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All Too Late Chapter 420

Chapter 420 Be The Scapegoat

The sudden gunshot caused chaos.

Kathleen immediately stood up and walked over to Vanessa while Samuel checked on Vanessa and found that she was no longer breathing.

Tyson had sent people to go after the shooter, and the other subordinates dismissed the reporters at the scene.

Looking at Vanessa, who got shot in the forehead, Kathleen uttered flatly, "I didn't expect her to die like this."

Samuel replied indifferently, "It seems like Luna doesn't want Vanessa to tell the truth."

"Does she think killing Vanessa is enough to hide what she's done?" Kathleen scoffed. "This only proves that she's feeling guilty."

"We should wait for Tyson's findings before doing anything."

Kathleen turned toward Rory. "Take her body away."

"Got it." Rory nodded.

After a while, Tyson came back with the other subordinates.

Judging from his expression, one could tell he had failed to capture the shooter.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Luckily, we still have a piece of evidence to prove Luna is the mastermind."

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"You mean the piece of evidence left by Vanessa?" Samuel inquired in a deep voice.

She nodded. "Ask your men to work on that piece of evidence. Otherwise, we'll be the scapegoat for the death of Vanessa."

"Don't worry. We won't get blamed for this." Samuel nodded in response.

"These people are getting more and more daring." Kathleen clenched her fists.

I won't let them off!

Half an hour later, the evidence kept by Vanessa was disclosed to the public, and it implied that Luna was the mastermind.

What was more unexpected was the plummet of the Hoover family's company stocks.

Even the company's market value dropped by billions.

When Kathleen got the news, she went to meet Samuel and asked, "Was it you?"

Samuel nodded, admitting that he was the one who caused the drop in numbers.

Kathleen widened her eyes in surprise.

"Why are you so shocked? It's merely a minor thing," Samuel stated self-mockingly, as his health condition did not permit him to help her in things that involved physical strength.

Hence, he figured he could use his intelligence to assist her.

"A minor thing?" Kathleen stared at him with her arms crossed. "If it were my company that lost billions in an hour, I would've gone berserk."

"Don't worry. I'll help out if your company faces any trouble," Samuel promised.

"Gosh! Knock on wood!" She frowned. "My company is going to have a ribbon-cutting ceremony after a few days. Try not to say anything negative about it."

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Samuel's lips curled into a smile. "Then, I wish for you to earn more money and take care of this useless person." He pointed at himself.

Kathleen had no words to reply to him.

Meanwhile, a lady with a gorgeous appearance arrived at the Hoover residence. Then, another woman opened the car door for the former. "Old Mrs. Hoover is waiting for you."

The gorgeous lady nodded.

When she reached the door to Luna's room, she knocked before entering.

Upon seeing her, Luna stated with an impassive countenance, "Your face seems well sculpted."

The gorgeous lady touched her face and grinned in confidence. "It's all thanks to your great help, Old Mrs. Hoover. You found a good doctor for my plastic surgery and to treat my legs."

"Since I've done so much for you, you should do something in return," Luna said frostily. "Why is Vanessa still alive?"

"She's dead now." The gorgeous lady seemed a bit anxious.

"But she left evidence, didn't she?" Luna was displeased. "Now the evidence implies that I'm the culprit. If you want me to continue to help you, you need to come up with a solution to this."

"Old Mrs. Hoover, since Vanessa has died, we can blame everything on her and say that the evidence is fake." The gorgeous lady explained, "Besides, even though Kathleen has obtained proof, they haven't confronted us yet. That means that the evidence isn't enough to prove that you're the one who did it."

Luna did not say a word, considering her suggestion.

The gorgeous lady felt slightly nervous. "What do you think, Old Mrs. Hoover?"

"Since you know what to do, go ahead and carry out your plan," Luna ordered as her gaze darkened. "Now, the problem is, what should we do with my grandson?"

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"I'll think of a way to take Zion back, Old Mrs. Hoover."

"No, he's useless now. I want the daughter of Samuel and Kathleen."

What?

The gorgeous lady was stunned as she felt that mission's difficulty was a tad high.

"Why? Can't you do it?" Luna stared at the lady with her sharp, piercing eyes.

"Yes, I can." The gorgeous lady nodded. "Old Mrs. Hoover, don't worry. I'm sure I can do it."

"Go ahead then," Luna ordered. "Time waits for no one."

"R-Right away!" The gorgeous lady walked out of Luna's room.

The other woman, who opened the door for the gorgeous lady earlier, said, "Ms. Yoeger, this way, please. I'll send you out."

The gorgeous lady's expression turned sour. "My name is now Ashley Zeller. I'm the niece of Old Mrs. Hoover. Don't get my name wrong!"

"I understand," the woman said awkwardly before sending her to the door.

The woman then went to Luna and helped massage the latter's shoulders. "Old Mrs. Hoover, can we really trust Nicolette?"

"She bears a grudge against the Yoeger family. And she did her recent work pretty well, didn't she?" Luna replied coldly. "I don't care if Kathleen has evidence or not. I just want my grandson safe and sound."

The woman nodded.

Still, Luna continued menacingly, "Kathleen keeps going against me, so I need to find someone to deal with her. I won't let Kathleen off!"

"Yes, she's too arrogant," the woman agreed.

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A cold glint flashed across Luna's eyes. "Trevor's never forgotten that woman. She must die for stealing my man! Since her descendant wants to avenge her, her descendant must suffer as well!"

The woman nodded.

When Ashley exited the Hoover residence, a car came to a stop in front of her.

Then, a man got out of the car.

When she saw the man's face, her eyelid twitched.

What's she doing here? Wyatt silently mused as he walked over to her.

"I never knew the Hoover family had such a beauty like you," he flirted.

Ashley raised her gaze. "Who are you?"

"Are you Ashley Zeller?" Wyatt sized her up.

She nodded. "Yes, I am."

"Luna mentioned you to me before. She wants us to have a marriage of convenience." Wyatt stared at her. "Are you interested?"

"You're pretty direct." Ashley fiddled with her fingers.

"I don't like beating around the bush." Wyatt asked coldly, "I need a wife now. What do you think?"

"I think we should start as friends..." Ashley extended her arm to shake hands with him. "Wyatt Watson."

Glancing at her hand in disdain, he scoffed, "I don't want to play games with you. Since you still need time to consider about it, take your time then. I don't want to wait."

With that, he entered the car and left.

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Ashley was rendered speechless by his abrupt departure.

She assumed Wyatt was attracted to her appearance, but he was actually interested in her identity.

I didn't expect my identity as Ashley Zeller would come in handy. This identity alone is enough to cause Wyatt to think about having a marriage of convenience with me. I wonder who this Ashley is. If she's that important to the Hoover family, why did Luna ask me to impersonate her? How strange.

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