

You're Out Daddy Chapter 207

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Chapter 207

Chapter 207 You Decide Sharon's manager, Jessica, who was watching behind them could hardly bear to look. The powerful Hamilton family doesn't need the money at all, so why would they allow their daughter to join the entertainment industry? Despite how glamorous it looks, there are plenty of dark secrets that aren't revealed. In fact, a distinguished family like them would probably know better than anyone else.

If one doesn't come from an influential background, one would have to rely on sexual favors to progress in one's career. Upon hearing Sharon's words, Kenneth threw Natasha a look with his brows furrowed. Even though Denise was also his daughter, he still felt it necessary to seek Natasha's opinion. "Ask her." Natasha gestured at Denise with her chin. Natasha had an open mind toward every single career choice and would definitely respect her children's decisions. At that moment, Kenneth looked at Denise. "Denise, do you like acting?" Denise turned her attention to Sharon upon hearing the question. "Acting? Just like what you're doing on TV?" Sharon nodded with a smile.

"That's right. I can play all sorts of roles." With her eyes glistening with excitement, Denise nodded. "Sure." Sharon was surprised that Denise actually agreed. "Given how pretty you are, I'm certain that you will be wildly popular as an actress." This child has inherited the best of her parents' features. Despite her young age, her beauty is already undeniable. In fact, I can't wait to see how beautiful she will become when she grows up. Unexpectedly, Denise's beauty wasn't the reason for her choice. She explained, "I just want to experience what it feels like to act as another person." At that moment, Sharon didn't know what to say to such a profound rationale. Just as expected, a kid from a rich family is less motivated by money and fame, but that's precisely why success comes easier to them than others.

Sharon replied with a chuckle, "Mmm-hmm. Acting is all about expressing someone else's life. If you're interested, I can show you around one day, how about that?" "Yeah!" Denise nodded. Smiling faintly at Kenneth, Sharon asked, "In that case, Mr. Hamilton, can you give me your contact number so that I can get in touch once the arrangements are made?" Unexpectedly, Kenneth turned to Natasha instead of Sharon before suggesting softly, "Nat, why don't you give her your contact? After all, you have the final say in our family affairs." Speechless, Sharon eked out an awkward smile. Mr. Hamilton, have you forgotten how you relentlessly insisted on a divorce back then? Since when have you suddenly become the epitome of the perfect husband? Nonetheless, Sharon could only keep her sarcastic comments to herself as she shifted her gaze to Natasha. "Mrs. Hamilton..." Much to her surprise, Natasha corrected her, "I'm not Mrs. Hamilton,

as we have divorced a long time ago.” In spite of that, she still took out her phone to exchange contacts to which Sharon quickly obliged.

“As I seldom check my phone, you had better add Denise’s contact too. After all, she makes most of the decisions when it comes to her own affairs,” Natasha added. Shocked, Sharon had difficulty digesting what she heard. Does Denise really have so much autonomy at such a young age? Just when she was still lost in her thoughts, Denise came over with her phone to exchange numbers. “That’s right, Ms. Sharon. You can contact me directly, for Mommy is so busy that she doesn’t have any time for me.” Sharon added her contact right away. “All right, I understand.” “Call me Denise,” Denise introduced herself. “Denise... What an interesting name!” Sharon commented with a grin. Denise could only sigh in resignation. What more can I expect from my name? I was too young to decide on it back then. Holding that thought, Denise felt that it was such a shame. At that moment, Jessica’s phone rang. After answering it, she informed Sharon, “Everyone’s almost there.

If you’re late, you might be accused of being a diva!” Sharon nodded in acknowledgment before looking at Denise. “Denise, I still have to wrap up some work today. Anyway, I’ll talk to the director before coming back to you, all right?” Denise nodded. “All right.” “In that case, Mr. Hamilton, Mrs... Ms. Watson, I’ll be taking my leave now,” Sharon informed them. While Natasha nodded in response, Kenneth’s gaze never left her. After giving both of them a cordial smile, Sharon turned and left. While Sharon and Jessica were leaving, one could still faintly hear their conversation. “Considering that Mr. Hamilton had invested in your first movie, he’s definitely acquainted with you, so why does he behave as if he doesn’t know you?” Jessica remarked. “Why? Are you still hoping that he remembers me?” “At the very least—” “Forget it, Jessica. We were just acting on our mutual interest back then.

Whoever can’t let go of the past will turn out to be a fool,” Sharon asserted with a clear mind. Jessica nodded in agreement. “That’s true. Nevertheless, I’m still surprised that they would agree to let their daughter become an actress.” “I’m just as surprised as you are. However, given how adorable she is, I’m sure she will be wildly successful as an actress if she does go down that path.” “Oh? From your tone, it seems that you adore her.” “Didn’t you hear how she addressed me as Ms. Sharon? If she really ends up joining the entertainment industry, I’ll definitely look out for her!” “You? Look out for her? As a Hamilton, do you think anyone would dare to bully her?” “You have a point,” Sharon agreed with a laugh. “All right, let’s go now, or we’ll be late,” Jessica reminded before both of them left in a hurry. Once they were gone, Natasha raised her gaze and saw that Kenneth was still staring at her. Locking gazes with him, she teased, “Mr. Hamilton, aren’t you being too unsentimental?

Given that you used to be a social butterfly, do you really not know her?” “Do you hope that I remember her?” “Whether you remember her or not is your business. To me, I couldn’t care less,” Natasha remarked with her attention focused on the glass of red wine in front of her. Kenneth’s lips curled while observing her, as he had no intention to further explain himself on the topic. Instead, he asked with a serious expression, “Do

you really plan to let Denise join the entertainment industry?" "With her looks, it would be a waste not to let her," Natasha continued, "but what matters most is that she makes the decision herself." At that point, Kenneth lowered his gaze to look at Denise. "Denise, do you really like acting?" She pondered for a moment. "I'm not sure myself, but I sure would like to try." Kenneth nodded in agreement. "All right then, try you shall." Natasha cocked a brow. "I'm surprised at how readily you agreed to it." "With the Hamilton family behind her, no one will dare bully her. In fact, I want her to dominate whatever she does, even if it's the entertainment industry." Natasha was speechless. After giving it some thought, she expressed her opinion. "We'll let her try it out first. Even if she can rely on Hamilton Corporation for the rest of her life, I still hope that she can become independent, as the future is just too unpredictable.

As parents, we can do our best to shield her, but I don't want her to end up being locked up in an ivory tower."

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Chapter 208 All Because Of Kenneth Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "Do you mean to let her do it on her own?" Natasha nodded. Furrowing his brows, Kenneth protested in a reluctant tone, "But she's still just a child. Even if you can bring yourself to allow it and I agree to it, Grandpa would definitely object. There's plenty about the entertainment industry that you don't know about that I'm familiar with.

Underneath the glamorous surface is a dog-eat-dog world." "I might not know the entertainment industry well, but I'm well aware that no career is ever easy. Since money and power matter a lot in the industry, it's easier for Denise to maintain her principles, for she doesn't covet them and naturally won't be distracted. But if you shelter her from the very beginning, she will grow used to being pampered.

So unless you can be by her side, protecting her for eternity, please close ranks with me," Natasha asserted. Furrowing his brows, Kenneth, despite his reluctance, couldn't deny the truth in Natasha's words. Even though he might always be able to shelter her, while the wealth of Hamilton Corporation would ensure that she would always live in luxury, it was true that it was impossible for him to be by her side at every single moment. Holding that thought, he turned his gaze to Denise. Just thinking about her being part of a place like the entertainment industry broke his heart. "Denise, what do you think?" Kenneth asked. After dwelling upon the question, she answered, "Tony has said before that we can only protect those around us when we're strong. Even though I

do want both of you to protect me, I hope more than anything to protect both of you one day.”

Kenneth had barely heard her words when his eyes narrowed. “As a result, I feel that Mommy is right. Mommy, I would like to stand on my own two feet,” Denise declared. Subsequently, Kenneth reached out to stroke her head. Despite the knowledge that it was for her own good, he still felt a stinging heartache, as she was, after all, his daughter. Even though he couldn’t deny his reluctance, he did acknowledge that Natasha was right—Denise could only mature by being independent. With that thought in mind, Kenneth informed her of his decision. “All right then, I’ll support you in whatever you want to do. But just remember, as long as someone upsets you, you must tell me about it.” Although he wouldn’t interfere with her progress, anyone who had the intention to bully her was welcome to try. They would definitely not be let off with just a warning. Daddy...

The sight of Kenneth filled Denise with warmth. Is this what it feels like to have a Daddy? This is amazing! Looking at Kenneth with eyes that sparkled as brightly as the stars, Denise nodded with conviction. “Mmm-hmm, I know.” Kenneth, with his face brimming with affection, stroked her head in response. When she saw how enamored Kenneth was with his daughter, Natasha couldn’t help but comment, “Since she’s just exploring the matter, it doesn’t necessarily mean that she would become an actress. Perhaps she might end up realizing that she has no interest in it at all. Therefore, don’t let your imagination run wild.” “That would be for the best. In such an event, she should return and take over the family business instead,” Kenneth suggested. Natasha was speechless. “What about Tony and Ben?” Denise inquired cheekily. It was only then that Kenneth remembered his two sons. After pondering for a fleeting moment, he replied, “They’re the ones who should be venturing out on their own. It would be great if they could make something of themselves. Otherwise, all you need to do is to make sure that they don’t go hungry. Everything else will still be yours!”

Denise was ecstatic to hear the answer, not because she was going to inherit most of the wealth, but because she was the apple of her father’s eye. Hmm, I’m Daddy’s favorite! All this while, she had been the one who was the most pampered at home. Now that she had a father, she realized that even more attention was being showered on her. I’m truly blessed! The smile on her face was so vibrant that it was brimming with glee. Despite the indifferent look on her face, Natasha knew that she had made the right decision when she saw how delighted Denise was. Raising the glass of red wine to her lips, Natasha took a gentle sip.

At the same time, Kenneth swept his gaze toward her, for she looked inexplicably mesmerizing when drinking wine. Without making any comments, he, too, took a sip of his wine. As the three of them had their reflections cast onto the glass, it was a truly heartwarming scene. Meanwhile, inside the hospital, the doctors were desperately trying to save Erin’s life in the emergency room when Zachary arrived. Desmond, who was on the phone when he saw Zachary, quickly ended his call with a few short words. “How did this happen?” Zachary demanded, looking at Desmond. Desmond pondered

briefly before answering, "While she was being driven to the airport, she caused an accident when she fought for control of the steering wheel with the driver." Zachary's eyes narrowed. "There's no one else to blame but herself," Desmond remarked. "If you hadn't tried to send her away by force, the accident could've been avoided!"

Zachary asserted. Even though he was being manipulated by Erin all the time and yearned for freedom from her yoke, this wasn't the way he wanted to escape her grasp. Hence, he was filled with anguish the moment he learned of the accident. Desmond's brows furrowed. "What else am I supposed to do if not this? Do you think that she would leave willingly? Let me tell you, after offending the Hamiltons, this is her only way out. If only she had been cooperative back then, all this wouldn't have happened. Do you think I enjoy doing this? Or do you want Lynch Corporation to be destroyed?" The Hamiltons! It's them again! Zachary clenched his fists. At that moment, Desmond let out a sigh. "I've arranged a meeting with the Hamilton family and will be using the opportunity to convince them into letting us go." He had barely spoken when his phone rang again.

After glancing at the number, he answered it while making his way out. Coincidentally, the doctor emerged from the emergency room after its doors were opened. "Is any of Erin Charstille's family members here?" Regaining his senses, Zachary hurried over. "I'm her son." "The patient's life is no longer in danger. But due to the traumatic brain injury she has suffered, she might not... be able to wake up forever." Zachary heart stopped the instant he heard those words. "What do you mean she might never wake up?" Zachary asked. "In layman's terms, she'll become a vegetable. But don't you fret, as there are many precedents of such patients waking up, although it will have to depend on her own consciousness and determination." Stunned at his feet, Zachary stared blankly into space. Whatever the doctor said subsequently didn't register with him. He simply remained silent till the doctor was done. Standing still, he could feel a devastating blow strike his heart. She will never wake up... She will never ever wake up... That also means that no one will threaten me anymore. In fact, that would be the last time anyone manipulates me.

Isn't this what I have always yearned for in my dreams? After Zachary paced around in circles, his eyes began to redden. At the sight of the bench beside him, he walked over and kicked it upside down. She's never going to wake up. This is all Kenneth's doing! With that thought in mind, Zachary brought out his phone, scrolled through his call history, and called back one of the numbers. "Are you still interested in collaborating? Let's meet," Zachary proposed to the person on the other end of the line.

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Chapter 209 Destroying A Man Through A Woman Tranquility was one of the largest bars in Glenport City. Decked out in haute couture, Thea looked chic from head to toe. She, while following the address on her phone, had arrived at a corridor. Just when she was about to go forward, she was stopped by two men in sharp black suits who were standing guard. "You're not allowed to enter." Thea knitted her brows.

"I was invited by Zachary," she proclaimed. Both men, having heard her words, stepped aside at once. "Are you Ms. Jarman?" Thea nodded. "Please follow me," one of them instructed before leading the way. Narrowing her eyes, Thea hesitated briefly before deciding to follow him. After walking more than ten meters, they arrived at the door of a private room that the guard knocked on.

"Boss, she's here." "Come in." No sooner had the guard heard the voice inside did he open the door and looked at Thea. "Ms. Jarman, please." With a vigilant look in her eye, Thea sauntered into the room. Inside the private room, she could still see everything clearly despite its dim lighting. The table and floor were strewn with empty liquor bottles, while Zachary, wearing a complex expression, was sitting languidly on the sofa. Once Thea had entered the room, the guard quickly left and closed the door behind him.

After being briefly stunned, Thea, with a surprised look on her face, asked Zachary, "Do you own this bar?" Zachary, after casually grabbing a bottle of wine and pouring himself a glass, looked up at her. "Is there a problem?" Thea put down her bag and walked over to take a seat. "No, I'm just surprised, that's all." Breaking out a smirk, Zachary downed the wine he poured in one gulp. Thea threw him a glance as this wasn't her first time at the bar. During her previous visits, she had heard rumors about how ruthless the mysterious owner of the bar was. It was just that she had never imagined Zachary to be him. From her perspective, Zachary was a kind young man whose character contradicted such a reputation. When she first proposed that they work together, she envisioned leveraging Zachary's enmity as a means to achieve her goals. Given the current situation, she quickly realized that it was she who had underestimated him.

As a result, it was time to reevaluate what their proposed partnership would entail. After scrutinizing him with a quick look, Thea suggested with a smile, "Do you mind if I get a drink?" Zachary, without saying a word, poured a glass for her. "Thank you," Thea replied. Instead of responding to her, Zachary downed another glass of wine. "Does Natasha know that you own this bar?" Thea asked all of a sudden.

Zachary, who was in the midst of pouring another glass, froze for a fleeting moment before putting the bottle down as if nothing had happened. When he looked up at Thea, his expression couldn't be more telling. She let out a gentle laugh. "It's clear that she doesn't know." "This is none of your business," Zachary asserted. Wearing a knowing smile, Thea finished her drink in one go before looking at him. "It's true that it has

nothing to do with me, but I was just curious as to what Natasha meant to you. But now, it's clear that she doesn't seem to mean much." Crack! With a jarring sound ringing in the background after Zachary kicked something, he threw her a threatening gaze. "You're not even worthy of bringing up her name!" The smile on Thea's face instantly froze. "Don't try to impose your own assumptions on me," Zachary warned, seething through his words. Upon regaining her senses, Thea sneered, "Why are you being so defensive? I was just asking a casual question."

I really don't know what's so good about her, especially after all that she has done. Can it be that you're still harboring hope of getting together with her?" "That's my business," Zachary insisted. Thea nodded. "Yes, of course it is. Given how willingly all of you let yourselves be manipulated by her, it definitely has nothing to do with me!" As a sudden slap rang out, it was followed by the sound of a glass shattering on the ground. "If that's all you have come here to say, our conversation ends here," Zachary declared. Thea, staring angrily at him, grabbed her bag and left. However, before she took more than a few steps, she realized she was overreacting to Zachary's slight. After all, it would be hard for her to achieve her goals alone. On the contrary, with Zachary's help, she might be able to demonstrate to Kenneth that she was the one who cared for him the most. Cognizant of her priorities, she endured the humiliation and turned around to face Zachary.

"Without my help, you will never succeed in taking down Kenneth for the rest of your life." When she didn't hear a retort from Zachary, Thea returned to her seat with her anger suppressed. "I admit that I'm jealous of Natasha," she added, "because I don't understand why everyone is so enamored with her other than for her beauty. Can it be that just being gorgeous gives one the license to steal something from another?" Zachary's eyes narrowed slightly, while Thea paused to take a deep breath. "Nevertheless, this is for the better. You're doing this for Natasha's sake, while I for Kenneth. Hence, our collaboration will be a fair deal." Zachary gave her a dubious look. "Since you're doing this for Kenneth, why are you on my side?" Sorrow crept into Thea's eyes at the mention of the topic. "If he continues to stay high and mighty, there's no way I can make him mine. Only by falling from grace can he really understand that I'm the one who has always been true to him."

Zachary's gaze darkened in response. "You are indeed the epitome of the saying—'Hell hath no fury but a woman scorned.'" At that moment, Thea looked at him with sadness reigning in her eyes. "I'm not expecting you to understand. Everyone thinks that I'm coveting his money, but in truth, his person is what I'm really after." Zachary didn't comment about her feelings. "I'm well aware that you hate him to the core after what he has done to your parents. Therefore, I won't stand in your way if you want to take everything from him, but I do have one condition." "Go on." "Regardless of how this ends, you're forbidden from telling him about our collaboration," Thea stated. Zachary narrowed his eyes at her. "Don't worry, I, too, hope that you can live out the rest of your life with Kenneth." There was no reason for Thea to doubt the sincerity of his words, for only in that scenario would Natasha be his.

Thea's lips curled at him. "If only you had agreed to work together earlier, we might already have succeeded by now." Zachary glared at her. "Stop wasting time on smug comments, and tell me your plan." Zachary had barely spoken when Thea poured herself another glass of wine. After downing it, she explained her plan to Zachary, "I have known Kenneth for five years and worked at Hamilton Corporation for four and a half years. Therefore, no one knows him and Hamilton Corporation better than I do. To be honest, it isn't difficult to pull the rug out underneath Hamilton Corporation's feet..." As Zachary listened on, his eyes glistened with intrigue. By the time she was done, Thea looked at him. "How about it? As long as we follow through with my plan, Hamilton Corporation will definitely be thrown into chaos. When that happens, you can seize upon the opportunity to take over Hamilton Corporation and exact your revenge!" While Zachary stared at Thea, she could see the emotions flooding into his eyes. "It looks like to take down a man, one has to chip away at the woman," Zachary remarked.

Thea chose not to respond. "I'm not sure whether knowing you was the best or worst thing to have happened to him," Zachary insinuated. "Do I take that as a yes?" Thea asked. In place of a reply, Zachary poured two glasses of wine and held one up. "To a successful partnership!" Peering into his eyes, Thea, too, raised her glass with a grin. "To a successful partnership indeed!"

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Chapter 210 Do You Love Daddy Night had already fallen when Kenneth drove Natasha and Denise home after dinner. Upon arriving downstairs, Denise invited with anticipation, "Mr. Handsome, aren't you coming up for a while before you go?" Kenneth threw Natasha a glance before replying in a pitiful tone. "That's what I desire, but I'm worried someone doesn't approve." The reference he was making was just too obvious.

Turning around to look at Natasha, Denise purred, "Nat..." It had never failed to cause Natasha to waver. She rolled her eyes at him. "You're talking as if you would actually comply if I refused." She had barely finished when she opened the door and alighted. Smiling to himself, Kenneth then cocked a triumphant brow at Denise before both of them got out together. However, before they could even get far, Kenneth's phone suddenly rang. He answered at once when he saw that it was Liam on the line. "Hello, Grandpa."

After hearing what Liam had to say, Kenneth furrowed his brows. "All right. I understand. I'll head back right away." Denise turned around to look at him. "Mr. Handsome, are you not coming up anymore?" Looking at Denise, Kenneth gave her

hair a tousle. "Mmm-hmm, I won't be joining you today. However, don't forget to invite me up the next time. Otherwise, I'm afraid someone might not be as welcoming." "Fine." In spite of her reluctant pout, she understood that Kenneth must have something more important to attend to. At that moment, Natasha, too, turn her attention to him. "What happened to Old Mr. Hamilton?" Kenneth shifted his attention from Denise to her. "It's no big deal. Just a minor hiccup."

"Do you want me to go with you?" Natasha checked with him. After considering her question, he raised his brow in surprise. "You're asking to go home with me?" Natasha was dumbfounded. Despite the fact that she was serious, he reciprocated with a mischievous look in his eyes. "Forget it. Just pretend I never said anything," Natasha replied in annoyance. With his lips broadening into a smile, Kenneth gazed affectionately into her eyes. He suggested earnestly, "If you intend to come home with me, I'll have to get Grandpa to make preparations ahead of time." Despite his attempts at being cheeky about the situation, Natasha was cognizant that he was doing it on purpose. After rolling her eyes at him, she turned around. "Denise, let's go home now." "Okay," she grunted before throwing Kenneth a glance.

"Bye, Mr. Handsome." "Buh-bye." With that, she was led upstairs by Natasha. As he watched their leaving silhouette, the smile on his face gradually deepened. It wasn't until they entered the elevator that Kenneth stopped smiling and left in his car. Inside the elevator, Denise asked Natasha, "Nat, do you think Mr. Handsome went home because of something important?" "I suppose so." Denise's brows knitted together. Sensing Denise's concern, Natasha reassured her, "However, he will resolve whatever it is, so there's no need to worry." Denise nodded her head grimly. Watching her, Natasha grew curious. "Despite knowing that he's your Daddy, why haven't you altered the way you address him?"

"Erm... Tony says that we should change only when we see Daddy demonstrate his sincerity to you, as we're worried about upsetting you if we do it too early," Denise explained candidly. Natasha beamed to herself, for she was certain that it was Anthony's plan. Or else, Denise would have changed it a long time ago based on her character. "I'm not bothered by it," Natasha replied. "You can address him however you want." Pouting her lips, Denise put on an adorable look. "Even though it feels warm and fuzzy to call him Daddy, I happen to realize that no matter how I address him, he is especially good to me. Therefore, it doesn't make a difference whether I change it or not," Denise remarked. Natasha, staring at her daughter, simply responded with a smile, for she couldn't deny that Kenneth was outstanding as a father. "Nat, Daddy seems to be very devoted to you recently. Aren't you even the least bit moved?" Denise, tilting her head, popped the question all of a sudden.

Natasha simply responded with an emotionless gaze. "Not even a little?" Denise added, desperate for the tiniest glimmer of hope. "Do you really want to know?" Natasha raised her brows. Denise nodded with conviction. "I won't tell you then," Natasha quipped. As the elevator doors coincidentally opened, she was the first one out. After being taken for a ride, Denise stomped her feet. "Nat!" When Kenneth reached home, he was greeted

by the sight of Desmond arguing with Dan. “Mr. Lynch, please go home. Old Mr. Hamilton is not feeling well and needs to rest,” Dan insisted. “Old Mr. Hamilton, I beg of you, please give the Lynch Corporation another chance....” Desmond yelled in the garden. “Mr. Lynch, please mind yourself!” Dan warned. “I’m aware that we are the ones at fault. All I’m asking is for the Hamilton family to give us a chance.” Desmond, disregarding Dan’s instructions, continued to shout at the top of his voice. Just when Dan was about to say something, he caught a glimpse of Kenneth approaching from behind. He naturally greeted, “Mr. Kenneth.”

Desmond was frozen stiff momentarily before turning around. At the sight of Kenneth, he hurried forward and dropped to his knees with a thud. “Mr. Hamilton, I’m so sorry for everything we have done. Please forgive us, all right?” Kenneth scrutinized him with an expressionless gaze. “In order to pacify you, I have ordered Erin to be sent away. However, she met an accident along the journey and is now nothing but a vegetable. Mr. Hamilton, I’m sure that’s enough for you, isn’t it? So please, all I’m asking for is one chance,” Desmond pleaded. Kenneth narrowed his eyes. “From the way you put it, are you blaming me for the accident?” “No, no, no, that’s not my intention at all, Mr. Hamilton,” Desmond hurriedly corrected himself. “In that case, what do you really mean? Aren’t you trying to use this matter to blackmail me emotionally? What has the accident got anything to do with me?” Kenneth demanded. Looking up at Kenneth, Desmond continued in a fearful tone, “Mr. Hamilton, I’m not trying to insinuate anything at all. All I’m asking is for you to show Lynch Corporation some mercy. All you need to do is say the word—” A smirk descended on Kenneth’s face.

“Mr. Lynch, you’re accusing me of something that I didn’t do. Since when have I given Lynch Corporation any grief?” “Now that the entire business world is aware that I’ve offended you, no one will work with Lynch Corporation unless you say the word. If this continues, Lynch Corporation will be finished!” Desmond explained in helpless resignation. “Are you asking me to go around explaining to everyone on your behalf?” Kenneth threw the question back at him. “Mr. Hamilton, you can do it with just a snap of your fingers.” Kenneth sneered, “Why should I stand up for you when it’s you who have gotten on my nerves? Where’s the logic in that?” “Does this mean that you’re not going to let Lynch Corporation go?” “Mr. Lynch, instead of wasting time groveling here, why don’t you go back and figure out how to dig yourself out of this hole? As for me, there’s nothing else I can do.” With that, Kenneth headed into the house. At that moment, Desmond’s expression drastically changed as he watched Kenneth’s leaving silhouette. “Kenneth, since you’re not going to let Lynch Corporation go, don’t blame me for what I’m going to do, for you have brought this upon yourself!”

No sooner had Desmond finished than he charged in Kenneth’s direction. When he saw the sudden turn of events, Dan threw himself in front of Kenneth by reflex. “Mr. Kenneth, watch out!” Despite Dan being prepared for the attack, Desmond, unexpectedly, charged head-on at the main door. Upon impact, blood began to spill all over. What took everyone by surprise was the sudden appearance of a swarm of reporters who were frantically taking photographs of the scene.

