

You're Out Daddy Chapter 181

Chapter 181

Chapter 181 Is This How You Lied

After leaving the cafe, Erin immediately sent Zachary a text before heading for Prosper Technologies.

I'd like to see what kind of tricks this woman has up her sleeve.

Upon arriving at Prosper Technologies, she walked straight into the building. The receptionist noticed her and asked hurriedly, "Hello. May I know who you're looking for? Do you have an appointment?"

However, Erin continued walking into the building as if she did not hear the receptionist's words. The latter quickly stepped forward to stop her. "Excuse me. You're not allowed to enter without an appointment!"

Right then, Erin cast the receptionist a contemptuous glance. "I'm looking for Natasha Watson."

"May I know who you are?" the receptionist asked, sensing Erin's ill intentions.

"It doesn't matter who I am. Tell her to come out and see me!"

"I'm sorry. I'm afraid that can't be done without an appointment," the receptionist said.

Erin cast her a cold glance. "Since you're not telling her to come out, then I'll go in myself." With that, she shoved the receptionist aside and stomped into the building.

"Excuse me, miss. Please hold on—"

"You'd better stay away from me. You'll never be able to compensate if you dirty my clothes," Erin warned the receptionist coldly, glaring at the latter.

The receptionist knew Erin was a tough person to deal with, and she did not dare to touch the latter. She could only stand by the side to block Erin. Soon, it attracted quite a crowd.

Erin stepped into the Programming Department's office, which consisted of men only. She stared at the crowd, and they stared back.

Erin narrowed her eyes. "Where's Natasha Watson?"

The receptionist answered, "Ms. Watson's not here today—"

"Not here? Then, why didn't you say so earlier?" Erin questioned straightforwardly. Clearly, she did not believe the receptionist's words.

The receptionist did not know how to respond. Right then, Thomas, who was walking out to retrieve a parcel, witnessed the scene. He turned to the receptionist and asked, "What's up, Sarah?"

Sarah Sprunt hurriedly pulled him aside and whispered, "She's here for Nat. I have a feeling this woman is up to no good. You'd better go in and give Nat a heads up. Tell her not to come out!"

Thomas scrutinized Erin before nodding. "Got it."

He then pretended to be nonchalant and walked toward the conference room.

Meanwhile, Natasha was speaking into her phone.

Before Thomas could even speak, Erin's voice suddenly boomed on the outside. "Where's Natasha Watson?"

Her voice was so loud that even Natasha, who was in the conference room, could hear every word.

Natasha frowned and glanced at Thomas. "Is someone looking for me out there?"

He shook his head hurriedly. "No."

However, his expression had betrayed him.

She got to her feet and was about to walk out before Thomas stopped her.

"What is it?" Natasha asked.

"It's best if you don't go out—" he said.

"What's happening?" she asked right away.

"I'm not sure either, but there's a woman looking for you out there. She looks furious and seems to be up to no good. Sarah asked me to tell you to stay here and not go out," explained Thomas.

At the same time, Ross and Xavier watched Thomas and Natasha, curious about the incident outside.

“Where’s Natasha Watson? Where is she?” Erin asked everyone in the building, yet no one answered her.

She scoffed. Looks like Thea’s right. All the men here are charmed by Natasha. They’re extremely protective of her.

Right then, she lost her temper and shouted, “What is it, Natasha? Are you hiding because you’re too afraid to see me? Should I expose all of your matters in public?”

Natasha, who was still in the conference room, stared at Thomas. “Get out of the way!”

“Ms. Watson—”

Natasha raised her brow, causing Thomas to quickly move aside obediently. Seeing that, she pulled the door open and walked out of the room.

At that moment, Xavier and Ross shot to their feet, glared at Thomas, and said in unison, “Coward!”

Thomas responded, “Why don’t you try stopping her if you think you’re more capable?”

The duo left the room without a word and stood behind Natasha like her bodyguards.

Meanwhile, Erin was still shouting outside, unwilling to leave no matter how hard Sarah advised her to do so. Worst of all, she even pushed Sarah aside. Right then, Natasha suddenly appeared behind the latter and held her up.

“Hey, are you okay?” Natasha asked.

When Sarah turned around and saw Natasha, she asked concernedly, “Nat, why did you come out?”

Natasha flashed her a smile, looking as if everything was fine. When she looked up at Erin, her gaze instantly filled with viciousness.

Erin, too, noticed Natasha. Truth be told, she was slightly stunned upon seeing the latter.

This woman is beautiful in an unrealistic way. She has the face every woman would die for.

Erin narrowed her eyes as she stared at Natasha. “Who are you?”

Natasha smiled slightly, a dangerous look flashing through her eyes. "Weren't you looking for me? What now? Do you not know me?"

"You're Natasha Watson?" Erin could not believe her ears.

"That's right," answered Natasha. Now that I think about it, I haven't gotten my revenge on her for doing all those things to Denise. What great timing for her to appear in front of me today.

Erin eyed Natasha, and the corner of her lips curled. "As expected, you look just like a vixen."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. Before she could even get mad, Xavier and Ross, who stood behind her, lashed out.

"What did you say?"

"Watch your words!"

Erin froze. Her eyes darted between the men and Natasha. She was starting to believe Thea's words more.

Everyone in this company is abnormal!

At that moment, she fixed her eyes on Natasha and said, "Natasha Watson, I'll just get straight to the point. I'm Zachary's mother. I'm here today to tell you to stay away from him and stop pestering him. Also, he's getting engaged to the daughter of Lynch Corporation's boss soon. She's not someone a woman like you can compare yourself with. So, I'm advising you to be more self-aware. Otherwise, please don't blame me for being rude!"

Everyone at the scene was stunned to hear her words.

However, Natasha continued looking at Erin indifferently, unfazed by the latter's threats.

Erin, on the other hand, seemed to be rather pleased with the effect of her words. She glanced around and raised her voice. "Especially when you've already got three kids. How dare you still act as if you're single? Perhaps, it works for other people, but don't you dare think about getting my family involved. The Lynch family will never accept a woman like you!"

The crowd flew into an uproar instantly.

"What?"

"What does she mean by three kids?"

“Natasha has three kids?”

All of them were totally unaware of that fact. Thus, they were in utter shock.

After all, Natasha looked as if she was in her early twenties and did not look like someone who had three children.

Right then, Ross scanned the crowd and spoke up immediately. “What nonsense are you spouting? The three kids are her siblings!”

“Siblings?” Erin raised a brow and glanced at Natasha. With a smirk, she asked, “Is this how you’ve been lying to them?”

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Chapter 182

Chapter 182 Not The First Time

“You—” Just as Xavier was about to say something, Natasha stopped him.

He turned around and frowned at her.

“I’ll settle my own matters,” she stated.

When Xavier saw the determination in her eyes, he fell silent and nodded, continuing to stand behind her like a bodyguard.

Natasha then turned to Erin and smirked.

“What are you smiling for?”

“I’m smiling because I can’t believe that there’s actually a day where I get to be mocked at and warned by a mistress,” Natasha explained.

Erin was dumbfounded, and her expression changed drastically. “W-What nonsense are you talking about?”

“Erin Charstille, born in nineteen seventy, dropped out of school during your teens and started working. After that, you dated a thirty-year-old man whom you were forced to break up with after his wife found out about it. When you were in your twenties, you met Desmond in a bar, and you two were passionately in love with each other instantly. Despite knowing he’s married, you got pregnant out of wedlock. Then, you appeared on

his doorstep with the child, looking for his wife. Your actions caused Desmond's wife to go into depression, and she jumped off the building—”

“Shut up! Shut up!” Erin hollered before Natasha could even finish. She glowered at the latter. “What nonsense are you talking about?”

Her exaggerated reaction was basically an act of acknowledgment of what Natasha said. Everything Erin had been hiding had been revealed.

“Nonsense? Or should I ask Jacques, the biological son of Desmond's wife? I believe he should be the witness to this entire incident. He must know every detail about it,” said Natasha nonchalantly.

Shaking in fury, Erin clenched her fists and shot Natasha a death glare.

How does she know all that? Especially the part about me dating a man when I was in my teens. Practically no one knows about it, nor have I mentioned it to anyone. Well, I told Desmond when I dated him, but that was the first time I told someone about it. How... How does she know about it?

Her eyes that glared at Natasha had traces of fear and hatred.

Seeing that Erin had stopped talking, Natasha raised a brow. “So, Mdm. Charstille, do I need to verify the things I've said?”

“Natasha Watson, I'm going to sue you for slander!” Erin growled.

“Sure. I'll be waiting for you. If you don't, then you're just a coward,” Natasha taunted.

“You—” Erin was fuming with rage. “You insolent woman!” As she spat those words, she raised her hand, wanting to slap Natasha's face.

Sensing what was about to happen, Xavier reached out to stop it, but Natasha had already caught Erin's hand effortlessly.

Erin's hand that was about to hit Natasha was gripped tightly by the latter. She stared at Natasha in disbelief. “Let me go!”

“Mdm. Charstille, I hate mistresses the most. And today, you had the guts to come here and slander me. You know what? This is not the first time you've infuriated me.”

Before Erin could even react, Natasha had given the former a violent slap across the face.

Erin was flabbergasted.

She never expected she would be slapped by Natasha.

She covered her face, not knowing what to say for the longest time.

“I’ve put up with your behavior once because you’re Zachary’s mother. But this time, you asked for it,” Natasha snarled.

“Did you just hit me?” Erin had completely lost it. She felt utterly humiliated for being slapped in front of so many people.

“That single slap was just a lesson. Don’t you ever appear in front of me again, or it won’t be as simple as just a slap next time.” With that, Natasha stormed off.

When Erin wanted to pounce on Natasha again, Xavier and Ross jumped in front of the former to block her path.

“Sarah, call for security. Tell them someone’s wrecking chaos here.”

“Got it!” Sarah immediately ran off to get help.

“Don’t you dare touch me! Do you know who I am? I’m the mother of Lynch Corporation’s heir. Do you know who’s backing Lynch Corporation now? It’s Hamilton Corporation! I’d like to see if you still have the guts to lay a finger on me,” Erin threatened.

When the security guards heard her words, they indeed hesitated to take action.

To her dismay, Ross waved his hand nonchalantly. “Take her away. So what if they’ve got Hamilton Corporation as their backer? We’ve got someone from Hamilton Corporation working here. Don’t worry. I’ll take responsibility if something happens.”

The moment the guards heard that, their worries dissipated, and they immediately dragged Erin out.

“Let me go! Let me go! I’m going to call the cops!”

At first, they assumed Erin was only saying that out of anger. Unexpectedly, she actually called the police.

When Erin arrived at the building with the police for questioning, Xavier turned to the crowd and asked, “Did anyone see Ms. Watson attacking her just now?”

“No!”

“We didn’t see anything!”

“She’s the one who scolded and wanted to hit Ms. Watson.”

Everyone from the Programming Department and even Sarah, the receptionist, took turns to voice out.

Erin was baffled upon hearing that, and her face flushed with rage.

“All of you are spouting nonsense. You’ve clearly seen her—” She was furious. “All of you are entranced by her. Everyone here is so despicable!” She then turned to the police. “She really attacked me...”

After that, she glanced around the building, spotting the surveillance camera right above their heads. Pointing at it, she said, “There’s a surveillance camera above us. I’m sure it filmed the scene from earlier. Why don’t we look at the footage?”

Xavier turned around and nodded upon seeing the surveillance camera. “Sure. No problem!”

Hence, they headed straight for the surveillance room to do so. In the end, all that was shown was Erin attacking while Natasha only stopped the former.

Erin’s eyes widened in disbelief. “There must be something wrong with the footage. Something must be wrong with it!”

The police had a rough idea of what happened, especially when the surveillance footage revealed Erin’s behavior. Though being a mistress was not illegal, crossing someone’s bottom line was a matter of morality.

The law had no say in matters related to morality, but every person had the right to be the judge of their own matters.

“All right. There aren’t witnesses and evidence. If you really want to sue them, you should go for a screening test for injuries. We’ll talk more once you have the report.”

Hearing that, Erin frowned. “So, you’re saying you’re going to ignore this? Is this how you work? Do you think I’m not capable of filing a complaint against you?”

Her words left the police officer irritated. “Complaint? I’m doing my job according to the law. What’s the problem with me telling you to follow the rules and regulations? If you want to file a complaint, then go ahead. Here, this is my card. Make sure you fill in the right details.” With that, he put on his hat and stormed off.

Erin was left standing at the same spot, feeling at a loss.

Xavier raised a brow and glanced at her. “So, do you want to hang out in the conference room before leaving?”

Erin sneered at him. "Just you wait. I won't let this matter go so easily." Having no intentions of staying there any longer, she turned to leave.

Ugh. I'm utterly humiliated today!

Meanwhile, Natasha, who was in the conference room, had found out about Erin calling the cops. Just as she was about to get to her feet, Ross stopped her. "Don't worry. Xavier's dealt with it."

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Chapter 183

Chapter 183 The Sweet Voice

Natasha furrowed her brows. Looks like the punishment earlier was too light.

At the same time, Xavier and Thomas entered the room with the latter cursing, "That woman is really annoying!"

"No matter how annoying she is, she's not as quick-witted as you," said Xavier, giving Thomas a look of admiration.

"Of course. I knew what was on her mind as soon as she looked up." Thomas raised a brow lazily.

Their conversation caught Natasha's attention. "What happened?"

Taking a seat, Xavier explained with a smile, "That woman wanted to check the surveillance footage. When I was racking my brains for a solution, I saw Thomas shooting me a look before deleting that section of the footage. I guess you could say we worked quite seamlessly."

Right then, Natasha turned to Thomas, looking impressed by his actions.

He ruffled his hair coolly. "Oh, you don't have to praise me. I know; I'm a smart person."

Ross blurted, "Thomas, this is the first time I'm impressed by you from the bottom of my heart. You've executed it so beautifully!"

Thomas smirked. "To be honest, I'm quite impressed with myself too."

The three people gave each other a high-five excitedly.

A smile tugged at Natasha's lips as she watched them celebrate. "Anyway, I'd like to thank all of you for your help earlier. Ross told me she called the cops just now."

"Boss, you're being too polite with us. If you didn't stop me earlier, I would've gotten into a fight with her," said Xavier.

Natasha burst out laughing. Xavier had always been the most composed person among the trio. The way he spoke those words sounded incredibly natural.

Right then, Ross cleared his throat and cast a glance at Natasha. "That woman shouted something about Lynch Corporation being backed by Hamilton Corporation at our entrance earlier. Ms. Watson, that woman looks really determined to bring you down. Perhaps, you should talk to Hamilton Corporation and tell them to stop cooperating with Lynch Corporation. She's too arrogant!"

Natasha frowned. "I don't have the power to do so."

"Stop messing around. We know about your identity already—"

"Oh, I forgot to correct you. Your guess previously was wrong," she said.

The three men were taken aback.

We were wrong?

"I'm not related to anyone in Hamilton Corporation. So, I really don't have the right to do so."

Upon hearing that, Ross batted his eyelids. "H-How's that possible? Didn't Old Mr. Hamilton visit you the other time? All of us saw that."

"He's my grandpa's close friend, which makes him quite close to me as well. But I'm really not some illegitimate daughter of Hamilton Corporation's boss. Otherwise, I wouldn't be working here with all of you," she explained briefly.

Ross was stupefied. After some time, he finally asked, "B-But you're still on closer terms with Hamilton Corporation compared to Lynch Corporation, right?"

Realizing Ross was focused on that topic, Natasha knitted her brows in suspicion. "Why do you have to make such a comparison?"

Thomas could not help but laugh, explaining, "When the guards came to drag the woman away, Ross confidently told them this..." He repeated every word that came out of Ross' mouth earlier, along with the latter's actions and expressions. After saying that, he laughed uncontrollably.

Xavier, too, could not help but chuckle. Who would've known he'd be so pompous just now?

They found it amusing as they compared his current reaction with his attitude earlier.

Only Ross looked grim. He looked over at Natasha. "Ms. Watson... You must have been teasing me earlier, right?"

Now that things had gotten so hilarious, she felt as if keeping her silence at that point would be a killjoy.

She gave him a sympathetic and grateful look. "Don't worry, Ross. I won't forget what you've done for me today..."

Ross was about to lose his mind. "Please don't scare me like that, Ms. Watson..."

Natasha smiled, looking extremely attractive.

"I don't care. If I lose my job and get banned by the industry, you've got to provide for me, Ms. Watson," begged Ross pitifully.

She nodded. "Don't worry. I'll never let you starve as long as I have my job."

"Remember what you said, okay?"

"Mm. I will."

Seeing Ross still wanting to continue being shameless, Thomas quickly interjected, "Okay. That's enough. If you keep up with it, I'm going to start thinking you're a shameless idiot."

Ross shot him a glare. "You're just jealous of me."

"Oh, sure. I'm jealous that you're more shameless than me."

Ross was rendered speechless.

Natasha could not help but feel thankful as she glanced at them.

The trio was not related to her, yet they were willing to stand up for her at such times. They trusted her unconditionally and helped her.

Right then, she felt an indescribable feeling.

When Xavier realized Natasha had been silent for some time, he reassured her, "Don't worry, Boss. No one believes what the woman said. Everyone in the company believes you."

Natasha smiled. "Don't worry. I'm not afraid. After all, I didn't do anything wrong."

That's true. Natasha has always looked indifferent, and she does look like she's not bothered by that woman.

"What I'm more curious about is how you knew everything about that woman. Ms. Watson, you know from the start she'd come looking for you, right?" Thomas asked.

Natasha narrowed her eyes. When Infinitium got into a conflict with Denise, she had purposely looked into Erin's information. In fact, she was still thinking of ways to teach the latter a lesson. Unexpectedly, Erin came looking for her.

A grim look flashed past her eyes. I shouldn't have gone easy on her.

"I don't know. I simply asked someone to look into her. Who would've thought the information would come in handy?" she explained casually.

"Anyway, you ended the argument amazingly!" Thomas commented. "How could a mistress have the guts to scold someone? What on Earth was she thinking?"

Natasha lifted her head and swept her gaze over them. "She was right about one thing, though."

"What is it?" asked Thomas.

Xavier and Ross, too, looked at her.

"It's true that I have three children. It's the three kids you've seen before," she admitted.

The trio froze.

"How is that possible..."

"Stop joking, Ms. Watson..."

"Exactly. Aren't they your siblings, Boss?"

The three men were in total disbelief.

Right then, Natasha's phone rang. Seeing that the caller was Denise, she closed her eyes, answered it, and put it in speaker mode.

“Nat, when are you coming back? Tony says he’s going to the office to look for you if you don’t come back.” Denise’s sweet voice traveled from the speakers.

“I’ll be right home.”

“Then, can you bring me a cake on your way home?” Denise giggled.

“Well, say something sweet for me to hear.”

“Mommy’s the best! I love Mommy the most! Mommy’s the prettiest, the most amazing, and the person who loves me the most!” Praises started pouring out of Denise’s mouth.

Upon hearing that, Natasha answered with satisfaction, “Okay. I’ll buy it on the way back.”

With that, she ended the call.

Meanwhile, the trio who had been listening to the entire conversation exchanged glances with each other.

The way Denise addressed Natasha as “mommy” in a sweet way made them lose their minds.

What on Earth? It’s for real?

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 184

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You’re Out Daddy Chapter 186

Chapter 186

Two days later, Hamilton Corporation's anniversary banquet was held as planned.

The event was not held at a hotel in the city center, but at Hotel Manor in the suburbs. Hotel Manor ran a VIP-only system. All food, drinks, and services provided were the most luxurious. Hence, the annual entrance fee was already ten million, not including additional expenses.

All these years, the manor hotel had never been open for event reservations such as this one. Hamilton Corporation was the first to do so.

Therefore, many guessed that either Kenneth was too high profile, or he was just swimming in riches. Either way, it was crazy that he managed to book the place.

Those who received the invitations were more than excited. Not only would they get the chance to meet prominent figures, but they could also enjoy the view and do anything they wanted. At any other time, not only did they have to pay the entrance fee, they would be checked for their personal net worth too. If their net worth did not reach the minimum standard, they would not be allowed to enter.

Most importantly, the background of the owner of Hotel Manor remained mysterious. Ever since the opening of the hotel, no one had tried to cause trouble. No one knew who the owner was. In conclusion, the place symbolized mystery and status.

The event was set to begin at half-past seven in the evening.

When the clock struck four in the afternoon, Natasha woke up naturally and headed straight to Grecia Hotel.

While Spencer was treating her hand, Kenneth called.

Natasha glanced at her phone and answered it, "Hello?"

"Where are you?" Kenneth asked.

"What's up?" she responded with another question.

He frowned. "Did you forget your promise to me?"

It was then Natasha finally remembered. "Sorry, I really did forget. If it's not important, can we reschedule?"

"I'm almost at the front of your house!" Kenneth said.

"I'm not at home."

"Then, where are you?" he questioned.

"Grecia Hotel."

"Wait there. I'll be there in twenty minutes!" After he said that, the call ended.

Natasha stared at her phone and frowned slightly.

As Spencer was performing acupuncture on her hand, his eyes landed on her. "Was that a man?"

"Yeah," Natasha responded without lifting her head. Her entire focus was on her phone. For the past few days, Zachary had called and texted her plenty of times. She basically swept a glance at them before disregarding them.

"The same man on the phone that day?" It was a question, but Spencer seemed awfully sure of the answer.

At this moment, she lifted her eyes to look at him. Putting her phone aside, she nodded. "Yes."

"He's courting you!" Spencer concluded immediately. Once he discovered that a man would dare to court a woman as cold as Natasha, Spencer was curious to know who the daring man could be.

Natasha could be quite dull and unladylike. She was denser than most men too. For example, if one met her at a club and invited her for a dance with an extended hand, she would simply pass a glass of alcohol to them.

If there was anything good about her, it would be her flawless beauty.

Most importantly, one must be filled with determination and acceptance in order to court her.

Spencer was curious. Who could be so bold?

When Natasha did not speak, he subtly moved forward, his face obviously thirsty for gossip. "What kind of man is he? How did he find the courage to court you?"

"He's not courting me!" she answered directly.

"He's coming here! What do you mean he's not?" Spencer countered. He shook his head when he saw the clueless look on her face. "Nat, I hate to say this, but even if a man kneeled before you, you'd think he's performing a curtesy instead of proposing to you."

Natasha fell silent.

“Stop being so clueless!” he commented, but she stayed quiet.

However, Spencer could not think of anyone worthy of Natasha, so he narrowed his eyes. “Could that man be a pretty boy?”

As he played with that idea in his mind, he believed it was more likely to be true, so he added, “Natasha, don’t get drunk in love. He either wants your body or your money. You can fool around, but don’t get serious with a pretty boy!”

The corner of her lips curled upward. Pretty boy?

Kenneth’s image popped into her mind. Although he was fair and handsome, he had a manly aura that did not fit the term “pretty boy.”

Spencer was concerned that she would get drunk in love, but that was unnecessary.

“Why are you smiling? I told you to look for a man to regulate your hormones. I’m afraid your hormonal imbalance would put an end to your romantic escapades,” Spencer advised frantically.

She looked at him. “Why don’t you meet him and see for yourself?”

“Sure! As long as you’ll let me, I’ll keep my eyes wide open and do my utmost to determine what kind of man he is,” Spencer agreed right away.

Natasha lifted her eyebrow slightly, but she did not say a word.

After the treatment, Spencer put away his tools as he gazed at her with curious eyes. “Does he know who you are?”

She shook her head.

Hence, Spencer nodded. “That’s a relief.”

She understood what he was thinking about. She turned to him. “Don’t worry. Whatever is on your mind isn’t going to happen.”

Natasha looked fairly certain, so Spencer could only hope for the best.

Twenty minutes later, Kenneth stopped his car in front of the Grecia Hotel.

He was about to dial Natasha’s number when he saw her coming out with another man.

The two of them interacted as if they had known each other for a long time.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at the sight.

The next second, he put away his phone and walked toward Natasha directly.

“Nat!” he lightly called out and came to her front.

Natasha nodded at him.

Then, she seemed to recall something. She looked at him and said, “Let me introduce you two. This is my friend, Spencer. Spencer, this is Kenneth.”

A simple introduction was made.

The moment he saw Kenneth, Spencer froze.

There was an indescribable look in his eyes.

When Kenneth looked at Spencer, the former narrowed his eyes slightly, then extended his hand. “Hello.”

Spencer stared at the extended hand for some time before he recollected himself and accepted the handshake. “Hello to you too.”

Very quickly, Kenneth retracted his hand. His eyes landed on Natasha. “Did you come out just like this?”

“What do you expect?” she countered.

Kenneth frowned and checked the time. “We can still make it. Let’s go.” With that said, he took Natasha’s hand casually and was about to walk away with her.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“You’ll know once we get there,” Kenneth answered. He glanced at Spencer. “Is your friend tagging along?”

Natasha looked at Spencer too.

“I-It’s fine! Please be on your way!” Spencer answered nervously.

“In that case, we shall take our leave now,” Kenneth said decidedly.

Right after that, he held Natasha’s hand and left with her.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 187

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 187

Chapter 187 You Are My Type

In the car, Natasha looked at Kenneth. "Where on earth are you taking me?"

"You'll know when we get there!" he replied with a solemn expression, looking rather displeased.

Natasha could see that he was trying to be mysterious, so she stopped asking and closed her eyes to catch some sleep instead.

Soon, the car stopped in front of a private club.

Getting down from the car, Kenneth glanced at Natasha. "Let's go!"

Without any questions, Natasha followed him inside.

As soon as they walked inside, a man came out. He was fat, dressed in the latest fashion, and walked with a waddling gait.

"Mr. Hamilton? I didn't expect to see you here!" Upon finishing his question, his eyes were fixed on Natasha. "What a beautiful girl, Mr. Hamilton. I see you've found yourself a gem. Is she an actress who's about to make her debut? She will definitely be a hit!"

Kenneth lowered his eyes and glanced at Natasha, curling the corners of his lips upward. "No."

"Oh, then who is she?"

Kenneth did not try to explain but just looked at him. "I'm in a hurry. Can it be done in one hour?"

"One hour? Judging by how pretty she already is, half an hour should suffice!" the man replied.

"She's yours, then!"

"No problem!" He looked at Natasha as he spoke. "Miss, please come with me."

Natasha frowned and looked at Kenneth questioningly.

"Sunny belongs to the best image styling team in the country. You can trust him," Kenneth said.

Natasha had some questions, but on second thought, decided that it was pointless to ask since she was already here.

She decided to just go along and followed Sunny.

The dressing room was brightly lit.

The moment Natasha sat down, Sunny's team came over, but he said, "It's rare to see such a beautiful woman, so there is not much that needs to be improved. However, I'll do it myself!"

After hearing this, the styling team nodded.

"By the way, take out our prettiest gown. It's the champagne-colored one with gauze on the chest."

"But Sunny, that is the most treasured item in your shop, isn't it?"

"The best gown is best suited for the prettiest woman. Today, it has met its proper owner!" Sunny looked at Natasha and his lips curved in a smile.

Seeing that his team members were still standing there, Sunny hurried them along. "Go and get it quickly."

"Yes, sir!" the team members replied and went off immediately.

At this point, Sunny began to work on cleaning Natasha's face and applying makeup for her.

Natasha had a good foundation. She had fair and delicate skin all over her body, and she did not need too much whitewashing. Although the room for improvement was small, he still tried his best to further accentuate her good points.

Natasha had never been styled like that before, so she would sometimes frown her brows and sometimes move her neck which made it difficult for Sunny to do his job.

With a sigh, he asked, "Miss, is this the first time you wear makeup?"

"I do it myself sometimes," Natasha replied.

"Has someone else helped you apply before?"

"No. You're the first one to do it for me."

"Well, then I am honored!" said Sunny.

"Indeed."

Sunny was speechless.

This girl's character is quite arrogant and frank.

"Just give me a few minutes. Sit still, and I promise you that you will be the belle of the ball!" Sunny said.

Natasha wanted to say that she did not care about that at all, but for the sake of getting it done quickly, she cooperated with him.

After ten minutes, Sunny was done dolling her up. His eyes lit up as he admired his work.

"Okay. You can open your eyes now!" he told her.

Natasha opened her eyes and looked at herself in the mirror in a daze.

The makeup was light and barely noticeable, yet she looked different. In short, she did not look like the same person at all.

Natasha had never seen herself looking like this before, so she frowned.

"What do you think? You are beautiful, aren't you?" Sunny asked.

"Is that me?" Natasha asked.

Sunny laughed. "Of course, it is, but it is a more attractive version of you."

Natasha continued looking at her reflection and still felt weird.

At this moment, the styling team came in with the gown. When Sunny saw it, he immediately held it up before Natasha and imagined her wearing it. He then smiled broadly.

"Yes, this is the one!" With that, Sunny looked at Natasha. "You can change into the gown now!"

Natasha looked at it, took it, and went into the changing room.

Her movement was so casual when she grabbed the gown that the entire image styling team almost gasped. The gown was precious to them, and yet she just took it nonchalantly without caring that she might damage it.

After a few minutes, Natasha came out of the changing room.

The very moment she came out, everyone around froze in awe.

She was already beautiful, but at that instant, her charm was even more startling.

Even though Sunny was expecting this, he could not help being stunned to see how the gown looked on her.

"Mr. Sunny, this..."

Sunny laughed as he spoke. "This gown has finally found its true owner. All our efforts are worthwhile!"

Then, Sunny walked over to Natasha. "Miss, let's go. Mr. Hamilton is waiting outside for you!"

She felt relieved that all the fuss was finally over and walked outside with Sunny.

At this moment, Kenneth was outside, making a call.

"Look, Mr. Hamilton. Are you satisfied?" Sunny said.

Kenneth turned around as Natasha came walking toward him.

The champagne-colored flowing gown made her waistline look perfect. She was very slender, her collarbone was fully visible, and a thin layer of semi-transparent gauze surrounded her upper body, making her appear seductive.

Her makeup was light, but it gave her an ethereal look, cool and noble.

When Kenneth saw her, he was stunned for a moment.

Sunny could not help but laugh. "Mr. Hamilton, this gown is the most prized treasure in our store. We are basically giving you our whole heart!"

Kenneth came back to his senses, kept his phone, and walked over to Natasha.

Her long hair was permed to look slightly wavy, casual, and natural. Gazing at her, Kenneth's lips curved in a smile.

Kenneth nodded and hummed in satisfaction before turning to look at Sunny. "Don't worry. You will be well-rewarded!"

Sunny smiled. "I'm relieved to hear this from you. My efforts won't be going to waste."

Kenneth's eyes were once again fixed on Natasha.

Seeing the few strands of straying hair beside her face, Kenneth stretched out his hand to push them behind her ear. His action was suggestive and ambiguous.

Natasha felt extremely uncomfortable and raised her eyes to look at him. "Kenneth, don't you think I look strange?"

Kenneth smiled and gazed at her intently. "No, I don't think so. I think you're pretty."

Natasha nodded after a few moments of silence. "I see. So this is your type."

Kenneth was speechless.

Sunny, on the other hand, could not help bursting into laughter.

At that moment, Kenneth took a step forward, his tall and broad shadow shrouding her whole body. He looked at her earnestly and said, "No. You are my type."

Natasha was stunned.

[7:34 PM, 8/20/2022] Adeel Czn: Chapter 188 Jealousy

In the face of such an unexpected confession, inexplicable emotions flashed across Natasha's eyes, but she did not say anything.

However, Kenneth only stared at her with a smile. "Let's go."

With that, he took her hand and put it on his arm.

When he held her hand, he noticed the bruises on her wrist and he frowned, seemingly concerned.

In the car, Kenneth gazed at Natasha and asked in a low voice, "Is that friend of yours a doctor?"

Surprised, Natasha turned around to look at him, and their eyes met. "How did you know? Do you know him?"

Kenneth pursed his lips but did not speak. His dark eyes fell on her wrist worriedly.

"What happened to your wrist?"

Natasha lowered her eyes to look at her own wrist. It was dark inside the car, and the bruises were not visible. So, Kenneth must have already seen them a moment ago. She pursed her lips. "It's nothing but some old injury."

"Each time you go to Grecia Hotel, is it to seek treatment from him?" Kenneth's eyebrows were raised as he looked at her questioningly.

He remembered that the last time he met Natasha in Grecia Hotel, she did not look well. He had hurt her unintentionally when he grasped her hand. At that time, he had thought it was Gary who injured her, so he did not think too much about it, but he once again saw the bruises on her wrist today. So, he put two and two together.

Natasha did not deny it but rather nodded. "Yeah."

Kenneth frowned. "Why didn't you tell me? I can recommend a better doctor."

She curled her lips. "He knows everything about my injuries. If he cannot help, no one can. He is the best doctor for this!" Natasha turned around to look him straight in the eye as she spoke.

Kenneth was not pleased to hear her complimenting another man, so he frowned, feeling upset.

"Why do you trust him so much?" Kenneth asked, looking at her. There were no changes in his facial expression but the jealousy in his tone was so obvious that even the driver could sense it.

Natasha was not insensitive, so she had detected it, too. However, she was uncertain as to how she should respond.

After some thought, she spoke. "Of course. He is my friend, so I do trust him."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes, looking at her. "He's your friend? Just a friend?"

"Yeah. Who else do you think he is to me?" Natasha replied with a question. Her eyes were glimmering, making her look even more attractive.

After that, she seemed to remember something and said with sarcasm, "Oh, I almost forgot. To you, there might be many types of 'friends,' but I'm not like you. To me, there is only one type of friend. A friend is just a friend."

Even though he knew she was mocking him, Kenneth was not angry at all.

Instead, her method of explanation brought a smile to his face.

He knew how Natasha handled relationships.

She saw everything in black and white.

Although he was rather upset to see her walking out of Grecia Hotel with Spencer in the beginning, he could sense that there was nothing between them when he watched closely. The way Spencer looked at Natasha was different from the way Zachary did. Although they seemed close, a man could tell what another man was thinking from his gaze.

In Spencer's eyes, there was no desire for Natasha.

Plus, when Kenneth took Natasha's hand, the look in her eyes was strange, but she didn't get angry.

Hearing Natasha make that explanation, he completely calmed down and felt at ease.

Kenneth looked at her, his usually low voice raised slightly, tinged with some pleasure.

"In the future, I will follow your example. I'll only have one type of friend, and I'll listen to whatever you say."

Natasha fell silent.

As she looked at his charming face and his deep eyes, she didn't know what to say.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at Hotel Manor.

Guests could only park their cars outside the hotel, or their drivers could take the car outside and wait there after dropping the guests inside Hotel Manor.

They chose to drive the car straight into Hotel Manor.

As soon as the car stopped, one of the staff members came to open the car doors.

Kenneth got down and went over to Natasha's side, offering his hand like a gentleman.

Natasha looked at him and hesitated. As she was dressed in a gown and high heels, which made it difficult for her to walk, she still placed her hand in his.

As soon as she got out of the car, she nearly stumbled because the ground was uneven and the high heels were too high. Fortunately, Kenneth held her hand and gently wrapped her in his arms.

She was wearing a thin dress when she pressed up against him, and as the fragrance on her body wafted over to his face, his heart throbbed.

Looking down at the woman in his arms, Kenneth's gaze became filled with rising passion.

Just at this moment, Fabian came running from inside. "Mr. Hamilton..."

However, when he saw this scene, he turned around and pretended that he didn't see anything.

At this point, Natasha noticed Fabian and she glanced at Kenneth, gently nudging him.

"I'm fine now. Thanks."

Kenneth's lips were curled as he looked at her. "Be careful. The ground is uneven."

"Okay." Natasha nodded.

Turning to Fabian, Kenneth's voice was tinged with irritation. "What is it?"

"Mr. Hamilton, everyone is almost here, but now a few of the company's shareholders insist on meeting you. If you don't show up, I'm afraid we can't proceed to the following events," Fabian said with his back facing them.

Kenneth frowned. "Okay."

He then turned to Natasha. "I need to handle this. Would you like to come with me?"

"No. I'll take a walk by myself. You go ahead," Natasha replied.

After some thought, Kenneth nodded. "All right, then. Fabian will take you inside. When I'm done, I'll go and find you."

Natasha nodded.

As Kenneth walked past Fabian, he gave the latter a cautionary gaze.

Only after Kenneth was out of sight did Fabian heave a sigh of relief and turn to

Natasha. "Ms. Watson, come along. I'll take you inside..."

However, when he saw the way Natasha was dressed up today, he froze.

Is Mr. Hamilton really trying to teach the Lynch family a lesson today? Is he not trying to show off?

Seeing Fabian rooted to the spot, Natasha went forward, frowning. "Hey, what's wrong? Have you seen a ghost?"

Fabian collected himself and looked at her, laughing. "Ms. Watson, you've got such a sense of humor! If you are a ghost, then what are those people who are inside there?"

"Why are you daydreaming, then?"

"I just think that you might be the most gorgeous woman tonight!"

Natasha smiled. "So, tell me, what's going on today?"

"Don't you know?"

Natasha shook her head.

Looks like Mr. Hamilton didn't tell her anything!

Fabian did not dare to say much, so he only said, "Today is Hamilton Corporation's anniversary banquet."

Natasha frowned.

"This is your company's anniversary banquet. Why does Kenneth insist on bringing me here?" she asked.

Fabian chuckled. You'll find out soon enough.