

You're Out Daddy Chapter 171

Chapter 171

Chapter 171 No Need To Stay In Business

Anthony furrowed his brows when he came over and witnessed the incident.

"Hold it right there!" he said as he stepped in front of the woman. Despite his young age, the look in his eyes was extremely sharp.

The woman's frown deepened as she eyed Anthony from head to toe. "Great, now I've got two annoying brats in my way! Get lost!"

"You bumped into my sister. Apologize to her," Anthony demanded.

The woman broke into a grin when she heard that. "This girl is your sister?"

Upon taking a closer look at the two of them, the woman realized they did indeed look quite alike.

Hmph! Me? Apologize to a kid? Fat chance!

"I'm really busy, so I don't have time for your nonsense. Run along now, kid!" she shouted impatiently.

"You're not going anywhere until you apologize to her!" Anthony snapped back at her with a vicious look in his eyes.

Spencer, who was watching everything from upstairs, arched an eyebrow as he commented, "That boy sure has a nice look in his eyes. He definitely has potential!"

Natasha's expression turned gloomy as she continued to observe the situation.

She was in no hurry to go downstairs as she wanted to see how far Anthony would go to protect himself and his family.

Erin glared at the boy before her in disbelief. "What did you just say? You sure talk big for a mere child! Do you even have any idea who I am?"

Anthony was completely unfazed by her attempt at asserting dominance. "I don't care who you are! You bumped into my sister, so you're going to apologize!"

“You...” Erin was clearly angered by his persistence, but tried her best to keep her cool as she said, “Don’t mess with me, kid! Step aside!”

Anthony simply stared her down and refused to budge.

Not wanting to let it drag on any further, Erin tried to make her way around him, but Anthony moved along with her and blocked her path.

“Don’t make me hurt you, kid!” Erin yelled in frustration.

Trying to threaten me, is she? Heh, I’m not afraid of her!

“Go ahead! Show me what you’ve got!” Anthony shouted back at her with a fearless look on his face.

Erin’s expression grew nasty as she said, “I’ll teach you a lesson on behalf of your parents then, you little sh*t!”

“Give me your best shot!” Anthony replied with a sneer.

Unbeknownst to Erin, the watch hidden in his sleeve had been set to taser mode.

Anthony was completely prepared to shock the living daylights out of her if she dared lay a finger on him.

Noticing that Erin had reached out to grab him, Natasha was about to rush downstairs when Terence came out of a private room.

“Stop!” he shouted when he saw what Erin was doing.

Terence then ran up to them and stood in front of Erin as he continued, “What do you think you’re doing?”

Erin retracted her hand and looked away arrogantly. “Hmph! I was just going to teach this brat here some manners!”

Terence was about to say something when a deep and authoritative voice came from behind. “You? Teach him manners?”

Realizing that he no longer had to do anything with Liam and Benjamin around, Anthony set his watch back to its normal mode.

“Great-grandpa!” Denise cried out while running toward Liam.

Liam frowned when he saw how upset she looked. “What happened, Denise?”

"This old lady bumped into me and shoved me! She even threatened to teach us a lesson when Anthony asked her to apologize!" Denise exclaimed.

Benjamin was starting to get mad at Erin but realized what was going on when he saw the cunning look in Denise's eyes.

Liam exploded with anger on the spot. "She wanted to teach you kids a lesson? How dare she?"

This man looks like he's in his seventies... He's got a walking stick in his hand and a powerful, stern look on his face. Only those who have been in power for a very long time could possibly exude an aura like this. Looks like this guy is a lot wealthier than Desmond!

With that in mind, Erin asked "And who might you be?"

Liam walked up to her and asked with a sneer, "These kids just call me their 'great-grandpa.' So who do you think I am? Hmph! This is the first time I've seen a mere nobody like you threatens a member of the Hamilton family!"

Huh? The Hamilton family?

Erin had mostly been living overseas, so she had little to no knowledge of the local affairs.

On top of that, she was completely devoted to the Lynch family, so she knew nothing about the Hamilton family at all.

Not knowing who she was messing with, Erin glared at them nonchalantly as she continued, "These kids were in my way and refused to budge, so I was just trying to frighten them a little! I didn't do anything to them."

The look in Liam's eyes grew increasingly stern. "Frighten them? We love them so much that we won't even scold them, and you dare say you tried to frighten them?"

"These kids turn out like this because you keep spoiling them! I suggest you teach them some proper manners or someone else will!" Erin snapped back at him mockingly.

She then tried to walk away, but Terence stepped in front of her and blocked her path.

"What, are you trying to gang up on me now? Hah, it seems the apple really doesn't fall far from the tree!" Erin said with a frown.

Liam was on the verge of losing his temper at that point.

"You'd better watch your tongue, old lady!" Terence yelled.

Erin stared at him in disbelief. “W-What did you just call me?”

“Oh, my bad! I meant to call you an old hag!” Terence replied with a sneer, showing her no mercy whatsoever.

“You...” Erin’s eyes went wide with anger. If there was one thing she couldn’t stand, it was people insulting her age.

Due to the huge commotion they were causing, the manager had no choice but to come over.

“Ah, you came here just in time! You’re the manager of this place, right? I want you to get rid of these pieces of trash!” Erin said upon seeing him.

To her surprise, the manager simply ignored her and bowed respectfully toward Liam before asking, “What is going on here, Old Mr. Hamilton?”

“If random b*tches can just come in here and cause trouble, then there’s no need for this restaurant to stay in business!” Liam replied coldly.

“I’m so sorry, Old Mr. Hamilton! I’ll have it taken care of right away!” The manager then grabbed his walkie-talkie and said, “We have a troublemaker here on the first floor! Send two guys over to escort her out of this restaurant immediately!”

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Chapter 172

Chapter 172 Anthony Protects His Siblings

Erin frowned as her instincts told her that Liam was no pushover.

The next thing she knew, two men had appeared in front of her and motioned at her to leave.

Refusing to put up with the humiliation, Erin turned toward the manager and yelled desperately, “What the heck is wrong with you guys? They’re the ones ganging up on me! How am I the troublemaker here?”

Unfortunately for her, the manager wasn’t having any of it. “Madam, please cooperate with us or we will have to use force.”

Of course, Erin wasn't going to just leave without putting up a fight. "I'm not going anywhere! Do you guys have any idea who I am?"

Not wanting to waste any more time with her, the manager ordered, "Get her out of here!"

The two men then grabbed Erin by the arms and started dragging her out of there.

Zachary happened to come in through the door at the time. He immediately ran forward when he saw his mother being dragged away. "What's happening, Mom? Please stop this, you guys!"

As if she had found a glimmer of hope in a sea of darkness, Erin pleaded with him, "They're ganging up on me, son!"

Zachary frowned when he looked up and saw Terence and Liam. "Old Mr. Hamilton, Old Mr. Watson, what's going on here?"

Terence was just as shocked to see him show up. "Zachary? She's your mother?"

Zachary nodded reluctantly. "Yes, she is. Can you tell me what happened?"

The look on Terence's face turned gloomy instantly, and he looked away without saying a word.

"Zachary, you know these people?" Erin asked.

Zachary simply frowned and kept quiet.

Oh? What a coincidence! This guy has already gotten off to a bad start before he even does anything! Looks like we have the upper hand here!

Liam arched a brow at the thought of that.

Despite feeling a little relieved, he maintained a calm expression and cleared his throat as he said, "She bumped into Denise and refused to apologize. On top of that, she even threatened to teach them a lesson on our behalf. I was just returning the favor."

Zachary shifted his gaze toward Erin upon hearing that.

Erin shook her head profusely. "No, that's not true! These two kids wouldn't get out of my way, so I was just trying to scare them a little!"

Zachary frowned as he knew his mother's personality all too well.

He then ignored her and shifted his gaze toward Denise as he asked, "Are you okay, Denise? Did she hurt you anywhere?"

Denise rubbed a reddened spot on her head and said, "Right here, but I'm all good now."

"I'm sorry you got hurt like this, Denise. I'll apologize to you on her behalf, okay?"

"Zachary!" Erin protested angrily.

Denise nodded. "Okay! I'll stop being mad since you've apologized, Mr. Zach!"

Zachary gave her a pat on the head before turning to look at Anthony. "Anthony, I—"

"No need to apologize to me. I'm fine with it as long as my sister is. Just keep in mind that I will not sit by and do nothing if someone bullies my sister." Anthony cut him off.

Zachary flashed him a smile as he continued, "I understand, but I still need to apologize to you regardless."

Anthony could only let out a helpless sigh in response.

I really like Zachary for being such a gentle and chivalrous man. Oh, well... It really is a shame...

Having obtained their forgiveness, Zachary stood up to face Terence and Liam. "Old Mr. Hamilton, Old Mr. Watson, my mother is indeed at fault here today. Will you two please let this slide for my sake?"

Terence was too angry to speak at the time, so he looked away and kept quiet instead.

"All right. We'll let it slide since Denise has chosen to forgive her," Liam said while motioning at the manager.

The manager nodded and had the two security guards stand down.

Liam then walked up to Terence and said, "Come on, Terence. Let's carry on with our meal. Don't let this ruin our mood!"

Terence simply kept quiet and shot Zachary another glance before returning to the private room.

"I will have two men stand guard outside your private room to prevent anyone from disturbing you any further, Old Mr. Hamilton. I will also be on standby here, so just let me know if you need anything," the manager added with a bow.

Liam nodded at him and entered the private room with the kids.

“Who the heck are those people? How dare they gang up on me like this?” Erin grumbled in frustration as she watched them walk away.

“The Hamilton family is the economic lifeline for Glenport City. Dad has always been wanting to collaborate with them,” Zachary whispered.

Erin froze and stared at Zachary in disbelief after hearing that.

“A-Are you serious?” she asked after a brief pause.

Zachary nodded in response, much to Erin’s dismay.

After racking her brain for a bit, she instructed Zachary, “Don’t let your dad find out about this. He’ll get mad if he does!”

Zachary shot her a glance and said nothing further.

Desmond will never forgive me if I get on Hamilton Corporation’s bad side! I mustn’t let him find out about this!

Erin shuddered just thinking about the trouble she had gotten herself into.

With the dramatic incident over, Spencer said with a faint smile, “Those kids sure are something else! Despite acting like victims on the outside, they’re actually ingenious little schemers on the inside!”

Natasha didn’t say anything, but the look of anger in her eyes was as clear as day.

“What’s the matter? Are you angry?” Spencer asked upon noticing it.

“No.” Natasha returned to her seat and carried on eating.

Spencer jabbed at her. “Are you sure? You look like you’re about to kill someone!”

Natasha ignored him as her lips curled into a cold sneer.

Having recalled something, Spencer asked, “Also, didn’t you say you were going to introduce me to someone? Who is it?”

“You’ll find out when the time comes.”

“What, you can’t bring that person over right now?”

“Now isn’t a convenient time.”

Spencer stared at her with a devilish look in his eyes. "Fine. This only makes me a lot more curious as to who the person is."

"Oh, by the way, Thalia is currently in Glenport City. You'd better be careful when you're out and about," Natasha reminded him.

Spencer dropped his fork and looked up at her when he heard that. "Wait, what did you just say?"

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Chapter 173

Chapter 173 Darknetz Remains Undefeated

Natasha looked rather unruffled while a trace of panic flashed across Spencer's eyes. "What is she doing here?" he asked.

Natasha glanced at him placidly. "Relax, she doesn't know you're here. She's here for me."

Spencer heaved a sigh of relief at her words. "Phew."

"What happened between the two of you?" Natasha asked all of a sudden, shooting him a curious glance. The first time she had heard about Thalia was from Spencer.

Spencer's cheeks became inexplicably flushed. He blinked his narrow eyes. "What could happen between us? She's a fierce and vicious woman. Nobody can hide from her."

"Then why are you blushing?"

"What are you talking about?" Spencer demanded. "I have been drinking!" At that, he picked up the glass of red wine on the table and downed it.

A smile appeared across Natasha's lips as she watched him.

Being reticent, are we? Fine.

Spencer was even more flustered after being teased by Natasha. "By the way," he said suddenly upon recalling something, "what did she come to you for? You haven't offended Darknetz, have you?"

"I had dealt with Darknetz several times when I was investigating my dad some time ago," Natasha replied unhurriedly as she took her time to swallow her food. "They wanted me to join them."

"Is that why they sent Thalia?" he asked.

Natasha nodded.

"And you..."

"She doesn't know who I am yet," Natasha concluded calmly.

Spencer narrowed his eyes. "She hasn't seen through you, but you have seen through her?"

"When you first mentioned her to me back then, I had her investigated out of curiosity and remembered her because she's beautiful."

The man was rendered speechless by her words.

Am I supposed to respond to that?

His symmetrical features suddenly grimaced at the thought. Catching sight of the bottle of red wine before him, he poured another glass and downed it.

That is why it is terrible to have a hacker close to you. Before you find anything on them after their sudden appearance in your life, they've already found everything there is to know about you. Even more importantly, a careless word to her would be enough for her to discover everything.

At that harrowing prospect, Spencer was inwardly grateful that he and Natasha were friends instead of enemies.

How terrifying!

Spencer cleared his throat. "Are you going to tell her?"

Natasha raised her eyebrows. "I don't plan on joining them. Why should I tell her?"

"So, you aren't even planning on showing your face?" he asked, incredulous.

"It's for the best."

His lips twisted into a bitter smile. For some reason, he felt awful for Thalia.

At least they can't investigate or get to her. It sucks for them to have to return empty-handed.

By that point, Natasha seemed to have sensed something as she glanced at her friend. "How about you act as my proxy and tell her for me?"

"This conversation never happened!" cried Spencer.

Natasha smiled at his look of fear. "The miracle doctor who has dominated the underworld is afraid of a little girl. I'm even more curious to know what happened between you two."

Spencer gave her a faint smile. "Curiosity killed the cat, you know. You shouldn't ask too many questions, young lady."

"Maybe I should ask Thalia then?"

Spencer's eyes widened. "You can't!"

Natasha grinned at his exaggerated reaction and said nothing.

Spencer knew that she would not do such a thing. She only threatened to in jest.

Having known each other for many years, it was a point of Natasha's character that he was already familiar with. He met her gaze with a firm resolve. "Are you close with her?"

"Somewhat. She lives downstairs of us."

Spencer's mouth hung open in surprise.

Though he did not express it, Natasha's revelation drove him to anxiety on Thalia's behalf.

Does she even know who she's living with? It's no exaggeration to call this woman the devil!

Spencer lowered his voice, his lips taut with worry. "Don't mention me to her, or she'll go crazy."

There was no trace of levity on Spencer's expression when he uttered those words.

Though Natasha could not tell if his words were true, she did not pursue them any further. Instead, she merely nodded.

Everybody has their own secrets to hide.

Respecting her friend's reluctance, Natasha ceased her interrogation.

"Also, if she's living below you..." Spencer blurted before hurriedly hushing himself. "Forget it. It's nothing!"

Natasha gazed at him as another smile rose involuntarily to her lips. "Don't you worry. I'll keep an eye on her."

A hint of embarrassment flashed through his narrow eyes. "That's not what I meant."

The more he tried to explain, the more ruffled he became. After a pause to reorient himself, Spencer gave up. "Forget it, do whatever you want. In short, I want no part in this."

Natasha merely smiled at him without speaking.

"Tell me about Darknetz. Do you really have no plans to join?" Spencer asked in an attempt to change the subject. "It's the opportunity of a lifetime."

Natasha's gaze was firm. "I promised Grandpa to refrain from worrying him at least before his hundredth birthday."

"Alas, a rare gem of the hacker world," Spencer lamented.

Natasha did not respond as hacking was only one of her hobbies. She had other matters of interest to pursue.

In comparison, she cared more about the feelings of those around her than her hacking career.

"Darknetz has been rising in recent years," Spencer continued. "After a period of rapid development, it is now one of the key players in the world. Furthermore, their progress over the past two years had been especially so. I heard they have recruited the most talented hackers worldwide who have demolished any opposing forces standing in their way."

Natasha listened without responding.

"I don't think it's as simple as wanting a seat at the table," Spencer carried out thoughtfully. "I get the feeling they would settle for nothing besides the biggest seat."

Though listening at rapt attention, Natasha still did not speak.

"If they do want to be the boss, then your influence is bound to be their biggest obstacle. It's best if you remain neutral. If you joined another organization, you would put a target on your back by being a thorn in their side." As he spoke, Spencer's expression became

increasingly somber. "Instead of fighting for you," he warned, leaning in, "they might just eliminate you. You need to be careful."

Natasha raised her eyebrows, met his gaze without any fear in her own, and flashed a nonchalant smile.

"Everything you said is based on the premise of them being able to find me in the first place," she said.

Spencer could not believe his ears.

"I would be giving them something to worry about when they come for me!"

He was further struck dumb by her audacity.

"Be that as it may, you mustn't drop your guard," Spencer said nervously. "These hackers Darknetz has recruited over the past two years are formidable opponents, and there hasn't been a mission they could not complete since they were engaged. You should confront them if the opportunity arises and test the validity of their reputation. It's good to know where we stand."

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Chapter 174

Chapter 174 Why Are You Still Quarreling

Natasha smiled as she listened to his frantic instructions.

"Stop smiling. I'm being serious!" Spencer exclaimed.

Natasha nodded. "I know you are."

He mulled in silence for a while. "I need you to regain full health of your hand, or you won't be able to do anything when danger strikes. You'll be a sitting duck."

It was Natasha's turn to be speechless with surprise.

The subject seemed to remind Spencer of something. "Why did you suddenly decide to treat your hand? Could it be due to what we've just discussed?"

Natasha's beautiful face remained indifferent. "It has nothing to do with Darknetz and everything to do with protecting myself and those around me. Most importantly, as I might meet my father's killer, I think it is wiser to be in my best possible form."

Spencer narrowed his eyes at the sight of the cruelty flashing in hers.

He knew that the matter regarding her father had always been a thorn in Natasha's heart.

As long as she hasn't uncovered the truth, she will not let it go.

"No matter what you have in mind," Spencer cautioned, "run it by me first."

Natasha smiled appreciatively. "Don't worry."

Meanwhile, Terence had lost his appetite in the private room below.

Aside from Anthony and Denise being wronged, the very thought of Zachary's mother incensed him.

Liam knew what his friend was thinking. "Enough moping, Terence," he advised.

"There's no point in holding on to anger toward somebody like that. I won't let anybody else take advantage of our great-grandchildren!"

"Not that!" the other said impatiently.

"It's even less worth being angry with that woman!" Liam retorted. "I know what you are thinking, Terence. You like Zachary as much as you dislike his mother, and you're afraid that Nat will suffer when she marries him."

Terence cast a wary gaze at Liam, embarrassed that his thoughts had been dissected and analyzed. "You know everything, don't you?"

"We've been friends for years, haven't we? I always know what's on your mind." The two old men had settled down by that point, and Liam looked at his companion. "Have you conducted a background check on Zachary?"

Terence's gaze grew sharp. "What about his background?"

"Zachary is the illegitimate child of Desmond Lynch. Yes, Lynch Corporation."

Terence was startled at the news. "Desmond's son?" he repeated.

Liam nodded.

Terence's brow creased even further at the disconcerting revelation. He had heard of Desmond while he was still in the business industry. Though the latter had built Lynch Corporation from scratch, Terence recalled Desmond's reputation as cruelly relentless and treacherous.

"Rumor has it that financial troubles have been plaguing the Lynch family of late," Liam continued. "Their intention to form a marital alliance with the Lenoir family for financial support hasn't exactly been a secret."

Terence was even more shocked. "When did this happen?"

"It mustn't have been long ago, though it hasn't been decided yet," replied Liam. "Zachary must have opposed the plan."

Terence's countenance turned even paler. No wonder he hasn't been seen as of late!

"Since you were aware, why haven't you told me about this sooner?" he asked after a prolonged silence, deep in thought.

"I thought you already knew everything."

"How would I have known that? If I did, would I have allowed that kid to join the Watson family?"

Liam was stunned at his friend's outburst. "Fine. It's my fault, happy? All of this is new to me too, you know. Kenneth told me." He glanced at Terence to gauge the latter's reaction.

Terence's focus was immediately redirected at the mention of Kenneth. Though the Lynch family aren't decent, neither is Kenneth.

"Kenneth is also worried about Nat, which is why he had them investigated."

"The fox shouldn't be appointed to guard the henhouse," Terence muttered. "They always have ulterior motives."

Liam pursed his lips but did not defend Kenneth any longer. "All right, Terence. I know what you're thinking. You're just worried that no one care for Nat after you die, aren't you? Don't worry. She'll meet a good man. Besides, we will leave her all of our money when we die. Though men cannot be relied upon, money will always be there for her. Am I right?"

Terence raised his eyebrows at Liam's words. "You want to leave Nat your money?"

"What about it?"

“We’ll see about that!” Though he couldn’t tell if his friend meant it, Terence could see Liam’s affection toward Natasha, and there was no falsehood in his love.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Nat has already given the Hamilton family three heirs, and the fortune I bequeath her will be passed down to my great-grandchildren,” Liam explained good-naturedly. “No matter how you look at it, I come out on top!”

His perspective amused Terence. “Aren’t you afraid that Nat will find another man and have them squander your fortune instead?”

“Nat isn’t you,” Liam retorted. “She isn’t so easily confused. I believe in her. Besides, I have already made my peace with such a possibility in the future. As long as my three heirs grow up healthy, it doesn’t matter to me!”

“How dare you!” Terence exclaimed before sighing helplessly. “Enough out of you. You’re already in poor health, yet you still do not care to accumulate virtues in your speech. If you think you can, try living long enough to watch those three grow up. I doubt you’d last very long with that filthy tongue of yours!”

Liam smiled. “I would like to live to a thousand years and have you have the same good fortune. You’re stuck with me, I’m afraid!”

“You’re on your own!” Terence chuckled. “I wouldn’t want to spend eternity in your company.”

“Why not? Are you afraid of how much uglier you’ll get at that age?” Liam asked. “If you ever run into an ugly and cantankerous witch, you would have met your match.”

Terence roared with laughter. “Come on, what nonsense are you spouting in front of the children?”

A pleasant conversation between the two old men had been rare of late.

It appeared they have buried the hatchet at last.

Anthony, Terence, and Denise heaved sighs of relief at the intermittent bouts of boisterous laughter.

Upon hearing the last part, they joined in the laughter as well.

The children were initially afraid that their great-grandfathers would begin bickering halfway through their conversation again and were glad they did not.

This must be the reconciliation of the century!

Overjoyed at harmony being restored at home, the three children developed monstrous appetites.

Denise chose that moment to speak up. "I'm so happy that Gramps and Great-Grandpa have finally stopped quarreling!"

There is no longer a need to take sides!

The two old men turned to look at Denise. Liam stroked her hair. "You look happy, Denise. We won't quarrel anymore, all right?"

"Yay!"

Liam turned to Terence. "See? The children do not want to see us quarreling!"

"Who wants to quarrel with you?" Terence retorted hotly. "If you weren't fighting with me over the children, I won't even deign to argue with you!"

"I'm not fighting with you. I care for the children, and I didn't even blame you for keeping the news from me for so long. So what if I spend more time with the children than you?" demanded Liam.

Terence rolled his eyes. "Are you still blaming me for keeping it from you? Would you have seen me as your in-law if I hadn't told you about it?"

"Well, Anthony is a mirror image of Kenneth. It doesn't take a genius to figure it out," Liam shot back.

The two old men glared at each other. Their mutual animosity returned as quickly as it had disappeared.

The children exchanged bewildered glances.

Didn't they just promise not to fight anymore?

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Chapter 175

Chapter 175 Wring Them Dry

Natasha returned relatively early. Terence and the triplets were not yet home when she arrived.

They only showed up after she had washed up and was getting ready for bed.

Denise threw herself into her arms as soon as they entered the door. "Did you miss me today, Nat?"

Natasha glanced down at Denise's forehead. Though there were no scars or signs of injury, it still stung Natasha to recall the incident.

Natasha nodded. "Eh, just a little."

"Which is it? Did you miss me or not?"

"I did!"

Denise smiled with satisfaction. "Great-grandpa took us to Infinitium for lunch today, Nat. The food there isn't bad. I'll take you there another time, okay?"

Natasha nodded. "Okay."

Terence was watching them. "All right, Denise. You've been out all day today. Look at how dusty you are! Be a good girl and go wash up."

"Yes, Great-grandpa," Denise replied before turning back to Natasha. "I'm going to wash up, Nat. See you later!"

"All right!"

Natasha watched the triplets stand in line for the washroom. She was then about to retire into her bedroom when Terence called, "Wait a moment, Nat."

Natasha turned back to find her grandfather with a peculiar expression. He looked as if he wanted to say something but decided against it.

"What's wrong, Grandpa?" Natasha asked.

Terence gazed at her thoughtfully for some time before he spoke. "How are you and Zachary doing recently?" he asked.

Natasha knew what Terence was getting at. "Nothing new," she answered after a pause.

"I've been giving it some serious thought," Terence began with some hesitation. "Sometimes, it's better to take things slow and—"

The sudden ringing of Natasha's phone interrupted him.

Coincidentally, it was Zachary who was calling.

Terence cast a startled look at her. "What's wrong? Who's calling?"

"Zachary," Natasha answered simply.

Terence looked rather uneasy.

"I'll be in my room," Natasha said.

Terence cast about for something else to say, but Natasha had already entered her room.

After shutting the door behind her, she answered the call after a moment's thought.

"Hello."

"It's me, Nat." Zachary sounded a little excited. "I was afraid you would never answer my calls again."

"Not to that extent," Natasha said in a blunt and distant tone. "What can I do for you?"

The displeasure in her voice disconcerted Zachary for no apparent reason. "I called to apologize to you."

"Apologize?"

"My mother was at Infinitium for lunch today," he said, sincerity ringing in every syllable. "She had an altercation with Denise and Anthony before another bout of conflict with Old Mr. Watson. Of course, it was completely her fault and that Anthony and Denise were victims of this incident. Although Old Mr. Watson did not take any action out of respect for me, I think it's still necessary to tell you in person and apologize to you. I am sorry."

Although she did not want to admit it, Zachary's words eased Natasha's anger.

Being impartial in her dealings, Natasha did not have an opinion regarding how Zachary handled things earlier that day. His speaking out of integrity made her feel he did not let her down, at the very least.

"I'll pay you a visit in person another time to apologize to Old Mr. Watson," Zachary said.

"No need," Natasha said. "It wasn't your fault."

“Though I hadn’t directly caused it, it did make Denise and Anthony feel horrible,” Zachary said, eager to make amends. “I hope they won’t be angry with me!”

“I’m sure they’re aware of whose fault it is,” Natasha said dryly.

It was true. The triplets were even better at standing up for themselves than she was. It was a point of pride for Natasha.

Zachary was relieved upon hearing that. “That’s good. Thank you again for not blaming me.”

Natasha did not respond.

“I need a little time to clarify things of late,” Zachary added after a moment’s thought in response to her silence. “We’ll have dinner together after I’ve dealt with everything.”

“Sounds good.”

“You should get some sleep. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

Natasha had a grim look in her eyes after hanging up.

She did not care much for Zachary. Though they were not destined to be lovers, they were at least friends. But after seeing Erin earlier that day, she could imagine what Zachary’s life would be like in the future.

It’s none of my business, anyway. If, however, there is a repeat of the incident today, I won’t be showing her any mercy.

Meanwhile, Liam headed straight to the hospital after sending the triplets home.

Fabian was delivering a work report to Kenneth when the elder Hamilton arrived, relieved that his grandson had remained in the hospital as instructed.

Appearing to be in a cheerful mood, the old man strode over and seated himself on the bedside chair.

Kenneth glanced at him. “You are looking chipper today.”

“Mmm!” Liam nodded as a smile spread across his lips. “I am, aren’t I?”

“What happened?” Kenneth turned his gaze upon his grandfather after signing the last of the documents and handing them back to Fabian.

After considering the matter briefly, Liam sat beside him on his bed. "Guess who I ran into today?"

"Didn't you spend the day with Old Mr. Watson and the triplets?" Kenneth asked.

Throughout the day, Liam had sent him countless photos of the triplets enjoying themselves on their day out. He could feel the pride and joy of his grandfather through the pictures he took.

His fondness for the triplets was so apparent that it was just shy of announcing it with fanfare.

"That's right, I did. I took them to Infinitium for lunch at noon today. Guess who I ran into there?"

Kenneth frowned. "Who?"

"Zachary's mother."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at the mention of the woman.

The old man told him precisely what transpired in Infinitium earlier that day.

When Liam was done speaking, Kenneth's eyes glinted with a malevolent chill at the thought of the triplets' indignity.

"You have no idea," Liam concluded, "how that snarky vulture of a woman opened my eyes today. I would have had her thrown out and taught a lesson if Zachary didn't show up."

A smile appeared across his lips at the recollection of something else. "I have been thinking about how to tell Terence this but now I don't have to. He saw it clearly himself and would absolutely not dare give Nat and Zachary his blessing now. Don't you think it's an opportunity for the Hamiltons?"

Liam frowned at Kenneth's prolonged reticence. "Why aren't you saying anything?"

Kenneth glanced up at his grandfather. "Has the Lynch family always wanted a partnership with us, Grandpa?"

"It seems they did," Liam agreed tentatively, "though I don't know the specifics. Their proposal has never made it up to us upper management as the scale of their operation is simply not within our consideration at all."

At that moment, Kenneth's lips suddenly twisted into a smile. "Sometimes, you can't clobber your enemies to death."

“What do you want to do?” Liam asked.

Kenneth’s smile broadened. “Wouldn’t it be better to wring them dry?”

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 176

Chapter 176

Chapter 176 What Is With This Dramatic Reaction

Natasha fell into deep slumber after ending the call last night.

She had been sleeping because she had been recuperating at home for the last few days. That was why she woke up exceptionally early this morning.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was Ross.

Natasha glanced at the screen and answered the call, “Yes?”

“You’re awake, Ms. Wealthy? Are you free to talk?” Ross asked.

“You think you can still talk to me if I’m asleep?” Natasha retorted.

Ross responded with an awkward chuckle. “When are you coming back to the office?”

“Something happened?”

Ross responded with another wry smile. “Yeah. Something cropped up...”

“Spill!”

“Xavier, Thomas, and I had recently worked on a project, and we had come up with a prototype, but the client was not happy with it. We knew something was amiss with the prototype, but we couldn’t figure out the problem. That’s why we’re here to seek your advice.”

Natasha thought about it and said, “Got it. I’ll be there in a minute.”

“You want to come right now?”

“Yes!”

“We can come to you instead, though, since you’re still feeling unwell.”

"It's all right. I'm okay now. I'll come over now since I have nothing to do at home anyway!"

"Oh, okay. We'll wait for you then!" Ross sounded exceptionally excited.

After ending the call, Natasha changed her clothes, put on simple makeup, and was ready to depart.

Meanwhile, Anthony was busy cleaning up the living hall.

Upon seeing Natasha all dressed up, he asked, "Are you going out, Nat?"

"Yeah. I have to get back to the office."

Anthony frowned and expressed his concern. "But your injury—"

Natasha smiled. "I feel better now, don't worry. Besides, I'm tired of staying at home. A trip to the office could make me feel better."

Anthony bobbed his head. "All right then!"

"Where's Great-grandpa?"

"He went out to do groceries shopping and should be back soon!"

"Tell him not to worry about me. I'll be back soon."

Anthony nodded. "Okay."

Natasha soon arrived at Prosper Technologies.

Everyone in the office had dark eye circles and looked dispirited, but when they saw Natasha from a distance, their spirit was reignited.

They instantly surrounded her. "You're back, Ms. Watson!"

"How are you? Do you feel better now, Ms. Watson?"

"Ms. Watson, the office without you was boring as hell!"

Natasha was taken aback by their enthusiasm. She was not used to being in the limelight, but their reaction made her very happy.

Ross, who was still at his wit's end, immediately bounced up from his seat when he heard Natasha had arrived. He dashed across the office and extended his hands to embrace her. "You're back, Ms. Wealthy!"

But Xavier pulled him back before he could give her a hug.

Xavier looked at Natasha and asked, “Boss, why did you come back? Do you feel better now?”

Natasha hesitated. Before she could answer his question, Ross tried getting her attention by making eye contact with her.

Xavier followed her line of sight and looked in Ross’ direction. “You called her?”

Ross knew the truth would come to light sooner or later. He responded with an awkward chuckle and said, “Yes, I did call Ms. Watson, but I didn’t expect her to come back so soon-”

Xavier’s expression turned grim. He rolled his eyes at Ross before turning his attention to Natasha. “We can handle the project ourselves, Boss. You should get enough rest—”

Natasha looked at him and said, “I’m fine!”

“But—”

“Relax. I won’t put my health in jeopardy for work. I cherish my life more than anything!” Natasha said.

Xavier was slightly convinced.

“Yeah, that’s right. We can’t be asking Ms. Watson to go home since she’s already here. I’m sure she misses the food in our cafeteria too, right? I’ll buy her lunch later!”

Natasha grinned. “I’ll take your word for it!”

“You have my word! Your lunch is on me!” Ross tapped his chest and said.

Natasha could not help but laugh.

“Come, please follow me!” It was as if Ross was talking respectfully to a client.

Natasha suddenly remembered something. She turned to the receptionist and said, “Oh, I ordered one hundred sets of breakfast. The deliveryman should arrive soon. I’ll need your help to distribute them to everyone.”

Everyone’s eyes brightened as they did not expect her to do this for them.

The crowd began to speak. “Aw, you shouldn’t have done it...”

“When I was in the hospital, a few of you represented the office to visit me, and I’m grateful for that. This breakfast set is my way of saying thank you to all of you.”

“All right, Ms. Watson. Thank you!”

“Don’t mention it!” Natasha then walked in with Xavier and Ross.

They arrived at a tiny conference room that could hold about ten people.

At that point, Thomas was scratching his head in frustration. His hair was disheveled.

The moment they stepped into the room, they heard Thomas mumble, “No, no, no, no, no. This project will fail for sure if we do that. Before we can make it, I might die from overwork. But I can’t think of a better solution!”

Natasha glanced at Thomas before turning her attention to Xavier and Thomas.

Ross’ face fell. “Did you see that, Ms. Watson? I didn’t want to call you, but look at Thomas...”

Natasha noticed the three of them looked disheveled in their overgrown beards. Of all the three men, Thomas looked especially rugged.

She walked over and sat down.

Thomas lifted his eyes and took a glance at Natasha before turning his attention to his computer.

A few seconds later, he lifted his head and looked at her again.

At that point, Thomas could not believe his eyes. “M-Ms. Watson? Is that you? Am I hallucinating? Am I experiencing terminal lucidity before death?”

He continued mumbling, “No, no, no, no, no. I can’t be thinking about Ms. Watson right now. Focus, Thomas. Focus...” He kept shaking his head. When he was about to stand up and leave the conference room, he saw Xavier and Ross standing right behind.

Thomas froze for a bit and blinked. It was as if he was experiencing lightheadedness. “No, I can’t do this anymore. This hallucination has gotten the better of me. I can’t believe I’m seeing Ms. Watson here. That’s it. I can’t deal with this anymore.”

Ross turned around to look at Natasha. “You see that, Ms. Wealthy? Now you know why I had to call you?”

Natasha nodded to show that she understood what was going on.

Upon hearing that, Thomas froze once again. He turned around and looked in Natasha's direction.

"So I'm not hallucinating? So Ms. Watson is real? She's back?" he asked in a trembling voice.

Natasha gave him a smile.

When Ross was about to explain the situation, Thomas approached Natasha and gave her a serious look.

Before Natasha could say anything, the man kneeled before her and wailed, "You're finally back, Ms. Watson! I would be dead if you didn't come back!"

His reaction rendered Natasha speechless. I've just been away for a few days. What's with his dramatic reaction?

You're Out Daddy Chapter 177

Chapter 177

Chapter 177 How Competent Can Your Son Be

Meanwhile, Erin and Zachary once again stepped into the Lynch residence in Huxville, a wealthy neighborhood in the western part of Glenport City.

They could not help but sigh when they realized nothing much had changed over the years. The residence was still as impressive and majestic as ever.

For years, she had been dreaming of entering the building again. Finally, her dream had come true.

Erin gracefully sat on the couch in the living hall while the housekeeper served them tea. At that point, Erin was still a bundle of nerves and did not know what to do.

"Zachary, look at me. What do you think of my look?" Erin shot the man a concerned look while tidying up her hair and clothes.

Zachary took a sweeping glance at her and replied calmly, "You look fine."

Erin took a deep breath. "Don't upset your dad when you see him later. He finally took the initiative to invite us over for the first time in many years-"

Zachary kept mum. He would not have come to the Lynch residence if it were not for the Lenoir family.

For years, Desmond had left them in the lurch. Zachary could somehow figure out why Desmond called them home.

To Zachary, the so-called kinship meant nothing as it was bound by rules and restrictions.

Annoyance flashed across his eyes. He tilted his head and saw a wheelchair-bound figure from a stone's throw away.

Zachary narrowed his eyes upon seeing that person.

The man in the wheelchair was his brother from another mother, Jacques Lynch.

Jacques got into a serious traffic accident a year ago, and the doctor had to amputate his legs to save his life. Zachary knew the Lynch family would not have accepted him if it were not for the accident.

Jacques, who stared at Zachary, slowly wheeled himself to the living hall.

When Erin turned toward the source of sound and noticed Jacques from a distance, she immediately stood up and walked in his direction.

"Are you Jacques? I couldn't recognize you anymore since I've not seen you in years..." Erin put on an affable front when she approached Jacques.

Yet, Jacques' attention was fixated on Zachary. There was an intense murderous glint in the former's eyes.

"Oh, before I forget. I brought you some health supplements from overseas—"

"I don't need them!" Jacques cut her off curtly. He looked up at her with a scowl. "I don't deserve to use your things."

Erin looked at him and frowned. She wanted to say something, but words caught in her throat. "Jacques, we didn't come with a bad intention..."

Jacques snorted icily. A chilling glare flashed across his eyes as he sneered, "This was how you spoke to my mom, who eventually went mad and jumped off the building. Do you still remember?"

Erin instantly blanched at his words. "I know it was my fault, but I didn't expect that to happen. Jacques, I know you won't listen to anything I say, but I promise I'll take good care of you once I return to the Lynch residence. I'll treat you like my own—"

Jacques grimaced and glared at her. "Shut up! I don't need you to take care of me! It looks like you're still hopeful that you can return to the Lynch residence, huh? Over my dead body!" Jacques roared in anger.

"Jacques—"

"Don't call my name! Who are you to call my name?"

"I know you wouldn't want to listen to me, but I just want to atone for my sin. I want to make it up to you. Can't you forgive me?"

"You want to atone for your sin? Fine. Go and kill yourself now. I'll forgive you if you die before my eyes..." Jacques then gave Zachary a side-eye. "You should jump off the building like how my mother did. I'll not only forgive you, but I'll allow your son to return to the Lynch family. How about that? Does this deal sound good to you?"

Just then, Zachary went up to Jacques and stood in front of him. "Shut your mouth, Jacques..."

Jacques let out a mirthless laugh after seeing the expression on Zachary's face. "What's wrong? You wanna hit me? Go on. Hit me!"

"I'll hit you if you keep testing my patience!"

"I know you'll hit me. Your mom is a mistress, so how cultured can you be? You and your mom are used to barging into houses and bullying people anyway, right?" Jacques retorted with a grimace.

Zachary's eyes reddened instantly, and he clenched his fists. When he was about to throw a punch at Jacques, Erin stopped him. "Zachary, stop—"

"Mom!"

Erin looked at him and said, "I deserve it!"

Zachary's line of sight alternated between his mother and Jacques, and he still had his fists clenched.

Jacques, who was observing their interaction, let out of cold snort. "Bravo, bravo! You two amazing actors have put up a good show. I can't imagine a b*tch is trying to act all righteous in front of me!"

His remark had once again infuriated Zachary. The latter charged in Jacques' direction and grabbed his collars. "You'd better watch your mouth!"

“What? What did I say wrong?” Jacques was not ready to budge even though he was in a wheelchair.

After all, years of experience in Lynch Corporation had made Jacques an authoritative figure. Despite being wheelchair-bound, he was still just as steady and assertive.

Zachary could not take it anymore. He tightened his grip on the foul-mouthed man’s collars and was ready to knock him out.

Erin stepped in and stopped Zachary. “Stop it, Zachary! Let him go!”

Zachary refused.

Erin got desperate and gave him a slap.

Smack!

A tense silence ensued.

Erin looked at Zachary and threw a fit. “Zachary, stop causing any unnecessary trouble!”

Zachary lifted his eyes and turned his gaze to Erin. Disappointment flashed across his eyes.

“All right.” Zachary nodded. He then stood up and walked away.

When Erin was about to say something, Desmond came in and bumped into Zachary.

Desmond looked at Zachary and frowned. “Where are you going?”

Before Zachary could answer Desmond, Erin put on a smile and walked up to him. “We heard you’re coming, so we came out to greet you.”

Desmond glanced at Erin and sized her up.

He felt the dressing style of Erin, whom he had not met in years, had accentuated her sensual femininity.

But after seeing Jacques in the wheelchair, Desmond cleared his throat and regained his composure. “Come in, and let’s have a chat.”

He then walked toward the living hall.

Erin tidied her clothes and hair and followed him. She then walked to the couch and sat down.

“You must be tired after working the whole day,” Erin said while looking into Desmond’s eyes. The man might be in his late fifties, but he did not look his age. In fact, he still appeared to be as steady and manly as ever.

Desmond grinned. “I don’t feel tired at all.”

“Looks like you’re in a good mood. Do you have any good news to share with us?” Erin asked smilingly, looking like a gentle lady.

“Yes, I do have a piece of good news,” Desmond said with a smile.

“What is it?”

“Hamilton Corporation is planning to cooperate with us!” Desmond exclaimed.

Erin’s expression changed when she heard the news.

Zachary, who was standing by the door, could not help but look over.

“Lynch Corporation has been waiting for this collaboration for ages! I’m so glad that I’ve seized this opportunity!” Desmond was exhilarated. He believed the collaboration would solve all of Lynch Corporation’s problems, and Hamilton Corporation would take his company to greater heights. Above all, he would become a part of the higher echelons of society!

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 178

Chapter 178

Chapter 178 Standing In

Erin’s heart still skipped a beat whenever she thought about the confrontation with the Hamilton family at Infinitium a few days before.

However, she did not dare to let Desmond know about it. Otherwise, her plans to marry into the Lynch family would fall through.

The company must have been unaffected because I’ve always been overseas, so the Hamilton family did not know about me.

With that thought in mind, Erin became at ease.

When she saw the smile on Desmond's face, she smiled as well. "It seems like the company is going to enter the international market under your lead."

It had to be said that Erin's words were words pleasant to Desmond's ears.

He had fallen for her back then because she was too skilled in buttering others up. Every word that came out of her mouth was one that would delight another. Her words would make a man's ego inflate.

"Hahaha!" Desmond boisterously laughed. "It's still too early to say that we're entering the international market, but if we work with Hamilton Corporation, we'll definitely be able to get a standing in the national market."

"That will be something we'll be working on for the next two years. I believe that you'll achieve that soon," Erin said.

Thrilled by her words, Desmond stared at her merrily before nodding his head.

"That is the good fortune you bring with you. Once everything is settled, let me know anytime if there's anything you want," Desmond told her.

"Really?" A trace of joy flashed past Erin's eyes, but she still kept her collected look on her face.

"Of course."

Erin was already starting to contemplate what she wanted.

Right then, Jacques sneered. "I'd advise you to stop thinking of joining the Lynch family because I won't let you do so!" With that, he wheeled himself clumsily toward his room.

Erin's smile froze on her face.

Desmond watched his son leave with a frown. He wanted to say something to him, but in the end, he was silent.

When he turned back to Erin, he said, "He..."

"It's fine," Erin told him. "It's something I'll have to be patient about."

"I'm glad that you understand."

Erin still smiled in the same soft way she usually did.

Right then, Desmond's eyes flitted toward Zachary, and a frown appeared on Desmond's face. "Why are you still standing there? Come over."

Erin turned around to look at Zachary and waved to him. "Your dad is calling for you. Come over quickly."

Zachary mulled over it for a few seconds before walking over.

Just as he took a seat, Desmond said, "Your engagement with Winnifred Lenoir—"

"I won't marry her!" Zachary cried out before Desmond could finish his sentence.

Desmond froze. Then, anger seeped into his eyes. "What did you just say?"

At that, Erin quickly tugged the hem of Zachary's shirt and whispered, "Zachary, don't make your father mad."

However, it was as if Zachary had not heard her. As he stared at Desmond, he questioned expressionlessly, "I think I was clear about this. I won't marry Winnifred. If Lynch Corporation is about to work with Hamilton Corporation, I'm sure all of the problems will be resolved. In that case, why do you want me to marry Winnifred?"

"It's one thing to work with Hamilton Corporation and another for your promise with the Lenoir family!" Desmond uttered.

"Why do I have to sacrifice my love life?"

"Sacrifice? How is the Lenoir family not a match for you? I'm telling you now that this is an engagement that others want but can't even get. If not for the current state of your elder brother, do you really think you'll be able to have a good marriage like this?" Desmond bellowed at him furiously.

It was then Zachary finally realized that he was nothing but a replacement in the matter.

As the feelings of sorrow washed over him, he felt the urge to bark out a self-deprecating laugh.

All of a sudden, a grin grew on his lips. "In that case, let him marry her then. I don't want this wedding!"

Desmond flew into a rage instantly as he slammed his hand on the table. "I dare you to say that again!"

Zachary did not want to bother repeating himself, so he turned to leave.

"You rebellious boy!" Desmond leaped to his feet and shouted at the back of his son. "If you don't marry Winnifred, quit dreaming about joining the Lynch family, and don't you dare call me your father!"

Zachary halted in his tracks.

He then turned to look at Desmond before looking at the mansion.

“Once upon a time, I might have wanted to join the family, but now... It doesn’t matter anymore. As for you... You’re someone I never had, so why do you think I’d care about you?” With that, he looked away and continued walking out.

“Zachary! Zachary Lynch!” Erin cried out after him, her body shaking from the anger she felt. Nonetheless, she still had to make sure to keep up with the gentle, weak facade.

Still, no matter how loud Erin cried out for him, Zachary never once turned around.

In the past, he would think about how Desmond might have a proper reason—that Desmond might not have a choice at all—but now, he realized that he was nothing but a replaceable being. If Jacques had not been injured in that accident—or if nothing happened to the company—he might never have had the chance to be around Desmond.

If that was the case, he needed not to contemplate as much anymore.

Just as Zachary left the place, Desmond angrily picked up the cup and threw it on the floor.

“He’s nothing but a rebellious boy!” Desmond fumed.

Erin jumped in surprise, but the next thing she did was look at Desmond as she squeezed out a few tears. “This is all my fault. I didn’t educate him well enough. Desmond, I’m sorry. If you have to hold someone accountable for this, please hold me accountable!”

Desmond looked at her with a frown. “What’s the point of crying right now? Why don’t you think about what to do instead?”

“Give me some time. I’ll surely convince him otherwise,” Erin said.

“You’d better do that. If this ends up affecting my matter...” Desmond did not finish the rest of his sentence out loud.

Erin took a step forward to gently caress his back. “It won’t. I won’t let him affect you. Trust me. To be frank with you, he cares about what you think of him. It’s just that it’s been a long time since the two of you have met, so the communication between both of you isn’t that smooth.”

As Desmond listened to her words and felt her hand running down his back, an indescribable feeling seeped into his heart, and he turned to look at her. Erin looked

gentle. She was already in her fifties, but she managed to preserve her appearance to make herself still look like she was in her forties.

Desmond sighed. "It's true that you must have had a challenging time raising him alone all these years..."

Erin's eyes reddened. "I said that I'll do anything if it's for you. All I ask for is for you not to hold a grudge against me."

"It's all in the past now."

"Then, Desmond, do you... still want me?" Erin asked.

Desmond gave it a thought. "Give me a little more time. As long as the marriage with the Lenoir family is set in stone, I'll talk to Jacques about it. By then, he'll agree to it for the company."

Hearing that, Erin instantly smiled. "All right. I'll wait. As long as I can be with you, I'll wait no matter how long it takes."

Desmond's eyes flicked toward her gentle face. Indeed, her gentle demeanor was a huge boost to his ego.

As he stared at her, an emotion flashed past his eyes.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 179

Chapter 179

Chapter 179 Related To Kenneth

The news of Hamilton Corporation and Lynch Corporation's collaboration traveled fast.

It caused quite a stir.

Everyone in the corporate world knew about it.

At the start, as they had yet to sign the contract, Desmond was worried that Hamilton Corporation would be angry with him, but it was as if Hamilton Corporation had never heard about the rumors at all. They continued to engage in talks for the deal. Once they began discussing the details of the contract, Desmond became more at ease.

Most importantly, numerous businesses began offering an olive branch to Lynch Corporation once the news was out. Even the hosts of the cocktail parties that he would never get a chance to attend back then began sending him invitations to their parties. The business owners that he came across were all polite and respectful to him. Although they were all indirectly trying to get to know Hamilton Corporation, the feeling of having others curry favor with him thrilled Desmond.

He felt as if he had turned into a member of the upper-class social circle. He loved that feeling.

Desmond knew that Hamilton Corporation was the one who brought him all these benefits. That was why he placed even more value on their collaboration—he had to make sure that their companies became business partners.

Natasha did not pay much attention to the news of the corporate world. She continued living her life and going to the office. One day, while she was working, Ross said, “Have you heard about Hamilton Corporation working together with Lynch Corporation?”

Thomas lifted his head. “That news caused an uproar, so how can I not have heard about it? I just don’t understand why Hamilton Corporation is suddenly collaborating with a mid-sized business. It’s quite strange.”

Natasha did not raise her head at the conversation, and their words were just like background music to her.

Right then, Ross turned to Natasha. “Ms. Watson, do you know about this?”

Natasha finally tilted her head upward to look at him. “What?”

“About Hamilton Corporation and Lynch Corporation’s collaboration. Do you know any secret details about it?” Ross asked.

It was then Natasha registered what they were talking about—the collaboration between Kenneth’s company and Zachary’s father’s company.

The next thought she had was about the incident at Infinitium.

With how protective Liam is of the younger ones, he would most probably tell it to Kenneth, right? If he did, why is Kenneth still working with Lynch Corporation? Unless...

“Ms. Watson?” Ross waved his hand in front of her face. “What are you thinking about?”

Natasha snapped back to her senses and narrowed her eyes. “Why would I know any secret details about it?”

At that, Thomas and Ross shared a look before leaning closer to Natasha. “Ms. Watson, are you still trying to hide that from us?”

“Hide what from you?” Natasha returned her gaze to her screen.

“Your relationship with Hamilton Corporation...” Ross trailed off before narrowing his eyes mysteriously. “Don’t assume that we don’t know anything about this. We’ve already guessed it!”

Natasha stiffened. “Is that so? If you’ve guessed it, you should know even better that I’m in no way related to Hamilton Corporation.”

Ross laughed. “So, Ms. Watson, are you admitting to it?”

Natasha did not answer him.

“I’d say you shouldn’t keep holding the grudge. Why do you have to draw a line between you and Hamilton Corporation? You’ll get part of Hamilton Corporation after Kenneth takes over the company. Even a little bit of Hamilton Corporation will be more than enough to fund the rest of your life!”

Natasha picked up the glass at the side and calmly sipped the water in it.

Ross continued, “At the very least, you’re siblings. Anyone could see that he’s nice to you at the hospital. I doubt he won’t leave anything for you at all...”

Natasha instantly spat out the water right on Ross’ face.

Ross froze.

When Thomas saw that, he could not hold back his laughter.

“Ms. Watson, is this the reward for my right guess?” Ross muttered in a daze.

Natasha then took a piece of tissue and shoved it on his face.

She then looked at him and asked, “Who told you that I’m siblings with Kenneth?”

“Are you not?” Thomas queried. “This is a topic that the people in our office have been fervently discussing. This is the most reasonable answer we can come up with.”

Natasha blinked in silence.

At that moment, she began fearing for the company’s future.

The intellect of the people in this company...

After Ross calmly wiped his face, he turned to her and uttered, “Ms. Watson, don’t deny it anymore. Although I don’t know what happened between the two of you, don’t worry, we won’t look down on you for this. No one can decide which family they’re born into, but we’re impressed by your character. That’s why I’ll be on your side forever!”

Natasha still did not speak.

All she did was give him a glance. She was not in the mood to waste her breath on him.

She thought that they really had figured it out, and she was not planning to hide it from him.

However, with the level of intelligence they seemed to possess, Natasha did not wish to explain the matter to them anymore.

After all, her time with Kenneth was nothing to be proud of. Thus, Natasha flashed them a smile and said, “Wow, thank you.”

“Of course. We’re good friends!” Ross thumped his chest.

It took Erin a long time to find Zachary.

After countless calls, Zachary finally picked up.

“Where are you?” Erin asked without beating about the bush. “Why don’t you just speak what’s on your mind? Go back to the Lynch residence with me right away. Tell your father that you’ll go on with the marriage alliance with the Lenoirs and apologize to him!”

“Wasn’t I clear enough previously? I won’t marry, and I won’t go back to the Lynch family!”

“Zachary Lynch!” Erin yelled in fury. However, after a survey of her surroundings, she lowered her voice again. “What do you want? Even if you’re not thinking about your own future, think about mine.”

“There’s nothing I can say if you’re adamant about joining the Lynch family, but if you don’t, I’ll make sure that you live life comfortably for the rest of your life. Mom, I just wish that you can respect me this one time. Just this one time. I wish to be the one to decide my own marriage.” Zachary spoke over the phone.

Erin narrowed her eyes. “At the end of the day, you just want to be with that woman?”

Zachary did not speak—he did not deny her words.

“Who is that woman? How did you bewitch you to this point? I’d like to find out who that woman is!”

“Mom, you won’t meet her until you let go of this. Let’s talk again when you’ve thought things through.” At that, Zachary hung up.

“Zachary. Zachary!” Erin cried out into the receiver, but the man had already ended the call. She tried to call him again, but the call no longer went through.

Livid, Erin threw her phone on the table.

Meanwhile, at a nearby table, Thea was sipping on her coffee. After overhearing Erin’s call, she grinned.

She then rose to her feet and walked over. “Excuse me, are you Zachary’s mother?” she asked with a smile.

Erin narrowed her eyes at the other woman in front of her. “You are…”

“Hello, I’m Thea Jarman, Zachary’s friend,” she introduced herself, still smiling. “I only dared to come and greet you after hearing your call earlier. Can I take a seat?”

Erin nodded after giving Thea a once-over.

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Chapter 180

Chapter 180 An Opportunity Of A Lifetime

Erin looked at Thea warily as she kept her hands folded in front of her chest.

After Thea sat down, she flashed Erin another smile. “Please don’t worry. I’m not the one Zachary likes. I’m really just an ordinary friend of his.”

It was only then Erin relaxed. The caution in her eyes turned into pride as she said, “Why have you come to me?”

Thea never thought that the other woman would be so direct. After a moment of contemplation, she uttered, “Nothing, actually. It’s just that I had a chat with Zachary before and found out that you were overseas. That’s why I was rather baffled when I heard your call earlier. So, I came over to find out if I’ve recognized the wrong person.”

Erin listened to her dubiously. She had lived for many years, and she had come across numerous people. Although she could not say that she was good at reading other people, she would never believe that Thea was simply there to greet her.

At that moment, a thought popped into her head. "If you're friends with Zachary, then you should know who the woman who has been clinging to him is, right?"

"Uh... I do know, but..." Thea stammered, unsure what to reply to her.

"Who is it?" Erin questioned.

Thea then pursed her lips, not knowing what she should say.

"It isn't you, is it? You're stuttering."

Thea instantly shook her head. "No, it isn't me. I'm really just friends with him."

"Then who is it?" Erin questioned again as she stared intently at Thea.

Thea knitted her brows, acting as if she was a troubled, innocent woman. "I don't think it's appropriate for me to tell you about her."

"Don't worry. I won't tell anyone about her," Erin reassured her with a smile.

"But..." Thea still seemed as if she was in a dilemma.

"Ms. Jarman, right?"

Thea nodded.

"If you're friends with Zachary, then I won't hide anything from you. Zachary has responsibilities to bear. He can't waste his time on her," Erin gravely told her.

Thea's brows furrowed again, but she soon slowly parted her lips. "You know, I actually tried to convince Zachary that the woman didn't deserve him before. With his character and status, he can definitely get someone better. I just don't understand why he has to go for a woman with children."

Erin immediately caught on to the keyword. "What? Children? What children?"

Thea deliberately tensed up before asking, "Do you not know about this?"

Erin's expression darkened even more.

It's one thing for him to get a woman and another to get one with children! He's embarrassing the entire Lynch family!

When that thought flashed across her mind, the look in Erin's eyes became colder.

Then, she turned to Thea and slapped a smile onto her face. “Ms. Jarman, to be honest, Zachary has been hiding this from me the entire time. However, he’s already engaged to another woman. Now, for that woman, he’s insisting on breaking off the engagement. That’s why I have to find out more about this matter. Please tell me everything you know and help Zachary out!”

Finally, Thea said, “I see. So that woman’s really just... hurting him. I thought she wouldn’t ruin anyone else’s lives other than mine, but it seems like she’ll never change her nature.”

“What do you mean?”

“I do know the one Zachary likes. She’s an employee of Prosper Technologies, and her name is Natasha Watson. Her children are already about six to seven years old. She kept trying to seduce my boyfriend when I was still with my boyfriend, and in the end, we broke up because of her. I never thought that she would turn to Zachary in the blink of an eye... I tried advising Zachary on this, but he wouldn’t listen to me. He’s sure that she’s a good woman, and because of that woman, he started ignoring me...” At that, a helpless look appeared on her face.

The more Erin heard, the deeper the grimace on her face became. “It seems like this woman’s quite scheming.”

“That’s right. Moreover, she’s pretty. Many men fall for that, and she has them all twirled around her pinky,” Thea muttered.

A pause later, she seemed to recall something and continued, “Please don’t tell anyone that I said this. Otherwise, it’ll seem like I’m a horrible person! I really think of Zachary as a friend, and that’s why I told you about it!”

Erin gave her a small smile. “Don’t worry. I told you that I won’t tell anyone about it, so I won’t.”

It was only then Thea nodded in relief. “Thank you!”

“Why are you thanking me? I should be the one thanking you. You’ve done me a favor!”

“No way. It’s all for Zachary’s sake. I just don’t wish that his life is ruined because of that woman.”

Just then, Erin waved to the server and ordered some food. “Ms. Jarman, I’ve just come back from overseas, and I still don’t know much about the things in the country. Why don’t we chat and eat at the same time so that you can tell me more?”

Hearing that, Thea nodded fervently. “Of course. As long as you don’t find me annoying.”

“There’s no way I’d feel that,” Erin told her. The two then chatted away when the food arrived.

Erin said that she wanted to find out more about the local affairs, but the truth was, she wanted to find out more about Natasha Watson.

Thea did not delve too much into Natasha’s background during their chat.

However, when Erin found out that Natasha was not someone with a privileged background, her lips curled.

Nearing the end of the meal, Erin knew much more about Natasha than before. While Thea had gone to the restroom, Erin summoned the server and gave the server her card.

The server smiled at her. “Ms. Jarman has already paid for the meal.”

Erin was stunned.

Right then, Thea returned from the restroom. Upon seeing the server and Erin, she was dumbfounded. “What’s the matter?”

Erin turned to her and said, “Ms. Jarman, how could I let you foot the bill? I should be the one buying you a meal.”

“You’ve just returned to the country, so think of this as a welcoming party from me. Moreover, I’m always meeting friends here, so I know the owner quite well and I have discounts. Don’t worry,” Thea said to her, beaming.

Erin returned the smile. “All right. I’ll treat you to a meal next time then.”

Thea bobbed her head.

“I still have other things to attend to, so I have to take my leave first. Let’s meet another day,” Erin said.

“Sure!”

Erin then rose to her feet and elegantly took her bag. After an inclination of her head, she said nothing else and left the place. Every step she took made her seem like a noble walking down the street.

Thea’s smile slowly faded as she watched Erin disappear from her line of sight.

Zachary, since you refuse to work with me, don’t blame me for using your mother.

Thea did not even need to think to decipher what was going to happen next.

This was essentially like an opportunity of a lifetime.

With that thought in mind, a smile appeared on Thea's face, and she merrily left after grabbing her bag.