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## All Too Late Chapter 384

Chapter 384 Schemes

Kathleen's face instantly flushed red as a beetroot.

"Samuel, you..."

How could he speak such words so unabashedly?

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

Kathleen frowned deeply.

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

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

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

Kathleen was a little taken aback.

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

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

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

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

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Kathleen's heart was racing as she watched him.

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

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

Samuel nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here we go!

Kathleen knew he was definitely going to ask about that.

"Yes?" she uttered curiously.

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

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Kathleen could not help but feel perplexed.

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

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

Kathleen immediately froze.

He must be doing this on purpose!

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

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

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

"Sure." Samuel nodded and said nothing else.

Soon, they arrived at the place Samuel mentioned earlier.

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

Kathleen could not be more satisfied with it.

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

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

Kathleen was stunned to hear that.

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

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Kathleen did not know what to say.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Calvin was very fond of Kathleen.

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

Unfortunately, Samuel did not cherish her.

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

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

Kathleen was rendered speechless.

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

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

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

“You’re indeed nothing but a heartless brat!” Calvin added, fuming.

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

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

Kathleen merely gazed at him speechlessly.

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

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

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Calvin scoffed at him in response.

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

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

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

"Sure, don't mind if I do!" Kathleen nodded.

"All right. I'll have Tyson get the paperwork ready."

"Okay." Kathleen was extremely satisfied with Samuel's efficiency.

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

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

"Thank you so much, Mr. Calvin."

Calvin mumbled something incoherent in response.

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

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

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

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

Samuel remained silent.

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

## All Too Late Chapter 385

Chapter 385 An Ambush

"There's no progress," Samuel replied truthfully.

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

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

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

"No. I want you to live happily."

Calvin found Samuel's words insincere.

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

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

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Thankfully, Samuel took his advice and left.

Calvin snorted quietly while watching him leave.

Meanwhile, Kathleen and Tyson arrived at the underground warehouse.

Sure enough, many things were stored there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Nothing.” Kathleen shook her head.

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

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

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

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

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

Kathleen was speechless.

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

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

"Okay," Samuel agreed instantly.

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

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

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

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

After all, he attended them because of her.

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

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

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

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

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"My father," answered Samuel.

Calvin?

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

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

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

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

Kathleen nodded in understanding.

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

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

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

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

They had to take the elevator to go up.

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

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

Gusts of wind blew at them.

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

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

She's still so cowardly.

Suddenly, a series of hurried footsteps approached them.

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

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

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

As expected, Samuel's phone was in it.

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

Kathleen tried her birth date, which unexpectedly worked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their ambusher was a man.

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

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

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

"Kate, run!" he shouted.

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

Is this man trying to kill me?

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

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

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

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

Kathleen gritted her teeth. "No!"

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

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

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

Samuel frowned at the sight.

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

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

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

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

The man hissed, “Don’t you dare think of distracting me to buy time!”

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

## All Too Late Chapter 386

Chapter 386 I Have Two Arms

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

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

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

Kathleen’s heart tensed.

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

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

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

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“Stop!” Tyson’s voice sounded exceptionally loud on the third floor of the underground warehouse.

The man was taken aback by the sudden noise.

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

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

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

Crack!

In an instant, the man ceased to move.

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

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

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

Tyson and the others came running over.

Seeing that, Samuel ordered grimly, “Deal with him quietly.”

“Got it.” Tyson knew what he had to do.

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

When that was done, Tyson caught sight of Samuel’s wrist. “Mr. Macari, your hand—”

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

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

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

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

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

"Okay." Samuel nodded.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the hospital.

The doctor cleaned and bandaged Samuel's wound.

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

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

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

The doctor fell silent.

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

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

Kathleen pinched her fingers.

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

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

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Kathleen pursed her lips and said nothing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samuel got up and prepared to leave.

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

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

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

Kathleen merely squeezed the bag of pills and said nothing.

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

"No." Kathleen shook her head.

Fixing his eyes on her, he said, "Let's go."

She seems to be quite upset about me being injured.

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Even so, he was happy about it.

It meant that she was worried about him.

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

She was rather familiar with the place.

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

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

He flashed a nonchalant smile at her. "Don't worry about it."

"I've checked the medicines." Kathleen bit her lip. "Your injury is serious, right?"

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

Kathleen stiffened at his words.

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

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

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

His answer rendered her at a loss for words.

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

"What is it?"

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

Kathleen nodded.

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

“I’m indebted to you, after all.”

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

Kathleen then turned and walked into the bathroom.

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

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

Kathleen strode over. “Let me help you.”

“Okay.” He nodded.

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

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

She had only heard about it from Charles.

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

Her heart started to tremble when she saw the scar.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Samuel's complexion had turned paler.

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

"Okay." He nodded obediently.

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

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