

You're Out Daddy Chapter 1

Chapter 1

“Congratulations, Ms. Watson! You’re pregnant with twins.”

Natasha Watson was stumped. “I’m pregnant? With twins?”

“Yes, you’re the first at our clinic to be confirmed pregnant with twins this week. Congratulations!”

After coming out of the hospital, Natasha clutched the ultrasound image in her hand. To her, the image was a mere incomprehensible blur, and she was still reeling in from the shock.

I’ve only had sex once with Kenneth. How am I pregnant? And with twins, no less?

Before she could snap out of her surprise, her phone rang. She took a look at the message, and a photo caught her eye. It was an image of Kenneth Hamilton with a woman in a bikini on a yacht. Natasha’s eyes burned with fury.

She hailed a taxi and ordered, “Head to Glenport City!”

After half an hour, Natasha arrived at the yacht.

Upon spotting Kenneth and another woman laughing while clinking glasses of champagne, Natasha approached the two, snatched over the glass of champagne, and hurled it at the woman.

“Ah, what are you doing? You crazy woman!” the woman in the bikini let out a startled scream. After taking a look at Natasha, the woman in the bikini finally understood why the latter hurled the glass of champagne at her. She shot a derisive look at Natasha and chided, “What a country bumpkin. Doesn’t she know what kind of place this is?”

“I am the wife of this man sitting opposite you. Need I say more?” Natasha shot a frigid gaze at the woman. She was actually boiling with rage inside. However, Natasha somehow managed to conceal her feelings and appeared rather calm and composed instead.

“You-”

“Even if you want to become his legitimate wife, shouldn’t you at least wait until after I’ve divorced this man? Otherwise, you’re going to be the homewrecker. Or, I could just

report you to the police right now.” Natasha took out her phone and shot the woman in the bikini a warning glare.

The woman in the bikini was about to make her debut in the entertainment industry. Hence, she did not wish for her reputation to be tainted because of this. She glanced at Kenneth, and the latter looked impassive.

“I’m going to go get changed!” the woman declared. Then, she turned around to leave.

Natasha walked over and sat opposite Kenneth. Her face was expressionless and cold. “Are you done fooling around?”

“As long as you’re here, I will never be done!” the man replied with a nonchalant smile.

“Do you hate me that much?”

“You’re just a country bumpkin. Do you really expect me to like you?” Kenneth retorted in a condescending tone.

Natasha furrowed her brows. She was never the kind of woman who was good at dressing up. Her plain face looked dejected as she asked, “Then why did you marry me?”

“If it weren’t for your grandfather and my grandfather being close, do you think we’d have the chance to sit opposite each other like this?” Kenneth was sick of restating the obvious.

“So, it’s impossible for you to like me, ever?”

“Don’t mention that. You’re only tarnishing the word.”

A defeated look flashed across Natasha’s porcelain-fair face. She clutched her fist tightly and declared, “Let’s get divorced then!”

Kenneth’s hand that was swirling the champagne glass paused in mid-air as he asked, “Are you willing to?”

“Since you’ll never like me, you’re never going to be loyal to this marriage either. What’s the point of me holding onto this marriage then?”

“You’re quite shrewd this time. But, on Grandpa’s side…”

“Don’t worry. I won’t mention anything. After we’re done with the divorce, you may explain it however you like.”

Kenneth saw her in a different light right then. Natasha was a country bumpkin, all right, and even though she was quite pretty, he thought she was too rigid and lacked liveliness. He did not think she was fun to be around at all.

He actually hoped that they could split on good terms. Hence, Kenneth made her an offer. "I'm going to compensate you"

"That will not be necessary!" Natasha cut him off right away. "I don't need more money, not especially from you."

She's quite strong-willed even though she's young, huh? Kenneth did not insist and said, "All right, I'm going to respect your decision."

The discussion came to an end. Natasha got up to leave. However, she stopped after taking just a few steps and turned around to look at the man. "What if..."

"Don't tell me you're already regretting your decision!" Kenneth said as he looked at her.

He's not going to be a good father!

Natasha tightened her fist and said, "Kenneth, I hope we may never cross paths again for the rest of our lives. The faster the divorce procedure is, the better!" Then, she turned around to leave.

Six years later, the plane from Lightspring to Glenport City was slowly making its landing.

After getting off the plane, Natasha's phone rang. She took the call as she walked. Half of her face was covered by a black trucker hat. The loose black casual clothes that she was wearing managed to conceal her gorgeous figure. Even though one could not clearly discern her appearance, her elegance was unmistakable. One would even say that she was more outstanding than a celebrity.

The three children that followed behind her managed to garner the onlookers' attention as well. Each of them wore a pair of sunglasses as they gave off a regal aura. They were pushing their trolleys and followed behind Natasha. One would not be able to tell if they were her children at first glance as she did not once turn around to look at them even after walking for some time.

When they almost reached the entrance, they could see that a tall figure was holding out a photo at the gate from afar. Benjamin Watson, the second eldest among the siblings lowered his sunglasses and walked over to scrutinize the photo.

This photo...

He lifted his head and looked at the woman who was still engrossed with her phone and asked, "Nat, this is you in the photo, right?"

The girl in the photo looked unsophisticated, albeit having a strong-willed face. There was nothing wrong with it per se, other than the girl looking like a hillbilly.

Natasha snapped out of her daze and frowned a little when she saw the photo. "That's me."

"That's... amusing. You look like a refugee at a glance!" Benjamin teased.

Natasha did not appear annoyed at her own son's comment. She had taken that photo back in the village just for memory's sake, and she did not actually like taking photos. Hence, she only had that photo on her phone and used it. She did not think there was anything wrong with it.

The person who was welcoming them at the airport eyed Natasha and asked, "Are you Ms. Natasha Watson?"

"Hello!" Natasha nodded.

The person held out the photo and compared it to the woman standing right in front of him. His eyes widened in disbelief.

Denise Watson, the youngest of the triplets, teased Natasha, "Nat, your photo is going to make others think that you've undergone plastic surgery!"

"Nonsense! Nat is a natural beauty!" Anthony Watson, the eldest, patted the back of her sister's head. He was always the first to jump to Natasha's defense.

The man who welcomed them thought that the three children were Natasha's siblings when he heard them addressing her as Nat. He smiled and said, "Ms. Watson, your siblings are adorable."

Natasha turned to look at the triplets. She thought that she was having twins during her initial checkup, but it turned out that she was having triplets after another round of checkup. However, she was glad and appreciated the triplets as she had always been deprived of family kinship.

"Just wait for a moment right here. I'll send them out and come over," Natasha said as she did not care to explain further.

"Sure! Suit yourself," the man replied with a smile.

"Nat, it's all right. Gramps is right outside. We can go over there ourselves!"

“Are you sure?”

The three of them nodded in unison.

Natasha did not insist, as she was confident that they would be able to handle themselves well. “Okay then. Tell Gramps that I will be back soon.”

“Okay!” Benjamin said.

Then, Natasha followed the man outside, and there was already a car waiting.

After they left, Anthony led his siblings and said, “Let’s go.”

“Tony, I want to go to the washroom!” Denise said.

Anthony glanced the surrounding and noticed there was a washroom just nearby. “All right. Be fast.”

Denise then passed the Barbie doll clutched in her hand to Anthony and said, “Help me take care of Elisa, Tony. I’ll be right back.”

Natasha’s naming convention for her kids was simple as she decided to name her kids in alphabetical order. However, she did not like the letter C as it reminded her of cheating. So, she named her dog with the letter C instead. As a result, Denise’s name started with D, and since the little girl did not like being the youngest of the siblings, she declared that Elisa the Barbie doll would become the youngest among them instead.

After she relieved herself, Denise straightened out her hair before she went out. However, she bumped into someone in the corner and fell to the floor. “Oh no.”

Kenneth noticed the sound, as well as the pretty little girl who fell to the floor.