

## You're Out Daddy Chapter 121

Natasha coincidentally met Thea in the corridor on her way back.

Small world, this is probably what it means.

Thea looked terrible. Her expression darkened when she spotted Natasha. I thought Natasha was just blowing smoke. I never thought Old Mr. Hamilton would treat her that way.

Animosity and hatred filled Thea's gaze.

However, Natasha simply walked past Thea as though she didn't see Thea standing there.

"Where's Kenneth? How come it's only you?" Thea asked.

Natasha ignored her and continued forward.

Thea stomped toward her and stopped her. "Hey, I'm talking to you!"

Natasha lowered her gaze to where Thea was grasping her shirt. "Didn't your mother ever teach you to say please when you're asking a question?"

A cold smile formed on Thea's lips. "Natasha, stop your lectures. I'm asking you, where's Kenneth?"

The next second, Natasha reached for Thea's collar and pushed her against the wall.

A look of surprise crossed Thea's face. "W-What are you doing?"

"Don't you like getting rough? Try me. I can still beat you even with my fracture."

Thea's eyes widened with dread. This woman... is a complete psycho!

Natasha scoffed, "This is my last warning to you. Do something or bark at me again, and I guarantee you'll be humiliated." She then pushed her away.

Thea's anger grew when she saw Natasha acting all high-and-mighty.

"Don't be too happy, Natasha. You have a daughter too. One day, Kenneth will be disgusted with you even if he's currently hooked on you," Thea cursed at Natasha's back.

Natasha didn't get mad at Thea's rude remarks. She took a glance over her shoulder, and Thea's hysterical look came into her sight. She couldn't help the sneer that formed on her lips.

Thea's brows furrowed. "W-What are you laughing at?"

"Do you know how to spell the word 'stupid'?"

"You—"

"You're acting it out to a T." Natasha turned around and strode back to her ward.

Thea clenched her fists so tightly at the insult that her entire body trembled with anger.

Ah! This crazy woman!

Thea narrowed her eyes at Natasha's back.

Let me see how long you can stay happy, Natasha. You're no longer my opponent after tonight.

She reached for her phone and sent a text.

In the dead of night, only a handful of pedestrians were on the street. Occasionally, a few vehicles would pass by.

There was a crowd of workers who had just gotten off work after working overtime. They were standing in a line at the dessert shop near the hospital.

Kenneth chose a few desserts and got in line at the register.

The other patrons' gazes gleamed when they saw Kenneth queuing behind them. Their hands were twitching to reach for their phones to take a photo of him.

Kenneth was so used to such situations that it didn't even bother him anymore.

The thought of Natasha waiting for him at the hospital filled him with nerves.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed. Looking down at his phone, he saw an email from Fabian.

He went through the content quickly until he spotted a name that stood out to him. Creases formed on his forehead as he contemplated. A while later, he gave Fabian a call. "Gaston has a younger brother from a different mother?"

"Yes, I think so."

“Where is he?”

“Um... I'm not too sure about that. But I did hear about him having a hereditary mental disorder. I guess he's at the hospital.”

Hospital?

Kenneth was taken aback. “Investigate him and send me the result instantly.”

“Now?”

“Yes. Now. This instance!” Kenneth emphasized.

Fabian could hear Kenneth gritting his teeth even through the phone. “I'll work on it right away.”

After Kenneth disconnected the call, it was finally his turn at the register. He paid for the desserts and left.

The distance from the dessert shop to the hospital was only twenty minutes.

When he got back to the hospital and didn't see Natasha waiting there, he immediately dialed her number.

“Sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable...”

Kenneth frowned.

An uneasy feeling rose within him as he raced to her ward.

The minute he arrived upstairs, he bumped into Thea.

“Kenneth?” Thea was surprised to see him.

“What are you doing here?” asked Kenneth after taking a glance at her.

“I-I couldn't sleep, so I came out for a stroll,” Thea answered with a stiff smile.

Without saying another word to her, Kenneth strode past her and left.

“Kenneth, I have something to tell you.” Thea's voice raised slightly.

Kenneth paused, and he looked over his shoulder. “What a coincidence. I have something to tell you too.”

Delight crossed Thea's face. “What do you want to tell me?”

Kenneth fixed his gaze on her coldly as he warned, "Thea, this is my first and last time warning you. Leave Natasha alone, stay out of my relationship with her, and don't go looking for Grandpa. Otherwise, don't blame me for not showing mercy."

The light in Thea's eyes dimmed.

"Kenneth, do you have to be so cruel toward me?" Thea asked. "I did everything for you!"

"For me? How many things have you done with that excuse?" Kenneth asked. "Do you need me to tell you one by one?"

Thea didn't respond and merely stared at him.

"My words are still the same. Don't exhaust the remaining bit of friendship we have left." Kenneth turned on his heel and left.

Thea ran up to him and wrapped her arms around him. "Kenneth, I know I'm at fault for some things. I'll change! Please don't treat me like this. Please don't leave me."

Kenneth's brows furrowed with displeasure. "Let me go."

"I won't!"

Kenneth slowly unclasped her arms around him.

"Kenneth—"

Kenneth's phone rang at that time.

Seeing that the call was from Fabian, Kenneth picked it up immediately.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Hamilton, I'm starting to think you have superpowers. There's really a problem with this guy."

"What problem?"

"When I was investigating him, I discovered that he did look like the man we saw in the surveillance footage. Just his height is an example. It isn't common."

Kenneth's eyes narrowed. "Where is he now?"

"Oh, he's at... the same hospital as Ms. Watson," Fabian answered.

Kenneth was stunned. As a thought flashed across his mind, he looked at Natasha's ward up ahead. His dark eyes filled with panic at the sudden realization.

At that moment, Thalia dashed up the stair and saw Kenneth. "You're still f\*cking flirting here? That guy has already gone into her ward."

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Kenneth rushed to Natasha's ward without a second thought.

"Kenneth, don't go! It's dangerous!" Thea exclaimed.

Kenneth looked back at her briefly before shoving her away from him and dashing to Natasha's ward.

Thea fell to the ground, not expecting Kenneth to push her.

Seeing him running toward Natasha's ward, Thea shouted, "Kenneth, you can't go there! It's dangerous!"

However, there was no hesitation in Kenneth's steps.

Disappointment filled Thea at the sight, but the thought of Kenneth getting hurt drove her to her feet and she gave chase.

Thalia saw through her intentions and stepped in front of her. "This is something between them, so don't you go messing it up."

Thea studied Thalia. This girl is pretty too. Her beauty is different from Natasha's. It has a flair.

"Who are you?" Thea asked impatiently.

"Oh, just an average pretty woman," Thalia answered with a smile.

Thea wasn't interested in getting into a verbal fight with her. "Move!" She was about to rush past Thalia, but Thalia persistently blocked her way.

"You—"

Right then, Anthony frantically ran up the stairs. He couldn't keep up with Thalia without any training and with his short legs.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he saw Thea in a stalemate with Thalia. "Where is he?"

“Kenneth has gone in,” Thalia replied.

Anthony went past the two and rushed toward Natasha’s ward.

Thea stood there staring at Anthony with a dazed look on her face.

That boy’s face and back look just like Kenneth’s. He...

“Who is he?” Thea mumbled.

Flashing a smile at her, Thalia said, “He’s someone you can’t afford to offend.”

She turned around, catching up with Anthony, and walked toward Natasha’s ward.

“Don’t worry. Kenneth is there too. Nothing will happen to your mommy,” Thalia assured.

Mommy?

Thea’s brain stopping working at once.

So Natasha not only has a daughter but a son too? They are all...

Thea didn’t dare to continue to think along that line.

No! That’s impossible!

The lights weren’t on in Natasha’s ward. It was pitch black inside.

A man silently entered her ward and approached her bed with the slight illumination from the light in the corridor. He had a knife in his hand as he inched closer to the bed.

A cruel grin formed on the man’s lips. He then plunged his knife into Natasha, who was sleeping on the bed.

However, he felt the sensation was different. It was soft.

Feeling something was wrong, that man threw the blanket open and saw there was no one underneath.

His pupils constricted as he realized someone was behind him, but before he could turn around, Natasha had already attacked him.

Because of the height difference, Natasha couldn’t land any attacks on his face. Instead, her punch landed on his sternum.

With a loud grunt, the man took a step back from the force.

His eyes caught Natasha in the dark. "I didn't expect you to know some—"

"Who are you? Why are you trying to kill me?" Natasha questioned.

The man was wearing a hoodie with a hood pulled over his head and face. She couldn't get a good look at him. Despite the darkness, his eyes were bright.

He touched his chest and swallowed his pain. "Want to know why? Come over here, and I'll tell you." He raised the knife into the air, and it glinted brightly under the rays of the moon.

Natasha watched him with her guard up. "I've never done anything to you. Why did you try to hurt me again and again?"

"Never done anything to me? It's your fault that my brother is in prison now! I wouldn't be left alone if it weren't for you. I want to avenge him!"

Learning that it wasn't a group of people who wanted to kill her and her parents, Natasha was slightly relieved.

At that moment, the man charged at her, pointing his knife at her.

Natasha agilely dodged his attack.

The man seemed to have received some training in combat, as he did not give up and pounced on Natasha again.

The man had a height of almost two meters. He was ruthless and vicious in his attacks but was lacking in terms of agility.

Natasha targeted his weak spot with every attack. However, during one of his kicks, his feet got Natasha's wrist.

The pain from her bone coursed through her. Natasha instinctively tried to protect her hand since her wrist was injured.

Even though her movement was subtle, the man still caught them. He started to focus his attacks on Natasha's wrist after that.

Natasha knew he was intelligent despite not being a professional assassin.

I have to detach myself from him. Now is not a good time to continue this fight.

Natasha lifted her knee and slammed it toward his groin. The man managed to evade it slightly, so Natasha's kick was slightly off course.

Even so, the slight graze was enough to stop him briefly. He immediately bent down and covered his groin in pain.

Natasha used that opportunity to run toward the door.

When she twisted the doorknob, the door didn't open.

Natasha fumbled with the lock under the dim lighting in the ward. It was also her first time picking a lock like that, so it took her some time.

Seeing that, the man knew he still had a chance. He suppressed the pain and lumbered toward her.

Right then, Kenneth appeared on the other side of the door and saw that Natasha was right inside with a man lifting the knife in his hand behind her.

Kenneth's pupils dilated with fear. He twisted the doorknob urgently, but the door was locked.

"Natasha!" he yelled, frantically twisting the doorknob, hoping to break the lock.

Natasha managed to open the door just in time. She already had one foot out of the door, but the man managed to grasp onto her from behind at the very last minute.

Kenneth kicked the door open.

Seeing that the man was about to stab his knife into Natasha, Kenneth shouted, "Gary, wait!"

Sure enough, the man paused as he gave Kenneth a puzzled look.

"You know me?"

Kenneth tried to act casual when he answered, "Of course. You're Gaston's younger brother from a different mother. Am I right?"

Gary sneered as he pulled the hood away from his face.

His messy hair concealed half of his face, making him look terrifying.

He cracked his neck with a smile. Natasha looked so tiny in his hands.

"Since you know me, I don't have to hide anymore," Gary said.



Kenneth glanced at Natasha and exhaled a breath of relief when he didn't see any injuries on her.

Then, he forced himself to calm down as he faced Gary.

"I know you're avenging Gaston, but don't you think you've got the wrong person?" Kenneth asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know why you're attacking her. What happened to your brother wasn't her fault."

"Impossible! It's her!"

"She's just a woman. Your brother even drugged her. Do you think she could have escaped if I hadn't shown up? So, do you think she has the potential to send your brother to prison?"

Gary mulled over it briefly and finally narrowed his eyes at Kenneth. "It was you?"

Natasha looked at Kenneth. Is he trying to shift the attention to him?

Kenneth cast a glance at Natasha before fixing his eyes on Gary. He nodded and said, "That's right. It was me."

Hatred filled Gary's eyes.

"I was the one who collected all the evidence for your brother's arrest. I was the one who passed them to the police. Even at the hotel, I was the one who hit him," Kenneth said. "That's why I said you got the wrong person."

Natasha looked at him with concern. "Kenneth, what are you doing?"

Gary tightened his grip on Natasha and shouted, "Shut up!"

Kenneth watched as Gary became more agitated. He was worried he would hurt Natasha.

"I'm the person you want, so come at me! Don't you want to avenge your brother? Take me instead!" Kenneth slowly walked toward them.

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 123**

### **Chapter 123**

## Chapter 123 Skin You Alive

While Gary was deep in thought, he noticed Kenneth coming over. “Don’t move!” the former roared.

Seeing the dagger placed right in front of Natasha’s neck, Kenneth continued to walk forward nonchalantly.

“I said don’t move! Didn’t you hear me?”

Gary pressed the knife against Natasha’s skin, causing a trail of blood to trickle down her neck.

Kenneth’s eyes narrowed as he saw that. With a darkened gaze, he pressed the tip of his tongue against his teeth and raised both arms. “Okay, I’m the one you’re after, so what’s the point of capturing her? Why don’t you just let me and her switch places?”

At that very moment, Anthony and Thalia arrived just in time to witness that sight.

“Mommy!”

Thalia quickly grabbed onto Anthony before the boy could dash over. “Wait. Let’s see what happens next.”

“But-”

“This guy is an outlaw. You’d just be giving up your own life by going there, and he’d still hold your mommy hostage. Are you trying to help him?” Thalia asked.

Hearing that, Anthony gripped his fists tightly and glared in Gary’s direction. “If he dares hurt my mommy, I’m going to skin him alive!”

Meanwhile, Gary glanced at Kenneth before turning to the woman he was holding captive. “You want to swap places with her?”

“Isn’t it obvious? How could I not protect my woman?” Kenneth smirked while staring at him insidiously. “Lay another finger on her, and I guarantee I’ll skin you alive.”

Natasha pursed her lips. The look in her eyes grew increasingly complex, but she still insisted, “This has nothing to do with you. Hurry up and leave.”

“Shut up. Just wait for me there.” Kenneth glanced at her.

Gary laughed at the sight of the two still finding the time to engage in a couple's squabble, and he peered at Kenneth with a lowered gaze, the whites of his eyes looking terrifying.

"Why don't you start by begging me then? I might just say yes."

Kenneth shrugged. "Fine. Tell me what I have to do."

"It's simple. Stab yourself with a knife. It'll make me happy."

Kenneth's expression darkened.

Anthony's brows furrowed as he heard the conversation from outside.

"Tsk, tsk... This is just too cruel. It's like a suspense drama!" Thalia grumbled.

Beads of sweat rolled down Anthony's forehead as he stared into the room, unable to stop himself from tensing up.

"Kenneth..." Natasha shook her head while gazing at the man broodingly.

"Why? Are you worried about me?" Kenneth asked before smiling at her mischievously. "Don't worry. I'll be fine."

Then, he turned to Gary. "How am I supposed to stab myself when the knife is with you? It's not like I carry one wherever I go."

"There's a fruit knife by the bedside," Gary responded, signaling the other man to grab it.

He had noticed the knife while trying to kill Natasha earlier.

There was a hint of surprise in the way Kenneth eyed him.

He may be mentally ill, but that doesn't make him an idiot.

In fact, he's a lot smarter than I expected.

With a nod, Kenneth walked toward the bed.

Gary watched him closely while continuing to press the dagger against the woman's neck, lest Kenneth tried anything funny.

Upon reaching the bedside, Kenneth noted that there was indeed a knife used for cutting fruit.

He picked it up.

“Okay, you can get started now. I’ll let her go right after you poke yourself with that!” Gary remarked gloatingly.

Kenneth’s face clouded over as he stared at the knife.

“Well, it’s fine if you’re too scared to do it. I’m going to kill you after getting rid of her anyway.” While speaking, Gary slowly ran the blade across Natasha’s arm.

The woman frowned while clenching her teeth, but not a sound escaped her lips.

Kenneth’s eyes widened as he saw that, and he immediately pierced his abdomen with the knife.

“Don’t touch her!” he warned, glaring at the madman.

“Kenneth…” Natasha gazed at him, unable to conceal the conflict in her eyes.

Seeing that, Gary raised an eyebrow. “Your love really knows no bounds, huh? But still, I don’t think a tiny stab like that would hurt you much, would it?”

Watching Gary’s dagger wander around Natasha’s body, Kenneth stabbed himself once more without a second thought and shot the former a glare. “Are you happy now? Or do you want me to do it again?”

“Hahahaha!” Gary’s menacing laugh echoed across the room.

Anthony’s eyes reddened as he watched the spectacle from outside.

“Oh, God. He actually stabbed himself,” Thalia muttered.

Then, she stopped Anthony from barging into the room. “Call the cops. I’ll take care of things here.”

“But-”

“Can you even take him down if you were to get in there?” Thalia retorted.

Anthony’s eyes widened. “I’ll leave Mommy… and Kenneth to you then,” he eventually replied, well aware he would be of no help.

Thalia’s lips curled slightly. “Attaboy. Go make that call.”

Anthony ran off to call the police.

Meanwhile, Kenneth clutched his abdomen. Despite his body looking like a bloody mess and the crimson liquid seeping through his grip, the man looked as attractive as ever. "Let her go now. I'll take her place."

Natasha jumped in before Gary could respond. "Stay out of my business, Kenneth! I don't want to owe you anything. You'd better get out of here right now!" she screamed, her voice shaking.

Kenneth gazed at her with a smirk. "We're meant to be indebted to each other for the rest of our lives. None of us can ever run away."

Natasha's eyes turned red at his statement.

"Wow! How in love the two of you must be. In that case, I'll do you a favor and take you both out!" Gary exclaimed as he prepared to slash Natasha's throat.

Suddenly, Thalia barged into the room.

"That's right! Kill that woman!" she yelled.

Gary froze momentarily before turning to Thalia. "And who are you?" he questioned, his eyes narrowing.

Thalia scoffed. "It doesn't matter who I am. What's important is that this woman gave my younger sister depression and caused her to jump to her death. I've come to avenge my sister today!"

"She killed your sister too?" Gary was suddenly filled with pity.

"It was both of them, to be precise," Thalia answered, glancing at both Natasha and Kenneth. "This heartless man was supposed to be with my sister, but he ended up choosing this woman instead. That was how my sister became depressed and killed herself. Kenneth Hamilton and Natasha Watson, you're going to pay for everything that has happened!"

While speaking, she secretly shot Kenneth a hinting glance.

"So, you've experienced the same thing I have," Gary commented morosely.

"That's right. Who knows how many families these two have ruined! That's why it's about time they meet their fates," Thalia insisted.

Gary was pleased to hear that. "You are right. In that case, let's kill them. We have to avenge our loved ones!"

"I've been looking for this woman for a long time, and I've finally found her now. Would you give me the pleasure of killing her?" asked Thalia.

"Of course," Gary answered readily. "You can kill her, and I'll take care of the guy. That way, we'd both be able to have our revenge!"

Thalia smiled faintly. "Thank you."

"Come over. I'll hand her over to you."

But as soon as Thalia walked over, Gary suddenly asked, "By the way, when did your sister die?"

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Ugh...

Thalia stilled for a moment. "J-Just last month?"

Gary's expression turned grim. "You're lying to me?" This wasn't a question; it was more of a statement.

"Why would I?" Thalia asked in return, flashing an awkward smile.

Suddenly, Kenneth charged forward and ambushed Gary from behind before dragging Natasha out of the mad lad's grasp.

However, Gary was tall and had quick reflexes, and he swung his dagger forward the moment he realized what Kenneth was up to, not caring who he struck.

Kenneth hastily pulled Natasha into his arms to prevent her from getting hurt. As the dagger pierced his shoulder, he sent Gary staggering backward with a sudden kick.

"Kenneth!" Natasha began to tear up as she gazed at the man protecting her.

Seeing the look of worry on her pale face, Kenneth curved his lips into a smile. "It's the first time you've ever looked at me like this. I'd say my efforts are worth it."

Natasha watched as blood poured out of his wounds like a fountain.

"Are you okay?" she asked, reaching for his stomach. "We have to stop the bleeding."

Kenneth grinned at her actions. "Don't worry. I'm not going to die from this."

The woman's hands trembled as she stared at him.

At that moment, Gary approached them from behind with a wicked smile on his face. "Since you're that inseparable, I'll send you off together!" Then, he aimed his dagger at Kenneth's body once more.

"Look out!" Thalia swiftly kicked Gary by the arm before glancing at Kenneth.

"This isn't the time to get all lovey-dovey, Kenneth! Can't you pick a better time?"

As Gary charged at her again, she fought him while continuing to speak to Kenneth. "You owe me big time!"

Unfazed, Kenneth turned to Natasha while maintaining his smile. "Wait for me somewhere safe."

Aware that she shouldn't add any more trouble, the woman nodded. "Be careful," she reminded softly before retreating.

Kenneth's smile slowly turned malicious, and he now looked as though he had crawled out of the depths of the abyss.

Suddenly, Gary seemed to have lost all his sanity. "Everyone who gets in my way will die—including you!" he bellowed, dashing toward Thalia.

While his large physique and swiftness were his only advantages, Thalia was agile and well-trained. But no matter how many times the girl attacked him, he was like a walking corpse charging forward constantly, unafraid of pain or even death.

"Geez! Does this guy not have any pain receptors?" Thalia couldn't help but exclaim.

As soon as Kenneth turned around, his gaze turned as frightening as that of a lion ready to hunt its prey.

He pulled the knife right out of his abdomen and stared at Gary. "You shouldn't have touched her!" he roared, lunging forward.

This was Thalia's first time watching Kenneth fight.

The man was so powerful and quick that he sent Gary to the ground with just one kick, and the latter seemed to have a hard time getting back up despite being around 1.9 meters tall.

Kenneth glared at him while gnashing his teeth so hard that one could hear the sound of friction. "I told you that you shouldn't have touched her!"

Soon, Gary got back on his feet, and the fight resumed.

Kenneth stepped forward and kicked Gary to the ground again, causing the latter's lip to bleed.

The process repeated itself several times.

Kenneth appeared to be battering him deliberately.

Gary's strength began to wane, but Kenneth looked as though he still hadn't had enough.

Thalia couldn't bear the sight any longer.

She then recalled the time she had a spar with Kenneth. He didn't make a single move!

But now I get why there are so many rumors of him in the underworld.

This guy is a psycho!

He's taking his sweet time killing!

"Why? Why? You're the ones who should be dying!" Gary screamed while sprawled out on the ground.

Kenneth kept his eyes on him while walking forward, his presence was as chilly as that of a Grim Reaper approaching its target.

"You can hurt me, but you're asking for it when you hurt her," Kenneth declared with a foot over Gary's body. Then, he began to punch the latter's face repeatedly without any mercy.

It wasn't long until Gary's face became so drenched in blood that his features were no longer recognizable.

Thalia turned away.

Holy shit!

One should never cross Kenneth.

She then turned to Natasha, who was staring straight at Kenneth.

"D-Don't be afraid. Everything is fine!" she assured.

Natasha glanced at her and said nothing.



After some time, Gary looked like he was on the verge of death.

“The cops will be here soon, Kenneth. You might want to stop!” Thalia reminded.

Yet, Kenneth showed no signs of wanting to stop.

Upon realizing that, Natasha walked toward him. “Kenneth!”

The man stopped only after hearing her voice, and he turned to her. There were specks of blood on his face, making him look rather diabolical.

“That’s enough,” said Natasha, shaking her head at him.

Kenneth pursed his lips in silence.

Then, he began using the dagger to swipe across Gary’s body slowly—in the exact same way the latter had hurt Natasha before.

Natasha watched on with an inexplicable look in her eyes.

“Arghhhh!” Gary cried out in pain.

Yet, Kenneth merely looked on with a tyrannical smile on his face.

At that very moment, a series of footsteps could be heard coming from the hallway.

Anthony showed up first, and he rushed toward Natasha instantly. “Mommy! Are you hurt?”

Natasha shook her head. “I’m fine.”

“The police are here…” Anthony trailed off upon noticing the injuries on the woman’s body. Then, his eyes reddened as he turned to the man lying on the floor.

The boy dashed over and began to land his fists on every corner of Gary’s face.

“How dare you hurt my mommy? I’ll kill you! I’m going to kill you!” he shrieked while punching the man.

He didn’t possess a lot of strength, but he gave all he had.

I’ll kill anyone who hurts Mommy!

“Anthony!” Natasha called out to him, but the boy had no intention of stopping.

He had lost control just like Kenneth.

Then, as soon as he spotted the dagger in Kenneth's hand, he grabbed it and swung it toward Gary.

"Anthony!" Natasha and Thalia cried out at the same time.

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At the same time, Kenneth suddenly reached out to stop Anthony from committing the deed.

They met each other's gazes as the boy turned to him.

Both of them had bloodshot eyes.

"This isn't something you should do," Kenneth stated.

At that very moment, the police entered the room, and Kenneth hurriedly took the dagger from Anthony and put it away.

The police turned the lights on.

Amid the absolute mess, they seized the "main culprit" first.

But upon noting that Gary was on the brim of death, they quickly alerted the doctors to save him.

Then, a man in a uniform who looked to be in his fifties walked over and frowned as he saw Kenneth. "Kenneth? What are you doing here?"

"Hello, Mr. Zeller," Kenneth greeted casually. "It's been a while."

"It really has been. To think you'd give me such a huge surprise during our next encounter!" exclaimed Zeke Zeller. "Was this guy after you?"

Kenneth shot a glance at Natasha, who was standing beside him. "Yes. He was supposed to come after me, but he messed with the wrong person."

A perplexed Zeke wanted to find out more when Kenneth suddenly swayed a little. "You're hurt," he said in concern, finally noticing the wounds on the latter's abdomen.

"Just a bit. It's no big deal." Kenneth clutched his stomach as blood continued to spill out of his injuries.

“No big deal? Your grandpa’s going to get a heart attack if he sees this!” Zeke responded fearfully before turning to his subordinates. “Call a doctor now.”

Kenneth turned to Natasha and strode toward her.

His lips paled and his gaze turned bleak as he glanced at the cuts on her arms. “Are you okay? Does it hurt?”

Natasha shook her head.

“I couldn’t get revenge for you,” he lamented.

The woman smiled. “I’m more than happy with this outcome.”

As soon as Kenneth returned the smile, he shut his eyes and collapsed to the ground.

“Kenneth!”

Chaos ensued in the room.

...

The man was swiftly taken to the hospital.

Thalia took it upon herself to head to the police station as a witness.

A policeman gazed at Anthony. “Were you the one who called us, young man?”

Hearing that, Thalia instinctively hid the boy in her arms. “Yeah, he was. I told him to do it. The situation was so dire that I could only get him to call you!”

The officer chuckled. “I was just asking. You don’t have to be so nervous.”

“I’m not nervous. I’m just doing my best to tell you everything I know!” the woman replied with a grin.

Nervous?

I’m Thalia Jacoway! I’ve gone through much worse than this!

Why would I be nervous?

Despite thinking that, her heart couldn’t stop racing. If her superiors were to find out that she had involved the police, she was going to be punished severely!

Aware that she was trying to protect him, Anthony curled his lips into a smile.

The two left the police station after having their statements recorded.

Thalia was about to light the cigarette in her mouth, but she stopped herself after glancing at Anthony.

I shouldn't harm the child.

That's not good.

Hence, she put her cigarette back into its box.

"There wasn't anything wrong about my statement, was there?" she asked.

Anthony nodded approvingly. "Yeah. Everything you said was the truth."

Thalia returned the nod and added after a moment of pondering, "Don't tell Kyle about this."

"You're scared of him?"

"I just don't want to cause trouble!"

Anthony laughed. "Don't worry. You got into this because of me, so I've got your back even if he finds out."

Thalia turned to him and raised her eyebrows. "Really?"

"From now on, your problems are my problems. I'll make an enemy out of anyone who tries to harm you."

He had done so because she had willingly acted for his sake today.

She had protected him.

Thalia broke into a smile and looked especially gorgeous. "Do you mean it?"

Anthony nodded solemnly. "Yes. Nat told me never to lie to the people I like."

Thalia was beyond moved to hear that. "Aww... So you do know how kind I've been to you!"

Anthony shot her a glare. "Don't talk like that."

Thalia didn't know how to respond.

"Talk like a normal person, will you?"

“Anthony Watson!”

Suddenly, he said to the furious woman, “Thank you for today.”

Huh?

Where did that come from?

“Why the sudden change in mood?”

Anthony wasn’t good at expressing himself with words, but he noticed everything she had done for him and understood her efforts deeply.

Thalia was genuinely concerned about him.

“No reason. I just want to thank you.”

Thalia stared at him for a long while, not knowing what to say. Finally, she blurted, “I-It’s no problem! You’re going to be my husband in the future anyway, so there’s no need to thank me!”

Anthony became speechless.

How am I supposed to keep the conversation going now?

Suddenly remembering something, Thalia turned to him. “Anthony! I have a question.”

Judging from the look on her face, the boy knew she was up to something, but he also knew he was indebted to her.

“What is it?”

“Were you really thinking of killing that guy back then?”

Anthony pursed his lips in silence.

The woman continued to stare at him. She couldn’t quite believe that a young boy would be capable of such viciousness.

After a long pause, Anthony answered, “I wasn’t really thinking at all. All I knew was that I’d fight anyone who hurt my mommy, and everything I did back then was based on my instincts.”

Thalia gazed at him. This child was born different.

He's not just abnormally gifted. That presence of his, those nerves of steel—all these make him far from ordinary.

"If someone ever does the same to me one day, would you want to kill him too?" Thalia asked thoughtlessly.

Anthony mulled over that briefly before shaking his head. "I wouldn't."

"Why not?" Thalia asked, feeling slightly dejected.

"Because that guy wouldn't even get a chance to do that."

"But what if he had a chance?"

"There won't be any ifs."

"Come on! Just what if he did? What would you do?" the woman insisted.

Anthony glanced at her. "I'll make him die a horrible death," he enunciated.

Thalia was overjoyed to hear that.

"I'm so glad I've treated you well all this time!" she exclaimed, unable to resist pinching the boy's adorable face.

Anthony was visibly displeased with that.

However, Thalia didn't care. After some serious pondering, she turned to him again. "You might say that, Anthony, but don't ever do anything rash like that. Impulses are dangerous. You're still young, so don't let your impulses lead you down a path of no return."

Anthony smiled at her.

Of course, I understand that. But how can I help myself if that ever happens?

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 126**

### **Chapter 126**

Chapter 126 Afraid Of Her

The sky began to light up by the time Anthony and Thalia returned to the hospital.

Kenneth had been transferred to the ward after being saved, whereas Natasha had her injuries tended to. Yet, the woman didn't feel a hint of sleepiness, and she sat next to Kenneth's bed, staring at him blankly.

All that had transpired last night felt like a movie, and she couldn't stop replaying each scene in her head—his every move, his madness, and the way he looked at her.

Every single thing he had done was out of her expectations.

To say there were no feelings involved would be completely false. Regardless of how much she used to despise him, none of that seemed to matter in the face of death.

Kenneth.

You're such a jerk.

Why did you have to break the balance?

Just as she was deep in thought, a knock came on the door, and Anthony walked in.

"Hey, Nat."

Natasha smiled faintly as she turned and saw the boy. "You're back."

Anthony walked over to her. "How are you feeling? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Just a few cuts on my skin, that's all."

Then, Anthony's gaze fell on Kenneth. The man looked ashen as he lay in bed, and there were bloodstains on his thick layers of bandage. "How... is he?"

Natasha turned to Kenneth too. "The doctor said the wounds on his stomach were pretty deep, and he has lost a lot of blood. He's been stitched up, but it'll still be a while until he wakes up. On the bright side, he's not in any danger now."

Anthony nodded as he heard that and breathed an internal sigh of relief.

In truth, he was touched after seeing the way Kenneth had acted last night and didn't hate him as much anymore.

He was even worried about the man now.

Natasha placed a hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry. He'll be fine."

Anthony looked up at the woman, and they nodded at each other in understanding.

Then, Natasha turned to Thalia, who was standing behind the boy. "Oh, thank you for your help last night."

Not expecting to be cued, Thalia stilled briefly before waving her hands. "Not at all! I'm glad to be of help. It's no big deal."

She truly respected Natasha for having raised such an exemplary boy like Anthony.

She's so pretty and capable! I'm so envious of her.

Natasha gazed at her and said nothing, but a look of dubiousness flashed in her eyes briefly.

It was just for a split second, but Thalia had noticed that, and her smile froze.

When she glanced at Natasha again, the latter had already looked away.

Uh... Was I seeing things just now?

The way she looked at me... It was as if she knows me.

No, rather, it was as if she... understands me.

She froze for a few seconds before turning to Natasha again, but the latter appeared as though nothing had happened.

Thalia blinked several times and eventually came to a conclusion after a moment of reflection.

I must be overthinking.

How could she actually know me?

My eyes are probably just playing tricks on me after a sleepless night!

Yup, that has to be it.

Anthony glanced in Natasha's direction. "Nat, Thalia is actually... my friend," he admitted.

As though she had long been aware of this, Natasha's expression was calm. "Yeah, I know," she replied with a nod.

"I didn't mean to lie to you, Nat..." he added, gazing up at her.



Natasha turned to him with a smile. "You have the right to make friends. I won't interfere with that as long as you protect yourself."

She evidently had no intention of probing into that.

Initially, he thought he would have to explain himself, Anthony sighed with relief as he heard that.

"Okay, I understand," he answered, nodding. "I'll take good care of myself, so you don't have to worry."

"I'll watch over him too," Thalia couldn't resist chiming in. "I'll make sure he doesn't get hurt—not even a scrape."

Natasha eyed her for a long while before finally nodding. "Okay. I trust you."

"Anthony, your mommy is so pretty and smart!" Thalia couldn't help but gush.

Anthony gave her a glance. "Why are you stating the obvious?"

"You!" Thalia was about to unleash her wrath on the boy, but she held herself back upon remembering that Natasha was here. "You're so... cute!" she exclaimed, forcing a smile.

Anthony burst into laughter.

Playing it cool, Natasha beamed too.

A discreet sigh escaped Thalia's lips at that.

For some reason, she felt a sense of trepidation every time she looked at Natasha.

Meanwhile, Thea trembled as she sat on her bed in another ward.

The thought of Kenneth getting injured filled her with worry and anguish, causing tears to spill over the sides of her eyes as she sat on her bed looking like a soulless puppet.

Caroline arrived to see her in such a state.

"Thea! What's wrong?" the older woman rushed over and gazed at her daughter in unease.

Hearing her mother's voice, Thea turned her head and replied with a quiver, "Mommy, I think... I think I'm in trouble." She looked up at Caroline, her eyes full of despair.

“What? What happened?” Caroline asked, caressing the young woman’s back as she wondered what could have happened in a night.

A great tremor overtook Thea as hot torrents of sorrow coursed down her face, and she slowly opened up after a long moment of pondering.

Caroline frowned upon hearing what had ensued. “Thea, how could you be so careless as to involve yourself in this?”

“B-But I didn’t think it’d turn out this way,” Thea mumbled, sniffing between her words. “What should I do? Kenneth was hurt! Do you think he’ll be okay? If anything happens to him... I don’t want to live anymore!”

Caroline grew livid and hopeless at the sight of her precious daughter. “Okay, calm down,” she assured after a long pause. “Everything should be fine. There would’ve already been a stir outside if something had happened.”

“But he received so many stab wounds!”

“Shh!” Caroline motioned her to keep her voice down.

Thea glanced outside and lowered her volume. “I’m really scared, Mommy. What should I do?”

Caroline was frantic, but she knew she had to keep her composure.

“I’ll find out about this,” she assured before leaving Thea a warning. “Don’t you tell anyone else about this, do you hear me? Your life is over if you do.”

Thea nodded fervently. Her face had turned white like a sheet. “I know. I won’t say a word.”

Caroline sighed in frustration. “Get some rest. I’ll look into this.”

Thea nodded again, placing all her hope on her mother.

After arriving at the door, Caroline seemingly recalled something and turned around. “Thea, you didn’t leave any traces of evidence, did you?”

Thea shook her head. “That guy is mentally ill. He’s a complete lunatic.”

Caroline pondered for a moment before smirking. “That makes everything much easier to handle then.”

## **You’re Out Daddy Chapter 127**

## Chapter 127

### Chapter 127 Who Do You Reckon

Thalia and Anthony caught Caroline peeking through the blinds as they walked out of the ward.

They exchanged looks, and Thalia made her way toward Caroline.

She stood beside Caroline and followed her gaze.

Realizing something was amiss, Caroline whipped her head around. She jumped in fright when she saw Thalia.

“Did you manage to see clearly? Do you want to go in and take a look?” Thalia asked as she peeked through the gap. I can’t see much from here.

Caroline frowned and gave her a once-over. “Who are you?” she asked, feeling displeased.

Thalia turned to face her and retorted, “I should be asking you that question. Who are you? What are you staring at?”

“I...” Caroline suddenly straightened her back and dusted her dress just as she was about to say something more. “I’m the future mother-in-law of the CEO of Hamilton Corporation. Who do you think I am?”

“Who?” Thalia stared at her in disbelief as if she couldn’t understand what she was saying.

“Never mind. You wouldn’t get it anyway.” Caroline gave her a look and spoke with disdain.

What the f\*ck?

Thalia wasn’t about to let an old woman look down on her.

Hence, she turned to Anthony and asked, “Do you know who she is?”

Anthony stared at Caroline. “No, I don’t.” He shook his head even though he knew she was Thea’s mother.

“Well then, looks like I’m not the only one.” Thalia stretched her neck and wrists.

Caroline was stunned when she saw Anthony standing behind her.

And here I thought those two kids I saw the other day were Kenneth's doubles, but they are nothing compared to this boy. He looks exactly like Kenneth! I swear!

She stared at him for a long while before she said, "W-Who are you?"

Anthony looked cool and handsome in his black trench coat. He quirked his eyebrow and flashed her an ambiguous smile. "Who am I? Who do you reckon I am?"

Anthony was sure something had clicked for Caroline since she asked.

He figured he would keep her guessing instead of giving her the answer to keep things interesting.

"You..." Caroline was at a loss for words. The way he talks and carries himself feels a lot like Kenneth.

Proud, arrogant, and full of himself. Is he really Kenneth's son? But then what about those two I saw the other day? No! It can't be! This must be a coincidence!

Caroline paled as she stared at him.

Thalia stared at her in confusion. What's up with her? I didn't even do anything yet.

She turned to Anthony and figured Caroline must be shocked to see Kenneth's double. She then pulled Anthony over, smiled, and asked, "Excuse me, you rude b\*tch. Do you know who this kid is since you said you're Kenneth's future mother-in-law?"

Caroline turned to her. "Who?"

"The heir to Hamilton Corporation."

"Is he really Kenneth's son?" Caroline asked instinctively.

Thalia nodded. "You have a good eye!"

Caroline stiffened.

Anthony's face made her feel really embarrassed.

"I know Kenneth is willing to go to the moon and back for that goddess. So who is your daughter?" asked Thalia.

She thought that Caroline looked really familiar.

She's the woman I saw in the surveillance camera footage. "Oh! I remember now. You're the mother of the woman from last night, right?"

Caroline turned to Thalia with a guarded expression. "Last night? What are you talking about? I don't get it."

Thalia snorted. "Why do you look so surprised? I haven't said anything, have I? Could it be that your daughter..." Thalia glanced at the ward as she spoke. The way she worded it left much to the imagination.

Feeling guilty, Caroline looked at her and fumed, "I have no idea what you're talking about." With that, she turned around and left.

"Hey, don't go!" said Thalia. "Aren't you Kenneth's future mother-in-law? Don't you want to pay him a visit? Hey, why are you leaving..."

Caroline quickened her pace at that.

Thalia smiled as she watched her flee. "Hmph, how dare a mere mortal look down on me?"

"I thought you were going to use force," said Anthony.

"Nah, she's not worth my time."

"Then why did you stretch your wrists?"

"Just to scare her, of course!"

Anthony was rendered speechless.

Caroline returned to the ward.

Thea was wide awake when she returned. "How is it, Mom?" she immediately asked.

Caroline gave Thea a look and walked over. "Kenneth is still alive."

Thea breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing her words.

"T-Then what about Natasha?"

"She's fine. She's not even lying on the bed!"

Thea gave it some thought and exploded, "This is so unfair. How can she be fine when Kenneth is so badly wounded?"

Caroline stared at her. "Thea, tell me the truth. You didn't leave any traces of evidence behind yesterday, did you?"

Thea nodded. "I only saw him walking toward Natasha's ward from the corridor."

Caroline heaved a sigh of relief. "Remember, this will be your reply no matter who asks you."

Thea nodded. "Okay."

"One more thing..." Caroline stared at her and hesitated.

"What is it?"

Caroline didn't know where to start.

She gave it some thought and looked at Thea. "Thea, I don't think Natasha aborted the twins..."

Thea was stunned.

"I suspect so when I saw Old Mr. Hamilton hanging around with two kids before this..." Caroline continued. However, she didn't know what to make of the third kid she saw today.

Thea stared at her. "You said you saw Old Mr. Hamilton hanging around with two kids?"

Caroline nodded and asked, "You knew?"

Thea recalled Liam's reaction when she told him the truth about Natasha the other day. At that time, she couldn't figure out why Liam insisted on acknowledging Natasha even after everything. However, something inside her clicked when she saw Kenneth's double that night.

So... are those two really Kenneth's children?

Thea felt as if she had been struck by lightning as she registered the news. She sat on the bed, feeling devastated.

If this is true, then I've become the joke of the year. I've lost the battle even before it started.

"Mom, what do I do? I feel like I've lost Kenneth, forever!" Thea mumbled.

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 128**

In somewhere unfamiliar and spacious, blood covered the floor.

Corpses were strewn all around Kenneth.

He was frantically looking around for something, opening door after door. However, when he entered a small courtyard, there were deep trenches everywhere. Noticing that he stepped on something, Kenneth turned back and saw that countless corpses of Natasha were lying in the trenches.

He instantly opened his eyes. "Natasha!" he suddenly shouted.

Natasha was just standing at the window and looking outside. Upon hearing his voice, she turned back to look at him.

Kenneth immediately sat up on the bed. As the wound on his abdomen was torn again, he furrowed his brows in pain.

Seeing this, Natasha immediately rushed over. "What's wrong? Are you all right?"

Kenneth's forehead was drenched in perspiration, and his face was pale. His eyes were blank as he stared at her, and he seemed to be still in shock from the nightmare. Just as Natasha was about to say something, Kenneth suddenly pulled her into his embrace and hugged her tightly.

Natasha was stunned by his actions.

After a long while, she finally spoke. "W-What are you doing?"

Kenneth remained silent and continued hugging her with his grip tightening around her.

As he thought about the scene in his dream just now, he felt as if his heart had contracted sharply, making him feel suffocated.

It's wonderful that I can see her now. It's great that she's all right!

He hugged her, feeling the joy of regaining something precious that he thought he had lost.

After a long while, Natasha asked, "Did... you have a nightmare? You dreamed about... me?"

It was a question, but it was also a statement.

His reaction just now was enough to explain everything.

Having heard that, Kenneth suddenly realized something. He slowly calmed down and let go of her.

His gaze was slightly uneasy as he looked at Natasha.

“How are you feeling? Are you all right?”

Natasha nodded. “Yeah. Better than you, obviously.”

Kenneth nodded in response.

Just then, Natasha noticed the wound on his abdomen. Because of his use of force just now, his wound started bleeding again.

“I’ll go get the doctor.”

Just as Natasha was about to leave, Kenneth reached out and grabbed her all of a sudden.

Natasha looked back at his hand, which was holding her own. She then glanced back at him.

“I’m fine,” he replied and gestured to her. “Sit down. Talk with me for a while.”

Natasha looked at him and hesitated for a moment before she eventually sat down by the side of the bed.

Kenneth gazed at her. Even though he looked sickly, he still exuded an intimidating aura. “Give me an explanation.”

“What explanation?” Natasha asked.

“Why did you intentionally chase me away yesterday?”

Natasha thought that he was going to ask him about Anthony and was mentally prepared for it.

After pondering for a while, she replied, “Because I wanted to deal with it myself.”

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and grumbled, “Do you know that you’re risking your life by doing that?”

Natasha couldn’t deny this.

There was a hint of frustration in Kenneth’s eyes as he looked at her. “You did it for Old Mr. Watson and the kids?” It was both a question and a statement.



Natasha remained silent.

Kenneth's lips curled up into a cold smirk. "Natasha, you can just tell me—"

"Tell you what?" Natasha interrupted him before he could finish his words. She looked at him and scoffed, "Kenneth, we're already divorced. There's no reason for you to help me. I don't wish to owe you anything either. What makes you think I should allow you to be involved in this matter?"

Kenneth glanced at her and gritted his teeth. "Natasha, is that what you really think?"

"Yes." Natasha's answer was straightforward.

"Then do you not owe me anything now?" Kenneth continued. "With Denise and Benjamin's existence, we will always be involved in each other's lives!"

"Yes, they are your children, but my problems are not yours!" Natasha responded solemnly.

Hearing this, Kenneth paused. "So, are you admitting that they're my children now?"

Natasha never intended on denying this.

"Yes." She nodded.

Kenneth wasn't sure if he should be happy or frustrated at that moment.

As he looked at Natasha, he felt that she was a tough nut to crack.

After pondering for a long while, Kenneth said, "All right. It's fine if you don't want to involve me, but if Old Mr. Watson and the children knew what you were thinking, how do you think they would respond? If something really happened to you, what would happen to them?"

That was precisely Natasha's weakness.

She could care about nothing else, but they were the one thing that she couldn't neglect.

Seeing that she remained silent, Kenneth knew that he had hit her weak spot.

"Natasha, if you're a bit smarter, then don't reject help from others. Even if you're using me, you should at least protect yourself." Kenneth gazed at her and enunciated every single word.

Natasha glanced at him, and a hint of surprise flashed across her clear eyes.

Kenneth seemed exceptionally serious.

“Using you... Are you someone who can be easily used by others?”

“Of course not,” Kenneth replied as he continued looking at her. “But for you, I’m more than willing to.”

Natasha fell silent.

It was as if time had stopped for a while.

The two of them gazed at each other.

At that moment, silence meant more than words.

And at that moment of tension, the door was pushed open.

Liam rushed in anxiously. “Kenneth, you brat. Are you trying to kill me? Such a big thing happened, but you didn’t even tell me. Are you trying to scare me to death?”

The moment the door was pushed open, Natasha retracted her gaze and immediately stood up.

“Old Mr. Hamilton.”

Seeing that Natasha was also present, Liam was momentarily stunned. He looked at her, then glanced back at Kenneth, who was on the bed. Although he was covered in bandages and looked unwell, he seemed to be in good spirits.

“Oh, Nat is here too,” Liam said.

Natasha nodded.

Liam walked up to her and asked concernedly, “How are you? Are you injured?”

“I’m fine. It’s just that...” As she spoke, her gaze turned toward Kenneth, who was on the bed. She seemed to have thought of something and continued, “Old Mr. Hamilton, Kenneth got injured from trying to save me. I was initially going to inform you, but I didn’t have the chance to. So blame me if you’re angry. I’m willing to take full responsibility!”

Natasha was aware that no matter how harshly Liam scolded Kenneth, deep down, Liam genuinely doted on him.

Since she was the reason for his injury, Natasha didn’t want to hide it.

When he heard this, Liam was stunned for a moment. His gaze darted between the two of them.

His heart indeed ached for Kenneth. But after hearing Natasha's words, he suddenly felt a bit different.

For some reason, Liam's lips curled into a smile as he said, "What's the big deal about a grown man getting hurt? What's there to get angry about? I'm relieved as long as you're fine."

Kenneth was at a loss for words.

Is this really the same person as the one who just walked in?

"A man is supposed to be bold and courageous and protect his nation, his woman, and his children from the moment he was born. He was only doing what was expected of him. If he allows you to get hurt, then I won't let him off!" Liam said with a chuckle.

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 129**

Natasha gaped at Liam.

Despite knowing that his remark was meant as a consolation to her, she still felt exceedingly grateful.

"Thank you, Old Mr. Hamilton," she murmured.

"Why are you treating me like a stranger when we're a family?" Liam countered with a smile.

Natasha's gaze remained on the man, but she said nothing further.

A family?

Upon hearing that, Kenneth arched his brows slightly and turned his gaze to Natasha.

When he noticed that she wasn't denying it, the corners of his mouth lifted imperceptibly.

Just then, Liam walked over to Kenneth and glowered at him. "Brat, you didn't even bother to inform me when such a serious thing happened, huh? If it weren't for Zeke, I'd still be in the dark!"

A smirk tugged at Kenneth's lips. "I just regained consciousness as well. I was going to tell you, but I didn't have the opportunity to do so."

"If it weren't in consideration of the fact that you did something decent and saved Nat, I would have severed all ties with you!"

"Can you really bring yourself to do that?"

"Why not?"

"If you sever all ties with me, then you can't acknowledge Denise and Benjamin as your great-grandchildren anymore. I'll take them away with me," Kenneth drawled.

In response, Liam frowned. "Why are you so delusional? I've already told you that those two kids have nothing to do with you!"

"That's not for you to decide." While saying that, Kenneth looked at Natasha.

A faint smile hovered over his lips, and the look in his eyes was incredibly amorous.

Startled, Liam swung his gaze to Natasha as well.

"What's this, Nat?"

Natasha deliberated for a while before admitting, "Old Mr. Hamilton, they... are indeed the children of the Hamilton family. I'm sorry for keeping you in the dark for so many years."

Her admission meant that Liam could also be openly affectionate with the children and shower them with love without restraint.

Like Terence, I'm also a recognized great-grandpa for real! In the future, I no longer have to take my cue from him to be affectionate with the two kids! Gosh, I'm thrilled at the mere thought of it!

However, when he glimpsed Kenneth's smug expression, he lamented in exasperation, "Why did you admit to it so easily?"

Kenneth was instantly rendered speechless.

His smile faded, and a frown marred his countenance. "You seem dissatisfied with this result?"

Liam scowled at him. "I don't want to be threatened by you!"

"I'm afraid I've got to disappoint you, then." At the thought that Natasha had finally admitted that the two children were his, Kenneth couldn't help the upturn of his lips.

At that exact moment, however, something abruptly occurred to him.

At the last moment yesterday, a child rushed out. Not only did he rain blows and kicks on Gary, but he also almost stabbed him.

His eyes narrowing a fraction, he studied Natasha. "Don't you have something else to tell me?"

Natasha froze for a moment with her eyes pinned on him. "What is it?"

"There was another kid yesterday. What's up with that?" Kenneth's gaze fixated on her.

Upon hearing that, Natasha pursed her lips.

Liam was stunned for a moment, and he alternated his gaze between the two of them. "What's this about another kid? What does that mean? What are you two talking about?"

Kenneth said nothing, merely staring straight at Natasha.

He had glimpsed the child's face, and it was at such a time to boot. Alas, he didn't have time to speak much last night, but that didn't mean that he was entirely ignorant and harbored no suspicions.

Natasha remained silent.

I thought he would miss that, but it ultimately didn't escape his attention.

"Aren't you going to explain about that?" Kenneth questioned with his eyes trained on her.

After pondering for a while, Natasha nodded. "Yeah, it's exactly as you reckon."

Kenneth's eyes brimmed with delight and excitement.

As he looked into Natasha's eyes, his euphoria was almost beyond words.

Meanwhile, Liam was on pins and needles as he watched them both. "What exactly are you two talking about? The suspense is killing me!"

"So, he's also my child?" Kenneth asked, wholly ignoring the man's anxiousness.

It was as though the two of them were speaking in riddles. Natasha eyed the man. "Why don't you ask him when he comes over and see whether he's willing to admit to it?"

Who cares whether he admits to it? Is that important? The point is, he's also my child, okay?

"So, it's not two but three?" Kenneth affirmed while forcibly suppressing his excitement.

Natasha pressed her lips into a thin line. She brooded for a long while before querying with her eyes pinned on him. "Are you surprised?"

Not only was Kenneth surprised, but he was also indescribably thrilled, albeit he couldn't quite figure out everything.

"How many more secrets are you keeping from me, Natasha?" the man demanded. Would there be a fourth or even fifth one?

"Don't worry, for this is the last one who's related to you!"

"That had better be true!" Kenneth huffed.

At the side, Liam was all agitated as he watched them bicker.

"What's this about twos and threes? What exactly are you two talking about?" he inquired anxiously.

Kenneth turned his gaze to the man. "Don't you always grumble that the Hamilton family has few descendants? Now, you don't have to worry about that anymore!"

"What does that mean?" Liam queried.

As Kenneth cast his mind back to Anthony's countenance, the corners of his lips curved upward. "It means that—"

Just when he was about to answer, the door was pushed open.

Anthony and Thalia walked in, laden with bags. "Nat, I bought you breakfast—"

Before Anthony had finished speaking, he halted in his tracks upon noticing the crowd in the room.

Kenneth is awake, and Old Mr. Hamilton is here as well.

His gaze alighting on them both, he scrutinized them.

Likewise, they regarded him intently.

Uh... Would it be too late for me to back out of the room now?

In a flash, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Kenneth stared at him with narrowed eyes.

At that precise moment, Liam exclaimed emotionally, "A-A-Aren't you the kid from the other day? Why are you here?" While saying that, he walked up to Anthony and looked at him.

"I..." Not quite sure how he should explain things, Anthony surreptitiously glanced at Natasha.

Nonetheless, Liam continued in sheer excitement, "Kenneth, this is the kid I was speaking to you about the other day, the one who persuaded me to take my medicine and gave me sweets! Doesn't he look very much like you?"

Looking at Kenneth, he rambled happily with a justified expression on his face.

Kenneth said nothing, his dark eyes fixated on Anthony.

Focusing his attention back on Anthony, Liam commented, "He looks exactly the same as you when you were young, resembling you even more than Denise and Benjamin..."

As he spoke, he suddenly sensed something amiss. He looked at Anthony before shifting his gaze to Kenneth and Natasha.

A long while later, he stammered, "Earlier, you were speaking of twos and threes. Don't tell me this is the third one?" While asking that, he gaped at them incredulously.

Kenneth remained silent.

Natasha didn't deny it either.

Therefore, the answer was as clear as day.

"H-H-He is your child as well?" Liam queried in astonishment, stuttering badly.

However, no one said anything or answered him.

Therefore, he turned and gawked at Anthony. "Kid, tell me your name and who your mommy is."

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 130**

As Liam spoke, his voice trembled.

Other than feeling surprised, he was also delighted. Yet, he also didn't dare believe his good fortune.

I-Is this possible? I'm already ecstatic about having two great-grandchildren, but there's still a third one? I-Is he a child of the Hamilton family?

He wanted to doubt it, but Anthony's face dispelled all his doubts.

Anthony didn't say anything, alternating his gaze between Liam and Natasha.

Can I speak the truth? But judging from their expressions, they seem to know everything already.

"Nat..." In the end, he turned to Natasha, seeking her consent.

In response, Natasha nodded at him.

Now that things have come to this, keeping it a secret is of no use anymore.

Anthony deliberated for a while before beaming at Liam. "Nice to meet you, Great-grandpa. I'm Anthony Watson, older brother to Benjamin and Denise Watson."

As soon as his words rang out, Liam grew emotional to the point of tears.

"Y-You're really a child of the Hamilton family!" Excited beyond words, he switched his gaze between Kenneth and Natasha. Then, he bent his aged body and studied Anthony's face, gushing, "I'm about to burst with pride! How could I possibly have three adorable great-grandchildren? At long last, the Hamilton family has more descendants!"

At the side, however, Thalia was at an utter loss.

What's this about Anthony and Benjamin? I don't get it.

Despite that, she could understand Liam's remark.

Anthony is Kenneth's son? The biological kind? Whoa!

That piece of information blew her mind.

Right then, Anthony remained as thoughtful and courteous as ever while he regarded Liam. "Do you feel better now, Great-grandpa? And have you been taking your medicine on time?"



The instant Liam heard that, his eyes turned red-rimmed. On the one hand, he felt guilty toward Anthony, but on the other, he found the boy all too sensible.

Even now, he's still thinking about my health! He's far more thoughtful than that brat, Kenneth! How exactly did Natasha educate them that they're all so understanding? I love them so much!

"Yes, of course! I've been taking my medicine properly, and I've about finished the sweets you gave me!" he gushed emotionally.

"It's okay. There's still a lot at home, so I'll give you more when you've finished them. However, you must take your medicine properly," Anthony urged.

Liam nodded profusely. "Sure, sure! I'll listen to you, so everything you say goes!"

Anthony flashed him a smile in return.

Meanwhile, Kenneth took it all in from the side.

While he was delighted upon seeing the two children previously, he was now shocked to see Anthony.

Besides, an indescribable feeling brewed within him.

A sense of guilt toward the children and Natasha surged to the forefront.

He had no idea how the woman raised three children alone, but he knew that it must have been difficult.

If I hadn't done so back then and tried to understand her, would things have ended differently?

However, he was all too aware that there was no way of turning back time.

The only thing he could do at present was to make it up to them doubly.

At that exact moment, the hospital room door was pushed open once again.

Terence rushed in, and his eyes searched for Natasha right after he entered the room.

When he spotted her, he immediately hurried over. "Are you okay, Nat? You're not hurt anywhere, are you?"

Seeing that he was so frantic that his eyes were red-rimmed, Natasha grew teary as well. She shook her head and replied, "I'm fine, Grandpa!"

“How... How did such a thing happen? I’m never going to leave your side anymore!” Terence exclaimed.

“This was just an accident, Grandpa. It won’t happen again,” Natasha assured.

Nonetheless, Terence was still stricken with fear. “I’m really useless that I only learned about this now. I even failed to protect you!” His voice was filled with recrimination.

“Grandpa...”

Natasha didn’t know what to say, but she inwardly vowed to never have her grandfather worry about her again.

Upon seeing that Terence had shed tears, Liam was promptly distressed as well.

As someone who only had a single grandchild, he understood the man’s feelings all too well.

He walked up to Terence and patted him on the shoulder. “Okay, that’s enough, Terence. Isn’t Nat fine and dandy now? Don’t worry anymore.”

At that, Terence’s temper spiked. “What do you know? Your grandson is a boy, so he grew up with everyone dotting on him. Conversely, Nat has been looked down upon since young. If something were to happen to her now that she has finally grown up, how am I to continue living?”

Hearing that, Liam continued mollifying him. “Yes, of course, you’re absolutely right. In the future, Nat will be the apple of our eyes, and we shall protect her together, okay?”

Aware that the man was consoling him, Terence shot him a glare. “Hah! Who wants that? The Hamilton family merely talks big but never does anything. I’ll be overjoyed as long as you people stay far away from us!”

Speaking of that, Liam grew incensed instead.

“I disagree with that, Terence! Kenneth was undeniably quite a scumbag previously, but he has grown up somewhat after all these years. When Nat was in danger yesterday, he was also there. In a bid to protect her, he’s now lying on the hospital bed here, but you don’t see me crying!” While saying that, he swung his gaze at the man lying on the hospital bed.

Terence was momentarily taken aback.

Only then did he notice Kenneth, who was lying on the hospital bed.

His upper body was bare, with a bandage circling his abdomen and shoulder several times. That aside, there were even faint traces of blood seeping out.

All that was notwithstanding the minor injuries littering his body.

On the whole, he did appear rather pathetic.

Stunned, Terence turned to Natasha. "Was Liam speaking the truth?"

Unable to deny it, Natasha nodded in affirmation.

At once, words eluded Terence.

When Liam saw that the man had gone silent, he knew that remorse had set in and felt that he had gained the upper hand then. Clearing his throat, he declared, "Oh well, you don't have to worry too much. A man should be bold and courageous, protecting his wife... and children. He merely executed his responsibilities."

Listening to that lecture at the side, Terence frowned. "Shoo, you. Go away."

Liam burst out laughing.

Subsequently, Terence looked at Kenneth. He was a person who drew a clear distinction between right and wrong.

Indeed, Kenneth had hurt Natasha, so Terence was naturally greatly prejudiced against the man. However, he was also sincerely grateful that the man had protected Natasha at the risk of his life.

Going over to Kenneth, he regarded the man with a somewhat awkward gaze. "No matter what, thank you for protecting Nat. I owe you one."

Immediately, Kenneth replied humbly, "Don't worry about it, Old Mr. Watson. Saving her was instinctual. You don't owe me either because it's me who owes her. I owe her and the children so much that I probably can't finish repaying them in this lifetime!"

All of a sudden, he didn't seem all that hateful.

At the very least, his words were pleasing to the ears.