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All Too Late Chapter 366

Chapter 366 Did You Not Lose Your Memory

Hearing Frances' words, Kathleen couldn't seem to understand the reason for that as well.

"But now that I'm clear of this, it'll make things much easier," Kathleen replied.

She roughly knew how Theodore was going to use her, and it was all because she was Trevor's granddaughter.

However, what Frances said wasn't wrong.

Trevor had plenty of descendants, and he had not once cared about the children that Frances had. Thus, it was impossible that Kathleen was the one he doted on the most.

Then why does Theodore have to go after me? Could it be that he couldn't deal with the children around Trevor, so he's trying to go after me instead?

She just couldn't understand it.

"Granny, did Trevor contact you?" Charles asked casually.

Frances shook her head. "After we broke up, we don't have anything to do with each other anymore. Why would there be a need for him to contact me? I cut all ties with him a long time ago."

Frances had always done things cleanly and decisively.

After breaking up with Trevor, she never wanted to be related to him again.

"Granny, I want to go and meet him," Kathleen said.

Hearing this, Frances was stunned and pursed her lips. "If you want to go, then go ahead. I won't stop you. You're already an adult. Besides, if Trevor is really the reason why Theodore

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is treating you like that, I do want to interrogate him and see if he can manage that brother of his!"

"Okay. I understand," Kathleen replied solemnly.

She then stood up.

"Kate, are you leaving?" Frances looked at her longingly.

"I'll come and visit you again tomorrow, Granny. I still have some stuff to attend to," Kathleen explained.

It was only then that Frances released her grip on Kathleen. "All right."

With that, Kathleen made her way out.

Charles sat down. "Granny, since Kate is busy, I'll accompany you."

"Okay," Frances replied with a faint smile. "Let's eat first."

"Okay." Charles nodded.

He then glanced at Samuel.

Samuel's handsome face looked exceptionally grim. He then turned and headed outside.

Kathleen was standing beside the car.

"Do you not want to keep in touch with people from your past?" Samuel's voice was hoarse. "Is it because you don't want to remember the past?"

Kathleen was stunned.

She turned around and looked at him.

"Do you not want to remember your past?" Samuel asked again.

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"Can't I?" Kathleen's soft voice sounded exceptionally cold. She retracted her gaze as she continued, "Just by listening to what Charles said, I already feel so upset. If I really recovered my memory, I'm afraid that it would be too much misery for me."

Samuel clenched his fist, his jawline sharp and cold.

He knew that he couldn't force her.

As he looked at her, his entire body was in pain.

She was extremely reluctant to remember her past to the point that she would rather not be close to her family.

Guilt that was never before seen flashed across his dark eyes. "Kate, I won't force you like how I used to. If you're not happy, then I won't be in contact with you. But you don't have to give up on your family because of me."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Samuel, would you agree to let me bring the kids away?"

Upon hearing this, Samuel froze.

"I don't like it here," Kathleen explained. "After everything is settled, can you allow me to bring the kids away?"

Samuel's handsome face darkened instantly. "Where do you want to bring them to?"

"Probably Pollerton," Kathleen replied. "Of course, I'm not making you cut ties with the kids. You can still see them, and they can come back to see you, but I just don't wish to live here."

"What about your family?" Samuel asked in a raspy voice.

"I'll bring Granny with me," Kathleen responded.

Samuel's gaze darkened. "Then what about Grandma?"

"I don't remember anymore. I was never related to her by blood, to begin with," Kathleen replied coldly.

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Samuel felt an excruciating pain in his heart.

The thing that he feared the most still happened.

He glanced at Kathleen and remained silent for a long while.

Meanwhile, Kathleen only felt her scalp become numb.

However, she had already decided on this long ago.

A cold aura exuded from Samuel as if he had just been through a thousand-year snowstorm.

Kathleen knew that he wouldn't agree to it.

"All right." There was an icy chill in Samuel's low voice. "I promised you that I would respect you no matter what decision you make."

"You're agreeing to it?" Kathleen was surprised.

"Do I have a choice?" Samuel asked in a hoarse voice. "I can't help it that I like you. I'm willing to do this."

"Thanks then," Kathleen thanked him.

Samuel gazed at her huge, bright eyes and asked, "Kate, how do you feel toward me now?"

"I don't feel anything." Kathleen blinked her eyes. "I know that it's quite hurtful, but I still think that it's better for me to tell the truth."

Samuel felt a tight clench in his heart.

"It's not your fault," Samuel responded as he gazed at her clear eyes. "Get in the car. I'll send you back."

"Okay." Kathleen nodded.

With that, she got into the car.

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After calming himself down, Samuel also got into the car.

He then drove Kathleen back home.

After they arrived at Kathleen's house, Samuel didn't enter.

It wasn't because he didn't miss the children, but it was that he needed some time to calm down.

Kathleen's words were cold and hurtful, but he couldn't blame her.

She was extremely innocent after all.

Samuel gazed at her intently.

Kathleen unfastened her seat belt and said, "Goodbye."

Samuel nodded in response and glanced at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

Kathleen got out of the car and turned to leave.

She didn't look back, and neither did she long for him.

He was like a stranger to her.

If it weren't for Desi and Eil, she might have probably ignored him.

Samuel leaned against his car seat, taking deep breaths.

His heart ached terribly as if it was about to be shattered at any moment.

Retribution. This is retribution.

After thinking about it for a while, he drove off.

On the other hand, Kathleen entered the mansion.

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When she entered, Desi rushed over and peeked behind her. "Mommy, Daddy didn't come back with you?"

Kathleen squatted down and explained, "Yeah. He went back."

A trace of disappointment flashed across Desi's face.

Kathleen also felt that she was being a little selfish.

Is it really right to bring Desi and Eil away?

Although she didn't have any feelings toward Samuel, the children did.

After all, they were personally brought up by Samuel.

Of course, he would be reluctant.

"He'll be coming over tomorrow," Kathleen comforted her.

"Okay." Desi nodded. "Then can I video call Daddy later?"

"Of course, you can." Kathleen patted Desi's head. "What would you like to eat? I'll cook it for you."

"I'm fine with anything that Mommy makes," Desi responded.

"All right." Kathleen nodded.

She then got up and headed into the kitchen while Desi continued playing in the living room.

Just then, Eil walked over with a tablet in his hands.

"Mommy, are you never going to remarry Daddy?" As the miniature version of Samuel, even the way that Eil spoke was similar to the former.

Kathleen paused for a while before nodding. "Yeah. I won't."

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Eil walked over to her. "Forever?"

"Yeah. Forever." Kathleen nodded.

Hearing this, Eil sighed. "Mommy, aren't you going to think about it before answering me?"

"I don't have to think about it. I've thought about this long ago," Kathleen explained.

After a pause, Eil asked, "Mommy, could it be that you didn't lose your memory?"

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Chapter 367 Someone Else

Kathleen found this a little funny. "Of course, I did lose my memory."

Eil tilted his head, looking at her oddly. "Hmm. Then I'll believe that you really don't want to remarry Daddy."

"Why?" Kathleen didn't understand.

"Because I was testing you," replied Eil with a shrug. "Based on your reaction, you seem to have no feelings for Daddy whatsoever."

Kathleen snorted. "Is it that obvious?"

He nodded.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Eil, if I don't get back together with your daddy, will you hate me for it?" she asked.

"No." Eil shook his head gently. "As Daddy said before, you have the right to decide your future. He said that Desi and I should not hold you back."

Kathleen was surprised. "Samuel actually said such things to you?"

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"Yeah," murmured Eil.

"When did he tell you this?" Kathleen was a little surprised.

"It was the day we were brought here," Eil replied. "Daddy said I am the older brother, so I need to take care of you and Desi. He told me to keep an eye on Desi to ensure she behaves well and to make sure that she doesn't force you and Daddy together."

Kathleen's heart softened. "He truly said this?"

Eil nodded again.

Kathleen smiled helplessly. "He really knows how to ease my burdens."

She remained silent for a bit before asking, "Eil, do you want to go abroad with me?"

A hint of surprise registered on Eil's face. "Do you want to leave, Mommy?"

Kathleen nodded. "When things have been sorted out, then we'll leave with Granny. What say you?"

Eil had a slightly distraught expression on his face. "If we all leave, then won't Daddy be left alone?"

Kathleen did not respond.

The boy pondered over this briefly before turning toward Kathleen again. With a serious expression on his face, Eil asked, "Mommy, can I stay behind?"

Kathleen was stunned. "Do you want to stay?"

"I want to accompany Daddy," said Eil morosely. "If we leave, then Daddy will be left alone. Won't that be sad?"

Kathleen looked at him, her expression solemn. "I will respect your decision."

"Mommy, it's not that I don't love you. I love you both!" Eil then proceeded to give Kathleen a hug. "Desi would definitely be willing to go with you. I'll stay here with Daddy."

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Kathleen could feel a pang of hurt and discomfort.

Samuel has raised the boy well. He is responsible and very mature.

She patted his head. "I'm going to continue cooking. Why don't you go and play with Desi?"

"Okay." Eil then wriggled away from Kathleen and left the room.

Kathleen looked at the two children playing in the living room with a gentle but complicated expression.

Am I being too selfish? Should I think this through for the sake of the kids? But can those wounds really be healed? How do we even start over?

At the pier the next day, Kathleen stood there wearing a black trench coat and a pair of sunglasses.

A while later, a cruise ship arrived.

She walked over.

Several medical staff rushed out to push out a wiry-looking teenager who lay on a medical bed.

It was Zion Hoover.

She walked over and asked bluntly, "You are all hired by Axeworth Corporation?"

"No, we are not." They shook their heads in fright and denial. "We are just ordinary medical staff."

Kathleen said indifferently, "Then there is nothing more for you to do here."

The medical staff looked at each other.

Kathleen folded her arms and said, "If you think there is a problem, then you may take him back with you."

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None of them made a sound.

Kathleen motioned for her own staff to come over and help Zion into the ambulance.

She turned around and walked away.

Among the medical staff, there was a woman wearing a mask. Her eyes glinted with a dangerous look.

Kathleen got into the ambulance and took Zion's pulse.

Zion is not doing well. It's no wonder Theodore is anxious.

She took out a vial with a blue-purple solution in it. After inserting it into a syringe, she carefully injected Zion with it.

Just then, Zion opened his eyes in a daze.

He saw a very beautiful woman injecting him with an unknown liquid.

"Let go of me!" Zion's tone was weak but imposing.

Kathleen's frigid eyes reflected his pale face. "I'd have more sense if I were you. If the needle gets embedded inside you, then I'm not going to bother removing it."

Zion paused.

Kathleen pulled out the needle and said coldly, "Continue struggling if you must. There's nobody here to help you."

Zion looked at her with obvious disdain.

"Theodore didn't tell you who I was?" queried Kathleen icily.

Zion did not speak.

"Giving me an attitude is pointless," tutted Kathleen. "If you mess with me, then I will make your life very miserable."

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"I don't believe you will!" said Zion indignantly.

"How sure are you?" Kathleen smirked. "Do you know me that well?"

Zion could not respond.

"Did Theodore tell you something then?" Kathleen smiled meaningfully. "Speaking of which, I have no control over Theodore. But now that I have a hostage in my hands, I can do whatever I want."

Zion bit his lip. "You are not allowed to treat Grandpa like this!"

Kathleen laughed mockingly. "Why did you say nothing when he treated me thus?"

"What do you know?" Zion exclaimed indignantly. "Grandpa is a good man! I'd be dead if it weren't for him!"

"He may be a good person to you, but not to everyone else," said Kathleen nonchalantly.

Zion was very angry. "You are all bad people. I only trust Grandpa!"

Kathleen shrugged.

She could not be bothered to debate with a child.

Just then, Kathleen's phone rang.

She picked it up on the first ring.

"How is Zion doing?" came Theodore's baritone voice through the receiver.

"I just injected him with some medicine," Kathleen replied. "He's doing better and has since regained enough strength to argue with me."

"That's good." There was a long pause before Theodore breathed a sigh of relief. "I believe you've already asked your grandmother?"

"Yes," retorted Kathleen. "I know that she is linked to you."

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Theodore smiled coldly. "Does she still miss Trevor?"

"No." Kathleen shook her head. "She called Trevor a scumbag."

Theodore smiled faintly. "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Kathleen furrowed her brows. "I really wanted to ask. Why did you let Lauren drug Samuel and then cure him yourself?"

Theodore smirked before his tone turned deep again. "You little brat. If you have so many questions, why haven't you looked into it yourself?"

"We had a deal. I'd help you treat Zion in exchange for the truth." Kathleen then clicked her tongue in annoyance. "Do you think I'm letting this slide just because I know who you are?"

Theodore's smile was sardonic. "Don't worry; you will gradually learn about those things. You already know how you're related to Zion, right?"

"So he's my cousin?" Kathleen's mouth twitched slightly. "Then we don't share the same grandfather."

"You just need to remember that being related by blood is enough." Suddenly, Theodore's voice became hushed. "I will tell you another secret."

"Of course."

"Your mother was indeed taken away by Hector Yoeger in secret," murmured Theodore. "However, the one who removed all traces of your mother was someone else entirely."

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All Too Late 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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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All Too Late Chapter 369

Chapter 369 Artificial Insemination

Zion was speechless.

However, all he could taste was the sweetness of the peach.

Desi giggled. "Isn't it sweet?"

Zion nodded.

"Don't forget to eat all of it," Desi urged. "I'll be off."

After speaking, she turned away.

Zion sighed.

Since it was already in his mouth, all he could do was swallow it anyway.

Meanwhile, Kathleen busied herself at the mall.

She pursed her lips, unsure of what a thirteen-year-old boy would like. As such, she could only buy a random assortment of things.

After shopping, she came out of the mall with bags in tow.

A man wearing sunglasses walked up to her. "Are you Gizem?"

Kathleen arched a finely plucked brow. "In the flesh."

"The lady of the house would like a word," the man said coldly.

Lady?

"And who might that be?" asked Kathleen, her tone equally icy.

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"You'll know when you see her." The man frowned.

Kathleen sneered. "You know what? Nobody has dared to speak to me like this. I'm afraid you know nothing about my temper."

The man was upset, hearing this. "I can also tell you that no one has dared to—"

The man howled as Kathleen punched him in the face.

Soon, the corners of the man's mouth were tinged with scarlet.

"Don't even get me started on your tone!" hissed Kathleen. "You want me to meet her, but this is how you treat me? Who is she, the Queen? You can go back and tell her that I am God!"

Everyone had stopped to look at them.

Because Kathleen had sunglasses on, nobody recognized her.

The man merely stood there, seething.

Kathleen said indifferently, "P*ss off!"

The man was furious, but there were many people watching. All he could do was leave.

Kathleen carried all her purchases to the car park.

She was about to open the car door when she spotted the reflection of a woman standing behind her in the glass.

She turned back sharply.

A graceful-looking middle-aged woman stood there, her red lips curved into a smirk. "Ms. Johnson, allow me to apologize for my subordinate's uncouth behavior."

Her subordinate? So this was the woman the man mentioned earlier? Why would such a person show up now?

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"Who are you?" Kathleen frowned.

With a hand outstretched, the woman introduced herself. "My name is Dorothy Cartwright."

Her nails were painted a gorgeous shade of red.

Kathleen glanced at her warily. "Did you need something?"

"Can you hand over the child in your care?" Dorothy asked with a wry smile.

"Zion?" Kathleen frowned. "Why?"

"Ms. Johnson, that child is bad news. Letting him stay with you will not help you," Dorothy explained with a smile. "Also, you can't nullify the poison that courses through his veins."

Kathleen sneered. "Are you looking down on me?"

Dorothy raised her hands in mock defeat. She then took out a business card and gave it to Kathleen. "All I'm suggesting is that you don't waste your time. My number's on the card. I'll give you three days—"

Kathleen immediately ripped the card. "I'm really sick of you people pretending to be high and mighty. If you have anything worth saying, spit it out."

Dorothy's expression changed slightly.

Kathleen looked at her coldly and raised her chin. "If you can't learn to speak, don't bother me."

Dorothy hissed at her. "I can tell you this. Zion is my son!"

What?

Kathleen was a little shocked.

"If you don't believe me, I can do a maternity test." Dorothy looked at Kathleen with a frigid expression. "Now, can you hand him over?"

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Kathleen scoffed, "Since you are his mother, then how did he end up in the hands of someone else?"

"It's none of your business." Dorothy's expression took a grim turn. "Kathleen, I'm warning you. If you don't listen to what I say, then I will make your life a living hell."

"I'd like to see you try," retorted Kathleen scornfully.

She opened the door and got in the car.

Dorothy gritted her teeth. "Kathleen, don't think that you can let your guard down just because you have Samuel to help you!"

Kathleen lowered the car window, smirking wickedly at her. "Let me also warn you. I'm not the Kathleen I used to be."

After speaking, she drove away.

Dorothy was left standing there, her face contorted with fury.

Kathleen returned home when she spotted Samuel's car in the driveway.

Looks like he showed up after all.

Kathleen walked into her home.

She noticed that Samuel was spending time with both Desi and Eil.

She walked over to greet him. "Oh, you're here."

Samuel's handsome face was expressionless as he hummed in response.

He then told Eil, "Why don't you bring your sister upstairs?"

Eil nodded and took Desi by the hand.

Samuel's eyes were deep. "Is that boy Zion?"

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Kathleen was stunned. "You knew?"

"I've told you this before. Nobody is more well-informed than I am in Jadeborough," said Samuel in a hushed tone. "But what is he doing here?"

"I cut a deal with Theodore," Kathleen replied.

Samuel narrowed his eyes. "Aren't you concerned that this is a plot of his?"

"No." Kathleen was very determined. "This can't be a plot. When I took Zion's pulse, I saw that he truly was dying. He can't be saved with Desi's blood anymore. I don't think they would be that stupid and make a gamble like this."

Samuel said nothing.

"Since you are so well-informed, can I ask you something? Who is Dorothy Cartwright?" Kathleen was curious.

Samuel's voice was a measured calm. "She sought you out?"

Kathleen nodded.

"I guess that makes sense. She's your aunt, after all," Samuel teased. "She was with one of Trevor's older sons. I also heard that she was obsessed with coveting the position of the matriarch. Zion is indeed her son."

"How obsessed are we talking about?" Kathleen was very interested.

"Zion is a test-tube baby," Samuel said coldly. "Do you understand?"

Kathleen was surprised. "How did she do it?"

"She kidnapped Zayne and found a doctor," Samuel explained.

"If she has already kidnapped him, why did she need a doctor?" Kathleen didn't understand.

"Because there is no guarantee that she could have conceived immediately," replied Samuel.

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“And what happened after that?” Kathleen asked again.

She really didn’t expect Samuel to know so much and in such vivid detail.

Samuel’s thin lips were pursed.

He knew that this was one of the times where her gaze would be devoid of all warmth.

“I’m hungry,” interjected Samuel.

Kathleen snorted. “Wait, there is food in the kitchen.”

She went to get Samuel something to eat.

Samuel swallowed audibly.

He knew he was shameless, always using this trick against her.

However, there was nothing he could do.

Since she wanted to go so badly, he could just continue doing it until the time came.

It was likely that he would have had no chance to do so in the future.

Kathleen warmed up the food and served it to him.

She sat beside Samuel and watched him eat.

Samuel’s mannerisms were as delicate as Eil’s.

Kathleen looked at him deeply.

Samuel stopped chewing after a while. “A heavily pregnant Dorothy went to Zayne and demanded that he take responsibility. However, Zayne was in no position to do so.”

“Why?” Kathleen blinked her charming eyes.

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“Because Zayne’s wife did not agree,” Samuel explained. “The Hoover family does not tolerate illegitimate children regardless of who conceived them.”

All Too Late 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.

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“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

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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?"

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“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?”

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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?"

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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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