

## All Too Late Chapter 31

“Dad, how are you going to help me?” Kathleen frowned.

“It can be deemed that Samuel is cheating on the marriage. We just have to get the proof that he’s cheating and send it to the court. Let the court decide on your divorce,” Calvin said.

Kathleen was baffled.

Is Samuel really his son? Why does it look like he’s more like my own father? It seems like the Macari family doesn’t even like Samuel.

Embarrassed, she reminded him by saying, “But Dad, he’s your son.”

“We treat you just like our daughter. As both of you are my children, I love the two of you dearly.” Then, he gave her a meaningful look. “Anyway, it’s his loss if you are to be divorced.”

Kathleen was touched by his words. “Dad, thank you. But I wish to settle this matter with Samuel amicably.”

After all, it would be possible that we might bump into each other even after the divorce. There’s no need for the situation to be this tense.

At that moment, Calvin’s phone rang.

When he answered the call, his voice was cold. “The other party needs an interpreter because he’s from Granatano? Go to the Faculty of Foreign Studies and find someone who is proficient in Granatanolan.”

Kathleen spoke suddenly. “Dad, I can speak that language. Is there anything that I can help you with?”

Surprised, Calvin said, “Can you?”

She nodded in acknowledgment.

“That’s very good. Why don’t you go upstairs and change your clothes? We will need to go to the company later. An expert from Granatano has arrived. But he doesn’t speak Ustranasion.”

“Okay.” She immediately left to change her clothes.

Meanwhile, Calvin returned to the call and said to his assistant, "I'll be there soon."

Having said that, he hung up the phone.

In the meantime, Kathleen went to change her clothes. She took out a white blouse and a knee-length pleated skirt from the closet. If the two garments were to be paired, it would give her a beautiful and elegant look.

Moreover, there was a small necktie underneath the collar of the white blouse. It made the outfit look professional.

Coupled with her stunning face, it would mesmerize anyone in an instant.

After she had prepared herself, she exited the house with Calvin.

It was her first time to the company.

In fact, she had never been there in her entire life.

After she had married Samuel, he told her not to go to the company. It was to prevent the others from knowing her identity as he was worried that it would affect his reputation.

During that time, she did not want to cause him any trouble. Thus, she had followed his request willingly.

However, this time around, she was there to help Calvin. She did not have any intention of meeting Samuel.

"Dad, is it possible if you don't tell anyone that I'm your daughter-in-law when we arrive at the office?" Kathleen asked awkwardly.

With a frown, Calvin asked, "Is this a request from Samuel?"

She nodded.

"Why does he have so many requests? Have you requested anything from him?" He was curious to know the answer.

Embarrassed, she answered, "I've never requested anything from him."

Calvin was at a loss for words.

Thinking that she had let him down, she felt guilty in an instant.

With a sigh, Calvin said, "Kate, you've gone so easy on Samuel. That's the reason why he's behaving this way."

Why is she indulging him too much?

Sheepishly, Kathleen lowered her head.

"I'm not scolding you, but you are his wife. Why didn't you request something from him?" Calvin was perplexed by her attitude.

The answer was so obvious to Kathleen that she was confused to hear his question.

It's because Samuel doesn't love me. I'm afraid that he won't be able to accept my requests. In the end, he will ignore me.

Feeling the onset of a headache, Calvin relented. "Very well. You have my word."

"Thank you, Dad." She pursed her lip before saying, "No, that's not right. I should call you Mr. Macari."

Calvin was not in a good mood after having his identity changed from being her father-in-law to an acquaintance.

Why do I get a feeling like my daughter's not coming home after she marries someone else? That rascal Samuel! It is all thanks to him that I'm so disappointed. If he dares to marry Nicolette, I will kick him out of the company. What a useless son!

Half an hour later, they arrived at the office.

Calvin took Kathleen inside.

Meanwhile, Simon Lowe, his assistant, was already waiting for them.

Simon gave Kathleen a temporary work ID tag. "This is for your access."

"Okay." She took the tag offered to her and hung it around her neck. The ID tag had her name on it.

"Let's go. It's time to meet the expert," Calvin said coolly.

"Yes, sir." Simon then led both of them to the room.

The fact that Calvin brought a young woman to the company had piqued everyone's curiosity in an instant.

They started to discuss it among themselves. “Am I seeing it wrongly? I saw Mr. Macari bring a young and beautiful woman to our company.”

“That can’t be right. Is there no more true love in this world? But Mr. Macari has been in love with Ms. Staines for almost thirty years. There’s never a single scandal or bad rumor. Is the young lady really that beautiful?”

“Yes, she is very beautiful. Her face is petite, just like the size of my palm. She has a pair of huge and round eyes. On top of that, her skin is flawless.”

“Wow! Has Mr. Macari changed his preference from a domineering woman to a timid young girl?”

“Stop the nonsense. I’ve already asked them about it. Mr. Macari brought her here to be the Granatanolan interpreter.”

“Why is he bothered by such a petty matter? He can just ask Simon to do it. I saw the woman coming out of his car. She’s with him.”

“After listening to you, I want to take a look as well.”

Upon hearing their discussions, Tyson coughed lightly. Then, in a cold voice, he said, “Have you finished all your work? I can see that you still have the energy to chat here. Are the overtime tasks for the past two days not enough?”

Frightened, no one dared to say anything.

He added icily, “Mind your words. How dare you gossip about Mr. Macari. Are you courting death?”

Lowering their heads, the staff continued to work.

Tyson left and headed to Samuel’s office.

“I told you to take the report. Why are you back here?” Samuel asked coldly.

“Mr. Macari, I heard that Mr. Calvin has brought a Granatanolan interpreter to the company,” Tyson answered sullenly.

“So what about it?” Samuel probed in an icy tone.

Tyson smiled sheepishly. “I am just curious. It’s rumored that Mr. Calvin found the interpreter himself.”

Lifting his head, Samuel responded, “It’s nothing surprising for him to know some people who speak Granatanolan.”

Tyson merely flashed an awkward smile. "That's true."

Frowning, Samuel asked, "You won't bring up this matter without any reason. What is it?"

"It's just that everyone suspects that Mr. Calvin and the interpreter..." Tyson hesitated before continuing, "But I've warned them about it. Don't worry, Mr. Macari."

Samuel did not believe that Calvin would do anything wrong to Wynnie.

He knew how deeply in love the two were.

By the look of the rumors circulating in the building, he was curious to know how beautiful the interpreter was.

"Let's go and take a look." Samuel put down his pen before standing up.

Meanwhile, Tyson was slightly stunned. However, he could only follow Samuel obediently.

Meanwhile, Kathleen was helping Calvin with the interpretations.

As it was related to some very technical jargon, Simon and the others were worried that Kathleen would not be able to interpret it well.

However, Kathleen's performance was beyond everyone's expectations.

From her expression, they could see that she was not nervous at all.

Moreover, her interpretations were very accurate.

"Mr. Bach, Mr. Macari is pleased to welcome you once again to our country. We hope that you'll have a good time," she said.

Johann Bach then replied in Granatanolan, "Miss, your interpretation is very fluent and accurate. There's a banquet tonight. May I invite you to be my date for the dance?"

"No, you can't." A cold and low voice was heard coming from behind her.

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Everyone was very surprised to know that it was Samuel's voice.

Calvin cast him a side glance.

What is this? A certain sense of possessiveness?

“Of course, Mr. Bach. It’s my pleasure.” Kathleen offered her hand to Johann.

Happily, the latter took her hand and shook it.

Then, he went out with his team.

Once again, everyone had their eyes on Samuel and Kathleen.

Why did Samuel object to that?

Calvin started to give out instructions. “Simon, prepare an evening gown for Kathleen. Also, set an appointment with a make-up artist.”

“Yes, sir.” Simon nodded.

Samuel turned to look at Calvin calmly. “Dad, what is this about?”

“Kathleen wants to go to the banquet. I’m helping her with the evening gown.” He continued darkly, “Ever since you and Kate... In short, Kate has her own freedom. She doesn’t need you to control her life.”

Samuel’s face darkened.

Meanwhile, Kathleen looked at Calvin with admiration.

No wonder he’s the father of the bossy director!

Subsequently, Samuel narrowed his eyes at her.

He noticed that she was wearing a beautiful outfit that day. It complimented her skin in a way that showed her fair and unblemished complexion.

Moreover, she had a sweet and innocent smile.

When he arrived, he saw that everyone had their eyes on her.

It made him extremely displeased.

“Kate, let’s go to my office. You need to jot down the translations and print them out before handing them to me,” Calvin said coolly.

“Sure!” She was more than willing to follow him.

I don't want to see Samuel's darkened expression. He makes it look like I've owed him five million!

Calvin took Kathleen to leave the place.

Samuel, meanwhile, looked at her retreating back with a cold expression in his eyes. He was displeased.

When Kathleen was in Calvin's office, she typed the translations down. Then, she printed the document out and gave it to him.

After perusing it for a while, the man said, "You've done a good job. When did you learn Granatanolan?"

How can we not know that she's fluent in this?

"Dad, have you forgotten about it? My parents were in the medical field. They needed to translate the foreign materials themselves. When I was young, I always spent time with my father reading journals. Thus, I learned it little by little," she explained.

He nodded. "If your parents are still alive, it's possible that you will also be a doctor after being raised in that kind of environment."

However, she disagreed with his remarks. "I don't want to become a doctor now."

When she sat for her university entrance exam, she could choose medical as her university course.

Nevertheless, she gave up on the idea in the end.

Unable to face the trauma of losing her parents, she knew that she would not be able to even hold the scalpel. If she were to force herself, it could bring trouble for the patients.

It was also the reason why she chose to enroll in the film academy.

Nonetheless, she gave up the acting career as well.

Fortunately, she would still have many options on how to live her life even if she were to get a divorce.

Thus, she was not worried at all.

Calvin said, "Why don't you go and have some rest? We can go to the banquet together after I've finished my work."

Kathleen nodded. "Okay. I'll take my leave."

Suddenly, he asked, "Is this your first time in the company?"

Again, she nodded faintly. "Yes."

"Why don't you go to the rooftop? It's a very interesting place." Calvin started to recommend her places to go.

She let out a faint smile and said, "All right."

Having said that, she left the room.

Calvin sighed. What an innocent and naive daughter-in-law! It will be a waste if she falls for someone else.

Finally, Kathleen arrived at the rooftop.

She did not expect that the view would be so beautiful.

Moreover, they built a small garden with flowers and trees. There was also a small pond with colorful fish.

This is incredible. No wonder Dad told me that the view on the rooftop is interesting. Unfortunately, I didn't bring any fish pellets or bread. If I had, I could feed the fish here. It's fascinating that they are all sparkling under the sunlight.

After that, she put her hands together and closed her eyes. "Dear lucky fishes, I pray that my divorce with Samuel will be successful. If it goes well, I will feed you the premium fish pellets."

"Your wish won't come true." Samuel's voice was cold and menacing.

Stunned, Kathleen stood up and turned to look at him. When he was approaching her, the aura that he was exuding was cold and ruthless. It could be because he had worn a black shirt and a pair of black trousers.

With a frown, she said, "Why? It can't be because they only listen to you."

He snorted.

Then, he sat down and took out a bag of fish pellets. After that, he threw the pellets into the pond.

In a split second, the school of fish swam to eat the food.

"I'm the one who raises them. If they can make your wish come true, I will cook them," he said coldly.



Kathleen was at a loss for words.

“I don’t believe it.” Grabbing a handful of fish pellets from the bag in his hand, she threw them into the pond.

Weirdly enough, the fish dispersed immediately.

Again, she was rendered speechless. “What is there to be afraid of? He wouldn’t dare to eat you even after cooking you.”

The school of fish swam further away.

At that time, she began to doubt herself.

Can they actually understand what I’m saying?

Upon seeing her frustration and angry expression, Samuel felt his mood becoming better.

Subsequently, he grabbed a handful of fish pellets and threw it again into the pond.

The fish swam back happily.

Kathleen’s mouth twitched in anger.

“Even the fish bullies me.” Her voice was soft and meek even when she was angry.

It would only make people like her even more.

“Why are you here?” Samuel asked icily.

Gently, she explained, “You don’t have to remind me about it. I remember that you told me not to come to the company. But Dad needs an interpreter who speaks Granatanolan. Thus, here I am. Besides, I didn’t go to see you. Moreover, I didn’t reveal our relationship and my identity. You don’t have to worry. In fact, I’m more afraid to let other people know than you.”

“Why are you afraid?” He frowned.

“If we can get a divorce quietly, no one else knows that I will have a second marriage except my husband.” She continued sullenly, “If everyone knows that we’re married, they will know that I will be married for the second time later in the future. I’m not stupid to cause unnecessary trouble for myself.”

He was annoyed to hear her repeating the words again and again. She keeps mentioning a second marriage. It’s as if she has found a candidate to replace me!

Then, he said indifferently, "That Johann is a pervert. You can't dance with him."

"Haha! I can't say for sure that he's a pervert. But don't you think that you should mind your own business?" Kathleen frowned. "We will be divorced soon. Now that you will be my ex-husband, you don't have the right to stop me from dancing with other men. Will you still control my life after our divorce? Who gives you the right to do so?"

Samuel was furious.

After throwing all the fish pellets into the pond, he grabbed her arm. With an icy tone, he warned, "I don't have the right to control your life? Kathleen, let me tell you something. Even if we are divorced, I'm still your family. Thus, I can control your life!"

She retorted angrily, "Samuel, are you insane? I can tell you this. After we get a divorce, I will think of everyone as my family except you! There's nothing between us after we divorce. Don't even think of having a relationship with me. I refuse to let you—"

Before she could finish her sentence, Samuel had pressed his lips against hers.

However, they did not know that a helicopter had flown by just in the nick of time.

There was a photographer inside the helicopter. On that particular day, he was there to take photos of the view of the city.

It was a collaboration with a television station to do live streaming. As such, he managed to capture the image of Samuel kissing Kathleen.

Instantly, that footage went viral on the internet.

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Many netizens started commenting on the scene they had just witnessed. Someone wrote: Is this the rooftop of Macari Group? I have seen the introduction of this place before. They have built a pavilion on the rooftop of Macari Group, and there is a pond with a lot of colorful fish in it.

Another netizen posted: Whenever there are beautiful fish, there is me! I want to make a wish!

And that was followed by comments from others. Didn't any of you notice that two people are kissing?

I saw it! I saw it! I can't see their faces clearly, but judging from their height and figure, they are a good match.

Can someone tell me who they are? Even though I can't see their faces, I'm blushing already!

I took a screenshot just now and zoomed in a bit. The man is wearing a Patek Philippe watch. That watch is not something that ordinary people can afford.

He looks like Samuel Macari. As for the girl he's kissing, I have no idea at all who she is. However, from her shapely figure, I can tell she is a stunning beauty.

Of course! If he's really Samuel, how can he fall for an ugly woman?

Anyway, isn't Nicolette Yoeger Samuel's crush? I heard that she is back. Is this girl Nicolette?

So, is Nicolette finally going to marry Samuel?

Right then, Wynnie appeared in the comment area with her official account and commented: Thinking of marrying Samuel? In her next life, perhaps!

My goodness! My mother-in-law is here! Good day, Mom!

Is someone impersonating her?

Oh my gosh! It's Wynnie Staines, the well-known lawyer! It's really her!

Mother-in-law, please reveal the truth! Who is that little minx trying to steal my man?

It seems like mother-in-law is on my side! Both of us don't like Nicolette.

Mother-in-law, do you mind having a male daughter-in-law? I'm good at doing laundry and cooking!

Wynnie then commented: Thank you for your attention. I do know this young lady, and I like her very much.

Oh my God! I can't believe this little minx can get the approval of my mother-in-law! Who the heck is she?

I like whoever my mother-in-law likes! Please take a look at my comment, Mom!

I'm so sad, but since my mother-in-law has agreed to their relationship, I have to let go of him.

No! I choose to fight till my last breath! Mother-in-law, I'm much better than this little minx!

No matter who she is, I'm okay with it, as long as she's not Nicolette.

Just then, Wynnie appeared in the comment area again. She posted: This young lady is not a minx; she is a fairy! Everyone here is a fairy as well! Fairies must help out one another!

Seriously? Is my mother-in-law praising me as a fairy? I think she is implying something.

Does she mean that all of us are fairies, but someone is not? Who is that person then?

Of course, it's Nicolette! Wow! I can't believe that my mother-in-law is mocking someone, but I like it!

After Wynnie's comments, all the netizens temporarily forgot to reveal the young lady's identity.

Instead, they were discussing whether Nicolette was the person Wynnie was implying.

Since Wynnie had publicly expressed her disgust toward Nicolette, no matter how in love Samuel was, Nicolette would never had the chance to marry him.

Moreover, he was kissing another girl.

In other words, Nicolette had no chance at all of marrying Samuel.

Soon after, all the employees in Macari Group received an order not to reveal Kathleen's identity.

At that instant, everyone knew that Kathleen must be the daughter-in-law recognized by the Macari family.

However, who would ever think that she was the real daughter-in-law?

Once she heard the sound of the helicopter, Kathleen wanted to push Samuel away.

However, the latter hugged her tightly with both his arms, making her unable to move.

Besides, out of the corner of his eyes, he noticed a cameraman carrying a camera on the helicopter.

Therefore, he deliberately turned sideways to block Kathleen's face.

Her cheeks were blushing fiercely after being kissed by him. He would not allow others to see her charming appearance.

Only he was worthy of seeing that side of hers.

At that instant, Samuel suddenly realized his possessiveness toward her.

He wanted to have her all for himself in every single moment.

“You...” Kathleen bit her lips as her eyes turned watery.

Every time they kissed, she would look like that.

He had taught her how to breathe while kissing, but she couldn't master it.

Looking at her pitiful expression, he had the urge to take advantage of her.

“Silly,” Samuel stated and smirked.

“Samuel, you're not allowed to kiss me again!” Kathleen couldn't take it anymore. Her soft voice was full of anger. “We are going to divorce! This is sexual harassment!”

“Don't use that phrase without knowing its meaning. Do you know what sexual harassment is? I can show it to you if you want.” Samuel stared at her coldly.

“You!” Kathleen stomped her feet, looking adorable.

Who wouldn't like such an adorable young lady and have her by his side?

“If you want to feed the fishes, I'll send someone to bring you the bait. If not, follow me back now,” said Samuel nonchalantly.

“I came here with Dad. If I want to go back, I will find him myself.” Kathleen sounded unhappy. “You're just my future ex-husband.”

“Kathleen, we haven't divorced yet. As long as I don't agree, we will never get a divorce,” said Samuel angrily.

“Okay, as you wish!” Kathleen decided to go all out. “After all, it's great to be Mrs. Macari. Without having to struggle and suffer, I have much money to spend. I can even buy any food I want! It's just that someone might be pitiful. She had been longing to be your wife for so long but ended up this way.”

Samuel's eyes were fixed impassively at her.

“Samuel, you're the one who chose not to divorce. Since you insisted, I have my request as well. I don't want to be your hidden wife anymore! I want everyone to know that I'm Mrs. Macari! Otherwise, please sign our divorce papers.” Feeling annoyed, Kathleen was fuming as her face was red in anger.

He sneered, “Hah! Getting bolder now, huh? Since when did you learn to threaten me?”

Kathleen gritted her teeth and replied, "I'm not threatening you. Besides, I have Grandma supporting me. You can't do anything to me!"

Samuel looked at her and said, "You can tell everyone your identity. Let's see if you'll have a peaceful life after that."

At that, Kathleen was stunned.

"Once you reveal your identity, you can't simply appear in public. You can't go window shopping, eat fondue, or drink milk tea as you like. At every moment, you have to accept everyone's scrutinization. If you don't believe me, you can try it," said Samuel coldly.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Is that true? If my identity went public, I can't even have the freedom to eat fondue and enjoy milk tea anymore?

"Hah! Don't you dare lie to me! I can use your money to reserve the whole shopping mall! I can shop wherever I want and buy any food I like!"

Upon listening to that, Samuel sneered disdainfully, "Pathetic! So, your purpose in revealing your identity is merely for the sake of food and desserts? Don't you have any other useful plans?"

"Of course not! There are still spicy cheese chicken and chicken pie!" Talking about food, Kathleen was exceptionally well-versed.

"Such a foodie." Samuel's expression softened a little. "Other than that, you don't want anything else?"

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"What else would I want?" Kathleen asked in puzzlement.

"Think about it. Do you want to have fun alone?" Samuel reminded.

At that, Kathleen suddenly thought of something. "Oh! I can't spend all your money eating alone. So, I'm going to invite my friends as well!"

Samuel was rendered speechless.

He started to doubt if Kathleen had fallen for him.

“I hope that you will choke on your food,” said Samuel indifferently.

Kathleen snorted and replied, “I know what you mean, but I’m not of such a low standard. No matter how lonely I am, I will have other ways to make myself less lonely. I will never cheat on you or be with another man. I’ll fulfill my duties in marriage, and I won’t go overboard. I’m not like you, Samuel. Marriage is sacred, but you treat it as bondage. For me, it’s not.”

Samuel looked at her frostily. “Marrying a man who doesn’t love you, and you call this kind of marriage sacred?”

Kathleen’s face turned pale at that.

Samuel’s words had cut deep into her heart instantly.

It took a lot of effort for her not to cry in front of him, but his words caused her heart to ache terribly.

She felt the resentment and hatred bubbling from within at that instant.

She tried her best not to cry and care, but his remark was a hard blow.

It’s fine if he knew the truth, but why did he choose to say it?

Samuel never thought that Kathleen would cry.

Without saying anything, she wiped her tears away and stormed toward the exit.

Samuel’s eyes darkened as he stared at her.

Why is she crying all of a sudden? She is so fragile. Did I say something wrong?

Samuel got down from the rooftop.

Tyson walked toward him. “M-Mr. Macari.”

“Why are you stuttering?” Samuel asked coldly.

“The scene of you and Mrs. Macari on the rooftop just now was broadcasted. Besides, Ms. Staines publicly stated that she would not allow you to marry Ms. Yoeger. Now, everyone is discussing this,” reported Tyson.

Samuel knitted his brows. “Did anyone find out Kathleen’s identity?”

“Not at the moment.” Tyson shook his head and added, “Besides, Mr. Calvin had warned everyone in the company not to say anything about this matter.”

"I can't control what my mom says, but keep an eye on this matter. As long as they don't discover Kathleen's identity, everything's fine," said Samuel.

After all, the most important thing at that moment is to protect Kathleen's privacy.

"Yes, I understand." Tyson nodded and continued, "One more thing, Mr. Macari. Your phone keeps ringing. It's a call from Ms. Yoeger."

That incident spread all over the internet. How would Nicolette not be concerned about it?

"Okay," replied Samuel indifferently.

Back at his office, his phone was still ringing.

Picking up the phone, he said, "Hello?"

"Samuel, how could you kiss her?" Nicolette asked while sobbing.

How could I kiss her? Why can't I kiss her? She is my wife!

Samuel was frustrated. "Nicolette, you should know that I have kissed her countless times during the past three years. Don't tell me that you're going to fuss over all those."

Nicolette froze at that.

However, she didn't dare to be mean toward him like Kathleen did, as Samuel was her only hope.

Without him, she would have nothing.

No matter what, she would at least need Kathleen to donate her bone marrow first.

"Samuel, I'm not trying to blame you. It's just that..." Nicolette sobbed and added, "Samuel, I know your family members don't like me, and you must be under pressure. I'm sorry."

Nicolette's ladylike ways were different from Kathleen's.

Although Samuel could not pinpoint the contrast, he did sense the difference.

"Samuel, I know you're just trying to coax her to donate her bone marrow, right?" Nicolette tried to find excuses.

She could not bring herself to believe that Samuel had fallen for Kathleen.



“About the bone marrow, I’ll think of a way. You can hang up first.”

With that, Nicolette regretted, knowing that she had acted rashly.

“Samuel, can you come over to accompany me tonight?” Nicolette sobbed.

“Okay.” He nodded.

“I’ll wait for you.” With that, she hung up the phone.

Placing down his phone, Samuel remained expressionless.

Once Kathleen returned to the rest area, she noticed that the way everyone looked at her was odd.

What happened?

At that moment, a new notification popped up on her phone screen.

She whipped out her phone, only to realize that Wynn timer had added her into a group chat containing her, Wynn timer, and Diana.

Wynn timer shared a news to the group.

Clicking the link, Kathleen read the news and was nonplussed.

Wynn timer texted: I’m cool, right?

Kathleen replied: Long live my mother-in-law.

Diana then texted: Well done!

Wynn timer replied: Kate, you’ve done a great job as well! That’s what you need to do. You have to let them know that Samuel belongs to you! Although my son is now a sc\*mbag.

Kathleen chuckled the moment she saw that.

Why is my mother-in-law so adorable?

Diana texted: Both of you did a great job! I’ll reward you when you come home!

Wynn timer texted: Thank you, Mom!

With that, Diana sent a “No worries” sticker to the group.

She was indeed a modern folk.

Wynnie replied: Mom, it's Old Mrs. Yoeger's birthday banquet in three days. So, I'm planning to bring Kate with us this time.

Diana texted: I agree! We can't listen to Samuel and Katie anymore.

Kathleen replied: Grandma, Mom, I'd better not show up. After all, my identity is a little awkward.

Wynnie texted: What are you afraid of? We will introduce you to them as your grandma's god-granddaughter. After all, everyone knows that we have a god-daughter.

Diana agreed: That's right! You are my granddaughter. Why can't you attend the banquet merely because of Samuel?

Wynnie texted: Okay! I'll contact the boutique and ask them to prepare a gown for Kate.

Diana replied: Okay. Thank you.

Wynnie texted: No worries, Mom. Do remember to reward me during dinner!

Diana then sent her a cute emoji.

At that, Kathleen was dumbfounded.

"It looks like you guys are having a fun time chatting!" Calvin stood behind Kathleen.

The latte was so shocked that she immediately stood up. "Mr. Macari."

"There is no one here. You can call me Dad. It sounds strange to hear you calling me that way," said Calvin.

After all, Kathleen had been with the Macari family for more than ten years.

He did watch her grow up since young.

Therefore, he knew how thoughtful and obedient she was.

When Diana suggested Samuel marry Kathleen, he agreed as well.

"Don't be nervous. Have a seat first." Calvin spoke smilingly.

Kathleen sat down again.

"Kate, listen to me. No matter what happens to you and Samuel in the future, even if both of you have come to an end, don't neglect your mother-in-law and grandmother. Both of them like you very much."

“Dad, I won’t. I like Grandma and Mom a lot too. I respect you as well. I know all of you are different from Samuel. I won’t treat you like how I treat him,” replied Kathleen.

“I know you are a thoughtful girl. I have never worried about this. However, I would like to ask you a question. Have you really stopped loving Samuel?” Calvin asked.

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Kathleen was slightly startled by the question and started to grip her fair hand tightly.

Meanwhile, Calvin scrutinized her.

In fact, she did not need to answer anymore since her action had already betrayed her.

“Kate, you are ultimately bound to get hurt if you fall in love with someone like Samuel,” Calvin said solemnly. “I’m not just his father; I know him inside out. My son isn’t that honest, and his words sometimes contradict his action. You might have to comply with his requests, which could be unfair to you because love is supposed to be reciprocal. However, Samuel is extremely stubborn. Therefore, the woman who loves him must sacrifice a little more.”

Kathleen nodded. “I understand.”

“My son is born with a silver spoon. Hence, he naturally thinks that if a certain thing belongs to him, he does not need to fight for it or bother with it. Nonetheless, he will only realize how much he cares for it once it slips out of his hands,” Calvin uttered gently. “Perhaps, you should give him some time.”

Kathleen pursed her lips. “How much time should I give him? A day? A week? Or a lifetime?”

“This is for you to speculate.” Calvin’s voice fell to a hush. “I believe you will make your judgment at that time.”

Kathleen lowered her gaze and kept quiet.

She knew Calvin was persuading her to give Samuel another chance.

Why should I give him a chance, though? He and Nicolette had already done that unspeakable act.

Later that evening, Kathleen had changed into an indigo one-shoulder evening gown, making her look elegant.

The indigo gown only made her skin appear fairer than it already was.

Her long supple hair was pulled into a loose bun and was pinned up with a dark blue gemstone hairpin, giving her a beautiful and sophisticated image.

Kathleen had never dressed like that in front of anyone before.

It was her first time.

Calvin was very pleased. "Your mother-in-law instructed someone to deliver this gown to you."

"No wonder it fits me like a glove." Kathleen felt a surge of warmth in her heart.

"She wore this gown when we met each other for the first time." Calvin ruminated over the past.

Kathleen was stunned by the story behind this particular gown.

"Let's get in the car," Calvin said.

"Dad." Samuel stepped out of the company.

"You've knocked off from work," Calvin responded coolly. "I'll bring Kate to the banquet."

Samuel's darkened gaze fell on Kathleen, the look in his eyes unfathomable. "Dad, what would outsiders say if you brought her with you?"

"It's easy. I could say Kate is the one your grandmother adopted as her granddaughter. Otherwise, I'll tell everyone that her parents were your grandmother's saviors. Everybody knows that." Calvin had long thought of a good explanation.

"How do you plan to explain to people in the future if you assert that your daughter-in-law is Grandma's adopted granddaughter now?" Samuel spoke in a chilly tone. "I'll bring her there instead."

"Isn't this all your fault? Besides our family, no one else knows Kate is your wife," Calvin taunted. "That's fine too. After the divorce gets finalized, Kate will become the legitimate daughter of my family. You better not cause trouble at that time."

Samuel was rendered speechless.

Why would I cause any trouble?

"If not, why don't you let Kate decide?" After that, Calvin asked the young lady, "Whose car do you want to get in?"

“Mine.” Samuel grasped Kathleen’s hand.

Nonetheless, Kathleen retracted her hand and muttered, “Mr. Macari, it’s best if we avoid arousing suspicion.”

With that, she got into Calvin’s car.

Gloominess shrouded Samuel’s face.

Calvin shot his son a dubious look. “She said to avoid arousing suspicion, heard that?”

Samuel’s expression turned grim.

Once Calvin boarded the car, he ordered the driver to start driving.

As Calvin glanced at Samuel from the rearview mirror, his lips quirked into a small smile.

During the banquet, people began asking Calvin about Kathleen’s identity when they saw that he had brought her with him.

Calvin let out a chuckle. “Did you guys forget that my mother adopted a granddaughter ten years ago?”

“Oh, I see. So this is the girl.”

“Does that also means she’s a daughter of the Macari family?”

“That’s right.” Calvin grinned. “She’s Kathleen Johnson, my daughter.”

Kathleen was very well-behaved. “Hello, everyone,” she greeted politely.

The crowd nodded in response.

For Calvin to bring this lady here for an eye-opening experience, I highly suspect he wants to find a suitable husband for her.

Although Kathleen was not related to the Macari family by blood, her parents were Diana’s saviors. The latter even adopted her to be her god-grandchild. That would mean she still had a decent status in the family.

Some elders dragged their sons before Kathleen and introduced them to her.

It was undeniable that those elders and their sons seemed pretty reliable.

Although their family backgrounds were not as prominent as the Macari family, they weren't too shabby either.

Samuel, who stood nearby, was staring at the scene with a chilly gaze.

He could not help but feel uneasy when he noticed Kathleen chatting merrily with other men.

This eye-catching young lady is going to attract people's attention!

Samuel strode over gracefully. His tone was cold. "I got a few words to say to her." After that, he grabbed Kathleen's wrist and left.

They went to a place with no one around.

Kathleen could no longer hold back her anger. "What are you doing, Samuel? You were so rude just now!"

"Do you think those men were being courteous?" Samuel's face darkened. "Dad too; he clearly knows you're my wife, but he still introduced those people to you! What's so good about those men?"

"Are you crazy?" Kathleen fumed. "They don't know the relationship between us. Right now, we are siblings, get it?"

Siblings?

"Samuel, you reap what you sow. All these are the results of your actions." Kathleen let out a snort. "No one will ever know we're husband and wife. For us to carry on as siblings will do."

Upon saying that, Kathleen was about to leave.

However, Samuel pulled her back and pressed her against the wall. He snarled, "Kathleen, how bold of you to insist we're siblings instead of a married couple!"

Kathleen bit her lip in frustration. "Samuel, if you dare kiss me again, don't blame me for betraying you! I'll let everyone here know about our relationship! Kiss me if you dare!"

Samuel grabbed her chin and kissed her passionately.

He had long wanted to do that to her ever since he saw how beautifully dressed up she was.

How could someone like her be so gentle, cute, alluring, and exquisite all at once? Not only that, she isn't pretentious, and none of the expressions she portrays is fake.

That was why he did not want anyone to lay their eyes on her all the more.

He also had no clue when he had become obsessed with the woman and could not get enough of her.

Kathleen pounded on the man's chest with her fists with all her might. "Let go of me! Samuel, you shameless man! Why did you kiss me when you obviously have no feelings toward me? We're about to get a divorce, but why are you still bullying me? Haven't I always obeyed your words and acted as Nicolette's substitute and your anonymous wife for the past three years? I have nothing left, so what else do you want from me?"

Loving this man had caused her to lose too many things.

She wanted to recover them bit by bit, but Samuel had become her hindrance.

"You still have me." Samuel drew her into his embrace. "No matter what happens, you still have me."

## **All Too Late Chapter 36**

"I just want to have a proper husband, Samuel. If you can't give me that, then stop trying to get yourself involved with me," Kathleen pleaded in great distress. "Every time you kiss me, it makes me hesitate. I begin to wonder if you might like me just a little bit, but the things you do afterward shatter me completely. Please stop torturing me. I'm begging you."

Tears were streaming down her cheeks uncontrollably.

The sorrow and pain she was experiencing were unbearable.

Kathleen was well aware of how much she loved Samuel.

It wasn't just a matter of time. Rather, he had become a permanent part of her life.

Only she knew how agonizing it was to have to rip him out of her life just like that.

Despite the fresh wound that he had left behind, she still loved him.

It took time for wounds to heal, after all.

What she needed was time.

What she didn't need was Samuel coming back to reopen that wound of hers right as she was trying to close it slowly. He was making her experience heart-wrenching torment once again.

At that point, she was bawling her eyes out in Samuel's arms.

There was no way she would be able to head back in that state.

Samuel took off his suit and covered her with it before pulling her into his embrace. "Come on. Don't cry."

"Stop being so nice to me. Just stay indifferent. Quit trying to manipulate me," Kathleen sobbed.

"Who else am I nice to other than you?" He felt like he was at his wit's end.

"Nicolette," she mumbled. Her eyes were red-rimmed. "I told you I wanted a proper husband, Samuel. If you're willing to be one, we can live happily from now on. If not, we should make things clear right now. Then, we can go our separate ways in the future."

He stared at how pitiful she looked. There was slight hoarseness to his voice as he asked, "Can you give me a bit of time?"

That left Kathleen startled.

"Just give me some time to straighten everything out," he said while caressing her face.

Truthfully speaking, he was quite reluctant to let her go.

"How long?" Her lips were pursed together. "I can't keep dragging things out with you, Samuel. There's no way I can wait as long as a year, either."

"One month," Samuel proposed in a deep voice.

After a moment of contemplation, she replied, "I can give you that much, but I have my own demands."

"What are they?" he questioned. There was a smile on his face.

"Give me a copy of the divorce agreement with your signature on it. If you and Nicolette are still hung up on each other after a month, I'll sign the papers and leave," insisted Kathleen. She wanted to have a backup plan for herself instead of waiting around like an idiot.

He chuckled in response. "Sometimes, I feel like you're as innocent as a baby. Other times, I find you rather cunning."



“Are you going to give it to me or not?” she complained.

Samuel slapped his hand against her outstretched one. “I will.”

“Good. I want it by tomorrow,” she ordered, then bit her lip.

“Sure.” He nodded his head.

Kathleen hesitated for a while, then stated, “This is really going to be the last chance I give you, Samuel. I hope you’re not doing this to lead me on or trick me. I know I’m soft-hearted, but I would never let anyone take advantage of me.”

“I won’t trick you,” he promised while staring at her.

“Also…” Her gaze turned cold as she trailed off. “You’re not allowed to get intimate with Nicolette ever again.”

Upon hearing that, Samuel frowned.

Get intimate with her? I’ve never even done that before. Is she talking about physical contact?

“Got it,” he agreed.

Only then did she feel better.

Nonetheless, she was still incredibly on edge because she couldn’t tell what Samuel’s true intentions were.

What am I going to do if he really is just trying to trick me?

“Let’s go back,” Samuel suggested. He grabbed her hand before heading outside.

“Shouldn’t we tell Dad?” Kathleen protested softly.

Even though she had just cried herself silly, she still hadn’t completely regained her composure.

On top of that, she hadn’t forgotten her manners either.

“Don’t worry about it.” He simply brushed the matter off.

“Where are we going, then?” she inquired.

“Well, where do you want to go?” asked Samuel in response.

“Let’s go back to the condominium,” said Kathleen after a pause.

“Okay. Come on.” He proceeded to walk out of the hotel with her hand in hand.

Once they returned to the condominium, Kathleen put on a pair of indoor slippers with bunny ears.

On the other hand, Samuel had used the same pair of simple black slippers since the start.

In the past, Kathleen had gotten them matching ones, but he had only complained about it with disdain.

In fact, Samuel viewed most couple-themed products with contempt.

The way he saw it, they were nothing but childish things that only young girls would be into.

What he had forgotten, however, was the fact that Kathleen was a young girl herself, not to mention a soft and gentle one.

After changing into their slippers, Samuel pressed her against the wall and kissed her.

It was even more intense than the kiss they had shared back in the hotel.

Kathleen was overcome with terror. Her dainty fist pounded on his chest as she fiercely uttered, “You’re not allowed to get intimate with me until the month is over.”

“Why?” He grimaced.

“It’s... It’s a test,” she muttered. “If you manage to pass the test after the month is up, I’ll give you a surprise.”

In the event that he actually chose to be with her from then on, she would come clean about the baby.

She would simply look forward to how exactly he was going to deal with Nicolette.

“So, after one month, you’ll give in to me?” he questioned while scrutinizing her.

“That’s right,” she affirmed with a nod.

“You should know what the consequences of making me hold back for a whole month are,” warned Samuel. His calloused fingers tenderly brushed against her delicate chin, and he stared into her eyes with a devilish gaze.

"I know." Kathleen was being perfectly obedient.

Either way, she figured that once she told him that she was pregnant and couldn't share a room with him, he wouldn't be able to do anything, either.

Hehe!

"I'm going to take a shower," he told her.

Kathleen nodded. "Okay."

Samuel proceeded to turn around and go into the house while she let out a sigh of relief and clenched her fists.

If Samuel truly intended to stay with her, then she could just act like she knew nothing about him and Nicolette.

Kathleen decided to give Wynnie a call. "Samuel and I won't be going back tonight, Mom."

Wynnie arched a brow. "Has he gone to see Nicolette again? He's using you as his cover, isn't he?"

"No, that's not it," Kathleen immediately denied.

"Could you get me a towel, Kathleen?" Samuel piped up with his deep voice.

"Coming," she answered.

The moment Wynnie heard that exchange, she could tell that it was Samuel's voice.

"Okay. Got it," she said with a grin. "You both should rest early."

After that, she hung up.

Kathleen placed her phone down and went to pass Samuel a towel.

When he opened the door to take it from her, he was completely naked.

The man's figure was unbelievably well-built, and he could even beat that of the models in fashion magazines. No matter what he wore, he still looked slender; when undressed, though, his muscles were perfectly defined.

He had something unique about him that most people didn't.

As a rather conservative woman, Kathleen wasn't really the type to open up to others.

The only experience that she had was with Samuel himself.

Because of that, seeing him so exposed made her cheeks flush in embarrassment. Her face was so red that she looked like a tomato. She was so naive that it was out of this world.

That purity and innocence of hers were exactly what he liked about her.

She had yet to be tainted by the world.

Kathleen instantly turned around. Even the tips of her ears felt hot.

Samuel wrapped the towel around himself and approached her from behind. He lowered his head and nibbled on her ear with his icy, thin lips. "It's been three years. Why are you still so shy?"

A shiver ran through her body. "You promised me, Samuel."

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## **All Too Late Chapter 37**

“Don’t worry. I’ve always been a man of my word,” Samuel assured before casually biting her ear again. “Otherwise, you wouldn’t even have the room to speak right now.”



"I'm hungry. I'm going to go make some pasta." Kathleen diverted the topic and escaped right away.

Samuel revealed a frosty smile.

What a coward. I don't know what she's so scared of.

Out of nowhere, she turned back around. "Have you eaten yet?"

"Yes." He nodded.

She flashed a smile that reached her eyes. "Okay."

Following that, she turned and went to cook some food.

In the meantime, Samuel blow-dried his hair and put on some clothes.

At that moment, his phone rang.

It was a call from Nicolette.

He picked up and asked, "What is it?"

"When are you coming, Samuel?" Nicolette whined pathetically. "I have to undergo chemotherapy tomorrow. I'm scared."

"I'm busy today..." Samuel had only just begun to answer when Kathleen walked over.

"The pasta's done, Sam!" she announced.

Her voice left Nicolette stunned.

Is that Kathleen's voice? Is he with her right now? What's going on here? I'm sure she's heard the recording. How could she be with him?

"All right," Samuel responded with a nod. "I'll come over right now."

Kathleen, who didn't know that he was on a call with Nicolette, grinned. "Don't worry about it. Finish up whatever you're doing while I go and make a few side dishes."

Having said that, she stepped back out.

"Nicolette," he murmured with his voice lowered.

"It's okay, Samuel. I know you're tired, so it's fine if you don't come and see me today," Nicolette reassured and tried to seem understanding. "You should eat a bit more. Eat enough for the both of us."

"Haven't you eaten yet?" Samuel inquired indifferently.

"No. I don't have much of an appetite," she admitted and bit her lip. "I heard Kathleen say that she made some pasta for you two. I'd love to have some, too. The food they serve here isn't appetizing at all."

Actually, she had only said that so that Samuel would bring her the food that Kathleen had made.

It wasn't because she actually wanted to eat the pasta.

Instead, Nicolette intended to let Kathleen know that Samuel would do whatever she asked for.

"I'll get Tyson to bring you some," he offered.

His words once again left Nicolette in a daze.

Is he not coming?

"It's fine. I wasn't being serious. You should go ahead and eat. I won't bother you any longer," Nicolette murmured miserably. "I'll be fine alone, Samuel. When I was out of the country for the past three years, I handled everything on my own, whether it was about my illness or anything else. I can go through it all alone. You don't need to bother with me."

With that, she hung up the phone.

Samuel furrowed his brows.

What she had said made him intensely uncomfortable, but he couldn't pinpoint the exact reason why.

After putting on his shirt, he went outside to see Kathleen walking out of the kitchen with some side dishes in her hands.

She wore pink casual clothes, and her long, silky hair was tied in a high ponytail. The aura she exuded was youthful and precious.

To top it all off, she was even wearing an apron with rabbit and carrot patterns on it.

No matter how one looked at her, she was the definition of adorable.

Even when she thought nobody was around, she still looked gentle and relaxed. There was no sense of pressure around her.

“Let’s eat, Sam,” she coaxed with a sweet smile on her face.

Samuel went over, and they made their way to the dining room.

Kathleen had prepared two plates of pasta.

There were eggs, shrimp, and ham on his plate.

As for hers, there was only pasta, eggs, and some vegetables.

“Why are you eating such plain food?” he asked while taking a seat.

After all, she was the one who liked eating ham the most.

“I’ll have trouble digesting heavy food this late at night,” she explained with a pout.

Honestly, she didn’t want to eat it at all.

In fact, she had the urge to throw up but held it in.

“You sure are pampered,” he remarked.

Kathleen sat down as well, and they both began to dig in.

It had been a long time since they had shared a meal together.

It was as if they had gone back to the days when Nicolette hadn’t returned yet.

Whenever Samuel had to work late into the night, she would wait for him.

Once he came back, she would prepare a plate of pasta or some piping hot mushroom soup. It had become a habit of hers.

However, while they were eating, she noticed that he was a little out of it.

It makes sense. It’s not like he would be able to get over Nicolette that easily. I promised to give him a month’s time, so I won’t bring it up until the month is over.

Following the meal, Kathleen washed up all the dishes before taking a shower.

When she came out of the bathroom, she noticed that Samuel wasn’t around.

Did he leave again?

She let out a sigh. I shouldn't have had any hope in a b\*stard like him.

Bang!

An abrupt sound traveled from the outside.

It caused Kathleen's face to turn pale. Has a thief broken in? Did Samuel forget to lock the door because he was in a hurry? D\*mn you, Samuel!

Kathleen took a look around the bedroom and picked up a vase.

She summoned her courage and approached the door.

After sucking in a deep breath, she turned the doorknob and opened it.

The lights in the living room were still off, but the door was wide open.

Oh God. Someone really has broken in!

If she and her baby were to perish right then and there, she would never forgive Samuel, even in death.

The sound of footsteps reached her ears. They came from the living room.

She backed into the house and fished out her phone to call the police.

"Hello? Police? There's a thief in my house," she stammered. Her body was trembling from anxiety.

"Could you tell us your address?" the policeman requested.

Kathleen did as he said.

"Got it. We'll come over right now. Please stay put and make sure you're safe," he informed.

"Okay," she replied while cowering in fear.

Knock! Knock!

She could hear someone knocking on the door, and her body began shaking even more violently.

Why is this thief so polite? He's even knocking on the door.

“Why did you lock the door, Kathleen?” Samuel’s voice traveled into the house from outside the door.

The sound of it left Kathleen dumbstruck.

Samuel? I thought he left.

She quickly ran over to open the door and saw that it really was Samuel.

“Why are you still here?” asked Kathleen out of shock.

“Why wouldn’t I be?” He frowned. “I was smoking just now, and I accidentally spilled the ashtray. I went to throw the trash, and when I came back, I saw that the bedroom door was locked. I heard you whispering inside, too.”

A wave of awkwardness washed over her. “Why did you have to turn the lights off if you just went to throw the trash? Why didn’t you close the door after you were done, either?”

“The kitchen light is on, isn’t it? I only need a bit of light to see. I opened the door so that I could air out the smell of smoke from the living room. I thought you hated the smell of cigarettes?” Samuel explained.

Kathleen pursed her lips. It seemed that there was a huge misunderstanding.

Just then, two police officers walked in.

“Stop right there!” one of them ordered strictly. “Don’t hurt that woman. Put your hands up!”

Both Samuel and Kathleen were rendered speechless.

“I’m sorry!” Kathleen began apologizing to them profusely. She was so full of shame that she couldn’t even lift her head. “I’m so sorry, sir. I got it all wrong. I’m really sorry.”

Samuel stared at her with his arms crossed. There was a subtle smile at the corner of his mouth.

“Well, it’s good that you keep your guard up, young lady. It’s amazing that your first move was to contact the police, but next time, tell us right away if it was a misunderstanding.” The policemen were clearly dumbfounded by the turn of events.

“Yes. I understand.” Kathleen was on the verge of tears at that point. She couldn’t have known that Samuel was still around.

The policemen eyed Samuel and found him rather familiar. “You should reflect on yourself too, sir. Why would your wife think that you weren’t at home?”

Samuel remained quiet.

## All Too Late Chapter 38

"It was my fault, sir. Please don't blame him," she piped up in humiliation.

"Well, since everything's okay, we'll take our leave now." In any case, the policemen knew it wasn't their place to poke their nose into a couple's personal affairs.

"Goodbye, sir." Kathleen bid them farewell politely.

She only walked back after they had entered the elevator and stared at Samuel awkwardly.

There was a forced smile on his face. "Hmph."

Kathleen approached him and muttered, "I'm sorry."

"Thanks to you, I was questioned by the police for the first time in my life," he commented indifferently.

Gnawing on her lip, she protested, "I assumed you had left already. The door was open, too. I thought a thief broke in."

"You assumed?" he repeated while frowning.

"I..." Kathleen didn't know what to say.

Thwack!

He gave her a flick to the forehead and warned, "You didn't do too badly this time. Since you know that you shouldn't be reckless, I'll forgive you just this once. If this happens again, I'll break your legs."

As she rubbed the sore spot on her forehead, she had a pitiful and wronged expression. "Can you really blame me, though? I thought you were rushing to see Nicolette and forgot to close the door."

That made Samuel frown.

Is she really trying to justify herself here?

“Think about it. Why do you think I chose this place as our new home?” he prompted gloomily. “The security downstairs is so tight. Do you really think a thief could get in? Why don’t you use your brain a little?”

“You can never be too cautious,” she insisted in an aggrieved manner. “You just said that I didn’t do too badly!”

Samuel let out a chilling huff. “You’re really going to make me explode from anger someday, Kathleen.”

In response to that, Kathleen puffed up her cheeks. She looked like a kicked puppy.

That night, the two of them were lying in bed.

There wasn’t much movement going on.

Neither of them was tired, but they weren’t talking to each other, either.

Rather, they were both deep in thought.

However, considering that Kathleen was pregnant, she couldn’t fight off her sleepiness for long.

Some time later, Samuel’s phone rang.

Of course, a ringtone played along with it.

“What?” he exclaimed. There was a grim look on his face. “Got it. I’ll head over right away.”

“What is it, Sam?” Kathleen had woken up from the commotion.

“The security guards downstairs gave me a call. I’m going to take a look.” His answer was deliberately vague.

Her lips were pursed as he got changed and went downstairs.

She noticed that he took his phone and car keys with him.

There was an unsettling feeling in her heart, so she put on a white coat and discreetly followed him down.

When Samuel got downstairs, he saw Nicolette curled up into a ball on the couch.

The weather was cold outside, and she was only dressed in a hospital gown.

“Nicolette,” he called out. Samuel made his way over to her and immediately took off his coat to drape it around her.

“Samuel!” she yelled. Nicolette jumped up and clung to his neck while sobbing, “I’m so scared, Samuel. I’m scared of the chemotherapy tomorrow. The doctor told me that my hair was going to fall out. I’m going to become ugly!”

Samuel’s breathing grew deeper, and he reached his large hand out to pat her on the back. “How could that be? You’ve always been beautiful.”

“I’m terrified, Samuel. Can you chat with me for a bit before going back up?” she whined.

“I’ll take you back to the hospital.” There was no way he could let her hang around there.

If she were to get sick with a cold or a fever, it would be disastrous for someone like her, who had leukemia.

All of a sudden, Nicolette stared at someone behind him. “Kathleen?”

The realization made him freeze.

He let go of Nicolette and caught sight of Kathleen standing nearby.

Kathleen’s exquisite features were hidden behind the coat as she strode over.

“Why did you leave the hospital to come here in the middle of the night, Nicolette?” she confronted. “You’re an adult already. You should know how many people would be worried about you. Of all places, you came straight to Samuel. Are you trying to make him feel bad for you?”

Nicolette forlornly protested, “That’s not what I was trying to do, Kathleen. I just felt helpless. I have chemotherapy tomorrow, which is why I—”

“Whose fault is it that you feel that way? Is it mine?” Kathleen retorted. Her usually soft tone had become harsh and biting. “At least you have a father. For the three years that you were overseas, he was the one providing you with money the whole time, wasn’t he? I don’t have a single living relative. Don’t you think I need Samuel more than you do?”

“Stop it, Kathleen,” Samuel interjected unhappily.

“You came here at this ungodly hour to kick up a fuss. You’re trying to steal Samuel away, aren’t you?” she continued to accuse. There wasn’t a hint of warmth in her eyes. “Even if you manage to lure him into your arms, how long do you think he will love you?”



Nicolette chewed on her lip.

Kathleen isn't gentle at all! In fact, she doesn't hold back with her words.

"This is right below our apartment, Samuel. Everyone who passes through this place knows what kind of relationship we're in. What are people going to think when they see you hugging another woman over here?" Kathleen pointed out while quivering.

It was then that Samuel noticed the weird looks that the security guards were sending them.

Even though their marriage was a secret to the public, the security guards were aware of it. It wasn't like they would run their mouths, though.

Despite that, it would be hard to explain to them what was going on.

Having said that, Kathleen sighed. "Just send her back."

She turned to leave. Her petite, lonely silhouette was heartbreaking.

Meanwhile, Nicolette's jaw was about to break from how hard she was clenching her teeth.

Initially, she had thought that by making trouble, Kathleen would lose all sense of reason and go into hysterics in front of Samuel. That way, he would begin to despise her.

What she didn't expect was for Kathleen to act completely differently from what she had predicted.

"I swear that isn't what I meant, Samuel," Nicolette persisted. "Kathleen must have misunderstood things. Give her an explanation. I'll wait for you here."

"There's no need for that. I'm sending you back to the hospital." Complex emotions had taken over Samuel's mind. "I'll give her a proper explanation when I get home."

An explanation? Is Samuel really going to do that? He usually can't be bothered with things like explanations, even if it was a misunderstanding.

Nicolette kicked herself for leaving for three years in an attempt to use reverse psychology. It was the only reason why Kathleen had gotten the opportunity to step in, after all.

Once Kathleen got home, she leaned against the door and put her hands on her belly. Her voice was choked with sobs. "I wonder, my child. Even if I gave him a year's worth of time, would he have cleared up his relationship with Nicolette by then? To tell the

truth, the chance that I gave him makes it so that he'll never be able to go back on his choice. I'm sorry for being a useless mother. I can't even provide you with a proper family. I'm truly sorry. I promise to give you the love you deserve from now on. I'll never make you feel unloved."

She was well aware of the fact that a month would pass by in no time.

Therefore, she had to start planning for the future.

No longer did she have the luxury of waiting on Samuel to deal with everything before she started thinking of the road ahead.

That would be too complacent of her.

Thus, she turned on her computer and sat in front of it.

After editing the image for a bit, she sent it to Federick.

Surprisingly enough, he replied in no time at all.

Federick: Why aren't you asleep yet?

Kathleen: I'm getting ready for bed right now.

Federick: It's already so late. You should take care of yourself.

Kathleen: Yes, I know.

Federick: There's going to be a seminar for parents of autistic children later this afternoon. Would you like to come?

Kathleen: You're asking me?

Federick: There's nothing more to it. To be honest, I got the inspiration for those stories from them. Who knows? Maybe if you interact with them a bit, you'd experience something new.

Kathleen: Sure. I'll go.

## **All Too Late Chapter 39**

She wasn't going to think about when Samuel was going to return home, and she refused to care about it.

Instead, she planned her schedule for the day before catching up on some sleep.

The feeling in her heart wasn't sorrow, nor was it pain.

All she felt was numb.

No matter how she kicked up a fuss or threw tantrums, Samuel would still choose to send Nicolette back.

Ultimately, in Samuel's eyes, she was much more important than Kathleen.

That was something she should have understood from the start.

The only reason why she had given him a month's time was that she was stalling.

On the other hand, Samuel had sent Nicolette back to the hospital, but she was worried that he would return to Kathleen.

In all honesty, she was starting to get the feeling that she didn't have complete control over his heart any longer.

She worried that if she let go for just a second, he would be gone forever.

Samuel and Kathleen had been married for three years.

He had already gotten intimate with her.

Nicolette had conducted some detective work of her own and discovered the servants at their house saying how he was head over heels for Kathleen.

She didn't know if they were referring to Kathleen's body or soul, but she couldn't accept it regardless.

"Are you leaving, Samuel?" Nicolette's face was twitching as she wept.

"I'm going to get the doctor," he elaborated. "Tuck yourself in properly. I don't want you to catch a cold."

"I don't need a doctor, Samuel. I need you." She wrapped her arms around his waist and whimpered, "I'm not going to live long without any bone marrow, Samuel. Can't you take pity on me and stay with me a bit longer?"

The look on Samuel's handsome face was exceptionally grim. "I won't let you die."

"But Kathleen said she would never donate her bone marrow to me," she complained. "Is she not satisfied with having been your wife for the past three years? All we have to

do is give her more money after the divorce. If she hates me, I'll kneel and apologize to her. I'll do anything."

"Calm down," Samuel coaxed quietly. "I told you that I would think of something."

Her eyes glistened with tears. "You said you would have a solution in three days, though. It's been three days already, hasn't it?"

"I know," he mumbled. "Just lie down."

He turned to leave after saying that.

Nicolette bit her lip. How could this be? What on earth is Samuel thinking?

In the meantime, Samuel went from the ward to the doctor's office.

It just so happened that the doctor was on duty right then.

"What's the matter, Mr. Macari?" he asked in surprise.

"Nicolette ran away in the middle of the night. Did you guys know about this?" he questioned with a grimace.

That shook the doctor to his core. "What? I'll get someone to look for her immediately!"

"I've already taken her back." Samuel's stare was a hostile one. "I'm sure you know why I got Nicolette to stay here."

Feeling confused, the doctor replied, "Yes, I do."

"How have the last three days been? Did you find another suitable bone marrow donor?" Samuel cut to the chase.

"Yes. We found one, but she's pregnant at the moment. She won't be able to donate for the time being," the doctor murmured.

Pregnant?

"When is she going to give birth?" Samuel inquired coldly.

"In another three or four months at least. That doesn't mean she can donate right away, though. She won't be able to donate during the breastfeeding period, either," explained the doctor.

The air around Samuel was freezing. "Just tell me how long we have to wait."

“At least a year,” the doctor answered.

“How long does Nicolette have to live?” asked Samuel.

The doctor quietly responded, “Half a year.”

However, the look in Samuel’s eyes gave him a scare, so he quickly added, “Naturally, if Ms. Yoeger cooperates with the treatment, she’ll be able to live a bit longer.”

In a frigid tone, Samuel prompted, “How about tomorrow’s chemotherapy?”

“It’ll be Ms. Yoeger’s first time doing it, so she’ll have a pretty severe reaction.” The doctor was honest and straightforward. “She’ll suffer from vomiting, nausea, as well as hair loss.”

Samuel’s eyes darkened. “If you can’t find anyone in the country, then expand the search to the whole world.”

The doctor pursed his lips. “Ms. Johnson—”

“Don’t even think about her,” Samuel cut in. The malice in his gaze was potent. “Nobody can force her if she doesn’t want to do it.”

“I was just asking,” stuttered the doctor in terror.

“Contact the international hospitals right away,” ordered Samuel. “I want results in three days.”

“Understood.” The doctor nodded fervently.

On the other hand, Nicolette, who had been eavesdropping outside the door, began trembling after hearing what Samuel had told the doctor.

A cruel, icy smile surfaced on her pale face.

I guess you are biased, Samuel.

The next day, Kathleen washed up and was ready to go out.

She had put on a black blouse with a ruffled collar, which was decorated with a wine-red silk ribbon. Other than that, she was wearing a white, floor-length dress with a floral pattern and a pair of leather shoes.

Her outfit made her exude a scholarly aura from head to toe.

With a blue leather bag on her back, she stepped out of the door and went to the lobby downstairs.

The security guards greeted her.

Even though she could sense the tinge of pity in their gaze, she simply grinned in response and greeted them back before leaving.

Federick had parked his car at the entrance.

He had insisted on picking her up that morning.

Kathleen had tried to refuse but eventually conceded and gave him her address.

She was sitting in the passenger seat that time around.

“Is Madeline not coming?” Kathleen asked curiously.

“This is a seminar, so there’ll be a lot of people. Madeline tends to get headaches when she goes to crowded places,” Federick clarified.

Kathleen nodded. “You guys must have it hard, Federick.”

“Well, of course. It’s not like we can do anything about it, though. Honestly, as long as Madeline isn’t triggered by anything, she’s a good kid for the most part. Despite how obedient she is, sometimes you really wish she would cry and scream at you. At the very least, she would be able to communicate with the outside world,” Federick stated with a hint of frustration.

Kathleen pursed her lips. “You guys are really admirable, Federick.”

“You’ll know what it’s like when you become a mother yourself. That’s your own kid, after all. You’ll never be able to disregard them and throw them aside,” he voiced.

She nodded in acknowledgment as she made up her mind to be a good mother.

“I saw your drafts. I’m really satisfied with them,” said Federick while beaming.

Kathleen blinked in confusion. “Huh?”

“I’m saying that you passed, Ms. Johnson. Are you going to sign a contract with me or what?” He chuckled.

“Of course!” she yelled. Kathleen was nodding her head excitedly, but she also couldn’t help but stare at him in puzzlement. “You’re not taking pity on me because of the fact that I took care of Madeline, right, Federick?”

That made him laugh. “Don’t worry about that. This picture book is an important one. There’s no way I would sacrifice the sales just to take pity on someone. You’re genuinely skilled, I swear.”

A sigh of relief escaped her mouth. She beamed brightly and replied, “That’s a relief, then. I really don’t want to drag anyone down.”

“I know.” He shot her a meaningful look. “Come to my publishing firm tomorrow to sign the contract. I’ll get someone to prepare the documents.”

“Sure,” she agreed while continuing to nod passionately.

It was her first job ever.

In no time at all, they got to their destination.

The seminar was being held in a finance hub at the center of the city.

Kathleen followed Federick in.

At that moment, Samuel happened to walk out of the elevator with the people from his company, who had all seen Kathleen before.

They knew who she was.

Samuel had caught sight of her as well. He watched as she chatted with Federick happily.

## **All Too Late Chapter 40**

She says she’ll give me a month to settle matters. But she’s on a date with some other guy the next day? Kathleen... What do you take me for? Samuel mused.

Tyson was standing aside, feeling a bit nervous.

He first saw Kathleen standing together with another man. It was undeniable that Kathleen was gorgeous. She looked like a perfect match with whosoever was standing next to her.

Mrs. Macari is cute and innocent. Why doesn’t Mr. Macari like her?

Meanwhile, Kathleen and Federick had received their entrance tickets. When they were about to enter the hall, a man ran into Kathleen.

She lost her balance and nearly fell. Luckily, Federick wrapped his arm around her waist.

Samuel's expression turned beyond grim at that moment.

"Are you okay?" When Kathleen was able to stand on her feet, Federick let go of his arm.

"I'm fine." Kathleen heaved a sigh of relief. She thought she was going to fall and hurt the baby.

"There are a lot of people here today. Be careful," Federick reminded her.

Kathleen nodded. "I will sit still after entering the hall. I won't move a single bit."

Federick smiled. "Good girl."

At the same time, Samuel walked toward them. His face darkened when he heard Federick's commend. I know Kathleen is perfect. But she doesn't need your compliment.

"Ms. Johnson," Tyson greeted Kathleen.

They're husband and wife, but they have to hide their relationship from outsiders. Doesn't Mr. Macari know that this will only make the situation worse and estrange her further from him?

Just then, Kathleen turned slightly. She was stunned when she saw Samuel together with Tyson. "Why are you here?" she asked.

"What about you?" Samuel returned the question.

She's dressed nicely today, and with her sweet and innocent face, she looks adorable. Ever since she's here, there have already been a few pairs of eyes pinned on her.

Actually, Federick managed to figure out the relationship between Samuel and Kathleen earlier back then. However, he did not expose them. "Mr. Macari, I was the one who brought Kate here. It's a conference for families with autistic members."

Family with autistic members? Is Kathleen one of his family?

This irritated him. Samuel teased, "Mr. Evans, Kathleen doesn't have any family members with autism."

Federick understood what he meant. He then replied, "If she is willing to, she can have one."



Samuel stared at the man coldly. He is only the owner of a publishing firm. How dare he try to go against me?

Kathleen felt uneasy. "Federick?"

Please don't do anything reckless. Samuel will get offended.

"Mr. Macari, I used to be Kate's neighbor since we were young. She's just like a little sister to me." Federick grinned and added, "When the matter happened, my parents were thinking of adopting Kate since we don't have any girls in the family. If it weren't because the Macari family's wealth is way above average, I think she will never meet with you."

Samuel narrowed his eyes and became enraged.

To lighten up the atmosphere, Kathleen explained, "Samuel, I just want to know more about the sickness. If you're busy with your work, don't mind me. Please go ahead. Bye for now."

With that, she pulled Federick and headed to the hall.

Unexpectedly, Samuel hugged her from behind and would not let go.

Sweat beaded across her forehead. What is he doing in public?

"I'm interested in that as well. Let's go take a look," Samuel said coldly.

Tyson was stunned for a second. "Mr. Macari, what about the business banquet later?"

"I will go over with her after the conference." Soon after finishing his words, he went into the hall with his arm around Kathleen's shoulder.

Tyson cast a sidelong glance at Federick and said, "Mr. Evans, just a kind reminder, Ms. Johnson is—"

"You don't have to say anything. I know it. I just don't like to see Kathleen feel wronged. I do not have any improper thoughts about her. I treat her like a little sister. If I do have any motives, believe me, Mr. Macari will not have his chance." Federick spoke gently.

Tyson was dumbfounded. His words make sense. So, Mr. Evans is doing it on purpose to infuriate Mr. Macari? I didn't expect that! He is gentle but sneaky at the same time.

On the other hand, Samuel led Kathleen into the hall.

Samuel Macari, a genius in the business world. Who was not aware of him? Although his father, Calvin Macari, was a legendary businessman, Samuel had already overdone him.

Immediately after they entered the hall, Kathleen pushed Samuel's hand away. She whispered, "Mr. Macari, please behave yourself. In public, we are siblings."

Siblings? Samuel hated that word.

"Mrs. Macari, you better stay by my side obediently. Or I will shut down the publishing firm tomorrow," Samuel threatened her in a low voice.

Kathleen bit her lips and let out a snort.

Someone went over to greet Samuel and gave Kathleen a side-eyed glance.

"I'm Mr. Macari's sister, Kathleen Johnson." She then continued, "Although we don't share the same family name, we are really siblings."

Samuel's mouth twitched a little.

That person was astounded.

"Kathleen is my grandma's god-granddaughter. We're not blood-related," Samuel added.

"We're not blood-related, but we're close like a biological sibling, right? Samuel?" Kathleen blinked.

Samuel stared at her coldly. She did that on purpose.

"Ms. Johnson?" A young voice was heard.

Kathleen glanced to the side, wondered, and said, "You're Mr. Graves, right? We met in the banquet last time."

"Yes." Alex smiled and continued, "Ms. Johnson, you still remember me."

"Of course. Why are you here, Mr. Graves?" Kathleen chuckled.

"I'm a doctor and a specialist for autism," Alex answered and took out his name tag. He then handed her his name tag.

Such a sweet and adorable lady.

Ever since Calvin introduced them to each other, Alex had fallen for her. But last time, Samuel took her away midway, so they did not even have time to exchange their contact numbers.

“Mr. Graves, that’s impressive.” Kathleen returned his name tag.

Alex seemed about the same age as Samuel, but their auras were totally different.

Alex was a doctor who cared for his patients as much as parents cared for their children. He had always been gentle and attentive.

He dressed formally in a suit with a doctor’s white coat draping over it, making him look stylish.

Samuel felt disdain when he saw Kathleen’s eyes were filled with admiration.

Just a doctor’s white coat could catch her attention?

Samuel lightly coughed and cleared his throat.

Just then, Alex noticed Samuel. “You’re here too, Mr. Macari.”

Samuel shot him a glare.

Alex felt embarrassed. He then said, “I’m sorry. I was excited when I saw Kathleen. Please don’t be angry with me. Why don’t I go to the Macari residence to visit Old Mrs. Macari tomorrow?”

Kathleen didn’t get her chance to speak and heard Samuel reply coldly, “That won’t be necessary. My grandma needs some rest at the moment, and she’d better not be disturbed.”

“Is that so? I see. Next time then.” He then smiled at Kathleen and continued, “Kathleen, why don’t you give me your phone number? So, I can give you a call to know when I can visit Old Mrs. Macari if she is feeling better.”

“Sure!” Kathleen nodded.

Samuel’s face darkened, and the veins on his forehead throbbed.

“The conference is starting soon. Please take a seat.” He then grinned. “Kathleen, I’ll be delivering a speech later.”