

## You're Out Daddy Chapter 193

### Chapter 193

Natasha already had a hunch the moment she saw Erin earlier.

She also realized why Hamilton Corporation would announce a collaboration with Lynch Corporation. There was no such thing as a collaboration, nor was it about showing Desmond respect.

Kenneth had created a trap and was waiting for them to take the bait.

He could have just ruined them immediately, but he chose to use this humiliating method.

He was even more vengeful than her.

However, Natasha was not averse to that.

She glanced at him calmly before sweeping her gaze across the two people on the floor. It was impossible to tell her thoughts from the cold look on her face.

Desmond stared at her in utter fear. Sweat dotted his forehead as he pleaded, "Ms. Watson, we were wrong. Please, I'm begging you! Give us a chance..."

Natasha ignored him. Fixing her gaze on Erin, she walked over and squatted.

When Erin saw that, she subconsciously clutched her hand and crawled backward.

"W-What do you want to do?" asked Erin as she stared at Natasha in horror.

Natasha smiled slightly. "Do you want to protect the Lynch family?"

"What... What do you mean?"

"Go back to where you came from. Don't even set foot in Glenport City from now on," warned Natasha, articulating every single word. The smile disappeared from her face all of a sudden, leaving a vicious glint in her eyes.

Erin widened her eyes. It was obvious how resistant she was to that demand. "No! No! Why should I? I don't want to!"

She was so close to marrying into the Lynch family, so there was no way she would leave.

She did not want to stay overseas alone without family and friends. It felt like she was a lonely ghost wandering around.

“No?” Natasha raised her eyebrow and grinned, although her eyes betrayed an icy look. “Very well, then! You shall be destroyed with the Lynch family!”

Panicking, Erin yelled at her, “What right do you have to do that? Do you think that everything you say will come true? Natasha, who do you think you are? You’re just a-”

Slap!

Before Erin could finish her sentence, Desmond rushed forward and slapped her cheek forcefully. “B\*tch! Shut up!”

Erin’s head spun after she was slapped by Desmond. However, the disappointment she felt was far greater than the pain on her face.

Staring at Desmond, she shook her head vigorously. “No! I won’t leave. Desmond, I’m not leaving! I don’t want to leave!”

Naturally, he did not even dare to care about her. Looking at the two people in front of him, Desmond promised in terror, “Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson, I will send her away. I definitely won’t let her enter Glenport City again!”

In response, Kenneth nodded with feigned reluctance. “Okay, then. I’ve got to admit that Nat is too soft-hearted. If it were me, the outcome would definitely be different.”

Desmond broke out into cold sweat when he heard that. “Yes! Yes! Yes! Thank you for showing us mercy, Mr. Hamilton.”

“In the future, you’d better discipline your people properly. Otherwise, you’ll get into trouble for what they say,” warned Kenneth.

“Got it! Got it!” replied Desmond eagerly.

At that moment, Kenneth glanced at Natasha, looking like his heart was aching for her. “Nat, I’m sorry for what you went through today. Don’t worry, I won’t let anyone bully you next time.”

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Isn’t he being too biased? She wasn’t even being bullied before he intervened! But well, it’s quite unfortunate to be insulted like that.

While they might still be confused about some other things, they got one thing clear after seeing Kenneth's protectiveness over Natasha. The incident served as a warning to everyone in Glenport City.

Messing around with Natasha would be equivalent to messing around with Kenneth and the Hamilton family.

When Natasha did not say anything, Kenneth raised his eyebrows. "Shall we go up and take a look at Grandpa?"

Natasha glanced at the crowd. When she spotted a man holding a bottle of champagne, she walked over and said politely, "Please pass this to me."

The man was completely clueless. However, since she asked, he gave it to her immediately.

"Thanks!"

"Y-You're welcome."

With Natasha being so close to him, that man could barely tear his eyes away from her—her beauty was almost suffocating.

Naturally, Kenneth noticed the look in the man's eyes and frowned unhappily.

On the other hand, Natasha was oblivious to it. Holding the bottle of champagne, she strode toward Erin and poured it over the latter's head without any warning.

"Argh!" Erin yelled in shock as cold enveloped her.

"You don't need to pay for my gown, but this glass of wine is what I'm giving to you in return." After saying that, Natasha averted her gaze and left.

Everyone gasped in shock.

The Hamilton family is such a vengeful bunch!

When Kenneth saw her leaving, he chased after her.

Someone immediately stepped forward to clean up the mess. "Everyone, what happened just now is just a minor episode. I hope that it didn't ruin your mood to enjoy the banquet. Mr. Hamilton said that you may have as much fun as you want at the casino on the third floor. He'll be paying the bill for everyone."

When the crowd heard that, they could not help but exclaim how generous Kenneth was.

Gradually, they dispersed to do their own activities.

No one cared about Desmond and Erin, who were still left there.

Even those who got the invitation with Desmond's help stayed far away from him, not daring to approach him.

After all, he had offended the Hamilton Corporation. Even though Kenneth did not say anything about it, no one would dare to collaborate with Desmond anymore.

If they worked with him, it would mean that they were going against Hamilton Corporation.

Undoubtedly, they would be blacklisted.

No one would want to get themselves involved in this mess.

They stayed as far away from Desmond as possible as if they did not know him at all.

As Desmond looked at those people, his pride faded away completely. All of his efforts over the past years had been ruined.

At that moment, Erin looked at him. "I'm not leaving, Desmond. I'm not leaving..."

When he heard that, he glanced at her slowly. With a cold smirk, he asked, "You're not leaving? Do you think you have a say in that?"

"There are other solutions! We still have the Lenoir family. We don't have to rely on Hamilton Corporation," insisted Erin.

Seeing how she continued to act foolishly, Desmond narrowed his eyes. "Erin, how on earth did I get to know a dumb woman like you? Don't you know that your stupidity ruined everything? It ruined the business and connections that I have managed for so many years! The Lynch family is doomed! We're all doomed!"

Erin gazed at him and cried pitifully. "Desmond, you can't blame me for this. I'm doing this for the Lynch family's own good-"

"For the Lynch family's own good? Do you know what I regret the most? I regret getting to know you!" spat Desmond viciously before shooting her a look of utmost hatred.

"Erin, don't let me see you again. Don't even dream of entering the Lynch family anymore!" With that, he got up and left.

Staring at his back, Erin yelled, "Desmond! Desmond! Don't leave me!"

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The banquet went on as usual.

Natasha was walking when Kenneth came up from behind her and took her arm, pulling her along with him.

She frowned at his back. "What are you doing?"

He shot her a sideways glance over his shoulder. "I'm taking you upstairs to change into something else."

Then, he hauled her up the stairs to a spacious dressing room full of evening gowns.

Natasha entered, her gaze surveying the room before she turned to look at Kenneth warily. "Was Erin dousing me with champagne part of your plan, too?"

He approached her with a smile, studying her features with an adoring expression. "You overestimate me."

"So this..." She looked at him.

"This is a VIP dressing room prepared for the socialites in case of emergencies. Don't worry, the outfits in here are occasionally replaced with new seasonal pieces that have never been worn. Anyone who wears it leaves with the outfit," he explained.

Natasha arched her brow slightly. "It sure is fun being wealthy."

"Why, are you poor?" Kenneth asked, his eyes burning into hers.

He recalled her giving him ten million without batting an eye, and he still didn't know where she got that amount of money. However, he knew that wasn't all she possessed. She definitely had deeper pockets.

It didn't matter, though.

He didn't care if she kept countless secrets like a riddle.

Natasha's eyes lowered when she felt Kenneth's probing gaze on her, and she spoke with a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "Compared to you, Mr. Hamilton, yes."

"If you want it, everything here is now yours," he said.

"Oh, really? What's the catch?"

“None. As long as it’s you.” His gaze was unfathomable, and he didn’t look like he was joking.

“You won’t regret it?” she asked.

“Of course not, as long as you give me a job in the future,” he said. “I could even work for free.”

His gaze darkened.

“Are you taking advantage of me?”

Kenneth advanced toward her and challenged in a low, gravelly voice. “Are you giving me a chance?”

Natasha pivoted and took a gown from the rack. “Forget about it. I don’t like ripping people off.”

His lips curved into a smirk as he faced her back. “I wouldn’t just be any other person if you’re willing.”

She stilled and met his eyes. “What goes around comes around, Kenneth Hamilton.”

He narrowed his eyes.

“It’s happening to you now.” With that, she went into the changing room.

Kenneth knew she was mocking him, but he couldn’t bring himself to be upset.

“Can I do whatever I want when my sins have caught up with me? Or do I have to continue paying them off?” he asked.

Silence was his only answer.

He sank into a chair while waiting for her to finish, a smile tugging at his lips.

Inside the changing room, Natasha stared at the gown and took a moment to emerge from the spell Kenneth weaved around her. Then, she changed out of her stained dress.

After putting on the gown, she realized the zipper hung low on the back, and she couldn’t reach it no matter how hard she strained.

Her brows knitted in frustration. Just then, a knock sounded on the door. It was Kenneth on the other side. “Do you need help with anything?”

Natasha froze and didn’t answer.

“Denise is rushing us outside,” he continued.

The door swung open to reveal Natasha standing inside and staring at him, her face flushed and body tense.

His eyes ran the length of her. “What’s wrong?”

“Bring me another dress. I can’t fit into this one.”

“Can’t fit?” He gave her a once-over. “It looks fine. You’re slender. How could you not fit into it?”

She averted her eyes uncomfortably. “I can’t reach the zipper!”

Kenneth raised a brow, and his lips quirked upward. “Why didn’t you say sooner? I’ll help you.”

“There’s no need—” Before she could finish, he had rounded Natasha and stood behind her.

“I said there’s no need.” Natasha gripped the gown tighter to herself.

His eyes were trained on her back as if he didn’t hear her.

She had a willowy figure with smooth, alabaster skin. Her neck curved into the gentle slope of her shoulder, and even the way the bones on her back were shaped was beautiful. She looked gorgeous.

Though Kenneth didn’t say a word, Natasha could feel his eyes boring holes into her back.

A charged tension hung in the air at that moment.

“Kenneth…”

“Almost done.” When he reached for the zipper, the tips of her ears grew warm.

Her reaction didn’t go unnoticed by Kenneth, and he smirked. He pulled the zipper up—slowly, gently, tenderly.

It felt like a century as he fastened a simple zipper.

After he was done, he leaned in closer and asked in a low voice, “You haven’t answered my question.”

“What?” she retorted.

“Would you grant my wishes when I finished paying back?”

Natasha pulled her shoulder back as his warm breath fanned her ear. Her brain was a scrambled mess.

Suddenly, Denise yanked the door open. “Are you done, Nat?”

Shock flashed across her face when she saw Kenneth standing behind Natasha intimately. Her eyes blinked repeatedly like stars.

Did I see something inappropriate? Did I interrupt something between Daddy and Mommy?

Her mind whirled, and the next second, she pretended to be clueless, peering around the room. “Where are they? Weren’t they changing in here? Where did they go?”

She lingered for a while more before heading to the door and quietly closing it.

Anthony and Benjamin came over. “Is Nat done?”

“She’s not in there!”

“No?”

“Yeah!”

“Why are you blushing?”

“N-No, I’m not!” Denise denied. “Maybe it’s too hot inside.”

Anthony exchanged a look with Benjamin.

“Let’s go and look for Nat!” Denise tugged on both of their arms and left.

Natasha and Kenneth heard every word of the exchange in the changing room.

Denise acted like something unseemly was going on between them when, in fact, nothing happened.

Natasha lifted her gaze and collided with Kenneth’s.

“Don’t you think Denise is rather... mature?” he commented with a smirk.

## **You’re Out Daddy Chapter 195**



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## Chapter 195

Natasha's face was flaming red, but she maintained a neutral expression and closed her eyes before saying, "She'll misunderstand if we don't go out now."

Kenneth pressed her up against a wall as soon as she moved to leave. "Let her, then. You're her mommy, and I'm her daddy. That is an indisputable fact."

Natasha stared into his dark, burning eyes.

He looked at her and leaned closer, breathing in the faint scent of champagne still clinging to her. Her cheeks were flushed from drinking, especially her ruby red lips, which whittled him down to his basal desire.

He cupped his hand over her silky cheek. "The blush on your face is intoxicating, Nat."

Then, he bent to slant his mouth over hers.

Before their lips connected, Natasha suddenly said, "Have I been too tolerant of you lately, Kenneth?"

He jolted and leveled a sharp gaze on her.

"I can't promise anything if you take advantage of me one more time," Natasha said.

She kept her wits about her even in such a heated moment, and Kenneth didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

But that's who Natasha is, no?

"Didn't you know that being with a gorgeous girl is a happy death thus deserved?" Kenneth laughed.

"Do you want to meet your maker? I'm willing to grant your wish." Her hand shot out toward his head.

He captured her hand in his bigger one, deftly avoiding her wound. "Are you thinking of murdering your husband?"

"Ex-husband," she corrected.

His brow arched. She will seize every opportunity to remind me of that.

He suddenly said, "Nat, I'm sorry. Really, I am."

Natasha looked into his eyes, and there was nothing but earnestness in their depths. "I never thought my heart would be enthralled by a woman, let alone by you, but life is ironic sometimes. I can't let you go, Nat. I'm not expecting your forgiveness now, but will you give me another chance? Please do not sentence me to death for one mistake. Allow me another opportunity to make my case," he pleaded.

Natasha never imagined the proud Kenneth Hamilton would utter those words to her.

Admittedly, his looks and body were undeniably her type, so she had dived into a marriage with him without hesitation back then.

However, the hurt and pain were real, too.

Though she didn't exhibit her anguish and throw a fit, it didn't mean she was unfeeling.

She told herself that actions had consequences and that she should be able to endure them. Little did she know, it had cost her everything.

"Kenneth..." Natasha started. "I know that you have done many things for me lately, and I appreciate them all. My hatred for you has lessened, but I'm afraid I still cannot take you back," she said.

He looked at her with a hooded gaze. "That's okay. It's my responsibility to earn your forgiveness. I'm content as long as you don't hate me."

Her answer had sparked hope in him.

"Hate?" Her eyes were dancing. "Do you think we would be in this circumstance where you're copping a feel of me if I hated you?"

He stilled as if he couldn't believe his ears, his eyes never leaving her. "Nat, do you mean—"

"Nothing. It's the effect your face has on the dopamine levels in my body. There's nothing else," she backpedaled.

After all, she was an ordinary woman whose body would naturally react to a man. She wasn't ashamed about it. However, Kenneth would misconstrue her reasoning no matter what.

She doesn't hate me. In fact, she feels something for me. Yes, that's it!

Kenneth's eyes lit up as he stared at Natasha.

She frowned. "Are you going to let me go now?" Only then did he reluctantly release her.

Her frown deepened at his pleased expression. "Don't think too much of it. I'm not disdainful of you, nor do I hate you, but that could be because I haven't had interaction with anyone of the opposite sex in a long time. Perhaps I would have had the same response if you were another man." She walked out of the dressing room without waiting for his reaction.

A cryptic smile played on his lips as he looked at her departing back.

He hurried to catch up with her. "Nat, there's no way there would be another man with you as long as I'm still alive."

Natasha didn't deign him a response.

Kenneth regarded her with raised brows and made a wisecrack without slowing his steps. "If you have an excess of dopamine or need help in other areas, I wouldn't mind offering my assistance."

"Well, I do mind!" she snapped.

Anthony, Benjamin, and Denise wandered around but couldn't find Natasha.

Anthony and Benjamin, in reality, knew what was going on. Seeing Denise trying her best to put up a show, Benjamin couldn't help but say, "Stop leading us in circles, Denise. Tell us what you saw—"

Before he could finish, Natasha and Kenneth emerged from the dressing room together and ran into the kids.

Anthony and Benjamin traded a loaded glance, despite knowing what happened between them in the dressing room. Why didn't both of them leave separately if they don't want others to find out?

Benjamin couldn't help teasing, "Ah, so you were inside, Nat. Denise said she didn't see you, and we had to circle the venue."

Natasha was silent. Nothing happened in the dressing room, but Denise made it seem as if she had seen something obscene.

"You have poor eyesight, Denise. I should get you a pair of glasses," Benjamin continued, his eyes cutting back to her.

She turned and made a face at him. "You don't know anything."

Anthony refrained from adding his opinion upon seeing Natasha's crimson face. It seems like Mommy gave in.

"Why are you flushed, Nat?" Benjamin didn't relent.

"No, I'm not," she denied.

"No? It's obvious, though. What were you doing in there? Why were you inside for so long?"

"What else could I possibly be doing? I was changing!"

"Changing? Together? With him?" Benjamin's gaze darted back and forth between Natasha and Kenneth before he laughed sardonically. "So Denise didn't see anything when she went in?"

His expression and tone implied that he knew they were doing anything but proper.

Natasha sucked in a deep breath and was about to open her mouth when Kenneth walked forward to gently nudge Benjamin's head. "You little hellion. You knew what had happened but continued asking. Your mommy is easily embarrassed, so quit teasing her."

The words dried up in Natasha's throat. Why is everyone making it worse?

## **You're Out Daddy Chapter 196**

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When he saw Kenneth coming downstairs with Natasha and the three children, Fabian had reason to believe that the banquet wasn't just organized to stand up for Natasha but was also a well-laid plan to kill two birds with one stone.

On one hand, he could support Natasha by punishing the Lynch family. On the other hand, he could claim her for himself by declaring the three kid's identities. After all, as the mother of his children and the fact that he spoils her to that extent, no one will dare make a move on her even if they know she's divorced. Just like that, he has snuffed out the hopes of all her suitors.

With that thought in mind, Fabian shook his head.

It's such an elaborate scheme!

He couldn't help but be impressed by it.

After that, he reminded himself not to get on his boss' nerves. Otherwise, he wouldn't know what struck him even in death.

Holding that thought, Fabian maintained a faint smile that was filled with admiration.

During the second half of the banquet, Natasha barely showed herself, as she was resting upstairs. Instead, Liam was entertaining the guests with the three children by his side.

With regards to the children being reunited with the Hamilton family, Natasha's stance was clear even though she hardly commented on it.

She wasn't bothered by the fact nor did she have any objections.

Even though she was the one who gave birth to them, she recognized that they had independent lives to lead. Therefore, she didn't want to interfere too much in their lives and just wanted them to be happy.

Furthermore, there was only upside and no downside to the children being placed in joint custody. This was a fact that Natasha was keenly aware of.

Meanwhile, Terence was also upstairs, as he, too, had been invited.

He had missed Natasha's and Erin's altercation earlier. By the time he arrived, the matter was more or less resolved. Or else, he would have dashed forward to slap the latter for the shameless way she behaved.

However, after witnessing how Liam and Kenneth had protected Natasha and the children, Terence had nothing more to say.

Despite his reluctance to admit it, he couldn't deny that the Hamiltons did an excellent job.

Nonetheless, Terence was upset by the thought of the children staying by Liam's side downstairs.

"Damn that Liam. Despite the children clearly belonging to the Watson family, he is showing them off for the glory of the Hamilton family!" Terence complained in a slightly jealous tone.

Natasha didn't comment, as she was looking at her phone.

Terence furrowed his brows and looked at her. "Nat, don't you have anything to say about this?"

Putting her phone away, Natasha gave Terence a calm look. "Grandpa, the children are ours and also theirs."

"Wh-Why do you say that?"

"Isn't this conclusion better than what we had initially expected? At the very least, the Hamilton family has no intention of fighting over the children with us while the three of them are overjoyed at the arrangement. For me, that's more than enough," Natasha calmly explained.

"B-But I feel as if the children don't belong to the Watson family."

Natasha chuckled. "Grandpa, only the children know where their hearts actually belong. Their family name and who they stay with are just temporary phases in their lives. Sooner or later, they will grow up and leave us. Our responsibility is just to raise and educate them. Don't tell me that we're supposed to tie them down by our side for the rest of their lives?"

"You do have a point, but..." Terence didn't know how to express himself.

"At the very least, they're happy. That by itself is enough. We'll have to give them the freedom to make their own choices in life," Natasha added.

Given what Natasha had said, Terence could only purse his lips in silence.

Sensing Terence's disappointment, Natasha comforted him, "Grandpa, don't worry. No matter where they go or what happens to them, you will always be their Gramps. That is something no one can ever take away from you."

Terence pondered upon her words. "That's true."

Natasha threw him a faint smile. "You're also my dearest and most beloved Grandpa."

Terence beamed from his heart before taking a deep breath. "You're right. Joint custody is certainly better than us holding sole custody. At the very least, no one will dare bully the children with the Hamilton family protecting them."

Natasha's lips widened into a smile without further comment.

At that moment, the door was pushed open, heralding the arrival of the children with Liam behind them.

"Nat!" Denise greeted.

When she saw Terence inside, her eyes lit up as she threw herself into his arms.  
“Gramps!”

Terence quickly broke into a vibrant smile. Natasha is right. As long as our familial bonds are maintained, it doesn't matter which family they belong to.

With that thought in mind, Terence managed to let go.

“How is it? Are you having fun?”

Nodding with conviction, Denise replied, “I'll be even happier if you were there with me.”

Terence grinned. “All right then. The next time you want me to be somewhere, I'll definitely be there. How about that?”

Denise's eyes glistened. As a girl, she was naturally more sensitive and was worried that Terence would be angry. However, after hearing his words, she snuck a glance at Natasha before returning her gaze to Terence. “Really?”

“Of course!”

“Gramps, you're the best and the one I love the most!” Denise purred as she threw herself into Terence's embrace again, causing the latter's face to glow with warmth.

“In that case, what about me?” Liam asked as he hurried forward with a jealous expression.

The moment he spoke, Terence shot him a glare. “You're second!”

Just when Liam was about to retort, it suddenly occurred to him that his grandson would one day marry Natasha. Thus, he had no choice but to bear with it. “Fine, I'll make do with being in second place.”

His answer caused everyone in the room, including Terence, to burst into laughter.

When Kenneth suddenly walked into the room and witnessed the scene, he was briefly stunned before a sense of warmth filled his heart.

After all, that was all he wanted in life.

“Grandpa.” Kenneth strode into the room.

Liam turned around. “Has it ended?”

Kenneth nodded in response.

At that moment, Terence looked at his watch. "All right now, it's getting late. It's about time we go home."

Liam still hadn't had enough, as it was rare to enjoy such a jovial atmosphere. Hence, he suggested at once, "Since it's already so late, why don't you come over to our place? You can then head home tomorrow."

After knowing Liam for so many years, Terence quickly saw through the former.

Before he could say a word, Denise suggested, "Gramps, come along with us. Great-grandpa has renovated a new room for us, and I would love to show it to you."

"Oh?"

"Didn't you just say that you will go wherever I wish you to be?"

Um... She's turning my words against me.

"You can't go back on your word to a child!" Liam piled on the pressure.

Furrowing his brows, Terence looked in Natasha's direction.

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