

You're Out Daddy Chapter 151

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 151

Chapter 151 They Are Her Hope
Natasha was just done freshening up herself when she saw people moving things into the house.

Just as she was starting to figure out what was happening, Terence and Liam walked in, still arguing with each other.

"Old Mr. Hamilton? What brings you here?"

Liam stopped quarreling with Terence and flashed a wide smile when he saw Natasha. "I'm here to see you and the three kiddos. Nat, why are you discharged before you've fully recovered?" He was concerned.

"I'm tired of staying in the hospital, and it was just superficial wounds anyway. Resting at home is the same," Natasha replied with a smile.

"I see. Anyway, health comes first, so do set that as your priority. I've brought you some highly nutritious supplements. Remember to eat them."

"Thank you, Old Mr. Hamilton, but you shouldn't have spent that much money on me." Natasha smiled at the pile of things Liam brought.

"You don't have to thank him. His pockets are deep, and he's willing to spend!" Terence interrupted before Liam could react.

"Terence, that's not how you give a compliment," Liam dissed.

"You can leave if you don't like how I speak!"

"I..." That drove Liam up the wall.

"Old Mr. Hamilton, why don't you join us for dinner?" Natasha suggested just in time, and it completely doused the rage within Liam in less than a second. "What a sweet lady you are, Nat. It's my pleasure to accept your invitation!"

"Have dinner at your own house, Liam. I'm not going to serve you." The thought of preparing dinner for him made Terence frown.

“Since when do I need you to serve me? I’m more than capable to help out in the kitchen!”

“Forget about it. Shoo! I’m sure you’re going to set my kitchen on fire if you helped.” Terence stopped Liam from progressing further when he saw the latter was already rolling up his sleeves.

“But—”

“Stand aside if you want to have dinner here.”

“Okay. I’ll do just that. In the meantime, let me look for my great-grandchildren!” Liam swiftly turned around and went looking for the triplets.

Terence looked up at Liam’s waning figure, smiled faintly, and went back to making dinner.

Dinner was like a boisterous jamboree.

Terence and Liam never stopped throwing shades at each other, but the atmosphere was lively.

A wistful thought crossed Liam’s mind. This is far better than having meals at home alone!

That was when he decided to pop by this residence every now and then to have a meal.

Not only could he fill his tummy, but he could also see his great-grandchildren. Terence would certainly be yapping in his ear, but it would be worth it.

After dinner, Liam stayed till very late. He said his goodbyes with a heavy heart.

Natasha and the triplets saw him out of their home. Just as the three children were about to head inside, Natasha called out to them, stopping them in their tracks.

“Three of you, come to my room.”

The triplets looked at each other before swirling their eyes to Terence. “Ehem! I’m going to bed.” He bade them goodnight and went back to his room.

Their efforts in asking for help ended in vain, and they helplessly followed Natasha back to her bedroom.

“Nat, did we do anything wrong?” Denise carefully asked.

“You tell me.” Natasha perked her brows, sweeping her gaze over the three of them.

Denise looked toward Anthony and then Benjamin. She chose to remain quiet eventually to avoid saying the wrong things again.

Natasha looked at the triplets, and thought for a moment, before saying, "It has been a roller coaster, and you guys must've been worried sick."

Hm? Isn't she going to give us a scolding?

The three pairs of gloomy eyes instantly brightened up.

"There are some things you already know. Yet, I'm still going to tell you face to face." Natasha looked at them intently.

The three kids looked back at her steadfastly without uttering a word.

"Kenneth... Kenneth is your daddy, and Mr. Hamilton is your great-grandpa. I guess you already knew about it?"

The three kids, again, exchanged glances and nodded.

"Our marriage wasn't a good one. Kenneth didn't know about you three when we divorced. I was the one who selfishly took you away, so we shouldn't blame him."

The triplets were paying full attention. This was the very first time Natasha talked about this.

"What I want to say is whatever happens between me and him or whatever the outcome is, our love for you will always be true. He was delightfully surprised when he knew about you three, so I believe he's going to be a good father."

"Nat..." Anthony looked at her and sort of knew what she was going to say after that.

"In other words, I'm not against you calling him 'Dad' or being close to him. I will respect your choices and accept them. You're free to choose to be with him or me."

"Nat, I only want you. I'm not going anywhere!" Anthony took a step forward and frowned.

"Daddy might be rich, but it's not as good as being with you, Nat. I want to follow you and not go anywhere," Benjamin remarked.

Seeing that her brothers had declared their positions, Denise didn't know what to do. She eventually dived into Natasha's embrace and whined, "Nat, I like Daddy very much, but I've never thought of leaving you. You're the one I love most! I'm not going anywhere. I'm coming with you!"

Natasha was pleased to see the triplets reacting in that manner.

Instead of saying that she gave life to them, she would rather say that it was them who gave her hope.

Her life became interesting because of them, and they made time fly.

“One more thing. You might be Watsons, but Mr. Hamilton is also your great-grandpa, and I could tell he loves you with all his heart. You have to treat him well like how you treat Gramps, okay?”

The triplets nodded in unison.

Natasha was relieved after pouring her heart out. She could finally put down this burden that she had been carrying for years.

“All right! It’s late. Go to bed now,” Natasha said.

“Nat, can I sleep with you tonight?” Denise looked at Natasha with her puppy eyes.

“No!” Anthony pulled his sister away from Natasha.

“What are you doing, Tony!” The little girl knitted her brows.

“Nat has wounds on her body. Tony is scared that you might make them worse,” Benjamin explained.

“That’s not it. You’re jealous that I can sleep with Nat!” Denise retorted.

The three little monkeys bickered as they walked out of Natasha’s bedroom.

The uplifted spirit Natasha had a moment ago faded with the children’s waning silhouette, though.

She knew that her children weren’t like any other children. Like what she told herself, there were some things she didn’t want to get to the bottom of it. Instead of setting boundaries around her triplets, strengthening herself would make more sense as she could be their support when they needed it.

At that thought, she picked up her phone and sent a message: I’ll head over tomorrow.

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Chapter 152 I Have Missed You
The kids left Natasha's room and gathered in Anthony's room.

They formed a mysterious team.

"Oh, that was scary. I thought Nat would ask about the day of the accident! If she did ask us about it, I don't have an inkling of what to tell her," Denise said as she breathed a sigh of relief.

"That was what I thought, too. I came up with an excuse but ended up not having to use it," Benjamin revealed with a shrug.

Anthony gazed at them. "Nat didn't ask us because she knew everything. She doesn't want to stress us out."

Benjamin nodded in agreement.

Right then, something occurred to Denise. She looked up and asked, "By the way, Tony, how did your meeting with Thalia go?"

Benjamin looked at Anthony earnestly. "Did you not show up these few days because you were with Thalia?"

Anthony gave a curt nod. "Yes, that's right."

Benjamin urged, "So you were together when Daddy ran into trouble?"

Anthony nodded yet again.

Benjamin grew curious. "What happened? Tell us now!"

Denise was also staring at Anthony keenly. They had been bored these few days.

Thus, Anthony told them what had happened to him these past few days in detail.

After he came to an end, Denise started, "Oh, that was dangerous and thrilling. That person is so evil! I'll teach him a lesson when I grow up!"

"I don't think he'll survive till then," Anthony remarked calmly.

He was right. Nevertheless, Denise was still furious.

Benjamin asked, "You must be worried when you saw Mommy getting hurt."

Anthony said nothing.

I can imagine Tony's feelings. If I were in his shoes, I would have been extremely anxious, too. Tony bore the responsibility on our behalf!

Denise looked at Anthony. "Tony, thank you."

Anthony flashed a smile. As he wasn't prone to being sentimental, he quickly changed the topic. "By the way, I still haven't told you about something."

"What is it?"

"Thalia doesn't know about both of you," Anthony said.

Benjamin and Denise shared a look.

"You can decide whether you want to let her know of your existence," Anthony added.

Denise giggled. "How is Thalia?"

"You'll find out when you meet her later," Anthony said. It was hard for him to describe Thalia's personality in words.

"Where is she now?"

Anthony pointed at the floor.

Denise's brows knitted together. "What do you mean?"

"She's downstairs right now?" Benjamin asked.

Anthony bobbed his head.

"My god!" Denise gasped. "Aren't you afraid Nat might discover her identity?"

Anthony replied calmly, "I don't think we can keep this a secret for long. Besides, I think Nat has already discovered her identity." His intuition told him that.

Denise and Benjamin were at a loss for words.

"I'll try confessing to Nat later," Anthony said.

The other two pondered over it briefly before nodding in unison.

"Oh, about Kenneth..." Anthony trailed off and turned to look at Denise. "Don't call him Daddy for the time being."

“Why?” Denise questioned. Natasha had finally relented, so she wanted to enjoy being spoiled by her daddy.

“He won’t appreciate it if we forgive him easily,” Anthony explained.

“But—”

“Nat said she wouldn’t stop us, but if we accept him too easily, she’ll be disappointed.”

“Nat won’t be!”

“Denise, listen to Tony,” Benjamin chimed in. “I think it isn’t fair if we accept him easily.”

“Ben...”

“Besides, we might be the reason Kenneth keeps badgering Nat. Don’t you want them to end up together?”

That struck a chord in Denise’s heart.

“Will they do that?”

“Didn’t you hear what Tony said? Daddy got wounded because of Nat. Do you think he’ll risk his life if he doesn’t care about Nat?” Benjamin returned.

Denise nodded enthusiastically. “Oh, I get it now. I’ll... hold back for now.”

Anthony and Benjamin exchanged a glance. We finally managed to stop her.

A daughter was supposed to be close to her mother, but in their case, it was the total opposite.

The next day, Terence left with the kids in tow to send them to school.

After washing up, Natasha put on a black coat and headed out.

She hailed a taxi and headed to the most luxurious hotel in Glenport City—Grecia Hotel.

According to the information on her phone, she arrived before a deluxe suite on the twenty-sixth floor.

She pressed on the doorbell. Soon, the door was opened.

A man around thirty years old appeared at the door. He was around one hundred and eighty centimeters tall. He seemed molded from a different cast as he had an androgynous look uncommon to most people. His black hair was so long that it covered

half of his face. With his crimson lips and fair skin, he looked both seducing and charming.

Even the fairer sex would get jealous of how good-looking he was.

When he spotted Natasha outside the door, he stretched his arms wide and lunged toward her. "Nat? It has been ages since we last met! Oh, I've missed you..."

Before he could lay a hand on her, Natasha blocked his advance with her arm.

"Spencer, stop it."

Spencer Teal's face fell. "Why are you still as boring as ever? No man will fall in love with you!" He retracted his arms and turned to head into his room.

Natasha went into the room after him.

The room was filled with a faint liquor scent.

A row of expensive liquor was lined up on the table. Spencer went over and poured himself a glass. He turned at his shoulder to glance at Natasha. "Want some?"

"No, thanks," Natasha rejected his offer.

Spencer saw that coming, so he downed his drink in one gulp calmly.

However, he didn't forget to observe Natasha. "You're still as boring as ever, but you've grown prettier now. I told you you'll look stunning if you bother dressing up."

Natasha ignored his comment and went to the couch. She sat down and asked, "When did you arrive?"

"I rushed here after receiving your text, but you only showed up two days later." Spencer refilled his glass and went to join her on the couch. He had barely sat down when his brows snapped together. "Are you injured?"

Natasha remained silent.

"Don't try to lie to me. I can tell you what medicine you used. Try me," Spencer warned.

Natasha's lips curved. "No wonder you're known as a miracle doctor in the underground circles."

"What happened?"

"I'm fine. Just a few scratches, that's all," Natasha assured him.

“Who did this to you? Does he have a death wish?” Spencer growled in a low voice as a gleam of malice appeared in his gaze.

“That person has been punished for his deeds. Don’t worry,” came Natasha’s answer.

The tense expression on Spencer’s face eased a little. He glanced at her hand hidden underneath the sleeves of her coat. “Your hand is in pain again?”

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Chapter 153 Top Hacker

“I suffered a relapse overseas and ignored it. Now, it’s affecting me in some way,” Natasha revealed.

Spencer gazed at her. His brows furrowed together. “Show me your hand.”

Natasha rolled up her sleeves and exposed her fair arm. Her wrist was trembling slightly.

Spencer touched her bone carefully before getting to his feet. Going to the table, he pulled out a black bag from an intricate black box custom-made for him. He then returned to Natasha to begin his treatment. There was a row of needles in the bag.

He pulled a needle out and inserted it into Natasha’s slender wrist slowly.

His expression was stern and serious.

“It’s going to hurt a little, so bear with it,” Spencer reminded her.

Natasha didn’t utter a word and watched as the needle pierced her skin. Spencer’s treatment was different compared to usual acupuncture treatments, for the pain caused by this needle spread all the way to the tips of her fingers.

Despite furrowing her brows, Natasha didn’t make a sound.

Spencer took another needle and inserted it into her wrist.

He lifted his head and glanced at Natasha.

Cold sweat had formed on her brows, and she seemed pale. However, she still didn't utter a word.

"You still have a high pain tolerance, huh?" Spencer commented.

"You're saying as if I can ask someone else to tolerate the pain for me if I can't handle it anymore," Natasha replied with a smirk.

Spencer sighed. "Oh, what a waste of your good looks. There's no harm in showing your weakness once in a while."

"Will it stop hurting if I show my weakness?" Natasha asked.

Spencer was rendered speechless.

He promptly regretted making that comment.

They had known each other for years, and he knew her character well.

Ugh, why did I create trouble for myself?

A few minutes later, the pain intensified. Natasha's face grew paler as time ticked by.

"Hold it a little longer," Spencer said.

Natasha's wrist started trembling again.

Seeing that, Spencer pinned her hand down. He felt bad for her when he saw how she was biting back the anguish.

"Did you find any clues about the culprit who killed your parents?" Spencer asked as he fixed his gaze on her.

Natasha shook her head in response.

"It has been years, but you still failed to find anything. Could it be a simple accident? Are you reading too much into it?" Spencer suggested.

Hearing that, Natasha shot him a look and snorted icily. "Spencer, you're welcome to try to divert my attention, but please don't insult my intelligence."

Spencer responded, "Even if it wasn't an accident, perhaps the culprit who killed your parents is already dead by now. Otherwise, you would've found at least a clue."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Even if you're right, I want to see his body no matter what."

Spencer wasn't sure what to say, for he knew she had never gotten over it.

Natasha had been calm and indifferent all the while, but she had never stopped investigating the reason behind her parents' death over the years.

"There is no progress to your investigation, so perhaps it involves something bigger," Spencer said.

"No matter what, I'll find out the truth to avenge them!" Natasha vowed solemnly.

Spencer gazed at her before looking away.

It was time.

Thus, he removed the needles from her wrist.

"If you want to unravel the truth, take good care of your hand. You're a top hacker. How will you carry on the investigation if you lose the ability to use your hand?"

Her face drained of color, Natasha said naught a word. Despite her ashen complexion, she still looked as beautiful as ever.

"You're Shadow Seeker, the top hacker in the world. Don't you know you're sought by many? I know plenty of people who would die to recruit you. Won't you consider it?"

Natasha shook her head. "I promised Grandpa. I don't want to make him worried."

"Then why are you that insistent on finding the truth?"

"They are separate matters!"

Spencer arched a brow.

Fine. You're powerful enough to call the shots, anyway.

Natasha glanced at him. "How long will it take for my hand to recover completely?"

"At least two months," came Spencer's reply.

Natasha could barely hide her surprise. "That long?"

"If you'd bothered listening to me, your hand would've recovered ages ago. Fortunately, you came to your senses before it is too late. Otherwise, you can only use your hand to eat in the future."

Natasha didn't bother arguing with him. She rolled down her sleeves and looked at him. "How often do I need to come to you?"

"Once every three days," Spencer replied.

Natasha rose to her feet instantly. "I'll pay you a visit three days later."

Spencer's brows scrunched up. "You're leaving already?"

"Is there anything else?"

"I came all the way here to treat you. Aren't you going to have a meal with me? You're leaving just like that?" Spencer stared at her; his eyes rounded in incredulity.

"Are you in need of people to eat with you?"

"That's my business. But I came here just for you. I'm going to be here for three months. Aren't you going to be a good host?" Spencer retorted.

Natasha pondered over his words. He's right.

"Let's do that another day. I've been outside for too long today. My family might worry about me."

"You're an adult. Is your grandpa that controlling?" Spencer snapped.

Natasha mulled over his words. "Hmm, he's not the only one. I'll introduce you to some other people later."

"Who are they?" Spencer's curiosity was piqued.

"You'll find out later." She got to her feet and left his room without waiting for his reply.

Spencer stared at her back and shook his head helplessly.

We last met ten years ago, but she never changed a bit.

At the hotel restaurant downstairs, Kenneth was sitting on a couch, clad in a black suit. He exuded an impressive vibe of dignity that deterred others from approaching him.

That was what Thea saw when she arrived.

He was born to be in the spotlight. It would only take one look at him for one to remember him forever.

Thea hated him immensely, but she also loved him dearly.

She initially planned on destroying him if she couldn't get him to be hers. However, after receiving his call, she couldn't stop her heart from racing. Yearning to see him, she had decided to come to the hotel to meet him.

In fact, she couldn't help but hope that he finally realized how important she was to him after her departure.

With that thought in mind, she smoothened her outfit and forced herself to calm down. She then went over to him and greeted him, "Hello, Kenneth."

Kenneth lifted his gaze and shot her a look.

Thea occupied the seat across from him and put on a calm front. "Why did you ask to meet me? Is something the matter?"

Kenneth gazed at her arrogantly as though he was a royalty.

"What's the matter?" Thea repeated.

Without warning, Kenneth fished out a few flight tickets and placed them on the table.

Thea took one look at the tickets and narrowed her eyes. "What are you trying to imply?"

"Leave Glenport City," Kenneth ordered icily.

Thea's heart sank to the bottom of her stomach. Her hope all gone, she balled her fists and demanded in a shrill voice, "Are you asking me to leave?"

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Chapter 154 His Mood Lifted

"Yes." Kenneth's reply was curt.

Thea narrowed her eyes. "Why? Kenneth, I've worked alongside you for years. I should be acknowledged for my efforts. Are you asking me to leave because I'm of no use to you anymore? I've resigned from my post. Why are you doing this to me?"

“You know well why I’m doing this. Thea, this is my last mercy for you after all you did for the company. If you agree to leave Glenport City, I’ll pretend nothing ever happened,” Kenneth responded.

Thea laughed icily. “I don’t understand what you’re talking about. No way I’ll leave the city!”

Kenneth’s gaze grew solemn. “Do you seriously think no one knows what you did?”

Thea stiffened and stared at him incredulously. After a long silence, she insisted, “I really don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Kenneth let out a cold snort as he pinned her with a withering gaze. “You don’t know? You ordered Gary to target her and even helped him by sending the doctors away. Do you really think your scheme went unnoticed?” he asked in a low voice.

Flustered, Thea gazed at him wordlessly.

“Fortunately, Natasha managed to escape unscathed this time. If something happens to her, I will never spare your life!” Kenneth warned her menacingly.

Each and every word he uttered trampled on her heart viciously.

Her heart was broken into a million pieces.

Thea’s fists balled up as she stared at him. Placing her reputation at stake, she asked, “Really? Do you have evidence to tie me to the incident?”

As she refused to admit to her mistake, Kenneth suddenly realized he had never known her real self all over the years.

“If you have evidence, then call the cops and tell them to arrest me,” Thea said slowly.

A cold chuckle escaped Kenneth’s lips. He was about to say something when a familiar figure walked past the lobby.

He narrowed his eyes at once.

“Kenneth, I’ve loved you and kept you company over the years. However, you ignored my feelings. I can’t believe you accused me of that just to make me leave! Do whatever you want, but I refuse to leave Glenport City!” Thea stated firmly. She wasn’t about to give up on her innocent act.

There was no evidence, so she refused to admit to her mistake.

As long as she feigned ignorance, there would still be a chance for her.

Kenneth wasn't about to waste his time listening to Thea trying to weasel her way out of the matter. He turned and shot her a look. "I've said what I came for. Whether you choose to leave or not is up to you. From today onward, I won't spare your life if you dare to scheme against Natasha again!" With that said, he got to his feet and stalked away.

Thea parted her lips, but he walked away swiftly and didn't give her any chance to speak her mind.

Deep down, she vowed silently, Kenneth, I will never leave! No one can make me leave. I'll stay here and watch as you lose everything! By then, you'll find out who loves you the most.

Clad in her knee-length black coat, Natasha was striding ahead purposefully. Her bare calves were exposed, and she looked like a celebrity with her long, wavy hair.

Everyone in the hotel couldn't help but turn to look at her.

At the door, she was stopped by a hand that grabbed her arm.

Halting in her tracks, Natasha was about to struggle when Kenneth pulled her to him. "It's me, Natasha."

Natasha looked up and frowned at the sight of him.

"Why are you here?" Kenneth had visibly brightened up.

Natasha gave him the once-over. "I should be the one asking the question."

Kenneth noticed people were staring at them, especially since Natasha was breathtakingly beautiful. He promptly dragged her to a secluded corner and pinned her to the wall. "I came here for a negotiation. What about you?"

"I came here to..." Natasha trailed off when she realized she was about to fall for his trap.

Why do I need to tell him the reason I came here?

She gazed at him and responded, "What do you think?"

Instead of flying into a rage, Kenneth flashed a grin. "Did you follow me here?"

Natasha looked down and chuckled lightly. "Your narcissism caused your imagination to go wild, huh?"

Kenneth knew that wasn't why she was here, but his mood lifted when he saw her here.

Noticing her expression, he frowned. "You look pale. What happened? Do you feel unwell?"

Natasha turned away. "I'm fine."

Suddenly, Kenneth held her chin and forced her to meet his gaze.

"What exactly happened?" Kenneth remained insistent.

It was obvious he wouldn't give up if she refused to reveal anything.

Natasha's brows knitted together as she made up an excuse on the spot. "Nothing. I was in pain after pulling my wound."

Kenneth gazed at her thoughtfully. He didn't remember touching her wound. A worried look appeared in his eyes as he questioned, "Why did you leave the hospital if you haven't recovered? I'll bring you back to the hospital."

"No." Natasha struggled out of his hands.

Kenneth looked back at her as his gaze darkened.

"I'll just get some rest at home," Natasha told him.

"Did you leave the hospital because you didn't want to see me?" Kenneth asked abruptly.

Natasha frowned and wanted to avoid his stare. Strangely, she found his stare abnormally scorching today.

"My decision has nothing to do with you," she responded coolly.

"Then why did you leave the hospital without saying anything? You didn't even answer my calls," Kenneth pressed on.

"I didn't hear my phone ringing."

"Stop making excuses!" Kenneth snapped.

You know I'm making excuses, but you exposed me anyway. Why bother?

Natasha did not know what to say.

Right then, Kenneth inched nearer. "I heard that it was Zachary who gave you a ride from the hospital?"

Natasha bobbed her head. "He visited me and gave me a ride home."

"I also heard that he's going to visit you every day at home to change your dressing?"

Natasha gazed at him. "Why do you know everything? Did Denise tell you about it?"

"That isn't important," Kenneth said hastily.

Natasha's face might be pretty, but there was a frosty air about her that made her unapproachable to others.

"Do you love him?" Kenneth blurted out.

He was pretty confident that Natasha wouldn't end up with Zachary because of the latter's background. However, he wasn't sure of himself right now. He was afraid that Natasha would fall in love with Zachary.

If that were to happen, he would go crazy.

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Chapter 155 Did You Fall In Love With Him

Natasha remained silent as Kenneth stared at her.

The longer her silence was, the more worried he got.

"Did you fall in love with him?" Kenneth urged. His gaze had dimmed considerably.

Natasha met his gaze unflinchingly. "Kenneth, this has nothing to do with you."

"You refused to answer my question. Was that a silent acquiescent?" Kenneth refused to give up just yet.

His heart was racing, and he tried hard to tamp down his discomfort.

"Suit yourself." Natasha didn't want to waste her time and spun on her heels to leave.

To her surprise, Kenneth grabbed her wrist. "Natasha!"

The pain that flared up her wrist made her wince in pain.

Sensing her discomfort, Kenneth shot her a worried glance. "What happened to your hand?"

Before she could reply, he rolled her sleeves up.

There was a bruise on her wrist.

Kenneth's brows puckered up in concern. "What happened?"

Natasha yanked her arm out of his grip. "I'm fine," she insisted.

Obviously, he didn't believe what she said.

Her complexion, her reaction, and the bruise on her wrist proved that something was up.

"If you refuse to spill the truth, I'll bring you to the hospital for a checkup." Kenneth made to drag her out of the hotel.

Natasha's energy was spent, and she didn't want to start an argument with him. However, she knew he wouldn't give up until he achieved his goal.

She promptly made up an excuse. "I'm fine, really. I twisted my wrist when I fought with Gary that day."

Her reply was partly true, so Kenneth cast her a dubious look. "Is that so?"

Natasha nodded and gazed at him earnestly. "Yes, of course."

"Why didn't you say anything back then after getting hurt?" Kenneth chided. Despite saying that, he couldn't help but feel bad for her.

Natasha found that strange.

"It isn't that important, anyway." Natasha massaged her wrist before sticking her hand into her pocket casually.

Their gazes met.

In a flash, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Natasha broke the silence by saying, "I'm exhausted. I'll head home and get some rest."

"I'll give you a ride home," Kenneth offered.

"It's fine. I'll take a taxi myself." Natasha turned him down at once.

“You allowed Zachary to give you a ride but turned me down?” Kenneth asked. He was on the brink of losing his temper.

Natasha was speechless.

Why is he comparing himself to Zachary? What should I say?

As she said nothing, Kenneth said, “Come on.” He then strode out of the hotel.

Natasha had no choice but to follow him out.

Kenneth was about to get into the driver’s seat when Natasha said, “You’re injured. Let me drive.”

Hearing that, Kenneth halted in his tracks. He had no idea whether she was showing her concern for him, but that didn’t stop him from relaxing slightly.

His gaze swept over her as he replied, “It’s fine. I can still drive.”

He got into the driver’s seat. Natasha also got into the car after him.

Right after the car sped away, Thea emerged from the hotel behind them.

Her gaze grew determined as the car disappeared from sight.

Natasha, I’ll make you pay for getting what’s mine!

Inside the car, Kenneth drove with one hand. He stared ahead and wore a grim expression. Clearly, he was in a bad mood.

Natasha glanced at his wounds and recalled how he had got hurt that fateful night.

“Traveling around won’t help your recovery. It might even pull the stitches on your wounds,” she said.

Hearing that, Kenneth turned to look at her. “Oh? Are you showing your concern?”

“You should take care of your own health,” Natasha answered solemnly.

A mocking smirk played on Kenneth’s lips. “Yeah, I should take care of my own health. It has nothing to do with you.”

His sarcastic tone sounded really unpleasant. Natasha knitted her brows and said, “Kenneth, I’m not interfering in your business. You got injured to save me, so I think it’s normal for me to show my concern.”

Kenneth scowled unhappily.

“Thank you for saving my life. I owe you one. I’ll repay your favor one day!” After saying that, she turned and stared out of the window, effectively ending the conversation.

Suddenly, the car screeched to a stop.

Kenneth whipped his head around angrily. “Natasha, I saved you not to gain your gratitude. I don’t want you to repay my favor. Don’t you understand?”

Natasha met his gaze bitterly. “I do.”

“No, you don’t understand. Natasha, you heartless woman. You don’t understand a thing!” Kenneth hissed.

Natasha revealed honestly, “Kenneth, I can only offer you my gratitude now.”

Kenneth swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue.

They were both adults, so he understood the meaning between her lines.

She’s rejecting me because of Zachary!

Suddenly, silence ensued in the vehicle.

Kenneth stared at her before letting out a self-deprecating laugh.

“Looks like I’ve overestimated myself,” he remarked despondently.

Without a word, he started the engine and started driving again.

Natasha didn’t know what he meant by that, but she wasn’t about to ask questions.

It was too late to retract her words, and she didn’t want to offer any explanation.

Thus, they remained silent the entire journey.

Shortly after, the car rolled to a stop outside Natasha’s house.

Natasha unbuckled her seatbelt and glanced at him. “Thanks for the ride. Denise and the kids are at school, so I won’t invite you in.”

She pushed the door open and was about to leave when Kenneth reached out to stop her.

He gazed at her and tried hard to suppress his emotions. “Natasha, if Zachary was the one who saved you, would you say the same thing to him?”

Natasha’s gaze turned dark. “He’s different, so I’ll definitely say something else.”

“Does that mean you’re in love with him?”

Natasha didn’t know why he would think that way. She was about to reply when he added, “You won’t be happy with him. You’ll get hurt.” His voice was hoarse.

Natasha narrowed her eyes and decided there was no need to explain things to him.

“Will I be happy with you? Will I not get hurt if I end up with you?”

Kenneth froze.

“Kenneth, it doesn’t matter whether I love him. At least he respects me. Back then, you didn’t even bother showing me any respect. How dare you claim he’ll hurt me?” Natasha sneered.

Seeing that Kenneth was obviously at a loss for words, she snorted. “I’m old enough to stop depending on someone else to be happy. I’ve got everything I ever wanted.”

With that said, she yanked her arm out of his grasp and emerged from the car. Slamming the door shut, she marched upstairs.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 156

Chapter 156

Chapter 156 You Came On Your Own To Be My Punching Bag

Watching her retreating figure made Kenneth feel suffocated.

He understood what he did was outrageous, and it would take a long time before she would forgive him.

But why can’t she give me a chance?

Why... Why do you have feelings for Zachary?

Rage flowed through him like lava, and he was about to blow his top at any minute.

The next second, he balled his fist and slammed it on the steering wheel.

Beep! Beep!

The piercing sound of his car honk reverberated through the residential area.

Natasha, who was in the elevator, heard the incessant and loud honking, her heart throttling in response.

At night, the bar was full of people.

In the middle of the dance floor, men and women seductively moved their bodies in what appeared to be a desperate attempt to vent their daily stresses and dissatisfaction.

Kenneth, however, could hardly fit in. He sat at the bar table, and before him were numerous glasses of alcohol. One shot after the other, he kept chucking down the drinks without any restraint.

His phone wouldn't stop ringing, but Kenneth ignored it entirely. From the look of it, he had no intention of answering the calls.

His presence attracted many women who wanted to shoot their shots.

Expectedly, one would assume that Kenneth had a certain level of wealth, judging from how he looked and the way he dressed.

At the same time, there was a woman who stood in a corner and observed Kenneth for quite some time, thinking to herself that Kenneth's handsome face was rewarding enough for her to spend the night with him, irrespective of whether he was rich. The thought of it excited her, and she adjusted her dress to show more of her skin. Afterward, she walked toward him seductively.

"Hello, handsome. Are you alone?" She flirtatiously approached him. Even under the dim lights, her thick make-up managed to make her face glimmer sensuously.

Kenneth ignored her and didn't even lift his gaze to look at her.

The woman was not willing to give up. She inched closer toward him, and her slender hands started gliding across his shoulder intimately. "What's wrong? Are you not happy? Do you need my company, or are you more interested in something else?"

This time, Kenneth looked up and stared at her hand. His stare was glacial, and it sent chills down her spine.

"F*ck off," he replied coldly.

The woman was taken aback. “B*stard! Who do you think you are? Wait here. I’ll teach you a lesson.” After finishing her sentence, the woman turned around and stormed off.

Kenneth seemed unfazed and continued drinking.

After some time, the woman came back accompanied by a buff, brawny man with tattoos all over his body. He looked tall and brutal, seemingly ready to pick a fight. The woman leaned on his chest in a kittenish manner. “Dear, he acted indecently toward me. Please teach him a lesson!”

“He sure has the audacity to do so! I’ll make sure he never walks again,” the tattooed man threatened. He lifted his hand and five sturdy, ripped men appeared out of nowhere.

They started approaching Kenneth.

Even when danger was approaching, Kenneth appeared to be unbothered as he continued drinking his alcohol.

The tattooed man walked toward Kenneth and started sizing the latter up. Then, he toppled the glass held in Kenneth’s hand. “You’re the one who bullied my girlfriend?”

Staring at the spilled alcohol, Kenneth blinked his eyes slowly. Though his composure remained unchanged, the stare in his eyes turned even deadlier.

“Although I don’t know who your girlfriend is, I’ll give you a chance to apologize. If you refuse, I’ll teach you a lesson.” Kenneth chuckled coldly.

The tattooed man burst into laughter. “Apologize? Am I hearing this right? Do you know who I am? I’m the boss here! I’ll let you live if I feel like it, and I can kill you if I want to.”

“Is that so?”

Then, Kenneth stood up and started to take off his jacket slowly.

Seeing that, the tattooed man chuckled lightly as he mocked, “What? Do you want to fight?”

“Coincidentally, my mood’s really bad today,” Kenneth replied. He looked at the tattooed man and shifted his gaze to the men behind him. “How do you want to do this? One at a time? Or do all of you want to come at me at the same time?”

Being provoked by Kenneth publicly, the tattooed man started to feel the burn on his cheeks. Refusing to be humiliated, he walked forward and placed his arm on Kenneth’s shoulder. “Let me tell you this. Don’t try to be boastful here in my territory. Do you believe that I can kill you singlehandedly— Ouch!”

His supposedly menacing threats quickly turned into shrieking cries. With that, the tattooed man leaned his body downward in excruciating pain.

Kenneth held the man's hand forcefully and twisted it. His stare was gloomy and dark. "Tonight, it was you who came on your own to be my punching bag! I shall oblige!"

"Argh!" The tattooed man screamed, "B*stard! Let go of me! Let go of me!"

"Let go of you?" Kenneth scoffed.

Soon enough, a loud cracking sound could be heard. Kenneth broke the tattooed man's arm, causing the latter to let out an ear-piercing shriek that reverberated throughout the entire bar.

Kenneth then let him go, and the tattooed man crippled onto the floor. Behind the latter, someone yelled, "Go! Beat that f*cker up! Kill him!"

The five men behind him stared at Kenneth, who was then adjusting his sleeves with finesse.

"What are you waiting for?" the tattooed man screamed. "Who manages to kill him will get the right to manage the entire street!" Evidently, he was utterly enraged.

Hearing that, the five men, blinded by fame and fortune, dashed toward Kenneth.

A commotion ensued, and the sound of glasses breaking echoed throughout the bar.

Everyone else paled and hid far away from the scene.

It was a bad day for Kenneth, and after the effects of alcohol, he was quick to warm up and started throwing heavy punches without any reservation.

I can finally have some fun!

Bang!

Kenneth brought one down to his knees.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

After a series of punches and kicks, the group of men failed to even lay a finger on Kenneth.

Shortly after, all of them were subdued by Kenneth, and they were wailing miserably on the floor.

Kenneth sneered. "Is that all you got? Is there anything else? I'm not even warmed up!"

The tattooed man anxiously took out his phone. "Summon everyone here to the bar. Someone's causing a scene here!" He hung up right after.

Amused by his statement, Kenneth's lips contorted into a snicker.

Very soon, more than twenty men swarmed the place, and Kenneth was surrounded by them in a circle.

The tattooed man stood up and pointed his finger toward Kenneth. "I want you to apologize now, and I may consider letting you live. Or else, you'll not walk out of here alive today."

Kenneth stared back at him. "It's better if you can call more of your men. There are not enough punching bags for me!"

The tattooed man was enraged. "All right, you asked for it!" He looked toward the group of men. "Confront him together! Kill him! Don't show any mercy!"

They coherently walked toward Kenneth.

Under the dim lights, one could see the eerie glint in his eyes.

Chaos soon erupted in the bar.

Meanwhile, in a corner upstairs, a mysterious figure was surreptitiously recording the entire episode with his phone.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 157

Chapter 157

Chapter 157 Partnership

After a few minutes, the bar was full of fallen men.

Kenneth was enjoying the scuffle as adrenaline rushed through his veins. His eyes were red and watery, and they glistened subtly with excitement.

Despite his wound tearing apart, and his shirt drenched in fresh, red blood, Kenneth remained brutal and aggressive, overpowering his opponents with his impeccable combat abilities.

It was almost as if such lunacy was the only way for Kenneth to forget, albeit temporarily, about his worries and despair.

Meanwhile, someone had quietly notified the owner of the bar.

When Zachary arrived, this was what he saw.

The bar was in a chaotic state. Shattered glasses were all over the place, and numerous men were beaten up and lying on the ground. All of them were shuddering and cowering in extreme fear and trauma some distance away from Kenneth.

Then, someone noticed Zachary's presence and called out, "Mr. Lynch! Mr. Lynch is here!"

Everyone turned their attention toward Zachary. He stood among the crowd, tapped someone on the shoulder, and everybody started making way for him.

Kenneth smirked with a strong sense of satisfaction.

Quite apart from the innocent charm that Zachary used to exude, he was now well-dressed and demonstrated considerable maturity, just like what one would expect from a veteran.

"Mr. Hamilton." Zachary stared at Kenneth.

"So, you've finally showed up." The latter chuckled coldly. He then lowered his volume, saying, "I thought you were too cowardly to show yourself."

Zachary scanned the surroundings before flashing a charismatic smile. "If you want to see me, Mr. Hamilton, you could have just called me. There's no need to risk getting yourself hurt."

He behaved differently from how he was before. The once innocent and gullible man had turned into someone foxy and ingenuine.

But in actual fact, a person like Zachary could never mask his inner demons completely.

Perhaps only Natasha would believe his trickeries.

Then, Kenneth walked toward him and said, "I'm surprised to find out that the heir of the Lynch Corporation is the owner of this bar! This side of you significantly detracts from the pleasant and cultured personality that you portray to the public!"

Zachary smiled as he quietly stared at the man.

He was of the view that Kenneth would have done his homework and studied the former's background thoroughly.

Hence, it would be a futile exercise to attempt to deny his assertions.

"Mr. Hamilton, why not we cut to the chase?" Zachary looked at him in a gentlemanly manner.

"Leave Natasha alone." Kenneth's tone was laced with seriousness, demonstrating that he meant business.

Zachary chuckled again.

So that's why he's here looking for me.

While I'm not sure what's the cause of his frustration, things sure got interesting!

"And if I don't?" Zachary asked, his gaze intensifying.

A cryptic smile played on his lips as Kenneth lowered his volume. "In that case, I'll need to teach you a lesson."

"Mr. Hamilton, are you threatening me?"

"You're welcome to form your own opinion," replied Kenneth.

Zachary stared at him. "I thought you were in for fair competition, but much to my disappointment, you're abusing your influence and power to mount pressure against me. I admit that I'm not as influential as you here, but I'm not a pushover!"

Kenneth stared blankly at him in response.

"Does Nat know that you're doing this?" Zachary asked again.

However, Kenneth threw a question back at him. "What? Are you going to snitch on me?"

"Why not?"

The two of them had their gazes locked together, and the animosity escalated exponentially.

Then, Kenneth chuckled. "Zachary, when you're married to the Lenoir family, I'll make sure to send you a lavish gift!"

Zachary's expression darkened immediately after he was reminded of the marriage deal he was in.

"Stop harassing Natasha. If she's hurt because of you, I will destroy you and the Lynch family!" As soon as his words fell, Kenneth stood up and prepared to leave.

"I won't give up on her!" Zachary replied. He turned his head and looked at Kenneth. "I've never agreed to the marriage. In my heart, I only want her!"

Before he left, a cold smirk appeared on Kenneth's lips.

Zachary frowned helplessly as he stared at Kenneth's figure slowly disappearing from his line of sight.

Just as Kenneth left, another person walked toward Zachary. "Mr. Lynch, are you letting him go just like that? What about our losses?"

"Let someone else tidy it up. All losses are on me," replied Zachary.

"But..."

"He's Kenneth Hamilton," Zachary answered.

A worried expression soon manifested on the person's face.

While there were only a few who met Kenneth personally, he was a prominent figure in society.

Owing to the monopoly of Glenport City's economy, Hamilton Corporation had the city on a string.

As Kenneth was the owner of Hamilton Corporation, his position bestowed him with immense influence and power.

Besides, Kenneth had connections with both sides of the law.

Zachary's subordinate was shocked to find out that they got into a fight with Kenneth.

Uncontrollably, he started palpitating and his legs were shaking.

Realizing his silence, Zachary uttered, "Don't worry about it. He's coming after me, not you. You'll be fine."

"What about you..."

"I'll be fine too. Go ahead and do what's necessary. Make sure what happened tonight stays in here."

"Got it!"

After the man left, Zachary stared at the surroundings with his hollow, unfathomable gaze.

Just then, a figure walked toward him.

"Are you Mr. Lynch?" A soft, gentle voice came from behind Zachary.

He turned around and frowned. "And you are?"

She walked toward him and extended her hand. "Hi, nice to meet you. I'm Thea Jarman!"

Zachary simply stared at her hand without having any intention to reciprocate her gesture.

Thea was unbothered as she retracted her hand. "All right, please let me introduce myself. I was an employee of Hamilton Corporation in the past, and I'm a good friend of Kenneth."

The man narrowed his eyes and stared at her as thoughts started running through his head.

Having done a background check on Kenneth before this, Zachary opined that the person before him should be the woman previously rumored to be Kenneth's fiancée.

With his gaze locked on her, Zachary questioned, "In the past?"

Thea confessed, "Yes, I've left Hamilton Corporation."

"Then, why are you here? Is there anything that I can help you with?" asked Zachary.

"I've met you before when you were having a meal with Natasha in a restaurant."

"So?"

"You like Natasha!" exclaimed Thea. It was not a question, but a statement.

"Yes, I do like Natasha. Nonetheless, you seem to have a grudge against her." Zachary was blunt, not bothering to sugarcoat his words.

Shocked, Thea kept quiet for a second before answering, "Yes, I do have a grudge against her. Because of her, the person that I love was snatched away from me."

Zachary knew that the woman was referring to Kenneth.

"So?" he asked again.

Thea looked at him and inched closer. Her stare glistened with confidence as she said, "I feel that we can work together to achieve our collective goals!"

Zachary's unflinching gaze was fixated on Thea, scrutinizing her in the process.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 158

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 158

Chapter 158 He Fell In Love With Natasha After leaving the bar and just as Kenneth reached the entrance, a car stopped in front of him.

Fabian stepped out and immediately walked over to Kenneth when he saw the latter.

"Mr. Hamilton..."

He was about to say something, but after seeing the blood on the other man's hands and abdomen, he furrowed his brows.

"What happened to you, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth strutted forward with a look of indifference. "It's nothing."

"What do you mean nothing? Your wound has split open, and you have to go to the hospital to have it stitched up again now," Fabian replied.

Kenneth acted as though he did not hear anything and continued walking.

Why can't I get drunk after drinking so much alcohol? Why hasn't the pain in my body made me forget her for a moment, even when I've bled so much? Natasha...

Recalling her words earlier that day and the thought that she could fall for someone else made his heart ache uncontrollably.

He never knew this was how heartache felt, and it was for a woman.

Kenneth suddenly stopped in his tracks. He looked at the sky with bloodshot eyes as his lips curled into a smile.

I suddenly realized something. I think I truly fell into the trap. I've fallen in love with Natasha!

The discovery excited him, but he also found it laughable.

When she was mine in the past, I didn't cherish her. But now... I fell in love with her.

Kenneth scoffed. It's as though the heavens are playing a joke on me!

"Fabian?"

"Yes?"

"How many chances do you think we can get in a lifetime?"

There was no way Fabian could tell what he was referring to, so he hesitantly replied, "In a person's lifetime... They'll certainly have many opportunities and face them at every stage. Opportunities will not slip away. It all depends on whether the person can seize it!"

Hearing his words, Kenneth turned to look at him. "Really?"

"Take me as an example. I had been abandoned by my parents when I was a child, and I ventured out into the world alone. If I hadn't met you that time, I would probably end up beaten to death. You presented me with an opportunity to follow you back then, but I thought you were a liar and rejected you. When I met you again and found out who you are... didn't you still give me another chance?" Fabian replied.

It was because of this that Fabian chose to follow Kenneth loyally, for no other reason than the latter giving him a chance to lead a new life.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes.

He had almost forgotten about those matters from the past.

However, after hearing Fabian's words, he felt that the former had made a good point.

Does that mean that there's still hope for me and Natasha?

His lips quirked up at that thought. He looked at Fabian. "Would you like to have a drink?"

"Huh?"

“Let’s go. It’s on me.” Upon noticing that there was another bar ahead, Kenneth got up and wanted to step in.

Seeing that, Fabian immediately went forward to stop him. “You mustn’t drink anymore, Mr. Hamilton!”

“What’s the matter? Are you planning to interfere with my matters now? Why don’t I let you be the boss instead?” Kenneth questioned as he looked at the other man.

Despite those words, Fabian knew that it was merely Kenneth’s strategy.

“Look at the state of your injuries, Mr. Hamilton. You must go to the hospital and have it stitched up at once!”

However, Kenneth turned a deaf ear to him and got up to go in.

“If you continue acting this way, I’ll call Old Mr. Hamilton!” Fabian warned.

Kenneth still disregarded his words.

“Then, I’ll call Ms. Watson!” Fabian blurted out in a panic.

Kenneth stopped in his tracks.

Seeing that his words were effective, Fabian quickly continued, “If you refuse to go to the hospital, I’ll call Ms. Watson now!” After saying that, he took out his phone to make the call.

Kenneth turned to look at him with a cold smirk. “She won’t care even if you did...”

Having worked for Kenneth for so many years, Fabian had reasonably good judgment. At present, he had no doubt that Kenneth’s abnormal behavior on this day was related to Natasha.

All this talk of opportunity is bullsh*t! He’s definitely trying to win Ms. Watson back!

However, he had no idea what transpired between the two, so he did not dare to take the risk and call her.

Hence, after mulling over it, Fabian uttered, “Let’s put Ms. Watson’s stance aside, Mr. Hamilton, and talk about the fact that you are now a father. If Ms. Denise finds out that you’ve neglected your health, how devastated will she be! There is also Mr. Benjamin. Even if you don’t think about yourself, shouldn’t you think about them?”

At the mention of his two children, Kenneth’s gaze softened a lot.

Fabian took the opportunity to continue, "Look, Mr. Hamilton. Whatever happened between you and Ms. Watson before, it doesn't matter who is right or wrong. Now that you both have children together, your relationship is different compared to others. It'll be much easier for you to win her back!"

Kenneth narrowed his gaze as he looked at Fabian.

"Really?"

The latter nodded with a serious expression. "Of course. Moreover, anyone can tell that Ms. Watson is tough on the outside but soft on the inside. However, you had abandoned her in the past. Now that you want to turn around and win her back, do you think she would disregard her dignity? You have to put in some effort, don't you think?"

"Effort? How?"

Fabian was extremely worried when he noticed that the blood on Kenneth's abdomen was still seeping out, but did not dare to use force on him as it was apparent that his boss was drunk.

I have to coax him no matter what.

He took the opportunity to approach Kenneth. "By being attentive, of course. Ms. Watson will feel your sincerity sooner or later as long as you do that. Once she's touched, wouldn't that mean you've succeeded?"

Kenneth felt it was somewhat reasonable after hearing that. He furrowed his brows as though he was pondering over something.

"Moreover, you've fathered children with Ms. Watson. So you can come up with various excuses to approach her. Gradually, after a long time, once she gets used to your presence, wouldn't everything unfold naturally between the two of you?" Fabian added.

At that moment, Kenneth looked at him.

"What if she falls in love with someone else?"

Um...

Fabian was caught off guard by the question.

So, the reason for such a big reaction tonight is because Ms. Watson fell in love with someone else?

He studied Kenneth discreetly and could not help but feel that the possibility was growing bigger.

But this is a tough question to answer!

However, upon noticing that his boss was staring at him intently, Fabian reasoned that since he had already fooled him so much, he had to continue making up something.

Hence, he moved closer until he was beside Kenneth. “Mr. Hamilton, I think that no matter what Ms. Watson is thinking, you must express your stance first. I believe that as long as you did that, Ms. Watson would surely feel touched!”

“Really?”

Fabian nodded.

He looked down and felt extremely anxious upon noticing that Kenneth’s wound was still bleeding.

He said through gritted teeth while hardening his heart, “Forgive me, Mr. Hamilton!”

As his fist landed on Kenneth’s neck, the latter instantly passed out.

Fabian immediately carried him into the car and drove him to the hospital.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 159

Chapter 159

Chapter 159 Still Recognizable From The Blurred Image

That night, a video of a bar fight went viral.

A man faced more than forty people on his own in the bar. Although the venue was dark, the man in the video threw heavy blows that flowed seamlessly.

Even though his face had been blurred with mosaic, his figure, attire, and height were enough to give the viewers the impression that he was stunning and extremely dashing.

His effortless movements were likened to the fighting scenes in movies, causing them to cheer in amazement.

Despite it being nighttime, the video still caused a buzz on the Internet.

A netizen commented: I think this is just a movie shoot, right? No one is this powerful in real life. I’m afraid he would’ve been beaten to death long ago!

Someone wrote: Why did the person who uploaded the video blur the image? I want to see his face!

Another comment followed: How I wish I could marry a man like him. Such an overwhelming sense of security!

Someone else commented: The lovesick commenter above should stop thinking about it. Did you not notice the man's attire? The branded clothing he's wearing must cost a fortune. Besides, from the uploader's decision to blur his image, you can tell that one can't afford to offend him!

At that moment, Denise was scrolling her phone. Upon seeing the video, she also swooned over the man for a while. However, she gradually felt that something was amiss.

This silhouette looks way too familiar. Could it be...

As a thought struck her, Denise's heart skipped a beat.

She turned to glance at Natasha, who was on her phone beside her. Not daring to make a sound, Denise feigned calmness and got off the couch before hurrying to Anthony's room.

Natasha noticed her actions but merely lifted her eyes to take a glance. She then shifted her attention back to her phone.

Anthony and Benjamin were chatting in the former's room at that moment.

"Tony! Ben!" Denise walked over and squeeze herself between the two boys while handing over the phone. "Look at this!"

Benjamin took the phone and noticed that a video of a fight was playing on the screen. The man in the clip was swift, ruthless, and precise. In just a few minutes, his opponents were all on the ground.

"How handsome!" Benjamin could not help but exclaim.

However, Anthony frowned. "Is that Kenneth?"

Denise was shocked and fixed her beautiful eyes on him. "You think so too, Tony?"

Having witnessed Kenneth's moves, Anthony thought that the person's silhouette and fighting skills were very similar to his.

Benjamin replayed the video upon hearing their conversation. "How can you guys recognize him when his face is blurred?"

However, after zooming in, he exclaimed, "My goodness. It truly is him."

Anthony and Denise looked at him.

"Look. Although these people didn't hurt him, there's a patch of wetness on his abdomen. It's apparent that his wound had split open!" Benjamin explained.

The trio's expressions turned grim at the same time.

"Why would he suddenly get into a fight in the bar?" Benjamin mumbled.

Denise also looked worried. "I wonder how Daddy is now..."

"Why don't you call him and ask him about it?"

Denise's eyes lit up. "Can we?"

The question was meant for Anthony, as without his agreement, she would not dare to call Kenneth.

Anthony kept his expression stern and remained silent.

Just then, Benjamin spoke up. "If Tony doesn't say anything, it means he's given his consent. Go ahead!"

Denise glanced at Anthony once again in confirmation and seeing that he did not object, a little sparkle came into her eyes. She found Kenneth's number and immediately dialed it.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable..."

Denise frowned upon hearing the automated message.

Unwilling to give up just yet, she dialed the number again. However, as the same robotic voice rang out from the other end, her expression turned gloomy.

Benjamin, who was watching from the side, quickly comforted her, "Erm, actually, you don't have to worry too much. Think about it. There were so many people in the fight, yet, none could hurt him. He'll definitely be fine. Besides, with his identity and status, no one can do anything to him..."

His words seemed rather shallow.

Anthony looked at her and said curtly, "Fabian."

Denise's eyes lit up when he mentioned the man as a thought struck her. "Oh, right! I added Daddy's assistant on WhatsApp."

With that said, she quickly found Fabian's ID and texted him.

Fabian had just sent Kenneth to the hospital, and before he could take a break, he received Denise's WhatsApp message.

Denise texted: Mr. Houde, are you with... Mr. Handsome now?

After seeing that, Fabian immediately replied: Yes. What's the matter, Little Marshmallow?

Denise: He's fine, right?

Could it be that she discovered something? At that thought, Fabian replied: Yes. He's fine. Why did you ask?

Without hesitation, Denise sent him the video.

After seeing it, Fabian began cursing inwardly.

So before I got there, not only did Mr. Hamilton get into a fight but with that many people?

Despite the blurred face, the man's attire was exactly the same, so there was no way Fabian could be mistaken.

Denise: That's Mr. Handsome, right?

"Umm..." Fabian glanced at the person who was getting his wound stitched up again. Can I tell the truth?

He was hesitant to tell her. If I did, will Mr. Hamilton make me pay for it tomorrow?

Staring at his phone, Fabian texted and deleted repeatedly but did not send anything out in the end.

Meanwhile, seeing that the other person kept typing, Denise was extremely anxious and quickly sent him a text: All I want to know is how is Mr. Handsome now? Is he hurt? I'm very worried about him!

Fabian immediately replied when he saw her text: He's now in the hospital. He's fine. He merely drank too much and has fallen asleep. He'll probably wake up tomorrow.

Denise: Drank too much? Mr. Handsome is still injured. How can he consume alcohol?

Fabian: Well... I think he's troubled by love. I have no control over that.

The triplets held the phone and exchanged glances after reading Fabian's message.

In the end, Anthony merely uttered, "It's good that he's all right." He then got up and walked to the side.

Denise picked up the phone and sent Fabian a reply: Please take good care of Mr. Handsome today, Mr. Houde, and let me know if you have any news. Thank you.

Seeing her message, Fabian could even picture her saying those words in front of him. His heart softened, and he immediately replied: All right. Don't mention it, Little Marshmallow. It's the least I can do.

After understanding the situation, Denise finally felt at ease.

"Troubled by love. Did he argue with Nat?" Benjamin asked.

Denise and Anthony exchanged glances.

Who are you asking?

Outside the room, Natasha was lazing on the couch. After settling some matters, she noticed that a lively discussion was going on in the company group chat.

Initially, she did not have much interest in it. However, upon noticing that someone had tagged her in one of the messages, she clicked on it.

Never would she expect a video to appear before her.

Someone commented: Ahh! Have you guys seen the trending headline today? He's simply amazing! If I can marry a man like him, I can die without regrets!

Another person replied: Indeed! He gives such a sense of security! However, I think it's just movie-making.

Another comment read: At first, I also thought the same. However, a friend of mine was at the scene today. She said that it wasn't movie-making but an actual fight. Not only that, it was one against forty. The scene was extremely brutal. Most importantly, do you guys know who this man is?

A netizen asked: Who?

The person who made that comment replied: The owner of Hamilton Corporation, Kenneth Hamilton!

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Chapter 160

Chapter 160 Heart Attack

Seeing Kenneth's name, Natasha felt her heart skip a beat uncontrollably.

Although she did not say anything, she knew that it was Kenneth, as she had seen him wearing the same outfit earlier that day.

Natasha played the video and watched it once again carefully.

The video was clear. However, it was difficult for one to watch it due to its dark surroundings. As Natasha watched closely, she noticed the smudge on his stomach.

He must have injured himself there.

Natasha's gaze darkened by the second.

Meanwhile, the conversation continued in the group chat.

A text appeared: Are you serious? Is that really Kenneth? The rest of the colleagues carried on with their gossip.

One of the colleagues replied: Of course! My friend patted his chest and assured me with that piece of information.

Another message popped up: Do you have any photos? I'll believe you if there's a photo as proof!

I don't have any. Someone requested to delete those photos. My friend finds it strange to see the leaked video too.

Do you know the reason of the fight?

No idea. According to the rumors, a woman tried to approach Kenneth but ended up being rejected by him. Because of that, she asked someone to beat him up to vent her anger. I think she didn't expect him to be badly beaten like that too.

Is something wrong with that woman? How could she do that to him just because she couldn't get him?

She acted as if she owns him by asking people to beat him up.

Do these people even know who are they beating?

From what I heard, they were shocked to find out his identity afterward.

They must have a death wish for doing that! I hope they are all right.

I truly sympathize them.

Reading all the messages from the group chat, Natasha felt a little annoyed.

She put down her phone and glanced at the laptop beside her. Later, Natasha switched it on and began to type on the keyboard nimbly. In an instant, a flashing dot started to appear on the screen.

Seeing that the dot displayed was a hospital, Natasha felt relieved, and her eyes gradually turned calm. With that, she shut down her laptop. Just when she was about to get up, her phone rang.

Natasha picked up the phone and saw a text from Zachary that read: Nat, are you asleep?

She simply responded: No.

He replied: Are you free tomorrow? I wish to treat you to a meal.

Natasha pondered for a moment before replying: Okay.

I'll pick you up around noon.

She replied: Okay!

Another text from Zachary came in: You should rest earlier. Goodnight!

Natasha stopped replying. She got up and walked toward her bedroom.

Everything can be solved with a good night sleep!

Meanwhile, Fabian had been staying in the hospital for one night.

He had been thinking about how to explain his whereabouts last night to Kenneth when he woke up later.

The dark circles under his eyes were pretty obvious. Despite thinking about it for the whole night, Fabian still could not think of a justifiable excuse for himself.

I'm in deep water right now! There's nothing I can do about it!

As the sky gradually turned brighter, Fabian was tempted to just run away.

Just when that thought crossed his mind, Liam appeared at the hospital early in the morning.

Seeing him, Fabian stepped forward hastily. "Old Mr. Hamilton, why are you here?"

With a darkened expression, Liam shifted his gaze toward Fabian. "Why didn't you inform me of something that serious?"

From his tone, Fabian assumed that Liam had already found out everything.

He lowered his head and asked, "You know everything?"

"He's my grandson! How would I not recognize his face?" With that said, Liam pushed open the door and walked inside.

Just then, Kenneth just woke up from his sleep. He could still feel a slight pain in his head.

Seeing the simmering fury on Liam's face, Kenneth frowned a little. "Grandpa, why are you here?"

"I'm here to see whether you're dead or not!" Liam yelled furiously.

"Why are you so angry early in the morning? Who got on your nerves?" Kenneth responded.

Liam approached him and scoffed coldly, "Who else can get on my nerves?"

Kenneth turned his gaze at Fabian who was standing at the door.

Fabian shook his head almost immediately, showing that he had nothing to do with it.

"You're getting braver by the day. You haven't fully recovered from your injury. How could you go and fight forty people all alone?!" Liam was so angry that his face had turned an ashen gray.

Hearing his words, Kenneth glared at Fabian once again.

Fabian could not help but shoot him a helpless look. It has nothing to do with me! I have no idea who uploaded the video online. I'll teach that bast*rd a lesson once I discovered his identity!

Liam bellowed, "Kenneth, just put an end to your life if you don't wish to live anymore! After all, you aren't the only heir of the Hamilton family. When you die, I'll pass everything to Nat for her to inherit the Hamilton family. Nat is a kind girl, and she'll surely agree to my request. Unlike you, you're always giving me a headache and heart attack!"

Kenneth was rendered speechless.

Nevertheless, he kept his silence, knowing that Liam was merely worried about him.

As a matter of fact, Kenneth had decided to wash his hands by quitting the illegal activities for Liam. Deep down, he was aware that the Hamilton family had very few connections. Besides, Kenneth had seen how Liam supported the family his whole life. Losing his son was undeniably a big blow to Liam. Despite that, Liam held himself together for Kenneth. Having a sense of filial piety, Kenneth made his decision to quit.

However, Kenneth admitted that it was truly his negligence. I have fu*ked up this time.

Knowing that he was in the wrong, Kenneth uttered guiltily, "I know you're worried about me. Since you've given me a lecture, you should calm down and stop being angry. It's not good for you, after all."

"You're not making me angry. Instead, you're giving me a heart attack!" Liam voiced.

Noticing the fury on his face, Kenneth continued, "Stop overthinking. A blessed man like you would be having the time of your life with your grandchildren in the future! Hence, you must stay alive to enjoy that!"

Upon listening to Kenneth's remarks, Liam was livid and helpless at the same time.

"What exactly happened yesterday?" Liam asked.

"It was nothing. I had some drinks and that was all," Kenneth said briefly.

"Drink? Why would you go for a drink out of the blue?" Liam continued asking.

Kenneth remained silent.

With that, Liam narrowed his eyes and fixed his attention on him. "Did you have a fight with Nat?"

Hearing her name, Kenneth felt a heavy weight on his heart.

"No," he replied.

"If that's true, why would you go to Zachary's place and create havoc there?" Liam questioned.

Kenneth then lifted his head to look at Liam. "It seems like you knew what happened. Why are you asking me about it then?"

The corners of Liam's lips curved up as he sneered. "I'm not here to interrogate you. I'm here to mock you. You must be regretting now."

Hearing that, Kenneth was at a loss for words.

"What now? Are you losing your confidence already?"

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and stared at Liam. "Do I look like I lack confidence?"

Subsequently, Liam sized him up before answering, "Yes. You look lame."

"There must be something wrong with your eyesight. I'm confident that I could get Natasha!" Kenneth enunciated his words clearly.

With that, Liam's eyes glowed a hint of relief.

"Are you admitting that you have feelings for her?"

His expression dimmed at his question. Before this, I'm unsure and confused about my feelings. However, after what happened yesterday, I finally figure out my true feelings for her.

"Yes. Wait for my good news. I'll marry her and make her your granddaughter-in-law!" Kenneth emphasized.