

You're Out Daddy Chapter 11

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The next day, Natasha mentioned that she would bring the children home from school. Of course, that meant she would be meeting the handsome school director.

Denise was ecstatic to hear the news. Thus, she took the extra effort to pick out Natasha's outfit for the day.

Truthfully, Natasha could not be bothered by what she wore on a daily basis. Denise, on the other hand, had high standards. She intended to dress up Natasha like a fashion guru every day.

It was a good thing Natasha had fair skin, as well as long and slender legs. Everything looked gorgeous on her.

She was the kind of beauty that would spark up jealousy among women while every man would do a double take.

It was rare for Natasha to wake up early. Thus, she decided to have breakfast with the children. Between bites, Denise glanced up at Natasha. "Mommy, I hope your beauty can last till the afternoon when you come to pick us up."

"I only said that I might be able to pick you guys up. No promises."

"That's all right," countered Denise. "I'll just have to dress you up nicely every single day. You'll come to our school sooner or later."

As usual, Denise refused to give up before she achieved her goal.

With a look of resignation, Natasha nodded. "Okay, okay!"

"We'll be going now, Mommy," announced Anthony as he got off the table. "Don't tire yourself up too much today."

"Be good now." Natasha smiled.

"Bye, Mommy." Benjamin waved as he, too, got off the table.

"Listen to Gramps."

“Yes, Mommy!” the children chorused.

Watching the triplets go out the door, Natasha remained seated at the table and enjoyed her breakfast, taking her own sweet time.

As the triplets made their way downstairs, Benjamin turned to Denise. “Are you really planning to get Mommy a boyfriend?”

“Yep!” Denise was dressed in pink from head to toe with a cute bear-themed backpack. Her response was as a direct one.

“Don’t you want to look for Daddy anymore?” inquired Benjamin.

Terence stood in front of the triplets. His eyebrows arched as he listened in on their conversation. Am I invisible to these kids?

Denise pondered for a moment before answering, “I don’t think it’ll get in the way of us finding Daddy. What if Daddy isn’t a good person? There has to be a reason Mommy left him. Either way, we can’t ruin Mommy’s future just because of our selfishness now, can we?”

“But...”

“I think Denise has a point,” Anthony chimed in.

“Tony, not you too!”

Anthony tossed Benjamin a side glance. “Mommy’s happiness is more important. Let me ask you this: if Mommy forbids us to go looking for Daddy, will you still do it?”

“Uh... No,” Benjamin admitted honestly.

“Even though Mommy has never stopped us from doing so, we as her children should still take her feelings into consideration,” Anthony pointed out.

Convinced, Benjamin shrugged. “To be honest, I don’t want to look for Daddy anyway. I just want to find out the truth... But if we’re comparing that to Mommy’s happiness, of course Mommy’s happiness is more important.”

In response, Anthony patted Benjamin on the shoulder. “The truth will surface one day.”

All the while, Terence had been standing near the doors of the elevator. Unable to stay silent any longer, he coughed lightly, reminding the triplets of his presence. It seemed as though the triplets had pretended that he was not there from the way they talked about their secret so openly.

However, Terence felt a sense of warmth in his heart upon hearing their conclusion. The children were surprisingly mature for their age.

Just then, Denise tugged on the book in Terence's hand and raised her head to look at him. With an adorable pout on her face, she asked, "Gramps, you won't tell Mommy what we talked about, will you?"

Smiling sheepishly at her, Terence feigned a look of confusion. "Tell her what? My ears aren't working as well as they used to. I didn't hear a thing!"

"I knew Gramps wouldn't reveal our secret." Clarice grinned confidently.

The triplets truly were sly.

Meanwhile, Natasha was immediately called by Mark the moment she stepped foot into the company.

When she entered his office, she noticed Thea was there as well.

At the sight of Natasha, Mark gestured to an empty seat. "Ms. Jarman has something to discuss with you," he said.

Tossing Thea a look, Natasha nodded. "Okay."

To Mark's surprise, Thea turned to look at him. "Mr. Yondel, I'd like to talk to Ms. Watson in private. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

In other words, Thea wanted Mark to leave the room.

For a few seconds, Mark was dumbfounded, but he quickly recovered. Flashing a polite grin, he shook his head. "Of course I wouldn't mind. You two go ahead. There's something I need to take care of." With that, he stood up and walked out of the office, not forgetting to close the door behind him.

Thea was seated on the couch with her legs crossed, exuding a domineering aura.

"Please sit, Ms. Watson." Thea gestured.

Scoffing inwardly, Natasha gave Thea a tight-lipped smile. "Would you like some coffee?" Having said that, she pressed the intercom button on the desk. "Please get some coffee for Ms. Jarman."

"No need. I don't drink instant coffee."

"In that case, one cup for me will do. Thanks!" With that, Natasha cut off the connection.

Thea narrowed her eyes slightly and stared at Natasha. Most women would be at least a little bit shaken in Thea's presence, yet Natasha did not seem intimidated at all.

Very soon, someone sent in a cup of coffee.

After the person had left, Natasha took a seat directly across from Thea before sipping the drink slowly. "What do you wish to discuss, Ms. Jarman?"

Natasha was completely unfazed by Thea's snarky attitude. Two can play that game, and this is a game I never lose.

Ever since young, Natasha had a nonchalant attitude.

Even though she had stopped acting that way for the past few years because of her kids, she could still summon that attitude when she needed to, especially in front of someone so arrogant. Natasha was well aware that her nonchalance would always frustrate the other party, giving herself the upper hand.

Before stopping by, Thea had not done any prior research on Natasha. She could only make baseless assumptions about the latter. Thea had originally intended to intimidate Natasha into talking. To her dismay, Natasha was completely unfazed.

"What's your relationship with Kenneth?" Left with no other choice, Thea could only be upfront about the reason of her visit.

"Are you here to discuss my personal affairs today, Ms. Jarman?" Natasha retorted.

Thea eyed Natasha up and down. "Whether it's official business or personal affairs shall depend on your answer, Ms. Watson."

Natasha thought about it for a moment before nodding slowly. Drinking the cup of coffee calmly, she tossed Thea another question. "So, what do you think?"

"You—"

"You're here to see me in my office without even knowing what my relationship with Kenneth is. Ms. Jarman, don't you think you're being a bit too hasty?" Natasha cut Thea off.

Being snarky was one thing. Respecting others was another.

Natasha was used to treating people in the same manner she was treated.

With just a few sentences, Thea had been subdued by Natasha's imposing aura. Her calm exterior began to crack. "Natasha, I don't care if you know Kenneth, or if

something happened between you two in the past. Nevertheless, it's impossible for the two of you to have a future together any longer."

"I'm aware." Natasha nodded lazily with a look of indifference.

"Since you're aware of it, leave him alone," warned Thea.

Natasha let out a snort. "I think you're mistaken. Since when haven't I left him alone? In fact, you ought to tell him that instead. Get him to stop pestering me."

Thea kept staring at Natasha as if her piercing gaze could burn a hole into her.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be heading to work. As for Mr. Hamilton, I trust you to pass him my message. Thank you." With a curt nod, Natasha stood up and got ready to leave.

"If you're doing all of this for the project, I can fulfill your wishes." Out of nowhere, Thea proposed, regaining Natasha's attention.

Natasha turned back.

"I decide who gets the project. Truthfully, it doesn't matter which company handles it. To us, there isn't much of a difference." Thea tried to bait Natasha into talking in an attempt to give herself the leverage once again.