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All Too Late Chapter 392

Chapter 392 Outsider

Samuel's brows drew together when he heard her last name. "What's your relationship with each other?"

Leonard's eyes cut to him. "We don't have one."

Kelly's gaze darkened noticeably. "Yeah, we're just friends."

Kathleen gave her a pointed look. It doesn't look like they're just platonic friends.

"Let's go in, Mommy. I'm hungry." Desiree pouted.

"All right." Kathleen nodded. "You can put Desi down, Mr. Sullivan. She can walk on her own."

Leonard did as told, and Desiree held Kathleen's hand. "I want shrimp, Mommy."

"Sure." Kathleen smiled and led Desiree inside.

Meanwhile, Samuel glanced at Eilam and asked in a deep, affectionate voice, "Aren't you hungry?"

"I'm a man; I can endure hunger for a bit," Eilam answered sensibly, holding onto Samuel's other hand.

Samuel's gaze softened. "All right, come along. We'll go look for Mommy and Desi."

"Okay!" The little boy nodded enthusiastically.

Leonard smirked at Ryder. "He has a wingman. What about you?"

Ryder grunted softly and strode into the restaurant.

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Then, Leonard turned toward Kelly. "You can handle your parents alone, yeah? I won't be heading up, then."

Her parents were here on the second floor as well.

She said, "If you don't show up with me, I'll be in for a tongue lashing."

Leonard's expression cooled. "Kelly, I think I've made myself very clear."

"I'm not twisting your arm here, Leonard. This is not an indication that I like you. I wouldn't have met you if my family hadn't pressured me," she asserted.

"To be clear, it's for the best if you don't have feelings for me. I don't want any trouble. Please tell your parents to give up trying to matchmake both of us," he stated matter-of-factly.

Kelly bristled with indignation. "Do you think my parents are the only ones to blame? Why don't you say that to your grandpa as well?"

Leonard merely gave her a long look.

"I must have been blind to fall in love with you. You were a coward seven years ago, and you are worse seven years later. You're nothing but a piece of trash!" she spat angrily before leaving.

His gaze darkened. She has some nerve to call me trash. She's not the same person she was seven years ago. Did someone reincarnate into her body? She used to be meek and cute, and that version of her is far preferable to her personality right now.

Leonard adjusted his tie and made his way toward Samuel.

Meanwhile, Kathleen let Desiree hold a plate as she spooned Desiree's favorite foods onto it, and Desiree watched with wide eyes.

Kathleen cocked her neck to look at her son. "What would you like?"

"I'm not picky," he answered. "Daddy said to eat proteins and vegetables to grow taller."

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She smiled. "He's right, and you should drink more milk as well."

"Mommy, do you think I'll grow to be as tall as Daddy?" Eilam asked eagerly.

"Of course, he's your daddy, and you're his son. You'll be just like him when you grow up."
She laughed.

He met her gaze squarely. "Mommy, I want food that will make me grow taller."

"Coming right up." Kathleen made a plate for him and eyed Samuel's injured hand.

Eilam caught the look and said to Leonard, "Mr. Sullivan, would you mind walking Desi and me to the table over there?"

"Oh, sure." He hesitated before ushering the kids there.

Kathleen didn't want to trouble Leonard, but Samuel spoke up. "What should I eat?"

That caused her to still and successfully returned her attention to him.

"You said I don't listen to you. I'm injured now and don't know what to eat. You should decide for me."

"This isn't listening to me. This is slavery," she huffed.

She picked up a plate and took spoonfuls of greens. "These."

Samuel accepted the plate and didn't show a hint of annoyance. "Thank you."

He would gladly eat anything she put in front of him, even if it was poison.

He carried a plate heaped with a variety of greens and stood upright alongside Kathleen.

Her brows furrowed. "Aren't you going to sit down and start eating?"

"Waiting for you." His answer was succinct.

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"No need, go to Eil and Desi instead. It's better to look after the kids ourselves and not bother other people. I'll be there in a minute."

Other people? Samuel's brows rose. "Is Ryder an outsider?"

She faced him with her arms crossed across her chest. "What do you think?"

He remained silent. My thoughts don't matter. What matters most is what you think.

"Hurry on," Kathleen urged and moved to take her favorite dishes.

Samuel's attention was pulled to Ryder approaching them, and he didn't move an inch.

Ryder's eyes narrowed. "Mr. Macari, are you converting to a vegetarian diet?"

"Kathleen took these for me," Samuel replied coldly.

Ryder cracked a smile. "Ah, Ms. Johnson, why don't you make me a plate, too?"

"You have two perfectly fine hands," said Samuel. Ryder had been grating on his nerves for quite some time now.

Kathleen said, "Do it yourself, Ryder. I only did it for Samuel because he's incapacitated."

"Must be nice. If only I had been wounded as well." Ryder sighed.

Samuel had a permanent scowl on his face.

"Nonsense. No one wishes to get hurt," she chided. Especially not on their hands.

"That's not always the case." Ryder smiled, his eyes cutting to Samuel.

Samuel's expression was a mask of stone, and Kathleen ignored them as she made a plate for herself and turned to leave. Samuel was on her heels immediately.

Ryder hastily took some food and caught up with them.

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"Here, Mommy," Eilam called out.

Kathleen went to him and sat down with Desiree and Eilam on either side of her.

Samuel, Ryder, and Leonard each took a seat next to each other.

One of Samuel's hands was out of commission, so he could only eat with a fork.

Fortunately, Kathleen had taken food easy to spear with a fork.

Leonard teased, "Is a vegetarian diet really the right choice for you, Mr. Macari?"

"Zip it." Samuel wasn't in the mood.

Kathleen glanced at everyone's plate and felt a pang of guilt. She admitted that she wanted to get even with Samuel, but having only vegetables wouldn't be enough.

"Mommy, I want shrimp," Desiree requested, and Kathleen peeled it for her.

Samuel wanted to help Desiree and instinctively reached his hand out before remembering it was injured.

"Let me." Ryder drew the plate to him and took over the task of peeling shrimps for the little girl.

Kathleen didn't miss Samuel's eyes dimming as he dropped his hand without saying anything, and she felt her heart squeeze with inexplicable emotion.

Ryder finished peeling the shrimps and placed them in front of Desiree.

"Thank you, Mr. Xenakis," she said.

His face split into a warm smile. "Tell me if you want more."

"Okay." She nodded.

Samuel had lost his appetite during the meal, but he soldiered on for the sake of his pride.

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It was already late when they finished dinner.

“Mommy, I want to spend the night with you.” Desiree tugged on Kathleen’s hand.

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