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All Too Late Chapter 391

Chapter 391 They Look Like A Family

Kathleen sighed ruefully. "I lost my memories."

She had forgotten about the people and memories from her past, so Ryder's words puzzled her.

He gave a thoughtful smile. "Being constrained by memories isn't a good thing. People change; you may dislike something you liked when you were younger, right?"

She returned his smile. "That makes sense, but sometimes changes can be difficult."

"Unless you have recovered your memories." His smile turned sly.

"Are you trying to probe if my memories have returned?" Kathleen chuckled.

He froze.

"Save your time. I don't remember anything yet." She gave a wan smile.

"Do you think this is a God-given opportunity to reincarnate? You have a clean slate and a new beginning, so you're not bound by past emotions."

She barked a laugh, and he closed his hand over hers. "I like you. Do you feel the same for me?"

She was going to answer him when she heard Desiree's voice from behind her.

"Mommy!" The little girl's voice shook when she saw Kathleen.

Kathleen tugged her hand away from Ryder's and got out of the car. Desiree followed suit and scampered to her.

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"Mommy, you're so beautiful." Her eyes filled with awe and admiration. It's no wonder that everyone likes Mommy!

Samuel's eyes drank in Kathleen's beauty, and his throat bobbed on a swallow.

"Why are you guys here?" Kathleen played innocent.

"Daddy brought us here." Desiree glanced back at the electric tourist vehicle.

Kathleen followed her gaze and looked away as soon as she met Samuel's dark eyes.

Samuel followed Ryder's lead and got out of the car. She glanced at the former's wrist and felt he was being careless with his injury, despite the fact that he was wearing protective gear.

"Mommy, please talk to Daddy. His hand is injured, yet he isn't resting properly," Desiree tattled.

Kathleen held her tiny hand. "I don't think I'll be able to persuade him otherwise." If I could, he wouldn't be here now.

Samuel cleared his throat. "Well, you didn't try."

She lifted her gaze and smiled, but the smile never quite reached her eyes. "Didn't I tell you to rest before leaving the house today?"

Samuel remained silent.

Ryder took a step forward. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Macari."

The cold look returned to Samuel's eyes. "Pleasure's mine, Mr. Xenakis."

"You must be Desi. I'm Ryder Xenakis." He stretched his hand toward Desiree.

She looked up at him with twinkling eyes. "You're very handsome, Mr. Xenakis."

He laughed. "And you're very adorable."

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Samuel snorted under his breath.

She blinked. "Mr. Xenakis, are you Mommy's boyfriend?"

Ryder hesitated before chuckling. "Not yet."

Desiree furtively sighed in relief and yanked on his arm. "I'm hungry, Mr. Xenakis."

"Okay, I'll get you something to eat." He bent down to scoop her in his arms.

She was a warm and soft bundle, provoking his fatherly instincts and overriding his typical indifference toward kids.

His life would be more fulfilling if he could have such a cute, charming daughter.

Kathleen approached them as Ryder headed toward his car carrying Desiree. "Let me take her while you drive."

"All right." He flashed her a smile.

Kathleen was about to carry Desiree from him when a suit jacket landed on her lap.

Kathleen's head shot up, and she saw Samuel wearing only his black shirt, his eyes darker than it as he stared at her before turning to leave.

Her short skirt would have ridden up with Desiree on her lap, displaying more than intended.

Kathleen looked at the tailored suit jacket, and a soft laugh escaped her.

"Let's go," she said to Ryder after settling Desiree on her lap.

He nodded and pulled away with Kathleen and Desiree.

Just then, Eilam swiveled toward Samuel. "Daddy?"

"Drive, Tyson." Samuel's gaze was flinty.

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Tyson was taken aback since he expected Samuel to manhandle Kathleen from Ryder's car, but instead, Samuel shrugged out of his suit jacket and gave it to her.

It was baffling.

Tyson followed them from a distance, and Eilam commented after catching a glimpse of the three of them in the car, "They look like a family."

Samuel's handsome face darkened into a scowl, and Tyson pleaded inwardly. Say no more, Mr. Eil, or Mr. Macari might rupture a blood vessel in anger.

Samuel's gaze sharpened, never leaving the car before them.

"Is Desi a traitor?" Eilam snuck a peek at his father's side profile. "After all, Mr. Xenakis seems kind."

Samuel had the world's blackest scowl on his face, and Tyson wanted to cry in the front seat.

They reached the restaurant soon, and patrons could choose between buffet or a-la-carte.

A man of Samuel's and Ryder's calibers would naturally opt for a-la-carte.

However, Desiree had other plans.

"I want buffet style. It has a lot of choices," the little girl declared.

She rarely had the chance for an excursion due to health and safety reasons.

She was resolved to make the most of her newfound freedom and have a good time.

The adults adored her, so she could have whatever she wanted.

Coincidentally, Leonard stood by the entrance and wore an odd expression when he saw them.

"Mr. Sullivan," greeted Desiree warmly.

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Leonard immediately reached out and took her in his arms. "Ah, my princess, are you here for dinner?"

She nodded and noticed there was a beautiful, long-haired lady standing next to him.

The lady seemed shocked to see Leonard handling a child easily and remarked, "I didn't know you liked kids, Mr. Sullivan."

He slanted a look at her and bit out, "Have I ever said I didn't like them?"

She was taken aback. No, he didn't.

"Mr. Macari, Mr. Xenakis," Leonard greeted.

Desiree chimed in indignantly, "Mr. Sullivan, why didn't you include Mommy?"

"Because I'm not sure how to address her appropriately." He smiled wryly.

"Daddy said Mommy is starting her own company, so you can call her Ms. Johnson," she said with unblinking eyes.

"Well, aren't you a smart one?" He laughed and shifted his gaze to Kathleen. "My apologies, Ms. Johnson, I really didn't know how to address you."

She sketched a wan smile. "You normally wouldn't have this problem."

"Precisely, problems accumulate as time gets late," he agreed.

Kathleen maintained her smile and motioned to the woman beside him. "And you are?"

She was caught off guard and introduced herself. "I'm Kelly Hoover."

Kathleen arched a brow. "Your last name is Hoover?"

She nodded.

What a coincidence.

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