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All Too Late Chapter 381

Chapter 381 Go On A Date With Me

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Kathleen could only nod in agreement.

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

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

The shop assistant immediately brought a black gown over.

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

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

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

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

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ryder narrowed his eyes. “Hi, Mr. Johnson.”

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

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

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

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

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

Ryder smiled politely. “How should I address you?”

“Anyway you like” she replied.

“I’ll call you by your name then.” Ryder was a direct person.

“Sure.” Kathleen nodded, sizing Ryder up while thinking.

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

Just then, the music started playing.

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

Kathleen was caught off guard for a moment. “Dance?”

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

Everyone had a surprised look on their faces.

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

Meanwhile, Charles smiled meaningfully.

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

“Mr. Xenakis—”

Kathleen was about to speak when Ryder smiled and interrupted, “What’s your relationship with Samuel?”

“We are friends,” Kathleen answered.

Friends?

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

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

Ryder cracked a half-smile. “I didn’t disagree to that.”

His answer caught Kathleen off guard.

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

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

I didn’t even get the details from Charles.

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

Kathleen sighed.

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

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

"I'm afraid not." Ryder shook his head.

"Can I meet your sister?" Kathleen asked tentatively.

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

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

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

Ryder's lips curled into a smile. "I can help you, but I have a request."

"What is it?" Kathleen frowned in confusion.

"Go on a date with me." He cocked a brow.

Kathleen froze.

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

"Yes." Kathleen nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

That's true.

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay."

Just then, the music stopped.

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

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

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

Charles grinned sheepishly. "What's up?"

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

"You've figured it out?"

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

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

Her frown deepened.

"What did he say to you?" Charles' curiosity was piqued. "Tell me."

All Too Late Chapter 382

Chapter 382 Give Them Your Blessings

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

"Am I?" Puzzlement was written all over Charles' face.

"Yes." Kathleen knitted her brows. "Don't do this again. Otherwise, I'll never forgive you."

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

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

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

"I'll take care of you," she declared in a solemn manner. "I'm pretty loaded."

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

Only then did Kathleen finally crack a sweet smile.

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“Can we go now?” she asked.

“Yeah. Let’s go.” Charles nodded.

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

Tyson also saw her and gave her a timid smile.

Immediately, she felt goosebumps all over her.

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

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

Just then, Tyson came over.

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

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

Kathleen asked flatly, “Is something the matter?”

“No. I just came over to greet you.”

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

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

He trailed off.

“Is Samuel here too?” she questioned coldly.

Tyson nodded in response.

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

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

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

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

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

Meanwhile, Tyson hurriedly dashed away in search of Samuel.

The latter was on the second floor.

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

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

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

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

“Ms. Johnson seemed to be quite hostile when she saw me. I didn’t dare to ask her.”

Samuel deadpanned, “Do I seem very friendly to you?”

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

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

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

Samuel was deeply troubled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tyson chose to keep quiet.

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

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

Samuel's expression turned even colder.

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

Noticing Samuel's lack of response, Tyson conceded fearfully, "Mr. Macari, I'll ask around."

"There's no need for that." Samuel turned around and left.

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

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

Charles frowned. "Where are you going?"

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

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

"Yes." She nodded. "Bye."

She then turned away and left.

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

After a while, he spoke in a low voice to his driver. "Let's go."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Samuel froze.

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

Samuel’s expression darkened.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samuel remained silent.

He had noticed that as well.

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

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All Too Late Chapter 383

Chapter 383 Waging War

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

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

Samuel did not stop walking even after hearing that.

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

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

Samuel looked as though he was in utter agony.

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

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

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

Meanwhile, Kathleen arrived at the first office building.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Go ahead," Kathleen replied.

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

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

The place was clean, which she loved.

Click! Clack! Click! Clack!

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

She soon turned around and realized it was Dorothy.

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

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

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

Dorothy froze. “How did he find out?”

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

“However, according to the law, I’m his legal guardian,” rebuked a frowning Dorothy.

“Your guardianship can be revoked since you’ve abandoned him once.” Kathleen flashed a half-smile.

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

Seeing the former’s reaction, Kathleen snidely remarked, “Perhaps you should read more about the law.”

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

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

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

Dorothy wasted no time in raising her hand.

Smack!

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

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

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

Even so, Kathleen continued to chuckle contemptuously.

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

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

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

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

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

Why isn't the agent back yet?

She then walked out of the building.

It seemed like the real estate agent had ditched Kathleen.

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

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

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

Kathleen pinched the space between her brows.

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Ugh. How unlucky!

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

The license plate was one she knew very well.

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

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

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

Thus, she got into the Maybach.

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

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

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

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

"Have you found a place?"

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

Preposterous!

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

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

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

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

"You know a good spot?" Kathleen blinked.

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

"That sounds nice. Could you take me?"

"Sure," Samuel answered huskily.

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

Kathleen could not help but sneak a glance at him.

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

Without a doubt, Samuel was her type on paper.

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

The thought of that made her sigh.

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

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

"W-What?" She snapped out of her trance.

Suddenly, Samuel slowed the car to a halt.

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

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

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