

# All Too Late Chapter 499

Chapter 499 Dare

Kathleen sneered, "It's pointless for you to look at him. There's nothing he can do too."

Wilbur remained silent while wearing a grimace.

"Hurry up and move," The police urged Raymond.

Raymond gritted his teeth. "You must hang in there, Wilbur!"

Wilbur nodded.

Then, the police brought Raymond away.

The others who attended the banquet gradually left as well.

All of them were surprised by the unexpected turns of events that night.

Soon, the crowd dispersed.

Kathleen stared coldly at Wilbur. "You won't hold on for long."

"Don't be so presumptuous!" He glared at her.

"Are you still expecting Adina's help? You can give that idea up because she's having trouble saving herself now." Kathleen smiled indifferently.

"What did you say?" Wilbur frowned.

"Her right to the inheritance was terminated. She has lost everything now," Kathleen said coldly.

"Impossible!" Wilbur was in disbelief.

"Feel free to contact her and ask her yourself if you do not believe me," Kathleen said in a meaningful tone.

He immediately took out his phone and called Adina.

When the call connected, he heard Adina's hysterical sobs through the speaker.

"Wilbur, we're doomed!" Adina wailed in distress.

"What's the matter?" Wilbur knitted his brows.

"I lost my place in the royal family. My family is abandoning me. My mother did something wrong and dragged me into the mess," Adina cried out loud.

"What?" He froze.

He slowly put down his phone while glowering at Kathleen. "What have you done?"

"I'm just letting you all have a taste of your own medicine. Are you satisfied with this outcome?" Kathleen said expressionlessly.

Consumed by rage, Wilbur dashed forward in Kathleen's direction.

Bang!

Samuel pulled the trigger of the gun in his left hand, shooting Wilbur on his leg.

"Ah!" Wilbur shrieked.

He fell to the ground, hugging his injured leg in agony.

Kathleen merely stared at him with a poker face. "This is retribution. You are being punished for the harm you were about to inflict on others."

Colors drained from Wilbur's face. "Kathleen!"

She continued gazing at him emotionlessly. "Wilbur, stop fantasizing that you still have the opportunity to stage a comeback. That will never happen."

"Bring him away and ensure he is monitored at all times," Samuel ordered sternly.

Tyson, leading his subordinates, captured Wilbur and took him away.

The other members of the Blissful Sect were at a loss.

Kathleen regarded them with a frosty expression. "If all of you are sufficiently wise and sensible, you should know better than to continue holding those weapons."

A part of the crowd obediently put down their weapons.

"Regardless of where your loyalties lie in the past, the Blissful Sect belongs to Ms. Watson from now onwards. She will not make things difficult for any of you if you heed her command. However, if you all still wish to blindly assist Raymond or Wilbur, don't blame me for not being merciful!"

The rest of the Blissful Sect members, still holding their weapons a moment ago, hastily dropped them upon hearing Kathleen's speech.

Kathleen uttered solemnly, "Very good. No matter who becomes the leader of the Sect, your welfare and benefits will not be affected. Therefore, all of you can be at ease."

Everyone lightly bobbed their heads.

Kathleen nodded in satisfaction. She turned to look at Samuel. "Let's go. We'll head to the hospital first."

"Okay." They went to the hospital in a hurry.

When Kathleen and Samuel arrived at the hospital, Clarissa was already transferred from the operating theatre to the ward.

The doctor exited the ward and said grimly, "Ms. Watson's brain nerves were destroyed. I'm afraid..."

"How is she?" Charles asked.

"I'm afraid she will stay a fool the rest of her life," the doctor uttered in resignation.

What?

Charles was shocked to his core.

Kathleen frowned deeply as well. "Is there no other way to save her?"

"The only option is to operate on her, but..." The doctor paused briefly before continuing, "This surgery is extremely complicated. There won't be any doctor with the courage to take up this challenge."

Kathleen gazed at Charles.

She could sense his anguish. "I am the reason she became like this! I neglected her because I was too busy since my return. Little did I expect Raymond treated her in this manner."

Kathleen did not know how to console her brother.

Even a vicious tiger would not eat its cubs, but Raymond is simply evil. Or perhaps he did not anticipate this outcome himself.

"Charles, I'll handle Clarissa's surgery! Let's take a look at her condition first," Kathleen piped up.

Charles grimaced. "Kate, I cannot leave Clarissa to her own devices in her current state."

"I know." Kathleen nodded.

"Since we are engaged, I will take care of her in the future." Charles gazed at the ring on his finger. "I'll take over the Blissful Sect. You can rest assured."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Charles, don't worry. I'm here for you."

Charles nodded. "It's already late now. You should go back first with Samuel. I'll stay and look after Clarissa."

"Okay. Call me if anything comes up," Kathleen said.

"All right."

Kathleen and Samuel turned around and left the hospital.

Rory sprinted over when they returned to the hotel. "Ms. Johnson, Old Mrs. Lester is here."

"What?" Kathleen was astounded. "Lead me to her!"

"Follow me." Rory brought Kathleen upstairs at once.

They arrived before a presidential suite.

Kathleen was about to knock on the door when the door swung open.

Yvonne looked at her with an amused expression. "You're back."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "I heard that you've arrived."

"That's right. She wishes to meet with you," Yvonne replied.

Kathleen stepped into the room, wearing an anxious look.

Old Mrs. Lester has just undergone surgery. How could she travel so far?

Kathleen went into the bedroom and saw Betty lying partially on the bed.

Betty's face was slightly pale but generally appeared relatively well and lucid.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

Tears brimmed in Betty's reddened eyes. "Are you still resolved on not acknowledging me?"

Kathleen froze as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Initially, she had indeed made the decision not to reunite with Betty.

However, Kathleen's resolution wavered when she saw the old woman coming so far to meet with her despite the latter's frail body condition. Betty had taken quite a risk.

"Grandma." Kathleen moved forward and hugged Betty.

Betty's eyes glistened with tears.

Yvonne wiped the tears off her face. "Congratulations, Mom. The granddaughter you've been missing so dearly has finally returned to your side."

"That's right." Betty sighed. "God has blessed me with great fortune."

After that, Kathleen examined Betty's condition and heaved a sigh of relief. "Grandma, you cannot behave like this in the future. You can call me if you miss me, and I'll visit you."

Betty grasped Kathleen's hands. "I've made the decision. There's not much time left for me to live. I did not get to meet your father after we became separated at his birth. From now on, I'll be where you are. I wish to return to Jadeborough with you. What do you say?"

"Really?" Kathleen was delightfully surprised. "If uncle and the others agree, I am certainly more than happy with this arrangement!"

"Do they dare to disagree?" Yvonne beamed. "You don't have to worry about that."

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### Chapter 500 Hostage

"I'll call and thank them later." Kathleen felt apologetic.

"Okay." Yvonne nodded. Kathleen held Betty's hand.

"Grandma, I'll introduce you to Old Mrs. Macari when we return. Her temperament is very similar to yours. I'm sure you two will become very good friends."

Betty smiled brightly. "Okay."

Kathleen accompanied Betty and chatted for a long time.

"Grandma, it's getting late. You should rest now. I'll ask Charles to come to meet you tomorrow," Kathleen said.

Betty bobbed her head slightly. "All right."

Then, Kathleen got up and went back to her room.

Samuel returned to the room before her. He was already done showering and was lying on the bed.

Kathleen lay down next to him. "Are you asleep?"

He gradually opened his eyes. "I was waiting for you."

"Samuel, I now have my own blood-related family too." She rested her head on the pillow. "I'm no longer alone in this world."

Samuel's voice was low and deep. "Are you happy?"

She nodded. "I am happy."

"I'm happy as long as you're happy." Samuel gently shifted her head and placed it on his shoulder.

Kathleen took a deep breath. "Trevor is still missing, nor do we know what he's up to."

"I'm certain he has yet to leave the country. I've arranged for my men to keep a lookout. They will update us if there's any news," he uttered confidently.

"Okay." Kathleen gave him a slight nod. "Go back to sleep. I'm going to take a bath."

With that, she stepped into the bathroom.

Samuel stared at the ceiling with an unfathomable expression.

The following day, Kathleen went to the hospital and helped Clarissa do a detailed physical examination.

Then, with Clarissa's CT scan report in her hands, she went to see Charles.

Charles looked sullen. "How is it?"

"A surgery is plausible, but we will have to wait for her condition to stabilize further," Kathleen explained.

"When will be the optimal time to carry out the operation?" His voice sounded hoarse.

"We need to wait for at least a year," she replied.

A year?

Charles nodded slightly. "As long as she can be cured, I'm willing to wait another ten years. One year is nothing."

Kathleen pursed her lips. "Charles, Grandma is here."

Charles was startled to hear that. "When did that happen?"

"Yesterday. Grandma was already at the hotel when I went back yesterday," she answered.

He nodded. "Penny for your thoughts?"

"Grandma told me she wishes to return to Jadeborough with me. I want to bring her back," Kathleen explained.

"That's good too. Kate, I don't think I can go back now. Clarissa and the Blissful Sect need me. You'll have to take care of Grandma in my stead," Charles uttered solemnly.

Kathleen placed a hand on her brother's shoulder. "Charles, go to the hotel and visit Grandma. I'll stay here and keep Clarissa company."

Charles glanced at Clarissa, who was lying on the bed. He did not know when she would wake up in her current condition.

"All right. I'll be back very soon." He turned around and left.



Kathleen glanced at Clarissa before sitting down.

A few minutes later, she heard a commotion originating from the corridor outside the ward. It was as if pandemonium erupted.

Less than a minute later, the sound of footsteps halted on the opposite of the ward's door.

Someone forcefully pushed the door open from outside.

Wyatt and his subordinates stood in the corridor.

He fell into a daze when he saw Kathleen.

Kathleen looked sideways. "With Raymond and Wilbur gone, I completely forgot about you."

Wyatt stepped into the room. The others behind him wanted to enter as well.

"Wait outside, all of you," he ordered coldly.

Then, he shut the door.

Kathleen stared at him indifferently.

Wyatt strode up to her and said threateningly, "Hand her over to me."

"If I hand her over to you, can you treat her illness or prompt her to regain consciousness?" she questioned him calmly.

His face darkened. "Give her to me, and I will not make things difficult for you. Otherwise..."

Kathleen sneered. "Why do you want her? She can't do anything now."

"That's none of your concern." Wyatt's eyes turned frosty. Then, he took out a gun.

Kathleen remained unfazed, not showing any hint of fear on her face. "Wyatt, those who yearn for power usually treasure their lives dearly."

He merely gazed at her in silence.

"If you kill me, do you know how many people will want you dead, putting Samuel aside?" She arched her brow at him. "If you're so capable, then stop hesitating and just do it!"

Wyatt gritted his teeth. "Kathleen, the trait I hate the most about you is that you're too smart!"

Ha!

She scoffed, "Do you think I care about your opinion?"

Who do you think you are?

"I will not harm her. I just want to take her away and turn her into one of my pawns. As long as your brother and all of you listen to me, I can guarantee she will remain safe and sound," he elaborated coolly.

"Wyatt, she's your little sister." Kathleen regarded him with a stony expression.

"So what? All those bonds between siblings vanished from the moment she decided to compete with us for the family's inheritance," he said contemptuously.

"How shameless are you to say something like that, Wyatt." Kathleen stared at him in displeasure. "Clarissa helped you in the past!"

"That's why I'm giving her the chance to help me again now. Is that prohibited?" Wyatt gave off the impression as if he had lost his mind.

"Wyatt, don't tell me you plan to take over the Blissful Sect, seizing this opportunity while Raymond is imprisoned and Wilbur injured?" Kathleen knitted her brows.

He fixated his piercing gaze on her. "No. Kathleen, I only want her. I will not give you up as well."

She took a deep breath and uttered emotionlessly, "Do you think you will succeed?"

"Don't expect Samuel to save you. I've ordered my men to capture him earlier. After he's caught, I will tell my men to banish him so he will never get to meet you again!" Wyatt said apathetically.

"You're crazy!" Kathleen was livid.

"You all, go and take her away!" Wyatt instructed his subordinates.

They entered the room and surrounded Clarissa, who was lying on the bed, and Kathleen.

Kathleen leaped to her feet. "Who dares to lay a finger on her!"

"Why are you all still standing there, doing nothing!" Wyatt's eyes blazed murderously.

Kathleen pursed her lips.

"Don't move!" Another group of people arrived outside the door, with Tyson leading the party.

Tyson stepped into the room with his subordinates and subdued Wyatt's men.

Sensing the situation turning sideways, Wyatt immediately dragged Kathleen to his side and pressed the gun against her temple.

Samuel's eyes turned cold when he walked in and saw that scene.

Kathleen furrowed her brows. "Wyatt, kill me if you have the guts!"

Wyatt sneered while staring at Samuel. "Do not act rashly. Otherwise, I'll kill her!"

"You won't survive if you kill her, much less get what you want. Wyatt, I know what you wish to achieve. You intend to fight for your mother's honor. How do you plan to do that when you're dead?" Samuel said.

Wyatt wore an icy expression. "What do you know, Samuel? You grew up adored and treasured by everyone. I am different from you. You can effortlessly attain whatever you want. On the other hand, I need to earn everything with my abilities."

Poker-faced, Samuel said, "Let her go. I'll be your hostage."