

You're Out Daddy Chapter 161

Chapter 161

Chapter 161 I Will Get You Out

Liam lectured and chided Kenneth. The former felt a lot better after venting out his frustrations.

Especially after knowing Kenneth's feelings for Natasha, Liam could finally leave in satisfaction.

Despite berating Kenneth, Liam knew his own grandson pretty well. Kenneth surely has some skills. Now, I only have to wait for him to marry Nat. Then I can just wait to enjoy the good times with my family.

Before Liam left, he suddenly recalled something and turned to look at Kenneth. "By the way, I forgot to tell you that Zachary's mother has just returned from abroad today."

Narrowing his eyes, Kenneth could not help sizing Liam up. "Grandpa, why do I feel that you care more about this matter than I do?"

Liam's face instantly turned frosty. "Do you think I did that for you? I'm only worried that Nat might get hurt!" Liam shot a glare at Kenneth immediately after saying that. He then flicked his sleeves and was about to leave.

Fabian stood at the door and hurriedly prepared to send Liam off. "Old Mr. Hamilton, goodbye."

"Keep an eye on him. I'll come after you if anything happens to him again!" Liam warned coldly.

"Yes!" Fabian hung his head lower.

Fabian secretly heaved a sigh of relief after Liam left.

He turned around and stared at Kenneth. Just when he wanted to say something, he spotted Kenneth's gaze on him.

Kenneth's darkened gaze sent chills down Fabian's spine.

As though pretending that he did not see that, Fabian cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Hamilton... Well, I'll go get you breakfast!"

“Fabian Houde!” Kenneth’s voice was cold, yet it sounded like he was teasing Fabian.

In an instant, Fabian stopped in his tracks. With his back facing Kenneth, he put on a sullen look.

The sullen look was soon replaced by a flattering one when he cast his gaze upon Kenneth again.

“Mr. Hamilton, is there anything else?”

“Why are you standing so far away?” Kenneth arched a brow, his voice husky, and an unfathomable smile crept over his face.

“I’m not...” replied Fabian, his voice trembled a little involuntarily.

“Come closer...” Kenneth curled his lips into a smirk.

As soon as Fabian caught sight of that smirk, he was petrified.

Then, he took a small step forward.

Seeing that, Kenneth narrowed his eyes, and his voice turned colder. “Do you possibly think I will eat you alive?”

Of course, Kenneth was unable to do so, but Fabian would face a consequence worse than that.

Left with no choice, Fabian took another step further.

Meanwhile, Kenneth scrutinized him with a sneer. “How did I get to the hospital yesterday?”

“Haha... Hah... You were really drunk yesterday, so I sent you to the hospital!”

“How did you do that?”

“Hmm... Well...” Fabian was utterly helpless. “I carried you here...”

Kenneth cracked his neck as he kept his gaze fixed on Fabian. The latter sensed that things were not going too well for him, so a gamut of thoughts flooded his mind.

“Mr. Hamilton, do you know that yesterday, Little Marshmallow... I mean Ms. Denise. She was worried sick about you!” said Fabian.

Kenneth was stunned for a brief moment. Then he looked at Fabian and replied, “Denise?”

“Yes, she sent me a text message yesterday. She was so worried about you!” emphasized Fabian.

“How did she find out about this?” questioned Kenneth with his eyes narrowed to slits.

Fabian immediately took out his phone and searched for the video from yesterday. He handed the phone over to show Kenneth. “I have no idea who uploaded the video to the internet, but Denise recognized you at a glance. She tried calling you but couldn’t get ahold of you, so she looked for me instead.”

Kenneth glanced at the video with a frown.

“Besides, Old Mr. Hamilton recognized you from the video, too. It wasn’t me who told him!” explained Fabian, looking aggrieved.

It doesn’t matter to me if Fabian feels aggrieved or not. I only wonder if Natasha already heard about this since Denise already knew. Did Natasha see the video too?

With his mind awash with all sorts of questions, Kenneth turned toward Fabian and asked, “Aside from Denise, did anyone else look for you?”

Of course, Fabian knew Kenneth was referring to Natasha.

After contemplating for a while, he decided to tell the truth. Shaking his head, Fabian replied, “Hmm... No one else.”

Hearing that, Kenneth tossed the phone at him. His mind became a complete mess in an instant.

What a heartless woman!

Upon noticing the displeased look on Kenneth’s face, Fabian immediately continued, “Although no one else looked for me, when Denise asked me about you yesterday, I had a feeling that Ms. Watson was there too.”

“Is that true?” Kenneth turned his head at once.

“Em... Whether it’s true or not, I can’t be sure about that. I just had a feeling! Yup!” As soon as Fabian finished his words, he nodded, looking serious. Yup, I had a feeling.

Staring at Fabian, Kenneth narrowed his eyes, and a cold smile appeared on his face.

“Fabian, I realize you’re getting bolder...”

Feeling the increasing tension in the atmosphere, Fabian looked at Kenneth.

“Do you think of me as a kid now?” asked Kenneth.

“N-No.”

“You have yet to explain to me what exactly happened yesterday,” Kenneth asked nonchalantly.

“Y-Yesterday...” As though he was pondering over something, Fabian took a few steps back in trepidation, his body slightly trembling. In the end, he mustered his courage and replied, “Mr. Hamilton, it’s getting late! I’ll go get you breakfast now, and I’ll be back soon!” Fabian scurried away after saying that.

It’s the best if I leave right now! That’s the best way!

It was not until Fabian ran to somewhere afar and made sure Kenneth would not catch up to him that he finally stopped.

He was panting heavily after running for a long while. Oh my God! That was too terrifying! Why did I act so rashly? And why did I even do such an act yesterday? Wasn’t it better if I just tried to persuade him nicely?

A bitter look crept over Fabian’s face, and he was filled with regrets.

Fabian wished he would pass out on the spot when he thought of facing Kenneth after he went back later.

At night, there was a bungalow engulfed by raging flames.

A little girl, who was around eight years old, pushed the door open. She was startled upon seeing the people lying on the ground when she was about to call for help.

She swiftly made her way toward them and started shaking their bodies.

“Daddy! Mommy!”

However, what she received, in turn, was nothing but coldness from the bodies.

She was stunned, knowing what that could mean. As if she had lost all the hopes she had held onto, she slumped down.

The menacing flames were spreading mercilessly. Yells came from outside, and someone even called her, telling her to go out. It was as if she had heard nothing, she went down on her knees right in front of her parents, shedding tears silently.

The infernal blaze was so fierce as if it was going to devour the entire place.

The little girl gradually lost her consciousness and collapsed right before her parents.

Before she passed out completely, a figure came into her sight.

“Nat!” someone called her.

A boy rushed into the house and went to her directly.

“Nat, don’t be afraid. I’ll get you out of here!” assured the boy as he carried her on his back with all his might, trying to drag her out.

She could hardly see or feel anything. With her eyes half-closed, she stared at the boy carrying her. His cheeks were flushed red, for he had exerted so much force.

“Hang in there! I’ll bring you out!” he promised.

However, just when they almost arrived at the door, the cabinet at the side fell and smashed onto them.

Natasha abruptly opened her eyes.

She stared at the ceiling above, her heart racing.

A long while later, she slowly snapped back to her senses from the dream.

Instead of a dream, it was actually an incident she had experienced when she was still a child.

It was just that it had been so long since the last time she had dreamt about it. At that moment, she was overwhelmed by an indescribable emotion that she could hardly put in words.

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Chapter 162

Chapter 162 Do Not Remember

Natasha got up and headed outside.

Terence was coming back inside at the same time. When he saw her, he smiled.

“You’re awake, Nat?”

“Yeah.” She nodded.

Terence’s brows furrowed when he saw her looking unwell. “What’s wrong? Are you feeling any discomfort?”

Natasha thought about it and explained, “I dreamed about my childhood. The day when I lost Mom and Dad...”

Terence was taken aback for a second before he comforted, “It’s already in the past, Nat.”

“That fire and my parent’s deaths aren’t an accident!”

Hearing that, Terence subconsciously averted his gaze. “There were so many people who saw it happen back then. The result of the investigation said the same things, too. It was an accident.”

“If that is the case, then why didn’t you let me do what I wanted, just like my dad?”

Terence turned back to face her. “Because I want you to lead a normal life. Why must you insist on doing that?”

“I’m not insisting it, Grandpa. The only reason you’re forbidding me from doing so is that you think it’s linked to Dad’s death.”

For a long time, Natasha had been obeying Terence’s orders. Even if she wanted to investigate the matter, she would do so in secret instead of arguing about it with him in the open.

She had no idea what was going on with her. It could be because of her dream or because she wasn’t feeling well.

Terence stared at her in resignation.

She was right about his reason for forbidding her from pursuing that goal.

He knew Natasha was very skilled with computers since she was a child. However, he didn’t know what kind of world the internet was like, only that it was a scary one. Otherwise, her father wouldn’t have died.

That was why he didn’t want her to pursue that path out of fear that she would die while doing so. He was also afraid she would be blinded by revenge upon learning the truth. All he wanted was for her to live a good life.

When his train of thought stopped there, Terence stared at her. "In any case, you're the only one I have left. I just hope you'll lead a safe, happy life. I don't care about anything else." When he finished, he turned and prepared to head out.

"Grandpa!" Natasha suddenly called out to him.

She stared at his back and apologized, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to talk back to you..."

Terence's figure visibly shook.

Natasha approached him and looked at him. "I just want to let you know that I'm no longer a child, Grandpa. I understand what you're trying to say, but there's no need for you to worry. What you're afraid of will never happen again. I can protect myself and not let you worry."

Terence turned back and stared at her. His lips twitched, but he ultimately didn't say anything.

"All right, I'm going to take a shower. I'll be heading out soon." She smiled as the atmosphere relaxed.

"Your injury's not recovered yet. Where are you going?" he asked.

"Zachary's inviting me for a meal. I'll be back once I'm done!"

Terence nodded when he heard that. "Go then. Go and dress up."

"Mhm!" Before Natasha left, she recalled something and turned toward him. "I also dreamed about how he looked when he rescued me, Grandpa..."

When she mentioned that, he paused and gazed at her. "But he doesn't remember anything now."

She smiled and left wordlessly to clean herself.

A look of resignation flashed across Terence's eyes as he watched her leave.

After Natasha cleaned and dressed up, she left the house.

Upon leaving the room, she didn't see where Terence went.

She knew she was acting too rashly earlier. I held myself back for so long and almost lost it because of a dream.

After she adjusted her emotions, she headed downstairs.

Zachary was making a call on the ground floor. He was stunned when he saw her.

She was wearing a light-yellow slim dress. Her already fair skin looked as though it was glowing thanks to her dress. Her seaweed-like long hair was casually draped behind her. When she approached him, her slim and tall body made her look like a celebrity walking on a stage. She was so beautiful that people would have a hard time looking away.

At that moment, Zachary suddenly felt a little jealous of Kenneth.

That was because Kenneth had once kept her by his side.

It would've been so nice if she was mine from the start. Upon hanging up the phone, Zachary pushed the door open and exit the vehicle.

"Thanks for waiting!" Natasha stared at him.

Zachary shook his head as he stared at her. "Not at all. I just arrived not too long ago."

"So, where to?" she asked.

He opened the door for her gentlemanly. "I already booked the place. You'll know once we arrive."

Natasha stared at him and got into the car without thinking much.

Zachary occasionally glanced at Natasha as he drove.

She was currently not in a great mood. Her thoughts weren't at all focused on him as her dress was used to cover up the tiny wounds on her body. She didn't notice the dress she picked for that purpose made her look stunning.

Her beauty wasn't something that she was paying attention to, especially at that moment.

The car was on the road for more than half an hour before it stopped in front of a restaurant.

After Zachary handed his car keys to a valet, he entered the restaurant with Natasha.

There weren't a lot of people inside the high-class restaurant, for only the richest people could afford to eat at such a place.

The moment Natasha walked into the building, she immediately drew everyone's attention to her. She didn't notice it, but Zachary did. His vanity as a man was satisfied when he saw that.

With a grin, he brought her inside.

When they arrived at a table next to the window, he pulled out the chair for her.

“Thanks,” Natasha said.

“No problem!”

After both of them were seated, Zachary asked, “You’ve been silent the whole journey. Is something bothering you?”

Natasha shook her head, though it was obvious she was still troubled by something.
“No.”

He could tell she wasn’t in a great mood, despite what she said.

“Is it because of Kenneth?” Zachary asked.

Natasha turned to him when he mentioned that. “Why did you ask that?”

“Because I can’t think of anything else.” His smile was as bright as ever.

The edges of her lips curved upward. “There are a lot of troubles that worry a beautiful woman, but not all of them are related to men.”

Zachary grinned. “So you’re saying that it’s not?”

Seeing how he was asking in a tentative tone, Natasha closed her eyes and threw her own question at him. “How about you? Is there a reason why you’re asking me out on a date today?”

Since she had changed the topic, he decided not to keep questioning her. “Yes. I have something I want to discuss with you.”

“Tell me.” She couldn’t imagine the reason he had for inviting her.

Zachary smiled at her. “No need to rush. We can talk about it as we eat.” He then called for a server to order their food.

Natasha raised her eyebrow silently.

After they ordered their food, he continued to chat with her about mundane things.

After they almost finished their meals, he stared at her and brought up the main topic.
“Nat, I invited you to a date today because...”

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Chapter 163

Chapter 163 Do Not Trample Over Me

"Zachary?" Before Zachary could finish, a woman's coquettish voice was heard from behind him.

Natasha raised her head and saw a woman in a Chanel outfit. That woman was staring at him with a surprised look.

Zachary heard the voice and turned back, though he immediately frowned when he saw who it was.

"It really is you." That woman approached him and glanced at the couple on a date.

Envy flashed across the woman's eyes when her line of sight landed on Natasha. Why is there such a beautiful woman here? Even though she was just sitting there with her legs crossed and with her long hair draped over her shoulder, she looked so elegant and beautiful. She looks almost like a female lead in a movie...

Winnifred appeared to be lost in her thoughts for a second as she stared at Natasha.

Natasha was also studying Winnifred with confidence reflected in her calm eyes. I can tell from her reaction that her relationship with Zachary isn't a normal one.

Winnifred returned to her senses, as though she was scorched by Natasha's stare. She turned her gaze back to Zachary. "Is this why you weren't willing to go on a date with me?"

Her finger was pointed at Natasha.

Zachary furrowed his eyebrows. "This has nothing to do with her." He immediately stood up. "Let's talk outside."

Of course, Winnifred wasn't willing to leave. She stared at Natasha, looking as though she had found dirt on him. "No need. We can just talk here."

Zachary's line of sight alternated between the two women as helplessness filled his eyes.

Natasha had a pretty good idea of what was going on, so she gracefully rubbed her lower lip and stood up. "I'm going to the restroom. You two can talk first."

Each movement she took in her dress was enough to dazzle someone.

Winnifred suddenly asked, "Aren't you curious about who I am?"

"Winnifred!" Zachary tried to stop her.

Natasha turned back to stare at Zachary and Winnifred before she smiled. "It doesn't matter to me, because Zachary and I are just normal friends." She then headed to the restroom.

Just normal friends... Zachary's eyebrows furrowed as he stared at Natasha. Is that what I am to her? Doesn't she feel anything else for me?

Winnifred was also similarly astonished. What does she mean by that? I thought she'll declare a fight with me. This is different from what I thought.

She turned back to Zachary and asked, "Are you two really only friends?"

Bitterness flashed across Zachary's eyes.

He swallowed the words he wanted to say.

It was then Winnifred realized what was going on as she noticed his silent, bitter look. A sneer escaped her mouth. "So, she's the only one who sees you as a normal friend."

Her words ticked Zachary off. "This is my matter, Winnifred. It has nothing to do with you."

"Of course it has everything to do with me. You rejected our marriage proposal because of her, but it seems like she doesn't like you at all."

"That's also my personal matter!" He raised his voice in anger and emphasized, "It doesn't matter to me if she likes me or not. All that matters is that I like her. As such, the only person I want to marry is her!"

Winnifred narrowed her round eyes at him. It was obvious that his words had hurt her.

"What about me?" she asked.

"The one who's interested in a marriage with you is the Lynch family, not me. If you want to get married, just go to the Lynch family!"

Winnifred stared at him with reddened eyes. "Are you saying the only way I can get married is through marriage arrangements? That no one wants to marry me willingly? Do you think I would've agreed to it if not for you? Do you really not understand or are you just pretending to not understand?" As she spoke, beads of tears streamed down her cheeks before dropping to the ground like pearls.

Zachary paused as he stared at her in shock.

"You can decide not to marry me, but you can't trample over me!" With that, Winnifred glared at him before leaving the building.

He stood still like a silent statue as he tried to tidy the chaotic thoughts in his mind.

After a while, Natasha returned from the restroom.

Zachary turned to her with a forced smile.

"She's left?" she asked.

He nodded.

It was then Natasha looked at the time. "I think it's about time I head home."

"I'll send you back," Zachary offered.

She stared at him, thought for a while, and nodded.

On the way back, she remained silent.

Zachary shot a side glance at her. "Don't you have anything you want to ask me about?"

Natasha pondered for a bit before looking at him. "It's your private matter. If you want to tell me about it, I'll listen to it as your friend."

Friend... She called me a friend again. Of course, he knew why she was emphasizing that word.

"Seems like you really don't mind it at all." A bitter smile formed on Zachary's face.

Natasha stared at him with her clear eyes quietly.

"I... was going to confess to you," he said as he flashed a wry smile.

Natasha simply kept looking at him quietly.

It was because she didn't know what to say.

Zachary glanced at her again as a look of resignation filled his eyes. "I didn't expect she would show up and ruin my plan."

"Who is she?"

"Someone that the Lynch family wants me to marry."

She narrowed her eyes at him.

Zachary took in a deep breath and explained, "I'm the illegitimate son of Desmond Lynch, the CEO of Lynch Corporation. I was raised by him overseas and I only came back here after I was an adult. A few years ago, his eldest son was involved in a car accident and became disabled. At the same time, Lynch Corporation had been struggling with its businesses over the past few years. They were in desperate need of help, so they require a large sum of funds to stay afloat. Thus, they want me to take over the company and marry the daughter of the Lenoir family. That way, the company can survive."

Natasha listened on with pursed lips.

Just then, the car rolled to a stop.

He fixed his gaze on her. "I don't care about taking over Lynch Corporation or the marriage. I just want to live my own life and be with someone I love. That's enough for me to be happy."

He made his stance pretty clear with his words.

Natasha stared back at him instead of averting her gaze. "Sometimes... the circumstances of our birth aren't determined by us. Can you really stand idly by as you watch your family's company fall?"

Zachary was stunned slightly and grew silent.

She knew he couldn't do that.

She turned her gaze to look outside the window. The car had arrived at the residential area.

She turned back to Zachary and smiled. "Thank you for telling me all this, Zachary. As your friend, I suggest you don't do anything that you'll regret in the future."

When she finished, she unbuckled her seatbelt. "Also, thank you for treating me to a meal today. Goodbye."

She opened the door and was about to exit the car when he grabbed her.

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Chapter 164

Chapter 164 Only OneNatasha's eyebrows furrowed as she stared at Zachary's hand that was grabbing her wrist.

Zachary didn't notice her discomfort and asked her impulsively, "Do you really feel nothing toward me, Nat?"

She stared at him. Feelings?

He was handsome, caring, thoughtful, genuine, gentlemanly, and polite.

Everything that he had fitted with the image of what a perfect man could be.

However, she didn't see him that way at all.

"Zachary..."

"You only need to say the word. I can bring you far away from here. I promise you that I'll treat Old Mr. Watson nicely and see the children as my own. One word, and I'll arrange a happy life for you and your family." Zachary spoke with emphasis on his every word. His crystal-clear eyes would make it hard for anyone to reject his offer.

But Natasha wasn't just anyone, and her eyebrows furrowed as she stared at him.

"I know I may come off as a little too hasty to you, but I've thought this through already. From the very first moment I saw you, I've been thinking about this thoroughly!"

Natasha tried pulling her wrist again, but Zachary had no intention of letting her go.

She said, "My wounds haven't recovered yet, Zachary."

He looked as though he remembered something when he heard that and immediately let go. "I'm sorry, I forgot..."

Natasha flexed her wrist a little and gazed at him with hesitation. "I'm honored to hear you like me that much, but I'm sorry, Zachary. I'm not as... easy-going as you. I can't do what you do."

Zachary's eyebrows furrowed. "I know I was too hasty, but it's all right. I can give you time to consider—"

She shook her head. "No. My answer will remain the same. I won't leave with you nor will I leave this place."

"Why?"

"Because I only see you as a friend. I don't like you romantically. There are also still things that I want to do here."

Zachary's gaze was fixed on her as he grew silent.

Natasha didn't sound apologetic at all as she said, "You're a good man, Zachary, but I hope we only stay as friends. I believe you'll meet an even better woman one day. I hope you do, really."

In response, he smiled bitterly at her.

To him, her last sentence sounded like she was mocking him.

"Are you rejecting me because of Kenneth?" Zachary asked.

It was the second time he mentioned Kenneth that day.

Natasha shook her head. "No."

"Then, do you like him?"

That gave her pause because she didn't expect him to ask that question. "I don't know why you keep mentioning Kenneth. These are two different things."

A dark gleam shimmered in Zachary's eyes. "You have no idea how much I hope what you're saying is true, Nat."

"I don't have a reason to lie to you."

A faint, bitter smile hung on his lips again.

After a long while, Zachary raised his head and took in a deep breath to readjust his mood. "I understand. So, are we still friends?"

"We always will be, as long as you're willing to."

"What if I never stop chasing after your love? Can we still be friends then?"

Since she wasn't saying anything in response, he spoke up again. "You can reject someone, but you don't have the right to strip away someone's love for you, do you?"

Natasha replied, "You should pay attention to the people around you. I can tell that the lady from earlier really likes you."

Zachary's eyebrows furrowed when Winnifred was mentioned. "Both of us live in different worlds."

Natasha wasn't going to provide any more advice since she herself wasn't an expert on love. Since she didn't get it, she knew she had no right to tell someone else what to do.

At that moment, Zachary's phone rang.

He picked up the phone. When he saw the number of the caller, his frown intensified. Then, he turned on silent mode. Even though his phone kept ringing, he had no intention of picking the call up.

Natasha stared at him. "If you have things you need to do, just go on ahead. I'll go back to my home now. Thank you for sending me back."

Zachary nodded at her.

She opened the door and exited the vehicle.

The light in his eyes dimmed as he watched her leave.

The call ended again before another attempt to contact him was made. After she disappeared from his sight, he finally answered the call.

"Hello."

"Where are you?"

"Outside."

"With that woman?"

Zachary's brows furrowed again.

"I'm already at Glenport City. Come back now. I want to meet you."

His frown deepened when he heard that. "Why are you back?"

Instead of a reply, all he heard was the beeping sound of an ended call.

With no other choice, he started up the engine again and drove to his next destination.

Inside the condominium, Zachary saw a woman sitting on the couch in the living room when he stepped in.

She was a middle-aged woman but her elegance and obviously expensive skincare routine made her look younger. There was also a cold and prideful expression on her face.

His eyes darkened when he saw her.

He hesitated for a second before approaching her. “Why are you back here, Mom? And why didn’t you tell me beforehand?”

Erin raised her head and stared at him. “If I don’t come back, who knows what you’ll be doing?”

Zachary was silent.

“Why can’t you listen to your father’s orders? Don’t you know this is our best chance of entering the Lynch family?”

“Mom, why do you insist on entering the Lynch family? Isn’t our life good enough already?”

“Good? How is it good? Do you want me to be ashamed of my status for the rest of my life?” Erin narrowed her eyes at him and continued, “I was pushed to the side by that woman for decades now. Even after she was dead, I still wasn’t allowed to enter the Lynch family. Right now, your father has finally loosened up. If you take over the company and marry the daughter of the Lenoir family, he’ll marry me officially. I’ll be a part of the Lynch family. Why can’t you agree to that?”

Zachary’s eyes reddened. “Because he doesn’t care about us—”

“That doesn’t matter!” She cut him off and uttered with a twisted expression, “It’s only because we haven’t been living together for a long time. He’ll understand after we officially become a part of the Lynch family. You are his biological son, after all. He’ll treat you and me nicely...”

Zachary scoffed. “I stopped believing that lie a long time ago.”

Suddenly, Erin stood up, stepped toward him, and shouted at him coldly, “I don’t care if you believe in it or not. You must marry the daughter of the Lenoir family! It’s the only way I can enter the Lynch family.”

“And if I don’t?”

She abruptly reached her hand out. Her skin was quite pale, and her fingernails were painted red. Putting on a kind, motherly look, she straightened his clothes and said, "I know what you're thinking, my good son. You're obsessed about that woman..." Her eyes met with his. "If you don't do it, you can only pick between me and that woman's survival..."

Zachary's brows furrowed as he stared at his mother.

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Chapter 165

Chapter 165 The Triplets Visits

Zachary's gaze was filled with despair and helplessness.

It was because he knew Erin would do what she said she would.

He had gotten used to it after so many years.

Erin smiled when she saw her son staying silent. She continued her elegant and gentle act as she said, "I know you won't abandon me for that woman. By the way, I've invited Winnifred for a meal tomorrow. You're coming with me."

He knew what she was planning when Winnifred was mentioned. "I have things to do tomorrow."

"Postpone it," she uttered faintly.

Zachary narrowed his eyes.

"We will meet with Winnifred tomorrow," Erin repeated in a deeper voice.

He clenched his fist before relaxing it and left the room resignedly.

The edge of Erin's lips curved upward as she gazed at his back. I knew he would listen to me.

Natasha went to sleep after she returned home.

When she was sleeping, she felt something pacing around her.

Her mind was still hazy when she woke up. It was then she saw Denise popping out.
“Are you awake, Nat?”

Natasha smiled as she stared at her adorable daughter and replied hoarsely, “Yeah, I’m awake.”

Denise stared at her, looking as though she had something to say.

Natasha knew her daughter was up to something. “All right, tell me what’s going on.”

“Did you see a video of a person fighting on the internet, Nat?” Denise asked as she rubbed her head on her mother’s body.

Natasha thought about it and nodded. “I did.”

“Was that person Daddy?” the girl asked.

Natasha didn’t expect her to recognize him. After all, his face was covered in mosaic.

However, she didn’t want to lie. “How did you recognize him?”

“I can tell it was him at first glance!” Denise answered.

Natasha was shocked. Is this the effect of blood relations? Even I couldn’t tell for sure it was Kenneth if it wasn’t for the clothes he was wearing that day.

Inside the dim room, she stared at Denise. Her voice still sounded a little hoarse, likely due to her just waking up. “So... are you worried about him?”

Denise nodded.

She immediately spoke again, as though she was worried Natasha would get angry.
“Even though I’m a little worried about Daddy, I absolutely like you more than him, Nat! I’ll always love you, Mommy!” She promptly dove into her mother’s embrace in a rather coquettish manner.

No one could resist the cuteness of a child like her.

She was cute, pretty, and her voice was as sweet as candy.

Of course, Natasha wasn’t angry. In fact, her heart was on the verge of melting by how sweet her daughter was.

In reality, she didn’t really mind.

It was only natural that a child would worry about their parents and crave their love.

Natasha didn't want to take away her children's love. While she occasionally experienced the desire to be the sole recipient of their love, she was still a very logical person.

"All right. Since you're putting it that way, I believe you." She patted her daughter's head.

"Then, will you take us to visit him?" Denise asked upon raising her head when she saw her mother wasn't angry.

Natasha was stunned. Huh?

"Gramps don't like Daddy. He definitely won't bring us to visit him. So can you take us to the hospital instead, Nat?"

"Now?"

Denise nodded. "Yeah. Daddy suffered severe injuries in order to save you before, and now he got into a fight. He said he's fine on the phone, but I still want to visit him!"

It was clear that Denise was worried about him.

Natasha sighed inwardly. I guess the saying that daughters like their fathers more is true. Even though they hadn't known each other for long, she was already this worried about him...

"Please, Nat? Pretty please?" Denise continued to act cute.

Natasha was getting dizzy from her daughter's relentless request. In the end, she nodded resignedly. "Okay."

Denise's eyes lit up when she heard that. "Really?"

"Are you going to let me sleep if I don't agree to it?" Natasha jokingly asked.

"You're the best, Nat!" The girl planted a kiss on her mother's cheek before jumping down the bed excitedly and began looking for appropriate clothes.

"What are you doing?"

"Finding a suitable outfit for you, of course!" When Denise finished speaking, she pulled out a very sexy dress from the wardrobe.

That dress was something Natasha had never worn once because it didn't suit her style.

She only bought it because Denise insisted she did. That was why the dress was kept at the bottom of the wardrobe.

Her glance drifted to Denise. She knew what her daughter was thinking.

Natasha silently put on the dress she wore earlier and said, "I think this is good enough."

Denise was stunned slightly before nodding in agreement. "Okay!"

She wasn't at all disappointed. In fact, she was happy. I think Nat doesn't know that well about herself. Does she think that dress makes her look normal? It still makes her look really pretty. It's not the sexy kind of beautiful, but the elegant and fashionable kind. No one will be able to look away from my beautiful mommy!

It was really hard for her not to voice her thoughts and act unsurprised.

She knew her mother liked to keep a low profile.

And so, both of them walked out of the bedroom.

At the moment, Benjamin and Anthony were helping Terence tidying stuff up.

When the two boys saw their mother and sister walk out, they noticed Denise was blinking at them. They instantly understood what was going on, but continued to pretend to not notice anything.

Natasha approached Terence. "I'll be taking the three of them out for a while, Grandpa."

Terence lifted his head and stared at her. "Where are you going? Aren't you going to eat dinner? It's already pretty late."

"We're just going for a stroll. We'll be back before dinner." She smiled.

His gaze bounced between his family members before he nodded. "All right, then. Don't return too late."

Natasha nodded and turned to the boys. "Let's go."

Anthony didn't show any emotions on his face, but Benjamin couldn't hold back his glee completely. Both of them then followed their mother obediently.

When Terence saw Natasha grabbing the car keys, he asked, "You're driving?"

Natasha turned back and nodded. "Yeah."

Terence's brows furrowed with worry. "Isn't it dangerous for you to drive so soon after what happened?"

She smiled. "It's going to be fine, Grandpa. Am I supposed to not drive forever?"

"But—"

"Don't worry. There's no way I won't drive carefully with my children in the car. Nothing bad will happen. We'll return soon."

Terence wanted to say something else, but Denise cut him off. "Don't worry, Gramps. I'll make sure Nat drives slowly and that our journey will be a safe one!"

Since they had assured him repeatedly, there wasn't much else Terence could say. "Come back soon."

"Got it!" she replied.

With that, the children and their mother left giddily.

To be more precise, it was the triplets who were getting giddy. As for Natasha, she didn't really feel anything special.

Nonetheless, when she thought about meeting with Kenneth, an indescribable feeling still surged within her.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 166

Chapter 166

Chapter 166 Independent Beauty

The breeze during the night was cool.

Ever since Natasha returned, she rarely drove during the night, aside from when she needed to deal with her work. She found the road she had to drive back home on boring and she simply wanted to arrive home to take a shower as soon as possible.

It was different compared to the current situation because she was driving with her three children. The window was also slightly opened, which allowed the cool breeze to blow in. It felt pretty relaxing.

She realized the time she got to spend with the kids alone was getting shorter and infrequent as time passed.

The triplets thought the same as well because they seemed pretty excited, even though nothing much was currently going on. All of them were staring at her.

“I heard from Gramps that you went out for dinner with Mr. Zach earlier. Is that true?” Denise asked.

Natasha shot a glance at her. “Why do you know about everything?”

“I know about everything because I care about you!” the girl replied matter-of-factly.

Natasha smiled with a nod. “That’s true.”

“Do you like Mr. Zach?” Denise continued to ask.

The moment she finished, the boys stared at their mother with glimmering eyes, too.

Natasha thought for a bit and answered, “I do.”

Silence filled the air, and for a long moment, it stayed that way.

She could tell their eyes were practically glued to her.

“So you’re picking our school director then, Nat?” Benjamin asked somberly.

“Picking?”

“Yeah. Since you like Mr. Lynch, aren’t you going to stay with him?”

Natasha chuckled. “I do like him, but in a platonic, friendly way. I don’t like him romantically.”

The triplets fell silent again.

They were getting pretty anxious earlier as their hearts were beating loudly.

They let out a heavy sigh of relief when they heard her answer.

“You’re getting funnier and funnier, Nat!” Benjamin smiled wryly.

“Thanks for the praise.” Natasha smiled at him as she stared at him through the rearview mirror.

“Does this mean you won’t get together with Mr. Zach, Nat?” Denise asked.

“No, I won’t. We can still be friends, but only friends.”

“I see...” The girl nodded as the edge of her mouth curved upward subconsciously.

Upon detecting that faint change in her daughter’s expression, Natasha raised her brows. “What’s wrong? Are you disappointed?”

“It’s nothing! Even though I like Mr. Zach, especially because he’s handsome, I’ll still prioritize and respect what you like, Mommy! That’s why it’s more important that you’re happy, Mommy! Nothing else is as important as that!” Denise said as she shook her head in a serious manner.

However, Natasha could still discern a tinge of relief in her daughter’s eyes. “Is that what you really think?”

The girl nodded with the utmost sincere expression.

Like hell I’m going to believe that. Does she think I don’t understand her? From the moment she asked her first question, I already know what she was trying to do. Still, it’s only normal that she has her own thoughts on the matter. No child wouldn’t want to see their parents get together. That being said, I don’t want to give them too much hope. They’ll get disappointed if what they hope for doesn’t come true. Natasha thought about what she should say and uttered, “As you said, you’re going to prioritize and respect what I like. So, if and when I find someone I truly like, you three better not interfere, okay?”

Denise’s eyes widened at that. Is she trying to prepare us for the worst?

It was then Anthony spoke up. “If that day comes, I won’t interfere.”

Natasha glanced at the boy through the rearview mirror. Despite the boy’s young age, the look in his eyes was one of resolution. It managed to convince her that he really meant it.

“Thank you, Darling.” She smiled.

“I, too, won’t stop you, but I think you’re much suited to be an independent beauty, Nat!” Benjamin chimed in.

“Independent beauty? What do you mean by that?” Natasha’s eyebrows furrowed.

“It means it’s fine even if you choose to be single! After all, I feel like there’s no man in this world who’s worthy of you!” Benjamin added, “But don’t worry, though. Even if you can’t find a suitable man, you still have your sons. Once I start making money, I’ll take care of you and make sure you live a very happy life.”

Natasha wasn't sure if she should laugh or cry at that.

She felt as though she was going to age rapidly when she heard that. Still, I have to admit, this kind of flattering word is quite effective on me.

"Okay!" She nodded in agreement. "I'm very glad to hear that. Although, you must remember not to forget about me once you get married!"

"My wife will never matter more than you!" Benjamin said.

Regardless of how true it was, it did make Natasha happy.

Denise rolled her eyes at her brothers. Both of them are such bootlickers! In any case, I still believe Daddy will manage to win Mommy's heart in the end!

She stared out the window and thought of something. "What does Daddy like to eat or drink, Mommy?"

"Umm..." Natasha wasn't sure how to answer that. "I don't know."

The girl cocked her head. "But weren't you two married?"

"Well, it didn't last long enough for me to learn his preferences."

Denise shook her head resignedly. "It's like you two are only playing house."

The little girl's words rendered Natasha speechless.

When Denise saw a bakery at the front, she suggested, "How about we buy some desserts for Daddy?"

Desserts? I'm pretty sure Kenneth doesn't like to eat them. But it's not like I have any idea what he likes to eat. Natasha glanced at Denise. "I think he'll be happy with whatever you buy him."

"Let's make a stop at the bakery, then! I want to buy something for him, Nat!"

Natasha promptly parked her vehicle next to the building. The girl got off the car immediately and sprinted into the bakery.

She felt a little jealous seeing how excited her daughter appeared to be. However, in between her envy, there was a spark of joy, too. She was happy that her daughter was a thoughtful person.

She got off the car too and entered the establishment.

Denise looked troubled as she stared at the cakes. "Which one should I pick..."

Natasha pointed at a certain one. "How about this? He likes food with a little bitterness in it."

The girl turned to her mother. "Really?"

"You can try. I'm pretty sure he'll like whichever you pick!"

"I'll pick this, then!" Denise smiled.

Natasha paid for the cake.

Concurrently, Benjamin and Anthony were giving their sister various glances to remind her not to act too obvious. Aren't you afraid that Mommy will get jealous?

But it was as though Denise couldn't see them at all.

After the cake was bought, they continued their journey to the hospital.

It took about twenty minutes for them to arrive.

Because it was nighttime already, there weren't a lot of people around the hospital. Natasha parked the car near the entrance.

Upon exiting the car, she turned to the children and said, "You three head in. I'll wait for you here."

"Huh?" Denise stared at her mother. "Aren't you going in, Nat?"

Natasha shook her head. "No, I won't be going in. I'll just stay here and stretch my body a little. You three should go quickly. Gramps is still waiting for us to join him for dinner."

You're Out Daddy Chapter 167

Chapter 167

Chapter 167 Explain PleaseThe triplets exchanged glances with each other.

Denise was about to speak when Anthony said, "Let's not force Nat if she doesn't want to go in."

The girl fell silent in response to that.

Natasha gave Anthony a smile.

“Wait for us here, Nat. And don’t wander away,” the boy reminded.

“Don’t worry, I’m not a child.”

“You’re not a child, but you’re a pretty lady. And pretty ladies always make people worry when they’re outside,” Benjamin added.

Natasha chuckled at that. “All right, that’s enough talking. Go in quick. I’ll wait inside the car.”

Only then did the triplets feel relieved enough to head into the hospital.

Natasha enjoyed the breeze outside for a while before entering her car. She adjusted her seat, made herself comfortable, and stared at the ceiling absentmindedly.

Inside the ward, Kenneth couldn’t bear to stay at the hospital for one more day without Natasha around.

Just as he was going to leave after putting on his clothes, Fabian approached him. “Are you heading out, Mr. Hamilton?”

“Yes.”

“But Old Mr. Hamilton said you are to rest at the hospital, and that you aren’t allowed to go anywhere else.”

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. “So you’re saying you’re now taking orders from my grandfather, is that it?”

Fabian immediately lowered his head. “No.”

“Or do you plan to knock me unconscious again?”

“No, of course not!” Fabian shook his head. There’s no way in hell I’m doing it again!

Kenneth rolled his eyes at him and was going to leave when a crisp voice traveled into his ear from the corridor. “Mr. Handsome!”

Surprise flashed through his eyes when he turned back and saw the triplets.

Denise sprinted toward him and wanted to hug him, but when she recalled his injuries, she stopped.

“Did you miss me, Mr. Handsome?” she asked.

Kenneth gazed at her before shifting his attention to the boys. He knelt down rather excitedly and reached the same eye level as them. "Of course I do. W-Why are you all here?"

"Because we're worried about you, Mr. Handsome! That's why we came to visit you!" The girl lifted the cake in her hand as she spoke. "I even bought a piece of cake for you, Mr. Handsome!"

Kenneth was overjoyed to see that. "Thank you, Denise."

Fabian, who was standing aside all the while, stared at the triplets.

He knew about two of them, but not the third. What's going on? Why does the newcomer look exactly like Mr. Hamilton?

Unable to hold himself back, he stepped toward Anthony and studied the boy thoroughly. He was scrutinizing him to the point he almost glued his face onto the child.

Anthony calmly glanced at him. "Have you seen enough?"

Everything from the look in his eyes to his tone resembles Mr. Hamilton! Fabian's eyes widened.

"Y-You..." He was so exasperated that he wasn't sure what to say. Then, he turned to Kenneth. "What's going on, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth glanced at him with a "Why are you freaking out?" look and replied, "It's just as you see."

Fabian only got more confused when he heard that.

Kenneth grabbed Denise's hand and headed into the ward, while Benjamin and Anthony followed behind.

There was still an expression of disbelief on Fabian's face as a bunch of wild stories played out in his mind.

The only conclusion he could come up with was that the children were triplets, not twins. What kind of luck does Mr. Hamilton have? Women already have trouble giving birth to one child, and yet he has triplets?

Inside the ward, Denise stared at Kenneth. "How's your injury, Mr. Handsome? Are you feeling better?"

"Yep! I'm feeling much better," Kenneth assured.

The little girl carefully examined the wounds on his body with a worried look, and for a moment, Kenneth felt as though he was looking at Natasha.

If only she can look at me like that... A bitter smile appeared on his face at that thought.

Upon concluding her examination, Denise felt at ease as she didn't discover any new injuries on him.

"It's good that you aren't getting more injured, Mr. Handsome. Also, I bought desserts for you. Nat says you like food with a little bitterness in it. Do you want to give it a try?" She raised the cake in her hand into the air.

Kenneth stared at the cake as his eyebrows furrowed. "Your mommy said that?"

"Yeah!"

It was then he realized something. "She sent you three here?"

The girl nodded. "Yeah!"

"Where is she now?"

"She's waiting inside the car outside the hospital!" Denise answered with sparkling, innocent eyes.

The boys sighed in their minds. Is she aware of what she's saying?

Kenneth's brows furrowed when he heard that. Does Natasha not want to meet me that badly?

He got up and said, "You three wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

Then, he turned to Fabian. "Look after them."

"But—" Before Fabian could finish, Kenneth was already out of the room.

Turning back, Fabian stared at the triplets in a daze. Why does he have to make me take care of children?

At that moment, Anthony turned to Denise with a frown. "You're being too obvious!"

"Am not!" The girl shifted her line of sight to Benjamin. "Am I, Ben?"

Benjamin nodded. "You might as well just say it out loud at this point."

Denise knitted her brows. "I was just really worried. Besides, if Mommy and Daddy get together, won't it be great? Isn't that something you two want to see?"

"As long as Nat's happy, I'm fine with anything." That would forever be Anthony's stance.

"I agree!" Benjamin added.

Denise sighed resignedly. "Both of you are dense dummies. If you two don't care, I will!"

The boys remained silent.

Fabian waved at them and asked, "Can you three explain to me what is going on?"

The triplets gazed at him with slight disdain.

"Isn't it obvious enough?" they asked in unison.

Huh? Fabian got even more confused. They're even talking in sync!

Meanwhile, Natasha was still waiting in the car outside when Spencer called.

"You said you're going to treat me to a meal, Natasha. So when will that be?"

"Tomorrow."

"You're really cruel, Natasha. If I don't come looking for you, you'll probably act like I don't exist. Don't you know how lonely I am here?"

Natasha was about to say something when she saw Kenneth striding toward her car before he opened the door to the passenger seat and sat down.

The sight of him stunned her.

Kenneth was about to say something when he saw how she was dressed. It made him pause for a second before he asked, "Why not head inside if you're already here?"

The call was still connected, so Spencer heard Kenneth's voice as he waited for Natasha to reply. "Is that a man's voice? Who is it?"

Natasha noticed something and answered, "I'll talk to you tomorrow." Upon hanging up the call, she shoved her phone into her bag.

Kenneth frowned. "Was that Zachary?"

"No."

You're Out Daddy Chapter 168

Chapter 168

Chapter 168 She Is Just A Woman
Natasha answered on reflex.

When he heard it wasn't Zachary, Kenneth's furrowed brows eased a little.

Ever since they last fought, they had never seen or contacted each other. Kenneth felt he was about to go crazy from not meeting her.

Hence, when he finally saw her this day, he instantly felt his heart lightening up.

As he looked at her, his gaze softened. "If you're already here, why aren't you going in? Do you hate me that much?"

Instantly, a slightly displeased expression showed on his face.

"No."

"What do you mean, no?" Kenneth asked, his eyebrow raised.

"Actually, the trio was worried about you. They kept bugging me to let them see you, so I'm just their driver," Natasha explained.

His eyes flickered. "Then, what about you? Are you not worried about me? Even for a little?"

Natasha lifted her head and looked at his handsome yet cold face. Then, when she stared into his deep and fathomless eyes, she paused before saying, "No."

Immediately after that, she shifted her gaze elsewhere.

However, Kenneth was not angry. He had expected this answer from her.

He also knew he couldn't win her over this easily and make her admit that she was worried about him over the short amount of time.

Nevertheless, he felt quite disappointed.

"You're heartless," Kenneth mumbled. His low voice sounded different—somewhat appealing—to Natasha's ears.

Her ears reddened as she listened silently to what he said.

Kenneth stared at her. In the dimly lit car, she looked as beautiful as ever. "Did you buy that cake?"

"Denise wanted to buy it."

"But, how did you know I liked things that taste a bit bitter?" Kenneth suddenly asked and stared at her with a knowing look.

Natasha kept her mouth shut.

I knew it! Denise sold me out again!

Natasha belatedly thought she shouldn't get roped in with her little tricks. After all, that little girl's intentions were as clear as day.

See what she got me into?

When Kenneth noticed Natasha had stopped talking, he inched closer. Instantly, the already small car interior became somewhat cramped.

However, Kenneth was tactful enough to keep a suitable distance, creating a vague tension in the air.

"Why are you not saying anything? Hmm?" Kenneth asked, his voice low and his lips curled upward in an enigmatic smile.

Natasha was slightly awkward. "I... I have heard it from Old Mr. Hamilton once in the past."

"In the past?" Kenneth seemed to have caught onto something.

A frown emerged on Natasha's face.

She regretted it the moment those words escaped her mouth.

I must have been crazy! Why did I say that?

"You've remembered them from long ago?" Kenneth asked in a low voice. He was perceptive because he could discern the tiny hint of concern for him in her words.

At his discovery, he was exceptionally excited.

At that moment, Natasha felt uncomfortable. She didn't want to be led by the nose like this. Therefore, she raised her head, looked at him, and nodded. "Yes. That's correct."

Kenneth broke into a broad smile. It was apparent that he was in a good mood.

“As a programmer, one has to have a good memory. I can’t help it. My memory is good,” Natasha added.

Alas, no matter how Natasha tried to explain her way out, Kenneth would only believe what he wanted to.

He nodded. “Mm-hm. Got it.”

Natasha was exasperated.

If he understood, what is that stupid grin doing on his face?

Instantly, Natasha was frustrated and looked elsewhere. “Where are the children?”

“Still inside,” Kenneth answered.

“Then, why are you out here?” Natasha questioned.

“I’m here to see a certain heartless woman.”

“You’re the one to talk. Don’t make personal attacks on me.”

“Am I wrong?” Kenneth questioned. “Did you visit me after you have discharged from the hospital a few days ago? You didn’t. Then, you refused to enter the building the time you did visit. If you’re not heartless, who is?”

At this moment, she turned her head and looked at him. “Didn’t you say that I don’t need to be thankful for your help and repay your favor? If so, why are you saying I’m heartless?” Natasha retorted.

Hm? Is she being vengeful?

Kenneth’s face turned solemn. “Yes, I did say that. Although I told you that you need not be thankful to me and repay my kindness, I didn’t say you are not allowed to visit me. Natasha Watson, you’ve never listened to me in the past. What made you listen now?”

“I know how to adapt to circumstances.”

“Bullsh*t! I think you just want to piss me off!” Kenneth said.

God knew how hard he suppressed the urge to contact her. He was almost mad with the wait. If she hadn’t gone there, who knew what he would do.

Right then, he calmed himself down and looked at her. “Natasha, you know very well that’s not what I meant that day.”

The sky had gradually begun to darken. But when she looked at him, she could see his face clearly. Especially his eyes, flickering in the dark, seemed as deep as the ocean.

“I’m just... too angry,” he said.

He was afraid, afraid that she had developed feelings for Zachary.

But when he thought about it, he realized he was in no position to stop her from dating someone else. Ultimately, he did not have the right to demand anything from her. All he could do was court her again.

However, he kept this to himself and looked at Natasha profoundly.

After a long time, she nodded. “I know.”

“Are you still... angry at me?”

Natasha shook her head. “I’ve long forgotten about it.”

Kenneth smiled at her answer. All the anguish he felt these few days were swept away, and his mood brightened.

His black eyes stared intently at Natasha’s side profile. “I know what I’ve done in the past had undoubtedly left a scar on your heart. I also know I can’t turn back time to erase all the hurt I’ve caused you but know this, Natasha, I will use the rest of my life to prove that I am serious about you.”

At this promise, Natasha’s heart trembled.

Kenneth didn’t want to force her to do anything. So, he merely stared at her. “Thank you for being kind and bringing the three children to visit me.”

When Kenneth acted emotionally, she didn’t know what she should do.

When Kenneth looked at her, the corner of his lips curled upward. “Do you want to come inside?”

“No, I’m okay...”

“The three are still inside. Moreover, my grandpa’s inside, waiting to have dinner with us,” Kenneth said.

At this moment, Kenneth leaned closer, and she was hit by a masculine scent emanating from his body. Then, in the next second, a hand reached out and unbuckled her seat belt for her. “We should finish our desserts before returning, yeah?”

His deep voice lightened at the end, making it sound alluring to the listener.

As she stared into his eyes, Natasha's heart pounded in her chest. Her thoughts were in chaos.

"Also, you look gorgeous today," he added.

When his warm breath tickled her ear, Natasha was at a loss on what to do.

One had to commend Kenneth for being an expert in flirting with women. Only a few words and an amorous gaze were enough to spark a person's desire.

After all, Natasha was only a woman.

"Let's go." After that, Kenneth pushed the car door open and got down of the car.

As Natasha stared at the man, a thought ran through her mind. If I don't go inside, I'll look like an unreasonable person, won't I?

With that thought, she, too, pushed the car door open and got down the car.

Kenneth stared at the woman. Wearing a gorgeous one-piece dress, she was so ethereally beautiful as if she was an angel who had just come down from above.

As he looked at her, Kenneth broke into a wide grin.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 169

Chapter 169

Chapter 169 Tell You A Secret

Neither of the kids was expecting Kenneth to bring Natasha in like that.

The four of them were gathered around and having a lively chat when Kenneth came in with Natasha.

"Nat, you're here!" Denise exclaimed upon seeing her.

"Yeah. It's getting late, so we should head back now," Natasha said.

Denise frowned. "But we haven't had desserts!"

I'm surprised she has the audacity to bring up desserts... No, she's my child, so I must remain calm!

With that in mind, Natasha forcefully maintained a smile on her face.

Kenneth shot her a glance and said, "We're in no rush. Let's have dessert before leaving. Denise, bring it over and we'll all share it."

"Okay!" Denise ran off happily to fetch the desserts.

Fabian seized the opportunity to approach Natasha and said, "Hi, Ms. Watson. Long time no see."

Natasha nodded slightly at him in response. "Long time no see."

Some people are simply born into a life of wealth, and Natasha over here is a good example of that. She's both beautiful and sassy at the same time! On top of that, she gave birth to triplets too! I must make sure to curry favor with her if I am to benefit from her!

"How are you recovering so far?" Fabian asked.

"Quite well, actually."

"Injuries are no joking matter, so you have to be more careful. Feel free to let me know if you ever need my help!"

Natasha nodded. "Thanks."

"Please, don't mention it."

Benjamin and Anthony rolled their eyes at him.

Ugh... Isn't he trying a little too hard?

Having divided the desserts, Denise handed them a piece each.

Fabian was shocked when she gave him one as well. "I-I get one too?"

"You've worked hard looking after Mr. Handsome, so it's only natural that you get a piece too!" Denise replied.

Oh, my goodness! For such a young child, she sure is incredibly adorable, well-mannered, mature, and likable! This must be the result of Natasha's amazing parenting!

Fabian was so overwhelmed by emotions that he didn't really know how to react. "T-Thank you, Little Marshmallow..." he mumbled while receiving the dessert from her.

"You're welcome!" Denise said with a smile before making her way toward Kenneth.

Fabian then gestured at the couch. "Have a seat, Ms. Watson."

Natasha nodded and headed over to the couch.

Anthony and Benjamin immediately made their way over and stood guard beside her the moment she sat down.

It became obvious that the boys were closer to Natasha, and that Denise favored Kenneth more. In fact, she would probably glue herself to him if she could.

Of course, Kenneth was well aware of all that.

Anthony and Benjamin are always acting maturely like adults whenever they see me. Denise, on the other hand, would always melt my heart and make me want to shower her with love and affection. When faced with Natasha, however, Anthony and Benjamin act just like ordinary children. As for Natasha... She's always cold and distant but becomes incredibly gentle and warm whenever she's around her kids.

The look in his eyes softened as he looked at her from the side.

"Nat's pretty, isn't she?" Denise asked all of a sudden.

Kenneth turned around and flashed her a smile. "Yeah, she is."

Denise let out a helpless sigh. "It's a shame she doesn't realize that. She actually thinks she looks plain in this outfit! Can you believe it?"

Kenneth chuckled and patted her on the head. "You sure know a lot, huh?"

Denise took a bite of her dessert and asked, "Do you like Nat, Mr. Handsome?"

Kenneth paused for a moment before nodding. "Yeah, I do."

"Do you want to date her, then?" Denise pressed on.

Not wanting to lie to his kids, Kenneth replied without any hesitation, "I do."

Denise let out a giggle. "I knew it!"

Seeing how happy she was, Kenneth couldn't bring himself to tell her the truth.

But, so what if I do? Natasha already has someone else that she likes.

The next thing he knew, Denise stood on her tiptoes and whispered into his ear, "Let me tell you a secret, Mr. Handsome."

"What is it?"

"While we were on the way here, I asked Nat if she'd date Mr. Zach. Guess what? She said no!"

Kenneth froze upon hearing that and stared at her in silence.

"By 'Mr. Zach,' I mean Zachary Lynch!" Denise added.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "Is this true, Denise?"

Denise nodded. "It's true! Nat said it herself on the way here. She only sees Mr. Zach as a friend, nothing more. If you like her, then you must work hard to win her over!"

Kenneth shifted his gaze toward Natasha.

If what Denise said is true, then why didn't Natasha deny it when I questioned her the other day?

"Just so you know, Nat has tons of suitors. I'm not sure why, but those suitors all ended up being her friends instead," Denise said with a confused look on her face.

Kenneth let out a chuckle when he heard that. "Nat is far too excellent for those ordinary guys, so they can only befriend her at best."

Denise's eyes lit up. "Oh, that makes sense! This is the most logical explanation I've heard so far! By the way, Mr. Handsome... Nat may seem cold and aloof on the outside, but she's really soft and easily moved. She doesn't really know how to get along with people because she hasn't been in a relationship before, so she tries to put on a tough front. If you really like her, then you must cherish her and keep her safe from harm!"

Her charisma was practically identical to that of Natasha's.

Kenneth shifted his gaze back toward Natasha as he said, "Yeah, I will. Don't worry; I won't let her down this time."

Natasha happened to look in his direction at the time, and their eyes met briefly.

Feeling uneasy from his scorching gaze, Natasha deliberately cleared her throat and said, "It's getting late, Denise. We should head back now."

“Okay!”

Denise then turned toward Kenneth and whispered, “I’ve got to go now, Mr. Handsome. I’ll keep you posted if anything happens!”

Kenneth flashed her an affectionate smile. “All right.”

“Bye, Mr. Handsome!” Denise waved at him before reluctantly returning to Natasha’s side.

“We’ll be on our way now,” Natasha said.

“I’ll give you guys a ride.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

“I’ll just walk you to the door, then.”

Natasha made no further attempts to refuse him after that.

As he watched them enter the car outside the hospital, Kenneth felt a strong urge to go with them.

“It’s really late now. Maybe I should drive you guys home.”

“No, thanks,” the three kids said to him in unison, much to Natasha’s amusement.

Ha! I don’t even need to say a word!

“You’re still injured, Mr. Handsome. Right now, your main priority should be recovering from your injury. You’ll have plenty of opportunities to drive us home in the future!” Denise advised him.

Kenneth nodded. “All right, then. I’ll do as you say, Denise.”

He then glanced at Natasha as he continued, “Let me know when you get home.”

Natasha nodded instinctively at him without saying a word.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 170

Chapter 170

Chapter 170 Take Me More Seriously

Fabian waited till their car had disappeared into the distance before asking, "Mr. Hamilton, don't you feel that Ms. Watson seems very different tonight?"

"How so?" Kenneth asked.

"I'm not really sure. I just feel like her existence is legendary. She dismissed the efforts of those who have tried to woo her, and was able to win without even doing anything!" Fabian replied.

"Oh? What did she win?"

"Your heart, of course! Countless women have tried to date you just so they could marry into the Hamilton family, but none of them have succeeded. Ms. Watson, on the other hand, has those three kids as her trump card. I doubt anyone out there could possibly beat her!"

Natasha is clearly the apple of Old Mr. Hamilton's eye, so she is bound to have absolute authority in the household! If one of the three kids inherits Hamilton Corporation, Natasha will become the ultimate winner in life! Man, she has me completely impressed!

To his surprise, Kenneth sneered coldly at him in response.

Since when has Natasha won me over? All of her actions point toward fear and avoidance!

Feeling a little defeated at the thought of that, Kenneth frowned in displeasure. "You think she has won, but the truth is, she doesn't even care about such things. I could give her a free win, and she'd still turn it down." He then turned around and made his way back to the ward after saying that.

Natasha doesn't give a d*mn about wealth and power. I don't even know what I can offer to win her over. Now that I think about it, there really is nothing I can do about this.

"That's precisely why I said Ms. Watson has achieved absolute victory," Fabian mumbled as he followed closely behind.

Natasha plopped herself onto her bed after having a simple supper and brushing her teeth.

She had just fallen asleep when her phone's ringtone woke her up.

Although she was displeased when she saw that it was Kenneth calling, she answered the phone anyway.

“What do you want?” she uttered in a hostile tone.

“Were you asleep?” Kenneth asked.

“Yeah,” Natasha mumbled sleepily.

“I’ve been waiting for you up until now,” Kenneth said.

“Huh? Waiting for me? Why?”

“I told you to let me know when you get home, didn’t I?”

Oh... Right, he did actually say that...

With that in mind, Natasha replied, “I forgot.”

Kenneth could only sigh as he realized she truly had him beaten.

“Natasha, when will you start taking me more seriously? Even just a little bit would be nice,” he asked after a long pause.

The line went silent for a few seconds before Natasha responded.

“Huh? Sorry, what did you say?” She sounded like she had dozed off.

“It’s nothing. I’m just glad you’re home safe. Go ahead and get some rest,” Kenneth mumbled.

“Okay.”

“Good night.”

“Good night...”

Natasha hung up the phone immediately after that and tried to go back to sleep, but her drowsiness had already vanished completely.

It was common for people to get all emotional and sensual late at night, and Natasha was no different.

The look in her eyes became clear as she looked out the window and lost herself in her conflicting feelings.

Natasha was woken up by a bunch of loud clanging noises really early the next morning.

Since she had been sleeping throughout the day yesterday, she decided to get up as she wasn't feeling all that sleepy.

Upon stepping out the door, Natasha saw her kids busy packing their stuff.

"What are you all doing?"

"Nat, you're awake! Our school is on break for three days, so Great-grandpa said he'd take us all on an outing today!" Denise replied excitedly.

Natasha looked at Terence upon hearing that.

"Liam said he'd stay over at our place if I don't go," Terence exclaimed angrily.

Haha! Looks like Old Mr. Hamilton is the only one who can counter Grandpa! Natasha chuckled at the thought of that.

"Hurry up and pack your stuff, Nat! We'll be leaving shortly!" Denise said.

"You guys go on ahead. I have some stuff to take care of today," Natasha replied.

"Huh? You have yet to recover from your injuries, so you shouldn't be running about just yet," Terence advised her.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine, Grandpa. You guys make sure to have fun," Natasha reassured him.

Terence nodded. "Zachary said he'd come over to help look after you, but he only showed up once..."

Not wanting to talk about Zachary, Natasha pretended she didn't hear that and went to wash up in the bathroom.

Terence could only let out a helpless sigh as he continued packing and left the house with the kids.

Natasha, too, grabbed her stuff and left the house shortly after they did.

"Do not strain your arm for at least a year unless you want to lose it," Spencer reminded her after examining her arm at the Grecia Hotel.

"Got it," Natasha replied calmly as she pulled her arm back.

Spencer shot her a glance as he asked, "Are you in a relationship?"

Natasha froze for a second upon hearing that. "No."

"Then how do you explain the man's voice that night? I can tell that he's really into you." Spencer pressed on.

Natasha rolled her eyes at him. "How would you know that if you haven't seen him?"

"I can tell simply from the way he speaks. As a man, I know what he's thinking," Spencer said confidently.

Natasha eyed him from head to toe. "You're a man?"

As if his pride had been crushed, Spencer protested, "Hey! Don't insult me just because I'm prettier than you! I'm a real man, okay?"

Natasha burst out laughing and said with a nod, "Yes, of course you are!"

"What's with that attitude of yours? Do you want me to prove it to you?" Spencer snapped back at her.

Natasha nodded. "Sure, go ahead!"

Any other woman would've either run off with her face buried in her hands or called him a pervert, but Natasha simply dared him to make a move.

"You... You're not behaving like a woman at all! I wonder if there's even a man out there that can control your crazy a*s!" Spencer grumbled.

Natasha ignored his statement and asked, "So, are we going for lunch or not?"

"Of course we are! Why would I decline when you're buying?" Spencer replied.

"Then shut your trap and get a move on. Come on, let's go," Natasha said as she went out the door.

Because most of the VIPs were lazy to go up the stairs, they usually booked private rooms on the first floor at Infinitium.

As such, Natasha chose to book a room on the second floor where it would be quieter and have fewer people around.

"The VIP rooms are on the first floor, so why are we dining on the second floor?" Spencer asked after ordering his food.

"What difference does it make? We're just here to have lunch," Natasha replied in her usual matter-of-fact tone.

Their conversation was interrupted when a familiar voice came from downstairs.

“You just hit me with your bag, madam.”

Natasha shifted her gaze in the direction of the voice and saw Denise holding her head as she stood in front of a woman in her fifties.

The woman was elegantly dressed and looked quite beautiful with her exquisite makeup. “Where did you come from, kid? You shouldn’t go running around and bumping into others! Now get out of my way!” the woman exclaimed with a frown before shoving Denise aside.

Natasha narrowed her eyes when she saw that.