of course not. If there’s anything wrong with your health, you can also call me.” Kathleen paused for a bit. “You have to pay, though.”

Caleb was at a loss for words.

Blinking, Kathleen asked again, “It isn’t about your sister, but you’re feeling unwell, huh?”

“Hah!” Caleb chuckled and retorted, “I know you’re turning me down indirectly.”

Kathleen did not reply.

“You used me to free yourself from Samuel, but why do you two get closer and closer to each other?” Caleb questioned in a low voice.

Kathleen bit her lip.

“Kathleen, I’m serious about being with you.” Caleb looked up and stared at the window of her room. “Could you give me a chance?”

Kathleen was slightly taken aback. “Caleb, you…”

“Couldn’t you? Have you already accepted Samuel?” Caleb asked gravely.

“No.” Kathleen shook her head. “Caleb, I don’t plan to get into a relationship again, and I mean it. So I have no idea why all of you are forcing me to end my single life. I’m happy on my own, and I get to enjoy the freedom. Also, I have my own career. Love and marriage aren’t everything. Why are both of you making me get back together or be in a relationship with you? As though romance is the only thing that matters in the world.”

She was truly annoyed.

She had all the dreams and goals she wanted to achieve, and there were many more meaningful things that were worth her time and attention.

Yet, these people were trying to have her trapped in a relationship. She was troubled and frustrated.

## **All Too Late Chapter 219**

**All Too Late Chapter 219 Must Die**

Caleb heard Kathleen's grumbles, but he did not get mad at her.

I bet she isn't doing this to me only.

"Okay. I got it. I'll not bother you anymore," assured Caleb in a hoarse voice.

He hung up the phone as soon as he left those words behind.

Holding her forehead, Kathleen felt so worn.

She felt her head throbbing.

Caleb looked up and stared at the window. Then, he got into the car and drove off.

He was determined to win Kathleen over.

At the same time, Samuel was listening silently outside Kathleen's room with his arms crossed.

His lips curled into a subtle smile.

At least she hasn't thought about dating Caleb. Since she has so many things to accomplish, I'll fulfill her wishes as long as she's happy!

The next day, Kathleen went downstairs to have breakfast after freshening up.

Charles and Samuel seemed exceptionally composed at the dining table.

Then, she sat down.

Samuel and Charles held up a glass of milk respectively at the same time, wanting to give it to her.

Kathleen took a bite of the toast and said, "I can manage on my own."

The two men exchanged glances and released their grips.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She took the glass of milk over and sipped it slowly.

"Samuel, did your house get burned?" Charles began with his sarcasm.

Samuel flashed him a wide smile. "Which house did you mean?"



Charles was rendered speechless. He had already lost when the fight had just begun.

“Since you have so many houses, why are you at my house, then? You even took my clothes to wear last night,” Charles complained angrily.

“Let me correct you. This house belongs to you and Kate. Kate agreed, so I moved in. As for your clothes, I already bought them,” Samuel explained patiently.

“You bought them?” Charles fumed, “I haven’t even worn them yet! Those were birthday gifts given to me by Kate!”

“That was why I bought them at the original price. If not, name me your price. I’ll pay you.” Samuel wore a grin.

Charles was breathing heavily.

He lost in the second round, too.

“Get out of my house today!” Charles slammed the table.

Looking rather composed, Samuel cast his gaze upon Kathleen. “Do I need to stay for another night today?”

“No.” Kathleen shook her head.

“Did you hear that? Get lost!” Charles was agitated.

Kathleen stared at Samuel calmly. “I’ll look for you later and treat you at your home.”

“Okay,” Samuel replied with a nod.

Charles was beyond speechless.

And that was the third round he lost.

“Charles,” Kathleen called out.

Charles immediately came back to his sense. “What’s the matter?”

“Go visit Granny at the hospital today. Inform me if she’s awake. Remember not to let Vanessa and the others approach Granny,” reminded Kathleen.

“All right. I’ll go now.” Charles finished his cup of coffee and rose to his feet.

“Drive safe,” said Kathleen.

Patting Kathleen's shoulder, Charles stated indifferently, "Remember, tell him to get lost! Also, call me to go with you if you're going to his house."

"Charles, are you that free?" Kathleen questioned softly.

"What do you mean? I have plenty of time to keep you safe from a pervert." Charles shot Samuel a cold glare and turned around.

Kathleen glanced at Samuel. "Do you really have to trigger my brother?"

"I was only telling the truth. The clothes you bought for him suit me better," Samuel said confidently.

"I bought those clothes for my brother. Why do you need so many clothes? Is there a need to snatch his?" Kathleen spoke helplessly.

"Because... I like them," Samuel replied in his deep voice.

In truth, he wanted to say he only liked them because Kathleen was the one who bought them.

Kathleen was troubled. "Give those clothes back to Charles. I'll get you new ones."

"Serious?" Samuel looked at her, his gaze filled with anticipation.

"Why would I lie to you? Didn't I buy you the down jacket that I promised you last time?"

A bright smile crept over Samuel's face. "All right."

Kathleen let out a sigh.

Both Samuel and Charles have always been domineering, but why do they always fight like kids whenever they meet?

She could not seem to comprehend their behaviors.

"I'm done eating. I'll head to the film set now," said Kathleen after finishing half a corn cob.

"Let's go together." Samuel placed the cup down.

He had finished eating some time ago, and he had been waiting for Kathleen.

Kathleen ate slowly and gracefully, chewing every small bite she took.

She nodded. "Let's go. Remember to send someone here to pack your things."

Samuel wore a faint smile. "I'll move them on my own tonight."

Tonight?

Kathleen turned to look at him.

"I've moved back to next door." Samuel narrowed his eyes languidly as he stared at her.

Kathleen was stumped.

I've never been this speechless in my life before.

After that, Samuel left the house with her.

He even sent her to the film set personally.

Before getting out of the car, Kathleen shot him a nonchalant look. "I can go back on my own after work. You don't have to pick me up."

Upon hearing that, Samuel merely flashed an unbothered grin. "But my mom told me to bring you to the Macari residence for dinner. I'll turn down the invitation on your behalf, then. Grandma misses you, and she wishes to talk about the Yoeger family's matter too."

Kathleen was doubtful.

Samuel's charming face remained composed. "I'm not that shameless to use Grandma as an excuse to fool you. Besides, you know Grandma will not play along with me."

"True," Kathleen replied with a slight nod after giving his words some thought.

She took another look at him before she pushed open the door and got out of the car.

Samuel's gaze darkened as he watched Kathleen walk to the film set.

The next instant, he took out his phone unhurriedly and called Diana.

"What's the matter?" came Diana's cold reply.

"Grandma, don't you care about me at all?" complained Samuel, his brows settled into a frown.

"Haha! Kate is there to take care of you. You won't die for sure." Diana was at ease.

Samuel cleared his throat. "I'm bringing Kate home for dinner tonight."

“Did Kate suggest it herself?” Diana knitted her brows.

“I invited her in your name,” answered Samuel directly.

His reply left Diana speechless.

“But I told her you were the one who brought it up. Grandma, remember not to blurt it out accidentally.”

“Bas—” Diana chided.

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel immediately hung up the phone.

Massaging his temples, Samuel instructed the driver, “Head back to the company.”

The driver nodded and drove Samuel back to the company.

Later, Samuel arrived at the building and walked into the office.

Tyson walked over. “Mr. Macari, Nicolette has been released.”

Samuel removed his down jacket and hung it at the side. In an apathetic tone, he said, “Is she receiving treatment at the hospital outside?”

Tyson replied with a nod.

Samuel smirked. “Great.”

Great? Tyson was baffled.

“Let me ask you. Why must Vanessa save Nicolette?” Samuel arched an eyebrow.

“Because she wants Nicolette’s kidney, as Zachary needs a kidney transplant,” replied Tyson almost immediately.

Samuel scoffed. “You’re too shallow.”

Shallow? Once again, Tyson was puzzled.

Samuel took out a report from the drawer. “This report shows that Nicolette isn’t a compatible donor to donate her kidney to Zachary.”

“What?” Tyson was shocked by that revelation.

“Besides, based on Zachary’s current condition, he doesn’t need a kidney transplant yet,” said Samuel in a cold tone.

Tyson was even more startled. "This..."

Samuel seemed unfazed. "Vanessa is trying to get rid of anyone who might get in her way to inherit the family's assets. Kate, Charles, Zachary, Nicolette, Old Mrs. Yoeger, and Ms. Schott are threats to her, so they must die."

## All Too Late Chapter 220

### All Too Late Chapter 220 Let Me Help You

Cold sweat was trickling down Tyson's forehead as he stared at the document. "Vanessa is such a vicious woman!"

Meanwhile, sheer hostility was apparent on Samuel's handsome and chiseled face.

"Mr. Macari, shouldn't we inform Ms. Johnson about these?" Tyson asked curiously.

Samuel shook his head in response.

Tyson was taken aback upon seeing Samuel's response. "But won't doing so allow us to reveal Vanessa's sinister schemes?"

"But I want Nicolette dead," Samuel stated, his eyes cold.

Then, everything clicked into place for Tyson.

Samuel would never intervene if he could use Vanessa to take Nicolette's life.

He no longer harbored feelings for Nicolette as she had nearly killed Kathleen.

Furthermore, she caused Kathleen a great deal of psychological trauma and even killed his two unborn children.

How could he possibly let Nicolette off the hook?

Samuel was already being charitable by not offering Vanessa a weapon and assisting her in murdering Nicolette.

Tyson eventually understood Samuel's intention. Quietly, he said, "You have a point. We should just let the wicked punish themselves. There's no need for you to get your hands dirty, Mr. Macari."

It was not worth it to be charged with a crime because of people like them.

“Oh, right,” Samuel said with a slight smile. “Acquire the brand of this jacket.”

Tyson was puzzled. Samuel’s spontaneous request had taken him by surprise.

“I noticed Kate wearing a few of their jackets. Please get in touch with them and request that they appoint Kate as their spokesperson,” Samuel stated lightly.

Even though Tyson was still speechless, he managed to reply with a simple “okay.”

Samuel, on the other hand, focused on the jacket hung next to him. The longer he stared at it, the happier he felt.

Tyson could tell that Samuel was in an exceptionally good mood by looking at the latter’s crossed legs, which were bouncing rhythmically.

It seemed that Samuel and Kathleen were making good progress.

Thank God.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was filming diligently with the film crew.

And around the afternoon came Charles, who paid her a visit.

“Charles, what brings you here?” Kathleen asked. She was rather sweaty as she had just finished shooting a scene.

It was an action scene.

In order to present a more realistic shot, Kathleen had done the scene on her own without a stunt double.

Charles cleaned the grime off her face before announcing, “Mio wants you to be their spokesperson.”

Utterly taken aback, Kathleen asked, “Really?”

“Yes.” Charles nodded.

“Didn’t Mio say they’d never hire a spokesperson?” Kathleen questioned, still in a state of shock. “Their jackets are really comfy to wear, though.”

“That was what the ex-boss of Mio said. The current boss is apparently different,” Charles explained.

Kathleen was once again taken aback by the information she was getting. “The ex-boss and the current boss? Did Mio have a change of bosses?”

Charles nodded in response.

“Who is the new boss?” Kathleen inquired, intrigued. “The fact that they chose me, an A-list actress, as the spokesperson, however, shows that they have superb taste.”

“Samuel Macari,” Charles replied flatly.

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

She did not expect Samuel to have acquired Mio right after receiving a jacket of the said brand from her not so long ago.

On top of that, he even appointed her as the spokesperson.

Thus, she had no idea how to react.

“What do you think?” Charles asked.

“Charles, you’re letting me take the job?” Kathleen asked, feeling surprised.

“Why not? It’s an opportunity to make money,” Charles reasoned. “Furthermore, quite a few prestigious brands are also interested in working with you. I’ll arrange it so that all shots can be completed within three days.”

Kathleen nodded. “Okay. You carry on with the arrangements then. I’ll do as you say.”

With a trace of irritation in his voice, Charles said, “To be honest, I’m not happy with this. Mio, however, makes more than just jackets. The complete apparel line was allotted to you, thanks to Samuel’s arrangement. Thus, I’m sure that you’ll be endorsing the other clothing items as well. Which brings to mind something I need to talk to him about—if he wants to make you the spokesperson, he had better make it permanent; he’s also not allowed to hire other spokespeople.”

Once again, Kathleen was rendered speechless.

Charles seems to be blatantly threatening Samuel at this point. He knows that Samuel would definitely agree to his terms.

Not knowing what else to say, Kathleen opted to continue working instead. As she was about to turn around and leave, she informed, “I have to continue filming, Charles.”

“Go on. I should also get back to the hospital,” Charles replied lightly.

“Has Granny not awoken yet?” Kathleen asked.

Charles shook his head. "I've consulted the doctor, but he isn't sure either. He said that we might have to wait until the next day."

"After all, Granny was poisoned with a slow-acting poison," Kathleen stated before continuing, "I don't think she'll wake up that soon. You should deal with your work, Charles. There are people in the hospital who could help look after Granny anyway."

Charles huffed. "Samuel had instructed more people to be on guard. He's always been eager when it comes to things like these."

Helplessly, Kathleen retorted, "Charles, isn't it good that Samuel's offering help?"

Charles merely grunted in response.

"Well, he does have more men under him than you do," Kathleen muttered.

"I'm just worried that the same things that happened to you in the past will happen again," Charles explained.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

It was then that Charles realized that he had said something wrong. "I didn't mean to bring it up."

Kathleen sighed. "He won't make the same mistake. Samuel's not that foolish."

She knew Samuel very well.

Charles gave her a sidelong glance. "You seem to know him extremely well."

"What can I do? I've liked him for so long. I've been learning about him during my free time. How could I not know him well?" Kathleen smiled bitterly before continuing, "If I had used some of the time that I had spent to learn him on myself, I would've become famous two years ago."

"That's why you shouldn't be a love-struck fool," Charles exclaimed. "Kathleen, you're living your best life now. So please don't cause yourself trouble by getting into a relationship."

Kathleen snorted. "Says the one who hoped I'd end up with either Chris or Caleb."

Charles was embarrassed after hearing her words.

"To put it out in the open, you just don't want me to get together with Samuel," Kathleen suggested, raising a brow.



Charles huffed. "I just don't want to give him another chance to hurt you!"

Kathleen breathed out another sigh before patting Charles on the shoulder. "You're overthinking."

With that, she turned on her heel and left.

Charles furrowed his brows.

What does she mean? Does she think that Samuel won't hurt her?

He glanced at Kathleen, who was currently preoccupied with filming, and decided he didn't want to bother her anymore. Thus, he quietly took his leave.

After the conversation, Kathleen was absorbed in her thoughts while filming. Why do I know Samuel so well to the extent that I know him better than myself?

By the time Kathleen finished her work, it was already evening.

Surprisingly, Samuel had come to pick her up.

Kathleen looked at him.

Apart from his shirt, he was dressed entirely in black and was still sporting the jacket she had given him.

He was breathtakingly handsome with distinct features, which consisted of thick brows and a straight nose bridge.

He often gave a cold and closed-off impression when his face was expressionless.

It was then that she realized she had been staring at him. She quickly walked over to him and said, "I'll drive there myself."

"I'd get scolded if you did so," Samuel replied. He flashed her a half-smile as he stared at her. "You filmed an action scene today?"

Self-consciously, Kathleen touched her face. "How did you know? I'm sure I've wiped myself clean."

"You've missed a spot," Samuel said with a smirk. "Your ear."

My ear?

Kathleen immediately shot her hand up to touch her ear.

Yet, she failed to find any specks of filth.

“Let me help you?” Samuel asked.

Hesitantly, Kathleen nodded.

Samuel took a handkerchief out from his pocket and gently wiped the dirt off her ear.

He quickly noticed how red Kathleen’s ear had turned.

Kathleen’s ears are her second-most sensitive body part. The most sensitive one is...

Samuel stopped his train of thoughts from spiraling any further. Like the gentleman that he was, he continued wiping her ear.

“All done,” Samuel stated with a smile.

He then caught a glimpse of Kathleen’s earlobe piercing and felt his heart skip a beat.

Slowly, he retracted his gaze and opened the car door. “Get in.”

Nodding, Kathleen got into the car.

After also getting into the car, Samuel ordered the driver to start driving.