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All Too Late Chapter 412

Chapter 412 Guess Whose Face This Is

"It's not wise for you to appear before them right now. Why don't I go instead?" Charles grimly stated.

That was when Clarissa immediately offered, "I'll go with you since I'm more adept at determining whether Zachary is truly dead."

Charles glanced at her with deep intent before finally nodding. "Okay, let's go."

The two promptly took their leave.

A dark emotion flickered in Kathleen's narrowed eyes just then.

Doesn't Clarissa seem a little too proactive? Oh well. I guess it's best to let Charles realize some things on his own. After all, who's to say Charles is interested in Clarissa? Plus, she might not want him to know her feelings. If I tell Charles that I think Clarissa's interested in him, it might make things awkward.

The only thing keeping Kathleen together these days was Samuel.

However, a week had already passed, yet he showed no signs of waking up.

He would previously twitch a little when dreaming, but that did not happen anymore.

How frustrating!

With that thought, Kathleen turned to go upstairs and check on him.

Samuel lay unconscious on the bed. His breathing was stable, but his chest barely rose or fell.

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Kathleen approached him, sat on the bed, and held his hand while speaking. "I used to think you were too quiet and wondered if you talked more when around Nicolette. Now that I'm seeing you like this, I can't help but miss the way you used to be.

"Please wake up, Samuel. Haven't you slept enough? Please just come around, okay? Let's not fight anymore. Can't we spend the rest of our days peacefully?"

Despite her efforts, Samuel did not respond.

That sparked annoyance in Kathleen, who instantly snapped, "I've already asked you nicely! Why won't you wake up? Ugh, you're so mean!"

There was still no response.

Subsequently, Kathleen leaned closer to him while frowning. "What's so good about staying unconscious anyway? Don't tell me that you're dreaming about Nicolette!"

It was then that she pointed at Samuel's chiseled face. "Do you not love me anymore? I bet the Nicolette in your dreams is super gentle toward you, huh? I bet she's so much better than me. Is that why you're unwilling to wake up?"

Only silence came from Samuel.

"Jeez, fine. I'll stop joking around. You go ahead and rest up then," said a sighing Kathleen.

She adjusted the blanket over Samuel before walking out of the room.

By the time she went downstairs, Tyson had just entered the manor.

"Mrs. Macari," Tyson greeted. He never stopped addressing Kathleen with that title, but the latter did not mind.

"What's the matter?" Kathleen asked.

"News about Mr. Macari being unconscious hasn't got out yet. However, there's this event that Mr. Macari needs to attend, no matter what." Tyson seemed like he was in a dilemma.

"What event is it?" asked a curious Kathleen.

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“The birthday party of the daughter of Mr. Macari’s mentor.”

“Oh.” Kathleen’s brows arched in confusion as she repeated, “Samuel’s mentor?”

That was when Tyson realized something. “Oh, my apologies. I forgot that you lost your memories, Mrs. Macari. But yes, that mentor named Stephen Yackley significantly aided Mr. Macari when the latter was younger. It’s now the twentieth birthday of Stephen’s daughter, and their family has extended an invitation to Mr. Macari. They insisted that he attend.”

With that, he handed the invitation card to Kathleen.

The latter glanced at it briefly before asking, “We can’t decline at all?”

Tyson nodded. “Indeed. Not at all.”

A frown crept up Kathleen’s face. “I need to think about what to do.”

Following that, Tyson stood wordlessly beside her as she brainstormed for what felt like forever.

She eventually stated in a helpless tone, “If there’s nothing we can do about it, then let’s just get someone to pose as Samuel for the event.”

“What?” Tyson’s eyes rounded in utter shock. “Pose as Mr. Macari?”

Kathleen nodded with the utmost seriousness. “Don’t you recall how easy it was for me to disguise myself back then?”

Her words only fueled Tyson’s alarmed response as he exclaimed, “Still, won’t it be too difficult?”

“What’s difficult is finding someone with the same height and aura as Samuel.” Kathleen massaged her temples before asking, “Do you know anyone who could fit the bill?”

Tyson shook his head, thinking it was truly impossible to locate such a person.

It was then that Yadiel walked past Kathleen with the medicinal ingredients that he helped her purchase from Lewis Enterprises.

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He was moving them into the office.

“Stop right there!” Kathleen boomed all of a sudden.

Yadiel froze in his steps, asking, “Is something the matter, Dr. Johnson?”

Kathleen walked over and got on her tiptoes to examine his height. Moments passed before she nodded satisfactorily. “Not bad. Not bad at all. You’re perfect.”

Perplexed, Yadiel’s brows scrunched together as he wondered what she was up to.

“Wait here! Don’t move a muscle!” Kathleen instructed while patting his shoulders.

Hence, Yadiel remained stiffly in that position while Kathleen ran upstairs.

The latter brought down a set of Samuel’s suits from the room upstairs and handed it to Yadiel.

“Put these on,” she said.

Yadiel cautiously eyed the luxury brand suit in Kathleen’s hands. His frown eventually deepened as he asked, “What is all this about, Dr. Johnson?”

“Quit asking questions, and get to it!” Kathleen urged. “Come to the office once you’re done. As for you, Tyson, I want you to follow me.”

“Okay.” Tyson obediently joined Kathleen in the office right away.

At the same time, Yadiel brought the suit set to the washroom and got changed.

Minutes passed before he walked into Kathleen’s office in Samuel’s clothes.

That was when Kathleen took out her tool kit and asked Yadiel to sit down.

Seeing the tool kit, Yadiel was alarmed and instantly questioned, “What are you planning to do, Dr. Johnson?”

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“Stay still. I’m going to put you in a disguise. Now, remember, you’re going to be Samuel tonight.”

What? Yadiel’s eyes went wide upon learning what he had gotten roped into.

“Tyson, I want you to tell him all of Samuel’s quirks and habits,” Kathleen instructed.

“Understood,” replied a nodding Tyson.

He then relayed every bit of information regarding Samuel’s habits and behaviors when attending events.

“Firstly, Mr. Macari never drinks in public.”

That sound of that left Kathleen dumbstruck. “Doesn’t he drink?”

“Nope.” Tyson explained, “You have no idea, Mrs. Macari, but he stopped drinking ever since you left. He didn’t want other women to get him drunk with ulterior motives. Thus, he would refuse even if others handed him a mere cup of water.”

Silence befell Kathleen at that point.

She had never expected such a thing to happen.

Tyson shot a wary look at Kathleen before resuming, “There’s more. Mr. Macari refuses to dance with other women, regardless of who they are. It doesn’t matter even if it’s his own mother.”

Yadiel nodded, patiently digesting all the information.

“Of course, if someone asks you something you can’t answer or don’t feel comfortable answering, you can always remain silent.” Tyson was helpful in advising, “This way, the other party can’t guess what you’re thinking and won’t dare to ask further.”

“I see,” Yadiel replied.

“All right. You’re going to stop talking now.” With that, Kathleen began inserting a pipe into Yadiel’s mouth so that he could breathe.

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She then poured some plaster onto his features to form a face cast.

Two hours later, a completely different-looking Yadiel stood before Kathleen and Tyson.

Seeing that made Tyson clap eagerly while exclaiming, "My God, Mrs. Macari, you're incredible!"

"Oh, hush." Kathleen humbly explained, "I merely learned a few things about disguise-making that are enough to get us through this."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Macari. I'll make sure to diligently watch over Yadiel tonight," Tyson promised.

That was when Kathleen pulled out another hyper-realistic mask. "No need. I'll be attending the party with Yadiel."

Tyson was stunned by that but asked, "You're going too, Mrs. Macari?"

Kathleen raised the mask but obstructed its facial features with her hand. "Guess whose face this is?"

Unsure, Tyson shook his head and shrugged.

"Yareli's," was all Kathleen said before letting out a ruthless chuckle.

All Too Late Chapter 413

Chapter 413 The Banquet

Tyson was surprised. "Huh? Mrs. Macari, are you sure you want to put on Yareli's face and go to the banquet with the fake Mr. Macari? How will you explain this in the future?"

Kathleen said indifferently, "It's not like I'm going to do something overboard. Besides, I'm just afraid that Yadiel can't handle it alone, and it'll be better with me beside him."

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Tyson asked embarrassedly, "Then how will I explain it to Mr. Macari in the future?"

"Just tell him the truth. You can just say that I wanted to do this, and let him come at me if anything happens," Kathleen said coldly.

"Okay." Tyson felt helpless. After all, that was Kathleen's decision.

Who was Kathleen?

She was Samuel's sweetheart.

Whatever she wanted to do, Samuel would spoil and obey her.

There was no way a little assistant like Tyson could oppose her.

Kathleen let them leave first, so Tyson could explain some things to Yadiel.

She also began to put on her disguise.

Tyson and Yadiel were chatting in the living room.

Suddenly, Rory came in from outside.

She glanced at the living room and couldn't help but be taken aback. "Mr. Macari?"

Yadiel cleared his throat. "It's me."

"Yadiel?" Rory was shocked.

What is going on?

As she was thinking, Yareli, who was unconscious, came out of Kathleen's studio, still wearing Kathleen's clothes.

Rory was even more shocked.

What on earth is going on?

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"Rory, where are the things I asked you to buy?" Kathleen looked at her.

"Dr... Dr. Johnson?" Rory was very surprised.

Kathleen nodded. "Yup. It's me."

Rory opened her mouth. "What are you two doing?"

She was confused.

"Your brother and I are going to a banquet. Please help take care of the affairs in the mansion," Kathleen reminded.

"Okay." Rory nodded.

Kathleen continued, "Regarding the mother and daughter pair, if they do anything weird, then there's no need for you to be gentle with them. If there's nothing you can do, it's okay to dispose of them."

"Yes!" Rory nodded.

She finally understood and knew what to do.

Kathleen nodded with satisfaction. She then looked at Yadiel and said, "I'll go change clothes, then we'll head off."

"All right," replied Yadiel.

Kathleen looked at Tyson and asked, "Do we need to prepare a present?"

Tyson shook his head. "No need. Mr. Macari already gave a present before."

Kathleen was curious. "Do you know what it is?"

Tyson explained, "It's a golden abacus. It's because the youngest daughter of Mr. Macari's mentor is studying finance."

Kathleen said, "Okay, I understand."

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She took the bag from Rory's hand and turned to change clothes.

Soon, Kathleen came out of the room.

She was already very similar to Yareli when she put on her clothes. Kathleen could pass off as the real deal.

This was especially so for Tyson, who had seen Yareli before. If he hadn't known that Kathleen was pretending to be her, he would have thought that Yareli had woken up.

However, just to make sure, Tyson ran to Yareli's ward to take a look.

Yareli was indeed still in bed.

Tyson returned to the living room. "Now that we're ready, let's go."

Kathleen nodded. She then looked at Yadiel and said, "Let's go!"

Rory watched them leave together.

At the Yackley residence, a party was underway to celebrate the twentieth birthday of Josephine Yackley, Stephen's youngest daughter.

Stephen was a professor of finance at Jadeborough University, and many of these renowned people were his students.

Therefore, many of them came to Josephine's birthday party.

Josephine looked at the door with anticipation.

"Daddy, will Samuel come?" she asked excitedly.

Stephen nodded and replied, "He will."

Josephine fiddled with her fingers and said, "This time, he can't ignore me for being young."

She was already twenty years old.

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“Josephine, are you really planning to pursue Samuel?” Stephen was a little worried.

Everyone in Jadeborough knew who Samuel liked.

Even if Kathleen had just passed away, he couldn't have fallen in love with someone else so quickly.

“I don't care! In short, I want to pursue him,” Josephine said softly.

At that time, her elder sister Haylee came over, and her eyes were cold and arrogant. “You are so stubborn.”

Josephine said unhappily, “That's none of your business! Anyway, Mommy agreed.”

Haylee was speechless. “By the way, why hasn't Mommy come down yet?”

“She seems to be stuck in a call with our uncle. Our little cousin's condition is getting worse and worse, so he is begging Mommy to find a way,” Josephine explained.

Haylee narrowed her eyes.

The Hoover family?

“Old Mr. Yackley, Samuel is here.” The butler hurried over.

“Really?” Josephine got excited. She straightened her hair and clothes, ready to meet Samuel.

Seeing how excited she was, the butler said, “But Mr. Macari brought Yareli with him.”

“What?” Josephine was shocked.

Not only her but Stephen and Haylee were both shocked too.

Samuel brought Yareli?

Didn't Yareli blow up his wife and daughter?

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What on earth is going on?

Before they even finished thinking, Samuel and Yareli walked in while holding hands.

Not just the father and daughters, but even the others were equally shocked.

That was simply too strange.

Kathleen looked at everyone's reaction and smiled with satisfaction.

She whispered to Yadiel, "Be careful if Stephen is looking for you alone later."

"Don't worry, Dr. Johnson." Yadiel nodded.

They walked toward Stephen and his daughters.

Josephine saw Kathleen, and a look of disgust flashed on her expectant face.

She didn't understand why Samuel was with Yareli.

Yareli was the one who hurt his wife and daughter.

Is he crazy?

"Mr. Yackley." Yadiel's voice was hoarse.

"What's wrong with your voice?" Stephen was a little surprised.

"I'm sick," Yadiel explained.

Stephen deeply furrowed his brows.

Yadiel looked at Josephine and said, "Ms. Yackley, I wish you a happy birthday."

"I'm... not happy at all!" Josephine muttered.

Haylee poked her from behind, reminding her of the current occasion.

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Josephine was very unhappy.

Stephen said meaningfully, "Samuel, given how you've endured a tragic ordeal, I shouldn't have invited you here. But I assume you're also aware of the ramifications of this relationship. If you weren't invited, people would talk."

Yadiel nodded lukewarmly, as he pretended to have Samuel's icy cold and arrogant aura.

Kathleen sneered inwardly. Samuel isn't afraid of being criticized by others.

They are the ones who are afraid of being criticized!

If Samuel didn't come, it would definitely have an impact on them.

Josephine looked at him aggrievedly. "Samuel, do you remember our agreement?"

Yadiel was speechless.

What agreement?

Tyson didn't tell me about that.

Kathleen smiled lightly. "Samuel, it turns out that you have an agreement with another woman. Can I know what the agreement is?"

"It's not important," Yadiel said lightly.

Josephine blushed and said aggrievedly, "Samuel, you promised me that at my twentieth birthday party, you would dance with me for the first time."

Yadiel said coldly, "Oh? Really?"

Is it true?

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