

You're Out Daddy Chapter 197

At that moment, Natasha remarked, "You guys should go on ahead. I'm heading home first."

Liam, who was laughing heartily a moment ago, turned toward her upon hearing her words. "Nat, why don't you come with us? There're plenty of rooms at home."

"Even then, that's still the Hamilton residence, Old Mr. Hamilton. I'll just be going back to my home," Natasha insisted.

Her words poured cold water on their plan.

Old Mr. Hamilton invited the children over because they are members of the Hamilton family. As for Grandpa, both of them are old friends. However, there doesn't seem to be a reason for me to be there. After all, my divorce from Kenneth is laid bare for everyone to see.

Natasha was still cognizant of where to draw the line.

At that moment, Liam hinted to Kenneth by throwing him a glance. Unexpectedly, Kenneth suggested, "Grandpa, why don't you and Old Mr. Watson bring the kids home first. In the meantime, I'll send Nat home."

Liam's brows furrowed at once. That's not what I meant!

He then turned toward the children and gave them a knowing look, hoping that they would help persuade Natasha. However, no one knew Natasha's temperament better than them. Anything she said was done so after careful consideration. There was nothing anyone can say to change her mind.

Sitting still, none of the children dared to utter a word.

After all, letting them go to the Hamilton residence was already a significant concession on Natasha's part.

When he saw that the children remained quiet, Liam was at his wits' end.

It looks like no one dares to challenge Nat's authority!

Meanwhile, Terence swept his gaze at Kenneth, for he recognized what the latter's intention was.

Even though Kenneth did well earlier, it doesn't mean that I have forgiven him.

Terence suggested, "Why don't I go home with you?"

"Gramps!" Pouting, Denise gave his hand a tug. She made a face as if to stop him from leaving.

Wrinkling his brows, Terence fell into a dilemma.

At the same time, Kenneth threw a faint smile at Denise. Mmm-hmm, that's my girl. Her timing is impeccable.

He then shifted his gaze to Benjamin and Anthony.

Forget it, I should be glad that they didn't get in my way.

Subsequently, Kenneth remarked, "Old Mr. Watson, don't worry. I'll definitely send Natasha home safely."

Before Terence could respond, Liam swiftly added, "That's right. Let him do it. Anyway, we should head back now, just as you have promised the children. On top of that, I'm still waiting to beat you a few rounds in chess!"

Liam's thoughts couldn't be more transparent to Terence.

Rolling his eyes, Terence ranted in exasperation, "Damn it, don't think I don't know what's going through that mind of yours."

"I... I don't have any ulterior motives at all," Liam mumbled. There's no way I can admit to it.

Terence gave Kenneth a disapproving look before fixing his gaze on Natasha.

"Grandpa, don't worry. I'm not a child. I know what I'm doing," Natasha reassured him.

"Did you hear what Nat said? You should quit worrying for once," Liam persuaded him.

After pondering a moment, Terence let out a sigh. "Fine, just be careful." He then threw Kenneth another look. The implicit warning in his eyes couldn't be any more obvious.

"All right now, let's go," Liam hurried them up, worried that he would end up with none of them coming home with him.

Just before they left, Anthony walked up to Natasha. "Nat..."

The latter smiled slightly at him. "Be good and take care of Gramps and Great-grandpa, do you understand?"

Anthony nodded obediently.

“Go on now.”

“As for you...” After looking at Natasha, Anthony threw Kenneth a worried gaze, rendering him speechless.

What’s with that look? Aren’t sons supposed to be on my side? There’s something obviously wrong with this one.

“I’ll be fine.” Natasha smiled at him.

Anthony nodded in acknowledgment. Despite his concerns, he finally left with Liam.

While driving, Kenneth was grumbling under his breath despite the expressionless face he was wearing.

It seems that I must have a proper chat with Anthony and Benjamin. If I don’t get both of them on my side, the path ahead will not be easy. As I can’t beat or scold them, I have no choice but to get in their good books.

Holding that thought, Kenneth looked to the side and glanced at Natasha.

With an indiscernible glint in his eye, Kenneth cleared his throat and pretended to ask casually, “By the way, what do Anthony and Benjamin like?”

Slightly startled, Natasha narrowed her gaze as she looked up at him. Her eyes seemed to be able to pierce through whatever thoughts he had. With a slight curl of her lips, she asked, “Why? Are you planning to ingratiate yourself with them?”

With one hand on the steering wheel, Kenneth supported his chin with the other hand pressed against the window. Upon hearing her question, he denied, “Of course not. It was just a casual question.”

“In that case, why didn’t you ask about Denise?” Natasha threw the question back at him.

“I already know what she likes.”

“Is that so?”

Kenneth nodded with a serious expression.

“What does she like then?”

“Me!”

Natasha was dumbstruck.

Turning to the side, Kenneth threw an earnest glance at her. "She loves me the most."

Natasha retorted, "You realize narcissism is a disease, right?"

"You don't think so?" Kenneth questioned.

She smiled slightly at him. "Even if it's true, it's she likes handsome men. Furthermore, you're her daddy and also rich and powerful, ticking all the boxes."

Natasha hit the nail on the head.

Cocking a brow, Kenneth didn't mind it at all. "So what if that's the case? Who doesn't like exceptional men? It only goes to show that my daughter has high standards."

Natasha was speechless.

Like father like daughter. Only their words count. Even if there's an agenda behind it, he feels that it's a good thing still.

At a loss for words, Natasha chose to remain silent.

As Kenneth continued to drive, an idea popped into his head suddenly. He inquired out of curiosity, "Back then, why did you agree with the two grandpas to marry me?"

It's definitely not for the money. During the year we were married, Natasha never asked for any from the Hamilton family. Even the money Grandpa gave her during the wedding was left untouched. Furthermore, she didn't bat an eyelid at all the expensive bags and jewelry that were presented to her. Is it for power then? But that doesn't seem like it. She has never used her status to obtain any benefits for herself. In fact, our wedding was kept a secret the entire time. For vanity?

As Kenneth's obsidian eyes darkened, an indiscernible smile emerged on his face.

Not expecting the question to be lobbed at her, Natasha's eyes momentarily twitched.

The more she refused to answer, the more curious Kenneth became. "Hmm? What did you do it for?"

Raising her gaze, Natasha stared at him intently. "Do you really want to know?"

Kenneth nodded.

"It was because..."

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Chapter 198

Chapter 198 If You Were The One Who Wanted It“Because of what?” Kenneth narrowed his gaze.

“I was blind.”

Kenneth was stumped.

I shouldn't have expected anything nice to come out of that mouth of hers.

Nonetheless, he didn't feel slighted, for he knew her temperament well.

With a calm expression, he continued driving slowly.

“Actually, Denise takes after you,” Kenneth commented abruptly.

“What?”

“Looks are important to her,” he asserted while throwing her a glance from the corner of his eye.

Natasha sneered, “There's no need to praise yourself in such a roundabout way.”

Curling his lips into a smile, Kenneth exuded an irresistible manly charm.

Subsequently, silence descended upon the car.

“Nat,” Kenneth called out all of sudden.

“Hmm?”

“Thank you for letting them stay, and thank you for coming back,” he confessed.

Briefly stunned, Natasha looked at Kenneth, who coincidentally did the same. As their gazes locked, his eyes seemed to glisten in the darkness.

When her heart suddenly skipped a beat, Natasha averted her gaze and looked out the window. “Everything I did was for my own selfish reasons.”

“Whatever it is, you have given me the opportunity to make amends and learn how to care,” Kenneth explained. “Therefore, thank you.”

When he became all emotional, it made her feel unsettled.

Looking out the window, Natasha didn't say another word.

When he noticed the redness in her ear, as if she was blushing, Kenneth's lips curled into a knowing smile. Soon, their car arrived at Natasha's place.

The moment it came to a stop, Natasha unbuckled herself right away. “Thank you for sending me home. I'm going up now. You be careful on your way back.”

When she was about to leave, Kenneth reached out to grab her hand.

“Aren't you inviting me up for a chat?” Kenneth asked, looking at her.

Natasha turned around and scrutinized him. “What's there to chat about?”

“I'm fine with just having a drink.”

“Go straight ahead and turn left. You'll find a supermarket on your side. They sell plenty of drinks there. Bye!”

Even though Natasha wanted to leave, Kenneth refused to release his grip. “But I want to drink something from your place.”

Natasha was dumbfounded.

“Why? Is there a problem?” Kenneth inquired.

Just when Natasha was about to reply, he asked with a smirk, “Don't tell me you're afraid that I might do something to you?”

“It wouldn't be strange even if I had such thoughts, would it?” Natasha retorted.

Grinning mischievously, he continued candidly, “It wouldn't because that's precisely what's on my mind.”

Natasha stared at him in silence.

“It's normal for a man to have such thoughts in front of the woman they love, but don't you worry. Until the day you fully accept me, I'll respect your boundaries,” he elaborated.

“Is that so?” Natasha threw the question back at him.

Nodding in acknowledgment, Kenneth checked her out before suggesting with a cheeky voice. "However, it's a different matter if you so as desire it."

"Bye!"

Just as she spoke, Natasha retracted her hand and alighted from the car before closing the door with a loud slam.

Staring at her silhouette, Kenneth deepened his smile.

At that moment, his phone rang.

When he took it out and saw that it was Fabian, he answered it with a frown.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Hamilton, Zachary insists on speaking to you."

Kenneth narrowed his gaze at the news. "No."

"However, he said that if you refuse to see him, he will have no choice but to look for Ms. Watson."

With his expression turning grim, Kenneth pondered for a moment before replying, "Let him wait."

After ending the call, he looked up at the building.

He observed it for a long time and finally broke into a smile when one of its dark apartments had its lights turned on.

Taking out his phone, he sent Natasha a message before driving away.

Meanwhile, Natasha received Kenneth's message the moment she stepped into her home.

It read: Rest early.

Despite the brief message, the meaning it conveyed significantly outweighed the two words.

Briefly stunned, Natasha's mind recalled the events of the evening. Everything that happened felt like a dream to her.

Even though it clearly didn't make sense, it still happened in a way that felt natural.

Natasha didn't reply. Instead, she put away her phone, took off her heels, and headed to the bathroom.

At that moment, she needed a shower to help her regain her senses.

Meanwhile, Kenneth drove straight to the hotel.

By the time he arrived, only Fabian and Zachary were left outside.

Upon alighting from the car, Kenneth was quickly met by Fabian. "Mr. Hamilton, you're finally here," Fabian greeted before glancing at Zachary and lowering his voice. "He is probably here about what happened to Desmond and Erin."

After giving him a look, Kenneth didn't say a word until Zachary approached.

"Kenneth, you b*stard!" Without any warning, Zachary threw a punch in his direction.

Fabian cried out, "Mr. Hamilton, watch out!"

When Zachary's punch landed on Kenneth's face, a trail of blood spewed out of the latter's mouth.

Fabian was shocked. "Mr. Hamilton, why didn't you dodge?"

He could obviously have avoided it!

Merely smiling in response, Kenneth wiped the blood away from his mouth. Subsequently, he threw Zachary a glare and taunted, "Is that all you can do?"

As if he had gone berserk, Zachary lunged at Kenneth again. Fabian was baffled as to what Kenneth's intentions were, for Zachary was clearly no match for the latter.

"Mr. Hamilton..." He closed his eyes in fright.

However, when Zachary's fist was half a foot away from Kenneth's face, the latter suddenly caught it.

"I let you have the first punch on Natasha's account. Zachary, do you actually think that you stand a chance against me?" Kenneth questioned him coldly.

Zachary glared at Kenneth, his eyes burning with hatred. "Kenneth, you shouldn't have humiliated my parents!"

"In that case, you should've kept them on a tight leash instead of allowing them to cause trouble everywhere." The moment he finished, Kenneth threw a punch at Zachary.

Upon impact, the latter felt as if his senses had been knocked back into him. He turned his head to face the man who threw the punch. "You never had the intention to work with Lynch Corporation. Isn't that right?"

"That's correct," Kenneth admitted. "Or else, did you actually think an insignificant company like Lynch Corporation can be associated with Hamilton Corporation?"

Zachary sneered, "In that case, have you been planning all these just for tonight?"

With a darkening gaze, Kenneth didn't deny it at all.

Zachary clenched his fists as the rage in his eyes burned with greater intensity. "You should have known when to stop, Kenneth. Now, you have gone overboard!"

"Gone overboard?" Kenneth let out an insidious laugh. "Zachary, I had assumed that you were someone sensible, but it's clear that I have overestimated you. Would all this have happened if your parents didn't cause any trouble in the first place? Even if I wanted to make life difficult for them, do you think I would have the opportunity to do so?"

"Kenneth, stop whitewashing your actions. It's obvious that you had set a trap and were just waiting for them to fall into it!"

"Yes, I did do that. However, if they hadn't walked into it, I won't have a hold on them. Besides, do you think that your parents are the only ones who deserve respect? Firstly, they bullied my children before causing massive humiliation to Nat at the banquet. In fact, you should count your blessings that I didn't have them thrown out. Zachary, if you can't keep your parents under control, don't blame others for putting them in their place!" Kenneth asserted in an icy tone.

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Chapter 199

Chapter 199 This Is Just The Beginning

Staring at Kenneth, Zachary was stumped.

With his eyes spitting fire, Kenneth took a few steps closer to him and warned softly, "In fact, you could've prevented today's incident by stopping your mother when she kicked up a fuss at Prosper Technologies the first time. Zachary, at the end of the day, your incompetence caused all of this!"

“You...” Just when Zachary wanted to rebut, he realized that he was unable to find a reason to.

In response, Kenneth curled his lips. “Previously, I saw you as my rival. But from how things turned out, it’s obvious I have overestimated you.”

With his smirk fading away, Kenneth maintained his stare on Zachary. “You’re not worthy of her.” With that, he broke into a knowing smile and turned to leave.

Watching Kenneth get into his car, Zachary declared all of a sudden, “Kenneth, this isn’t over. In fact, the war has just begun. I, Zachary Lynch, swear that I will destroy the Hamilton family as revenge for what happened today!”

Upon hearing Zachary’s vow, Kenneth turned around with a triumphant expression and snapped, “Anytime.”

With that, he got into his car and left.

Fabian, too, did the same.

In the deep of the night, Zachary stood facing the wind with his reddened eyes. A never-before-seen anger had descended upon his face. Anyone who saw it could feel the suffocating aura he was exuding.

After standing there for a long while, he finally got up to leave. It was during the moment he got into his car that a cold glint flashed in his eye.

After bringing everyone back to the Hamilton residence, Liam was looking at the two rooms that had their renovations completed and the one that was still being worked on. He explained gleefully, “As we didn’t know there were three initially, we only prepared two rooms. The third one is being rushed to completion.”

“Isn’t that Mr. Handsome’s room?” Denise pointed at the room being renovated.

“Um, since he doesn’t come home often, it doesn’t matter which room he stays in. Besides, your rooms have to be together, as I can’t show any favoritism,” Liam elaborated with a chuckle.

Despite the simple comment, the children could feel the intense affection behind his words. Even Terence couldn’t help but notice the overwhelming love Liam had for them.

“Unfortunately, it’s still not ready for use tonight.”

“It’s fine. Benjamin and I can stay in the same room,” Anthony offered.

“Actually, there’s still another room, which was supposed to be your daddy and mommy’s matrimonial room. However, they never used it.” While Liam was speaking, he even snuck a self-conscious glance at Terence.

“Enough. I’m not that petty. Besides, it was Kenneth that wronged Natasha, not you,” Terence remarked.

Sharp as usual, Liam responded, “You know, I have always admired your ability to see things in an objective manner.”

“Fine, fine. Enough with your flattery. You should go ahead and make the arrangements, while I’m going to make a call.”

After Terence went off to do so, Liam shook his head, as he was well aware of who the former was calling.

Kenneth, you’re on your own now.

At that moment, Anthony suggested, “Great-grandpa, I’ll stay in the matrimonial room then.”

“Oh, don’t you want to share a room with Benjamin?” Liam asked.

“I won’t be able to sleep as he has a habit of kicking his blanket away.” If he had a choice, Anthony obviously wanted to have his own room. More importantly, he might have a visitor that night.

Benjamin protested in response, “Hey, hey, I only kick my blanket, not you!”

“I’m worried that you’re itching to.”

Benjamin’s lips curled. “How did you know?”

“You can drop the idea of wanting to be the eldest. It’s not going to happen in this lifetime. As for the next, you had better come out earlier.”

Benjamin stared at him. “I was just later than you by a second!”

“A second is all that’s needed for victory or defeat to be decided.”

Knowing that he couldn’t beat his brother in an argument, Benjamin headed upstairs with a pout. “I’m going up to see my room.”

Liam was amused by how they were arguing. “Benjamin, do you desire to be the eldest? Seizing power isn’t something achievable in a day or two. It’s a long struggle that you must have the tenacity for.”

Breaking into a smile, Liam suddenly felt his heart warm at how lively the home had become.

Meanwhile, Denise commented with a sigh, "I don't understand why guys must fight over something so meaningless. It's so much better to be a girl." With that, she, too, headed upstairs in an adorable manner. "I'm going to see my room too."

Watching the children go about, Liam was filled with bliss. Wouldn't it be wonderful if it's this lively at home every day?

At that moment, Anthony looked at Liam. "Great-grandpa, I'll be going upstairs too. You can go ahead and chat with Gramps."

"All right. Go up and rest then," Liam replied.

Only then did Anthony head up.

When Terence came back after making his call, Liam was already waiting in the living room with his chess pieces in place and a pot of coffee ready.

"Shall we?"

Terence took his seat at once. "Come on. I'm not afraid of you."

With that, both of them dived into their game.

In the midst of playing, Liam casually remarked, "I suppose you must have spoken to Nat just now."

"Mmm-hmm," Terence grunted with his eyes focused on the chessboard.

"Nat is already an adult and knows how to take care of herself. There's no need to worry so much about her," Liam advised.

Terence raised his gaze upon hearing the words. "Of course, you don't want me to worry. That's how your grandson will get his opportunity."

Liam was stunned. "I know you still resent him now, but just think about it. Wouldn't he be a good choice for the sake of the children? Besides, he has turned over a new leaf. You should continue to observe him and perhaps give him a—"

"Check!" Terence captured one of Liam's pieces.

Taken aback, Liam looked down at the chessboard and exclaimed, "Terence, that's really sly of you!"

“Don’t blame me. You’re the one with the agenda.”

“What do you mean I have an agenda? I was just giving you sincere advice.”

“Drop the sincerity act. You’re just thinking on behalf of your grandson.”

“I-I just want both of them to be happy, including the kids.”

“Stop it. Don’t think I don’t know what you’re really up to.”

“You...”

As tension began to build in the air, Kenneth walked in on the scene.

In truth, he had grown used to their bantering and appreciated how they livened up the usually quiet atmosphere.

“Mr. Kenneth, you’re back,” Dan greeted at the sight of him.

After nodding in acknowledgment, Kenneth looked inside the house.

“It’s been a while since both of them played and argued at the same time,” Dan commented with a smile.

Curling his lips, Kenneth walked up to them. “Grandpa, Old Mr. Watson.”

Both of them stopped their verbal sparring when they saw Kenneth. Terence, in particular, felt his mind put at ease.

Liam swept his gaze at Kenneth. “Have you sent Nat home?”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“Anyway, you’ll sleep in the guest room tonight because Anthony is sleeping in your room,” Liam informed.

Kenneth was well aware that his position in the house was being rapidly eroded.

“I’m just going up to check on them as I still have something to deal with tonight.”

“Go ahead then.”

Kenneth gave Terence a cordial nod before heading upstairs.

At that moment, Liam threw Terence a glance. “Do you feel at ease now? Come, let’s go another round!”

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Chapter 200

Chapter 200 Women Are Difficult

Upon arriving upstairs, Kenneth went straight to Anthony's room.

The door opened the instant he knocked. Anthony was already standing there as if he waiting for him.

"Are you still awake?" Kenneth asked.

Anthony nodded.

"Can we have a chat inside?" Kenneth suggested, to which Anthony widened the door and invited him in.

Previously, the room was prepared by Liam to serve as Kenneth and Natasha's matrimonial room. However, Kenneth never stayed in it. It wasn't until two days ago when Liam wanted to renovate Kenneth's room for Anthony did he move Kenneth's things over.

In response to his father's silence, Anthony inquired, "Does this room fill you with melancholy?"

Kenneth lowered his gaze, cognizant of what Anthony was implying. As he looked in the latter's direction, Anthony was unfazed as he stared back at Kenneth.

"More than that, it also fills me with immense regret," Kenneth admitted candidly.

With a slight cock of his brow, Anthony sat on his bed.

In the meantime, Kenneth approached him but quickly realized all the words he had mentally prepared on the way back were useless.

"I know you still blame me, but I would still like to declare that I want to pursue your mommy again. This is not an impulsive decision made on a whim, but one for the rest of my life. I want to make it up to her by loving and protecting her for eternity."

In contrast to his ambivalence the last time, Kenneth's tone this time was resolute.

"So?" Anthony raised his brow.

“You have to help me. Or at the very least, don’t get in my way,” Kenneth revealed honestly.

He noticed that it was more effective and efficient to go straight to the point when speaking to Anthony.

“Why should I trust you?”

“Because, as your daddy, I won’t lie to you.” Kenneth continued, “I vow upon my integrity that what you’re worried about won’t happen.”

Anthony stared at him with glistening eyes.

Even though Kenneth outdid himself recently, Anthony felt that he couldn’t easily forgive the former, for fear that Kenneth would take it for granted.

After pondering a moment, Anthony replied, “Fine, I agree not to get in your way. However, if you hurt Nat, I will make sure you’ll never see her again regardless of who you are.”

Despite the bombastic claim coming out of a child, Kenneth didn’t doubt his words one bit.

Looking at Anthony, he was reminded of his younger self.

Kenneth curled his lips. “Don’t worry. You won’t have the chance to do that.”

“I sure hope so,” Anthony answered.

“In that case, won’t you consider helping me?” Kenneth gave him a look.

“Isn’t it more sincere for you to clear up your own mess?” Anthony threw the question back at him.

From his words and the look in his eyes, one couldn’t tell that he was a child. Sometimes, Kenneth even felt as if he was facing a rival that was his equal.

Kenneth nodded. “You’re right. I should.”

“I look forward to it.”

“Without a doubt.” Kenneth beamed.

“It’s getting late, so I’m going to bed now. Good night.” The young boy implied for him to leave.

Just when Kenneth was about to go, something occurred to him, causing him to turn around. "There's one more thing."

"What is it?"

"Your mommy... What was she working as overseas?" Kenneth inquired.

Anthony narrowed his gaze and resembled Kenneth while doing so. "Why are you asking about that?"

"She seems... rich?"

A glint flashed in Anthony's eye which he quickly hid. Looking at Kenneth, he threw the question back with a smile. "Is it because a woman who has no interest in your money will be difficult?"

"I have never thought of using money to buy her love. I was just curious about it."

"That's a wise decision."

"You're avoiding my question." Kenneth continued to stare at him.

Anthony quipped, "There's no need to be so direct."

His response ended up intensifying Kenneth's curiosity as to what Natasha's real job was.

In the end, he nodded in acknowledgment. "Okay, I understand. I'll personally find out what mystery she has hidden beneath the surface."

"Good luck."

"Goodnight."

"By the way, Benjamin and I share a unified stance. There's no need for you to speak with him," Anthony informed.

Kenneth turned around and gave him a look. He's a lot cleverer than I imagine him to be. No, that's not it. The correct description should be wiser.

It had never crossed his mind that his children would one day make him feel that way.

"I got it." Just as he spoke, Kenneth retracted his gaze and left the room.

Once he was gone, a mysterious smile emerged on Anthony's face.

It seems that he has become suspicious. Soon, Mommy's identity will be known to him. Kenneth, when that happens, I hope that you can still stay as calm as you are now.

Just as Kenneth left, Benjamin pushed the door open and entered.

"Has he gone?"

"Mmm-hmm!" Anthony nodded.

Benjamin heaved a sigh. "What did he say?"

Anthony threw him a glance. "Wouldn't you know for yourself if he went to see you?"

"No, I dislike emotional situations. Moreover, interacting alone with him just feels weird. Most importantly, if he were to ask me anything sensitive, I'm worried I won't be able to hold back my emotions," Benjamin explained.

"The lesser one says, the lesser mistakes one will make."

"Has he begun to suspect you?"

When Anthony shook his head, Benjamin acknowledged with a nod.

"That's good."

"However, he has begun to grow suspicious of Nat."

Benjamin was stunned. "And?"

"And he will investigate it himself."

Benjamin pursed his lips. "It will be hard for him to find any evidence unless Nat tells him herself."

Anthony broke into a smile. Who says that won't happen?

"Forget it, I'll leave such matters to you, for I prefer to sail through my life instead." Just as he spoke, Benjamin lay down languidly on Anthony's bed.

Furrowing his brows, Anthony looked at him with disdain. "Get up."

Benjamin frowned, as he knew Anthony's temperament well and the latter's disdain for someone else lying in his bed. "You're so petty."

Once he gradually climbed out of bed, he saw Anthony making it again. "If it's such a big deal, you had better not get a girlfriend so that you can always sleep alone!"

Anthony didn't even turn around. "She's allowed to do so, but not you!"

Benjamin retorted, "Is that what brothers are for?" The moment he finished, he stormed out of the room.

Once Anthony tidied up his sheets and lay down, he heard a notification from his phone. When he picked it up to check, he realized it was from Thalia, and it read: Are you asleep yet?

Anthony: Not yet.

Thalia: I have something to tell you.

Anthony: What is it?

Thalia: Kyle wants to see you.

Anthony: See me? When?

Thalia: I think he is arriving tomorrow night.

Anthony: What?

Thalia felt self-conscious as she replied: He has also asked for my location.

Anthony: Have you given it to him?

Thalia: ...Yes.

Speechless, Anthony knitted his brows at his chat with Thalia.

No, this isn't the best time to see Kyle yet.