

All Too Late Chapter 368

Chapter 368

Chapter 368 Uncle

“Could it be Vanessa?” Kathleen was surprised.

“Given her abilities, anything difficult would be as easy as pie,” replied Theodore. “Think about it. Just think. Who was it who could not accept your mother’s presence?”

After speaking, Theodore hung up the phone.

Kathleen frowned deeply.

He wants me to think about this? How?

“I want to talk to Grandpa.” Very feebly, Zion reached out for the phone.

Kathleen gave the phone a mild wave. “The old man has hung up.”

Just then, her phone vibrated. She had received a text message from Theodore.

Zion doesn’t like the hospital. You should take him home.

At this point, the ambulance had stopped.

The paramedics got out of the car and opened the door.

Seeing the hospital outside, Zion immediately exclaimed, “I’m not going to the hospital! You can’t make me!”

The medical staff didn’t dare to touch him. They merely looked at Kathleen hesitantly.

Kathleen said quietly, “I’m sorry to trouble you. I think you can go on and rest. Just leave one person with me to drive.”

They nodded promptly.

When the driver got back into the ambulance, she gave him an address and asked him to take them there.

Kathleen called the housekeepers at home and instructed them to prepare one of the guest rooms.

Zion's handsome face was pale, and his jaw was tightly clenched. He seemed very nervous.

Kathleen decided to tease him a little. "What are you scared of? Think I'll murder you or something?"

Zion's face showed a sneer that didn't match his age. "I've already died once."

"How old are you?" Kathleen was curious.

"Thirteen," Zion said coldly.

"I think you're more like a seventy-three-year-old," Kathleen teased. "You speak so maturely that I think you might be a vampire or something."

Zion huffed, closed his eyes, and stopped talking.

Kathleen massaged her sore temples. This boy was truly a pain in the butt.

Heck, even my own son is more obedient than this. However, I guess I have Samuel to thank for raising him to be the responsible and gentle little boy I know.

It would appear that Samuel was not half as useless after all. At the very least, he was a good father.

After half an hour, they arrived at the mansion.

Two of the housekeepers had come outside to help.

They immediately took Zion to his room.

Throughout the commotion, he never opened his eyes until the room was quiet.

Just then, he noticed a little girl standing by the bed, eyes as round as saucers. She looked rather cute.

"Who are you?" The girl had peachy lips and white teeth. She looked quite adorable.

Zion frowned slightly. "Are you her daughter?"

"Whose?" Desi tilted her head.

"Kathleen," Zion replied.

"Yes, Kathleen is my mommy." Desi smiled sweetly. "What's your name?"

So she is Kathleen's daughter. What a lovely, cute girl.

She looked like she grew up in a loving environment, unlike him.

Zion closed his eyes, not wanting to speak.

"Why don't you say something?" Desi looked at him suspiciously. "Are you sick? It's okay. My mommy is a very good doctor! She will definitely be able to save you."

Zion covered his head with the quilt.

Desi looked puzzledly at him.

Just then, Kathleen walked in. "Desi, why are you here?"

Desi pointed at Zion. "I was talking to him."

"Oh, him? He's my cousin, so I reckon he would be your uncle," Kathleen explained.

"Oh!" Desi greeted politely, "Hello, uncle."

Zion listened to the sweet voice of the little girl and took a deep breath.

"Go and play with your brother." Kathleen then ushered her out of the room.

Ever the obedient little girl she was, Desi sauntered out.

Kathleen folded her arms and stood at the edge of the bed. "We're at my house, so you can rest easy. However, I have something to say. If you approach my children with ill intentions, then I won't be so courteous."

Zion lifted the quilt, and his pale and handsome face a mask of self-mockery. "I'm an invalid. What do you think I would do?"

"I'll take that as an agreement," said Kathleen icily. "I'll be getting you some supplies. Do you have any special needs?"

"No." Zion covered himself with the quilt again. "Look, if you're so worried that I'll harm her, why don't you tell her to leave me the heck alone?"

Kathleen frowned. He seemed to have a temper.

Having heard that, she walked away.

Zion removed the covers, his gaze dark and impenetrable.

Kathleen came out of the room and instructed the housekeeper to take good care of Zion.

“Mommy, who is he?” asked Desi, staring at her mother with her large eyes.

She hadn’t seen Zion on the island, so she didn’t know who he was.

“He’s like my brother,” said Kathleen hastily. She did not want Desi to pry.

“Then can I play with him often in the future?” asked Desi. She was curious.

“No.” Kathleen continued, “Because he is sick, he can’t play with you. He needs plenty of rest. Do you understand?”

Desi huffed in response.

Kathleen held her hand and felt her pulse.

Desi seemed stable.

Kathleen was relieved.

What worried her the most right now was Samuel.

In other words, Samuel hadn’t even come to see the children, given their rather unhappy parting.

“I need to go out. Go play with your brother, dear. I’ll be back soon,” said Kathleen.

“What are you going to do, Mommy?” asked Desi in confusion.

“I’ll get some stuff for your uncle,” Kathleen explained.

“Ah.” Desi blinked at Kathleen. “Can’t I go with you?”

“No, you should stay at home,” said Kathleen while ruffling Desi’s hair. “Be a good girl for me?”

“Okay.” Desi shrugged. “It’s always the same with the two of you!”

Her parents rarely brought her out.

Kathleen found this a little funny.

Who’s to say that children aren’t wily? They get away with it because they’re cute.

Kathleen then went out after getting dressed.

Eil was having his lessons in the room.

Desi was quite bored, so she decided to target Zion instead.

At that moment, Zion was resting inside the room.

This condition was difficult to endure. After all, Zion's life was in limbo. He could not tell if he was going to make it or not.

He wanted to die.

But if he hadn't met his grandfather, then he would have been dead ages ago.

Suddenly, he heard someone come in.

The person's footsteps were light, just like a cat's.

She crept in, came to the bed, observed him, and left. This was repeated several times.

In the end, Zion couldn't take it anymore. He opened his eyes and saw several wildflowers beside the bed.

"You're awake? I won't disturb you." Desi had entered once again.

She put down the flowers and turned to leave.

However, after a few minutes, Desi came in again.

Zion couldn't bear it any longer. "What the heck are you—"

Before he could finish speaking, Desi stuffed half of a peach into his mouth. "It's very sweet."

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Chapter 370

Chapter 370

Why Are You Still Alive "So that's how it is." Kathleen wore a slight frown with a hint of solemnness between her brows. "Zayne Hoover is a playboy. Even at his current age, he still acts as unrestrained and reckless as ever. Because of that, he had a lot of illegitimate children, but most of them passed away at a young age." Samuel's tone was glacial. Kathleen was stunned. "They passed away?" "Yes. Almost every one of his

children didn't manage to live past eighteen. Zion is a special case," explained Samuel. "The Hoover family is ruthless! The children are innocent lives! Even if they want revenge, they can't harm those children. Why can't they just castrate Zayne to solve the problem once and for all?" said Kathleen furiously.

"That's the tradition of the Hoover family which started from Old Mrs. Hoover's generation." He looked at her with a meaningful gaze in his eyes. Her face fell when she realized that he had been dropping her hints. She would be too silly if she still didn't get it. "Do you mean what happened to my mother back then had something to do with Old Mrs. Hoover?" she asked, frowning her brows. "Apart from Old Mr. Yoeger, she's the only one who knows something. Otherwise, who else held such grudges against your mother? Back then, she was just a baby. What does Vanessa know? Isn't this the most reasonable explanation?" he questioned, not showing much emotion. She pursed her rosy lips. "Which means, Old Mrs. Hoover and Old Mr. Yoeger joined forces?" "In the past, the Hoover family and the Yoeger family were once partners. Though it's unknown why their partnership only lasted for a brief period and they parted ways after that, I guess it's because Old Mrs.

Hoover wanted Old Mr. Yoeger to kill your mother, but he couldn't bring himself to do it, so he merely sent your mother to the welfare center," uttered Samuel matter-of-factly. As Kathleen heard that, she was at a loss for words. Yeah, that makes sense. Samuel's exquisitely charming facial features had graveness written all over them. "Vanessa must know a lot about what happened. When Old Mrs. Yoeger was ill, she was in charge of all the affairs in Yoeger Group. According to hearsay, she was once in contact with Old Mrs. Hoover. Moreover, she is now overseas, and it seems that the Hoover family has provided her with a lot of benefits." Kathleen bit her lip. "Are you serious?" He nodded in response. Her pretty face turned pale as she hung her head, her long black hair concealing almost half of her fair and delicate cheeks.

He lifted his hand and tucked a few strands of her hair behind her ear before asking in a deep voice, "What's wrong?" When his warm fingertips touched her face, she snapped out of her trance and asked faintly, "What did my grandmother and my mother do wrong? Why did they have to be separated? My grandmother was never a third wheel. It was Trevor who abandoned her first. My grandmother never asked him for anything either. She gave birth to and took care of the child all on her own. And who does that Old Mrs. Hoover think she is? How can she do something like that?" Upon seeing how upset she was, he tried to comfort her, "Maybe she just loves Trevor too much." She scoffed, "It's her fault for falling in love with a scumbag. The audacity of her to harm my grandmother and my mother!" Samuel pursed his lips in slight uneasiness when he heard Kathleen's remarks. It felt as though she was talking about him, but he knew he should bear the consequences of his own actions. She was so furious that her cheeks puffed red. "I haven't finished talking about Zion. Do you want to hear it?" He placed his large hand on her thin shoulder. She nodded. "Yeah, please continue." "Though Zayne had a lot of illegitimate children over the past years, Old Mrs.

Hoover gave birth to her first child around ten years ago. The child was named Quentin Hoover, and unfortunately, he suffered from critical hemophilia since birth," he narrated. Kathleen arched her eyebrow when she heard that. "Don't tell me that Zion's life was spared because Quentin needs his blood?" Samuel nodded. Although she had already assumed that to be the case, she was still shocked. "Quentin's sickness is weird. It won't work if he's given normal blood. The person who transfuses blood to him must consume some special medication so that his or her blood consists of the medicinal property," he explained. She frowned in puzzlement. "What?" "So, the Hoover family promised Dorothy that if she agrees to let Zion become Quentin's blood supply, they would then acknowledge her identity," he uttered in a practical manner. "Didn't she know that in order to do that, Zion needed to take medication?" She was beyond astounded. "She knew about that, but marrying into the Hoover family was her wish, so she agreed to it. Zion was seven years old at the time." There was aloofness in Samuel's eyes. Kathleen's hands were trembling. "How can a mother be so cruel? Even if I'd lost my memory, I was still happy when I found out that Desi and Eil were my children.

How could she..." She's so cruel! "Dorothy lived a carefree life after she married into the Hoover family. Indeed, she never really cared about Zion, as the boy was only regarded as Quentin's blood supply since he was young. This continued until Quentin turned ten. That was when his hemophilia was finally cured." The look in Samuel's eyes was undisturbed as he continued telling the story. "So the Hoover family wanted to kill Zion because he was no longer useful to them?" she asked, lifting an eyebrow. He merely nodded. She was so furious she let out a frustrated chuckle. "The Hoovers have really shown me what it's like to be demons." "But after that, Zion suddenly went missing. No one knew where he went." "Did Theodore save him?" She frowned. He replied, "According to what I know, Theodore had never been to the Hoover residence. Plus, it seems that Quentin's hemophilia has recently relapsed." She exclaimed in shock, "Seriously?" As he nodded, she let out a cold snort. "I know kids are innocent and all, but have the Hoovers thought about why this tragedy has befallen Quentin? It's clearly well-deserved karma." "I don't know about that," he answered.

After some hesitation, she asked, "Does that mean the Hoovers are targeting me since Zion is currently with me?" Samuel nodded in confirmation. "But the problem is that very few people know about Zion's whereabouts. Even if someone were to know that a teenage boy is staying at my place, they wouldn't necessarily know it's Zion. I don't think Theodore was the one who exposed the secret." Kathleen furrowed her brows as she pondered. Theodore wants to save Zion. If he was the one who exposed the secret and Zion was captured, all his previous efforts would've gone down the drain. So, it can't be him. She mulled over the whole issue seriously. After all, she was the main target of the Hoovers. Subsequently, she grabbed her phone and dialed a number before placing it on the table in loudspeaker mode. Samuel listened quietly as the call was answered. An enchanting female voice came from the other end of the line. "I thought you wouldn't contact me anymore." Lauren chuckled. "Why hasn't Theodore killed you yet?" Kathleen's voice was filled with confusion. Lauren cackled. "Haha! You're so heartless. If it hadn't been for me, how could you have escaped with your

daughter?" Kathleen responded coldly, "I've given you money. Lauren, were you the one who spread the information about Zion coming to me for treatment?"

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Chapter 371 Nicolette Is Back

"No." Lauren smiled nonchalantly. "It wasn't you?" Kathleen was suspicious. "Think about it, Kathleen. Do the two of us share any grudges? Now you're no longer by Theodore's side.">

The organization would be mine if I so much as move a finger and end him. Why would I even want to cause you trouble?" There was a tinge of amusement in Lauren's tone. "If it wasn't you, then who was it? I think you're the only one in the organization who knows about Zion's ancestry." Kathleen lifted her eyebrow while wearing a frosty expression. "I have no idea either. Oh, I forgot to tell you. There's a big-time nuisance among the people who escorted Zion today. I wonder have you noticed anything?" Big-time nuisance? "Who is it?" asked Kathleen, frowning. "I won't tell you. That's your business with the person. I'm just in charge of receiving the money, that's all." Lauren let out a sinister chuckle before hanging up on Kathleen. Samuel queried, "Where are the people who came with Zion?" Kathleen rubbed her temples. "I've asked them to go back. I didn't expect Theodore to send me a custom-made bomb." "Is it someone from the organization who holds a grudge against you?" he asked with a worried frown. She let out a casual sneer as chilliness crept up her pretty face. "I know who it is. No wonder I thought her gait was weird when she walked." He asked in a frosty, gruffy voice, "Who is it?" She turned to look at him sharply, her eyes devoid of the usual gentleness. "Nicolette Yoeger." It's her? He was stunned. "You still remember her, right?" asked Kathleen emotionlessly. "I thought she could no longer stand?" Samuel was beyond confused. Though she was able to walk with support from the robotic exoskeleton, the thing was too obvious for Kathleen to have missed it. If even Kathleen didn't notice anything, that would mean Nicolette was able to stand without support from any equipment. Are her legs cured? Kathleen chuckled coldly. "Lauren is well-aware of her own specialty, after all." Samuel gazed solemnly at her. "Is Lauren capable of curing her?" "Not entirely, of course. But according to Lauren's way of doing things, I have a rough grasp on what method she used," she uttered indifferently. He frowned and waited for her elaboration. "Lauren excels at using parasitic worms. There is one kind of parasitic worm that has the ability to control people's nerves. I bet Lauren must have done something to Nicolette's legs. That's why Nicolette's gait looked weird today. She hates me, so she'd definitely try to exact her revenge on me." A cold gleam streaked past Kathleen's eyes as she spoke. I'm waiting for her. I might have lost my memory, but I would never forget everything between Nicolette and me. A ferocious glow emerged in Samuel's cold eyes as he swore to himself that he would end Nicolette with his own hands. In the meantime, Yareli was happily shopping for clothes in the mall. Ever since Samuel agreed to marry her, she had been in high spirits. She told

Vanessa about the good news, and the latter promised to attend their wedding. Although she hadn't told Samuel about it yet, she planned to doll herself up and go to meet Samuel. After choosing a pretty floral dress, she stepped into the fitting room and was about to try it on when someone knocked on the door. "Who is it? It's occupied," she asked in annoyance. However, the person outside knocked again. She opened the door and yelled impatiently, "What do you want?" The person standing outside flashed her a malicious smile. As the color on her face drained away, Yareli stuttered, "Y-You—" Before she could even finish her sentence, the person took out a spray bottle and aimed it at her face, knocking her out. As she collapsed on the floor, the person dragged her into the fitting room and dialed a number. "All done. You guys can come up here and bring her away. Remember, don't let anyone notice. I think Kathleen has already noticed something, so avoid her at all costs." After that, she ended the call, her eyes glowing menacingly. "I'm taking back everything that's rightfully mine!" When Samuel had just gotten into the car after leaving Kathleen's place, he received Yareli's call. Her voice was soft as she spoke. "It's me, Samuel. My mom has agreed with our marriage. She'll be there at the wedding." "You must've forgotten that I want to meet her before the wedding," he replied coldly. "How do we know you're not just trying to trick my mother into coming back?" said Yareli. "Since you guys are so worried about that, then what's the point of our marriage? Tell her it's not necessary to return. The marriage can be called off." His tone was freezing cold. After he ended the call, Yareli smiled devilishly and mumbled to herself, "Samuel, your attitude remains the same after all these years. You gave all your gentleness and affection to Kathleen. So what's left for me?" No. I refuse to accept this! What's so good about Kathleen? Why does she deserve all the good things? Look at me! My leg is crippled, and my face is destroyed! I've lost everything! I'm going to take back everything that belongs to me. Including Samuel, the man who never spared me a glance despite how much I love him! It was late at night when Yareli returned to the quiet residence. She was about to head upstairs straight away without making any noise when the lights of the living room flicked open. She was taken aback as she reflexively lifted her hand to cover her eyes from the sudden brightness. An elegant figure stood on the second floor. She slowly put her hand down. "What are you doing here, Kathleen?" "Why can't I be here? Granny has decided to move in with us tomorrow." Kathleen's tone was icy. "What?" Yareli froze in shock. "This is for the best. The Yoeger family is just using her, after all," uttered Kathleen apathetically. "What are you talking about?" "Also, Yoeger Group will be divided tomorrow. You guys can keep the main part. As for the rest, Granny will hand them over to me." There was a solemn look in Kathleen's dark eyes. "What's the meaning of this, Kathleen?" Yareli asked unhappily. The Yoeger family would be left with almost nothing if they lost the part that Frances owned. Kathleen responded indifferently, "Then you should tell Vanessa that if it hadn't been for my granny back then, you guys would've already been doomed. Now, Granny is old. She no longer wants to be part of this mess. Hence, this has to be done." Yareli clenched her fists. D*mn it! She didn't expect Kathleen to take such a drastic measure to deal with this matter. Kathleen uttered meaningfully, "It's late, Yareli. You should sleep early. There are a lot of things you need to deal with tomorrow. Oh, right. Congratulations on your marriage." With that, she turned to leave. Yareli's complexion was pale as she gritted

her teeth, holding back the urge to tear Kathleen apart. This woman always ruins everything for me!