

## You're Out Daddy Chapter 211

### You're Out Daddy

#### Chapter 211

**Chapter 211 Sit Back And Do Nothing** Dan turned to look at Kenneth. His usually calm and controlled gaze seemed rather flustered. "Mr. Kenneth." Kenneth appeared calm and collected as he watched the man lying on the ground and sneered. "Dan, call the ambulance and the police, as well." Looking at Kenneth, Dan quickly pulled himself together and did as he was told. At this point, cameras flashed outside, and a large number of reporters appeared out of nowhere. They just took shots at the Hamilton residence.

Although they could not enter the courtyard, it was enough for them to see this scene from outside. Kenneth watched the scene outside, and then his eyes fell on Desmond who was lying on the ground. "Good job, Mr. Lynch." Desmond lay on the ground, covered in blood, seemingly on the brink of death. Yet, he looked at Kenneth. "Kenneth, you forced me to do this. If you would not leave Lynch Corporation alone, I shall make things difficult for Hamilton Corporation." Kenneth twisted his lips, as if he could not care less. "I'm just curious what else you can do." Kenneth spoke. Desmond looked at him with fear in his eyes.

"Mr. Hamilton, if your will let Lynch Corporation off the hook, I can tell the public now that what happened just now was just a misunderstanding..." Kenneth cast him an icy glance. "There's no need." Desmond was stunned. Soon, the ambulance arrived. The emergency staff started to work immediately. Taking out a stretcher, they lifted Desmond inside. When the ambulance was about to leave, Kenneth looked at him, "By the way, Mr. Lynch, I forgot to tell you. I had no plans to do anything to Lynch Corporation. However, I have changed my mind now. Mr. Lynch, you have successfully killed off Lynch Corporation." Desmond was taken aback and he clutched at the hem of Kenneth's shirt. "Kenneth, what are you going to do?" Kenneth just laughed, but he did not say a word. "Kenneth, have you lost your humanity?" Kenneth remained silent. "Kenneth, don't you know how to live and let live?"

"If you force me to take my own life, I'll come back as a ghost and haunt you." Then, the paramedics took him away. When the police arrived, Zeke was in his uniform, looking serious. When he saw Kenneth, he frowned. "It's you again!" "Mr. Zeller!" Kenneth greeted him quietly, "So sorry to bother you at such a late hour." "What happened?" Kenneth lifted his eyes. "Everything is recorded by the surveillance cameras. See for yourself and you'll understand." Zeke turned his gaze in the direction of the surveillance cameras. Then he said to his men with him, "Make a copy of the video." With that, he

turned to Kenneth. "Where's Liam?" "He's inside." "Kenneth, when will you stop causing trouble for Liam?"

With that, he walked inside. This news was soon spread all over the internet. The next day, photographs of Desmond kneeling in the yard of the Hamilton residence and then lying on the ground in a puddle of blood were seen on every news website. Some posts added the story of Erin being in a vegetative state after a car accident, and all kinds of arguments pointed to Kenneth, stressing that capitalists do not value human life. For whatever reason, from every direction, fingers were pointed at Kenneth. Early the next morning, a large number of reporters gathered at the entrance of the Hamilton Corporation, totally blocking it and making it quite inaccessible. The children saw the news early in the morning and gathered around to talk about it. Denise's brows were knitted tight in worry as she watched. "I knew something was wrong when Daddy left last night."

Benjamin nodded solemnly as he watched. "This is obviously the work of someone who wants to create trouble." Anthony watched the news in silence. "Tony!" Denise turned her gaze on Anthony. Since he would not speak, Denise continued, "I'm going to take down all the news." Anthony stopped her. "Mommy is still at home. Are you crazy?" "But... these people are scolding Daddy!" Denise watched on angrily. "Are you saying that Hamilton Corporation can't resolve these issues?" Anthony asked. "What do you mean?" Anthony asked, "How powerful is Hamilton Corporation? Whether it is by monetary payment or by use of authority, they can remove these news reports." "Do you mean... Daddy did this on purpose?" Denise asked. "Of that, I cannot be sure but I know that he can handle it." Anthony had an unwavering faith in Kenneth. After all, the siblings' superior genes could not have come from Natasha alone. Besides their appearance, Anthony felt that he was similar to Kenneth in other ways as well. While Denise listened to him, she continued to worry and frown.

"Well, you are not certain, then. What can we do now?" She continued, "If Daddy did not allow it on purpose, should we let these people carry on with the bullying?" Anthony pondered for a moment and gestured toward Natasha's room. "What do you mean?" Denise asked. "It's not right for us to do anything about the situation. However, there's someone who will not sit idly by when she sees the news," Anthony said, laughing. Benjamin nodded. "I agree." Denise was dumbstruck for a moment. Then, she understood what her brother meant. "I understand now!" As she spoke, a smile appeared on her face, and she raced into Natasha's room holding the phone. Natasha was sleeping like a log. "Nat, Nat!" At this point, Denise had pushed open the door and leaped into her bed. When Natasha heard the voice, she pulled the blanket over her head and continued to sleep.

"Nat, something has happened!" Denise said. "Let me sleep for a while longer." "Nat, don't sleep anymore. Look!" Denise held the phone in front of Natasha. The curtains were not drawn yet and the room was still in darkness. The phone screen was too bright in contrast and Natasha squinted. "Yesterday, after Daddy left, someone went to the Hamilton residence to cause trouble and the person nearly died," Denise said. Natasha

was taken aback by her words. Only then, did she take the phone from Denise. Natasha frowned when she read the news on the phone. "When Daddy left yesterday, he must have anticipated some trouble, so he didn't let us go with him," Denise said. "I didn't expect such a thing to happen. This morning, the news was released, and now all the internet users are lashing out at Daddy!"

Denise pouted and complained. She had hoped that her Mommy could come forward and help Daddy block out those netizens. Strangely, after reading the news, Natasha got up and went out of the bedroom. Curious, Denise followed her. In the living room, Terence had apparently just finished talking on the phone. When he saw Natasha walking in, he asked, "So you know everything?" Natasha nodded. "How is Old Mr. Hamilton taking it?" "I just called. Everything seems fine," Terence replied. Natasha was relieved to hear that. "Nonetheless, I'm still a little worried, and I want to go and make sure. Would you... come with me?"

Terence asked. Even though he would like Natasha to cut off all ties with the Hamilton family, this was an emergency. Furthermore, he knew full well how Liam cared about Natasha and it was only fitting for him to take Natasha along. Natasha nodded decisively. "I'll wash up and then we can go." With that, she headed for the bathroom. After a few minutes, the family went to the Hamilton residence.

## You're Out Daddy Chapter 212

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#### Chapter 212

**Chapter 212** To Do What I Needed To The matter had caused a stir. Reporters crowded the Hamilton Corporation building hampering traffic, and the negative news caused their stock to plummet. Inside the company, the shareholders could not sit still. This matter was entirely caused by Kenneth personally. They could not accept this and pointed fingers in the office. When Liam learned about this over the phone, he could not help sneering, "That's what these old guys are like.

Once their interests are involved, they would start causing a ruckus. It does not matter how much profit they've taken while lying down for so many years. If there is really a problem, who can shoulder the responsibility? They can only make noise!" After expressing his opinion, Liam asked, "What are you going to do about this?" On the other end of the line, Kenneth's cool voice sounded interesting, "Don't worry, Grandpa, I have my own measure." Liam had faith in his competence. Even though he was the founder of Hamilton Corporation, Kenneth was the one who had expanded the company to its present level. "Okay, as long as you know what you are doing. If you need me to come forward, just say it," Liam told him. Kenneth laughed. "Grandpa, are you underestimating me?"

This is such a small matter. You don't need to come forward." "You brat! I'm just being nice. Do you think I'll really come forward? If I have time, I'd rather go and visit my darling great-grandchildren!" Just at this moment, Denise's voice was heard from outside. "Great-grandpa!" Hearing this voice, Liam was stunned. "Oh, dear! I miss her so much that I'm hearing things!" Nearby, Dan saw the people coming in from outside and he laughed, saying, "Old Mr. Hamilton, you're not hearing things. Your little great-granddaughter is really here!" Startled, the old man looked toward the door only to see Denise running inside. Liam's eyes lit up when he saw Denise, and he hung up the phone directly to greet her. "Yo! Look who's here! It's my darling Denise. What are you doing here?"

"I'm worried about you. So, I'm here to see you, with my Gramps and Nat, too," Denise said. As they spoke, Liam saw the others coming in and instantly, he was all smiles. "You're here! You're all here!" "Great-grandpa!" "Great-grandpa!" Anthony and Benjamin came over and greeted Liam calmly. Liam nodded again and again. He just could not have enough of these two children. "Hello, Old Mr. Hamilton," Natasha greeted the old man. "Nat, you're here, too." Liam was overjoyed to see Natasha as if she was part of his household again. Natasha nodded. "How are you?" "Me? I'm quite..." Liam was about to say that he was fine, but when he remembered that they were here because they were worried about him, he suppressed the smile on his face and sighed, saying, "I'm fine. Nothing happened, except I got a fright yesterday."

Dan watched in puzzlement. Very quickly, he realized what Liam was up to, and he lowered his head to hide a snigger. Liam noticed Dan's snigger and gave him a wink. Dan quickly followed up. "That's right. Old Mr. Hamilton did not sleep at all last night. Seeing you guys here, his mood improved quickly. Have a nice chat, I'll go and prepare some snacks and drinks." With that, Dan headed toward the kitchen. Natasha observed the scene through her clear bright eyes in silence. At this moment, Terence walked over to Liam, and he could not help but remark, "Dear me, Old Mr. Hamilton, at your age, you've seen everything. Why did this insignificant incident give you a fright?" "Alas, I'm getting old and my heart is not as strong as before," Liam said, sinking into the couch, and his expression suddenly seemed tired and weak. At this point, Denise rushed over to him. "Great-grandpa, do not be afraid, I'm here for you."

"That's right, Great-grandpa, everything will be fine," Benjamin comforted him. "Don't worry. No matter what happens, you have us," Anthony said. As Liam watched the children comfort him one after the other, he felt close to tears. "Well, I feel good whenever I see you children." While they were on this topic, Anthony turned to Natasha. "Nat, this few days, I would like to stay here and keep Great-grandpa company." At this, Natasha nodded. "That's great." Liam's eyes lit up when he heard this. "Denise, Benjamin, you too may stay back with Anthony to accompany Great-grandpa," Natasha said. Benjamin and Denise both nodded when they heard this. Liam could not hide the smile on his face, but he pretended to protest. "Will this be..." Terence could not help

saying, "It's okay. Don't pretend you're not pleased." As a matter of fact, he brought the children here with this intention.

Even though he had been on the battlefield for so many years, and he had seen everything, age had changed him. So, having a few children by his side would keep his mind free from haunting thoughts. Terence was not the type who would voice such sentimental thoughts. "Just listen to you. I'm truly overjoyed to have these children stay with me for awhile!" Liam spoke. Terence looked at him thoughtfully. "Okay, okay. What happened yesterday? The news reports half and conceals the other half. It's hard to differentiate which part they report is true and which part of the report is false." When he brought this up, Liam told them in detail what happened the day before. Terence listened and frowned.

"The Lynch family is quite shameless. This scheme is quite insidious because it will bring a backlash of public opinion on the Hamilton Corporation." "That is his purpose!" Liam said. Natasha thought over it and expressed her opinion, "I am the reason this happened. However, Lynch Corporation put the blame on Hamilton Corporation. No matter what, it has everything to do with me. I will take responsibility for it." Liam frowned when he heard this. "What nonsense are you talking about? If they dare to do anything against you, they are going against me. I will fight them with all that I have, even if Kenneth doesn't take it up. I won't let them look down upon you!" Liam proclaimed. Natasha did not doubt Liam's words. She was grateful from the depths of her heart. "I understand.

It is for this very reason that I cannot let anything bad happen to you or Hamilton Corporation," Natasha said. Gazing at her, Liam's brows became tightly knitted. Then, Natasha said, "Grandpa, stay here with Anthony and the others for these few days. I still have some errands to run, so I'll leave first." "Where are you going?" Terence asked, looking at her. Liam looked at her questioningly. "That's right. Where are you going?" They felt they she was going to do something. Natasha smiled gently. "A girl's got to do what a girl's got to do."

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**Chapter 213** Too Fair When Natasha walked out of the Hamilton residence, Terence came out as well. "Nat." Natasha turned around. Terence hesitated when he saw her face. Still, just a look from him, and Natasha knew what he was trying to say. She closed her eyes. "Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll do what I promised you." Terence furrowed his brows, still looking at her. After a long while of contemplation, he said, "What happened to the Hamilton family was because of our family. I know that you're a loyal person, and you won't sit on your hands for this.

All I just want to tell you is that you should ensure your safety is above all else regardless of what you want to do." Hearing him, Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Grandpa, you mean..." "Only once. I won't allow this to happen again," Terence replied. Natasha knew that her grandfather said those words after long contemplation and with great determination, so she pursed her lips and answered, "I understand, Grandpa." "Okay, okay. Run along now." With that said, Terence averted his eyes and turned around to return to the Hamilton residence. Natasha did not hesitate as she watched Terence leave, and she turned to leave herself as well. Once she was gone, Terence then halted in his tracks to look at her retreating figure with complicated feelings in his eyes. He did not know if his decision was right or wrong, but he knew Natasha's character too well.

He was afraid that she would choose to walk down an extreme path if he were to keep suppressing her. In that case, something unexpected might happen. He was genuinely afraid. Their family could not take any more blows. With that thought in mind, Terence let out a heavy sigh before entering the house. Natasha, who was in the cab, was searching for something on her phone. When she saw the search results, her eyes darkened. Then, she called Spencer, but no one picked up the call even after a long time. Natasha knitted her brows. After lifting her head to look at the driver, she said, "Mister, to Grecia Hotel, please."

"Sure thing." Twenty minutes later, Natasha reached Grecia Hotel. She headed straight to the room Spencer was in, and pressed the doorbell long and hard. When no one came to the door, Natasha's patience began to run out. She then fished out her phone and tapped it a few times. After that, the door beeped and unlocked itself. At that, she pushed open the door and walked in. Right then, Spencer, who was in a sleeping robe, walked out of the bathroom. He looked groggy, and his hair was messy—a clear sign of his recent awakening. However, the moment he saw that someone was on the couch, he froze. "Natasha? W-W-Why are you here?" Spencer stammered, frightened out of his wits.

Natasha gave a brief once-over on his overly-fair body before uttering indifferently, "I couldn't reach you on your phone, so I came here directly." It was then Spencer came back to his senses and hastily covered his body up with his bathrobe. He warily looked at her and said, "You're a woman, how can you just barge into a man's room? Aren't you afraid of the dangers, or could it be that you're here to put me in danger? I'm telling you now, I—" Before he could finish his sentence, a piece of garment covered his head. Natasha then said as she turned to leave without another glance at him, "Downstairs in ten." Spencer could only stay rooted to his spot for a long while. He took in a deep breath, and another. In the end, he surrendered to fate and entered the bathroom to get changed. Ten minutes later, Spencer appeared in front of Natasha, looking as if he had changed into another man, for he looked exquisite. "L-Let's go." Even though he had put on clothes, the way Natasha was looking at him made him feel as if she could see through his clothes. It was simply embarrassing.

Nevertheless, Natasha only gave him a glimpse before nodding and heading outward. Spencer hurried behind her. "Where are you taking me to?" "You'll know when we're there." "Do you really have to keep me in suspense?" Natasha did not reply to that. "I've seen the news. Kenneth's plagued with scandals. Are you not going to intervene?" Natasha remained quiet. Spencer then deliberately cleared his throat and said, "Also, I have to say this. You're a woman, so don't just barge into a man's room like that next time. It's dangerous. Moreover, Kenneth wouldn't be able to take it if he hears about this, especially since I'm such an outstanding man." At that, Natasha glimpsed at him.

"Don't worry. No one would misunderstand you with that body of yours." Her words struck Spencer like a bolt from the blue. "What are you trying to say? Am I not... muscular enough?" Natasha narrowed her eyes and curled her lips. Then, she muttered, "Enough to make men crave for you." Spencer gasped. "Natasha Watson!" Natasha only smiled. "What's wrong? How am I not as good as Kenneth?" he asked. "Yes, I'll admit that Kenneth looks more masculine, but I'm almost as tall and as fit as he is!" The mention of Kenneth made an image flash through Natasha's mind—it was of a man with wheat-colored skin, broad shoulders, a thin waist, and a muscular chest standing under dim lights. There was no extra fat on him at all, and he was absolutely enticing. It would not be an exaggeration to say that he was God's favorite child. Then, she thought about Spencer, who had a good figure but was so fair he looked like a woman. She could not help but chuckle at the comparison. "W-What are you laughing at?" Spencer asked in a miserable tone.

"Nothing. I'd just like to suggest that you compare yourself to someone else." Spencer turned speechless at that. "You're only biased toward him because you two are an item." Spencer's dignity as a man was at stake, so he would certainly not admit that he was inferior than any man. "Trust me. I've seen it all, and that's why I'm giving a fair answer," Natasha replied. Again, Spencer was at a loss for words. "However, you don't need to feel inadequate. You're much fairer than him. That he couldn't compete against you." Argh! Who wants to be fairer than another man? That was something Spencer was most frustrated about. He already had an androgynous look, but he was also fair. Sometimes, he would be mistaken for a woman on the streets. That was why he was so irritated with how darn fair he was. When Natasha noticed that Spencer was about to go mad, she stopped teasing him.

The security guard had already stopped Spencer's car at the doorway of the hotel, and surprisingly, Natasha sat in the driver's seat. "You're driving?" "What's the matter? Are you scared?" "Scared? How can I possibly be scared of this? Even if you pilot a plane—as long as you dare to pilot it—I'll dare to board it." With that said, he opened the car door and entered the vehicle. Natasha smiled as she looked at him. She then started the engine and sped off. All of a sudden, Spencer recalled something. "You haven't driven for many years, right?" "That's right." "Why were you hospitalized the other time again?"

"It's because of a car accident." Spencer's jaw dropped. At that moment, it felt as if an invisible hand had gripped his heart. He discreetly buckled his seatbelt before grabbing

the handle at the side. Then, as he looked straight ahead, he squeezed out, "G-Go slower."

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#### Chapter 214

**Chapter 214** Seemingly Harmless But Not Spencer could finally let out a sigh of relief when the car stopped at the hospital. Despite Natasha's young age, her driving style was completely unlike her character—reckless. When he stepped out of the car, Spencer could not help but sneak a glance at her. "Nat, I don't want to nag, but you're a girl, and I think it's better for you to be gentle." Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Gentle?" "Yes!" Spencer nodded. "Men love gentle women. Aren't you afraid that Kenneth will stop liking you one day if you keep this up?" At that, Natasha drew her brows together.

He already disliked me once. What should I be afraid of now? She then rolled her eyes at Spencer. "I have a suggestion for you too." "What is it?" "Man up." Spencer inhaled sharply. He felt humiliated. When he saw Natasha getting down from the car, he hurriedly followed suit. "Nat, I'm saying that for your sake, but what about you?" "Mhm, I'm saying that for your sake too." "You—" Just as Spencer was about to say something else, he lifted his head to see the hospital and frowned. "Why are you taking me to the hospital?" "For a checkup." With that, Natasha walked into the building. "A checkup?" Spencer's frown deepened. His eyes then flitted toward Natasha's back.

"What kind of illness do you have that I can't diagnose for you? Did you have to bring me to the hospital?" Despite his rambling, he followed closely behind Natasha. Soon, they reached the outside of the ward. Coincidentally, a nurse came out of the room. When she saw them, she started, "You're..." Then, shock flashed through her eyes. Natasha was already beautiful, but the man beside her... was divine. How can any man in this world be so gorgeous? "I'm here to visit someone," Natasha told her. "Oh, you're family, right?" the nurse said with a smile. Natasha did not agree or disagree with that. "My, she's already at this state, but you're still here to visit her. I knew it; pretty people simply have kind hearts," the nurse said before turning back to them. "Go on ahead." "Thank you."

The nurse inclined her head, and she could not help but glance at Spencer one more time. Spencer gazed at her and shot her a gentlemanly smile. "Thank you." It was as if that smile stole her soul. The nurse flushed and quickly ran off, hugging her patient's medical records close to her chest. "Did you see that? I'm as charming as ever..." Spencer remarked, but when he turned his head, he realized no one was there anymore. Turning his head to the other side, he realized that she had entered the ward.



"You simply don't appreciate me." With that, Spencer entered after her. Erin was lying on the bed in the ward. Her wounds had yet to fully heal, and she was still swathed with bandages. Natasha looked at her with calm eyes. Spencer only realized something after moving closer to the bed. "Isn't this the woman from that day?" Natasha nodded. "You've taken me here to give her a checkup?"

"Spencer inquired, baffled. "She encountered an accident when Desmond was sending her out of the country. He then used that incident to vent his frustration on Kenneth," Natasha replied. "And?" Spencer asked. "I don't think things are that simple," she continued. "You mean..." Natasha bobbed her head. After a moment of contemplation, he said, "Kenneth's matter has nothing to do with me, so I'm not going to get involved." He then turned to leave. However, before he could actually do that, Natasha grabbed him from behind. "Kenneth's involved with you, not me, so why should I help him?" Spencer yelled. "This happened because of me, so I have to do something about this," Natasha told him. "Then do it yourself." Natasha went silent for a moment. "Okay. In that case, you can leave." She then let go of him. Spencer stiffened. He was surprised to see her agree to him so easily, and he turned to look at her. "Really?" "Yes." Natasha nodded. Still, Spencer did not believe that she was going to let him go so easily. "Are you sure?" Natasha nodded again. The more she did that, the more diffident Spencer became. He wanted to leave, but he did not have the courage to do that. In the end, he could not help but ask, "Tell me what you're going to do next."

"Natasha only smiled in silence at him. Her smile sent chills down his spine, and he thought, This woman's the devil! She looks harmless, but I can never tell what she's about to do next! "Forget it! I'll just check her up?" As he spoke, he turned to walk toward Erin's bed. Natasha continued to watch him quietly. A moment later, Spencer said, "She's already in a vegetative state, so what's there to check up about?" "Does she really have no chance of waking up anymore?" "What's the point of waking? She'll be paralyzed even if she wakes. The only thing she'll be able to do is to speak; she won't be able to move at all," Spencer said to her. "If that's the way she's going to live, she might as well die. Who'd be able to stand a life like that?" However, Natasha narrowed her eyes and said, "That'll be enough." "So what you want is for her to speak the truth? Have you ever thought about how the truth might not be what you think it is?" Spencer asked.

"Then that is my issue. Just tell me whether or not you're confident in waking her up," Natasha replied. When Spencer turned back to the woman on the bed, the look in his eyes turned solemn. After pursing his lips, he muttered, "Eighty percent." "So that's a yes?" "If you have asked me here within the golden seventy-two hours, the chances of her waking will be even higher." Natasha smiled. "I did. Do it then." "Now?" Natasha nodded. Spencer turned to her to make sure that she was not joking with him before nodding. "Okay." With that said, he took out a fancy black fabric bag and opened it. In there were numerous needles. It was then Spencer dropped the insouciant demeanor and turned solemn. Looking at him, Natasha asked, "How long do you need?" "Ten minutes." "Okay." Natasha glanced at the time. "I'll buy time for you." With that said, she turned to head out and guard the room. Spencer did not even turn to look at her as he

began inserting the needles. There was no reaction from the person on the bed until more and more needles were inserted into her. A few minutes later, when the nurse and the doctor came for their routine checkup, they saw Natasha standing by the doorway. They frowned. "You're..." "Oh, she's here to visit the patient," the nurse said.

However, she then turned to Natasha. "Why aren't you inside to visit her? Also, where's your companion?" Just as those words were out of the nurse's mouth, the doctor sensed something amiss. He shot a strange look at Natasha before pushing the door to enter the ward. However, Natasha stopped him. "What are you doing?" the doctor asked. Natasha lowered her eyes to look at the time. "Ten more seconds." The doctor was baffled by her response. "What do you mean ten seconds? Move aside." However, Natasha clearly did not intend to step aside. "If you're not going to move aside, I'm going to call the cops!"

By then, ten seconds had passed and Natasha lifted her head to look at the doctor with a smile. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude." With that, she stepped aside. The doctor gave her another glance. She's pretty, but why is she acting so weird? He then pushed the door open and entered. Yet, when he saw the scene inside, he knitted his brows.

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#### Chapter 215

**Chapter 215** Dense "Rest well. I'll come and visit you another day," Spencer squeezed out with much difficulty at the person lying on the bed. He then raised his head to look at the doctor and the nurse before walking over to them and shaking the doctor's hand. "Thank you for taking care of her." He then turned to Natasha and said, "Let's go." Natasha bobbed her head, and the two left. The doctor continued to look at them, puzzled. By then, the nurse had already walked over to the bed.

After making sure that the patient was fine, the nurse let out a relieved sigh. All of a sudden, she spotted Erin's finger moving. "Doctor, the patient's hand moved!" the nurse cried out. Hearing that, the doctor walked over to check her over. He then furrowed his brows and muttered, "T-This is a good sign! It seems like it's a good thing for her family to visit. It strengthens her will to wake up." The nurse nodded fervently in agreement. "This really is a miracle!" Outside, the two were chatting and walking. "I never thought you were so quick-witted." Spencer sneered. "Is that what you mean by guarding the room?" They would have been discovered if his response had not been swift enough earlier. "It was exactly ten minutes; no more and no less," Natasha replied. Spencer rolled his eyes at her and commented, "Dense." Nevertheless, Natasha was unfazed. She turned toward him and asked, "So how was it? When will she wake?" "If nothing goes wrong, she'll wake up tomorrow." Hearing that, Natasha nodded. "Where do we go now?" "To meet the other person, of course." With that, Natasha headed the other way.

Spencer could only knit his brows in response. He had no idea why Natasha was trying to keep everything mysterious, but despite his thoughts, he followed her. Desmond was in the ward. He had bandages around his head, but he was still making multiple calls to seek help.

Evidently, his head wound was nothing serious. When Natasha entered the ward, Desmond was taken aback, but he soon creased his forehead. "It's you?" Natasha gave him a small smile. "It seems like you still remember me, Mr. Lynch." Desmond sneered. "What are you doing here?" "I'm obviously here to ask you about something," Natasha told him. For some reason, even though Natasha was just a woman, the look in her eyes was giving him indescribable pressure. "What are you going to ask? I have nothing to say to you," Desmond retorted. Natasha then walked over to sit in front of him. Desmond's frown deepened at the way she invited herself to the seat. "Who told you to be seated? Leave. I have nothing to say to you." "I've gone to visit Erin before coming to you," Natasha said. At that, Desmond froze, and a flash of hesitation danced across his eyes. Still, he soon calmed down and hissed at Natasha, "I'm surprised you're shameless enough to visit her. If not for you and Kenneth, she wouldn't be lying there in a vegetative state! You're nothing but murderers! Even if we've made a mistake, we can't let capitalists like you bully us." Natasha curled her lips a little. "Don't be anxious, Mr. Lynch. I'm sure you know better than I about the reason she ended up in a vegetative state." Panic flickered past Desmond's eyes. "What are you trying to say?" "What do you think?"

Natasha returned the question. Desmond did not know if it was guilt at work or something else, but somehow, he felt that the woman had discovered something. "I don't know what you're talking about, but you and Kenneth are the reason she's in that state now!" he insisted. Natasha bobbed her head. "If that's what you insist. It seems like we'll only find out after Erin wakes." Desmond snapped his eyes back to her. "Wake? She's already in a vegetative state; how is she going to wake?" "The doctor has said that she'll be waking tomorrow," Natasha told him. "That's impossible!" Desmond snarled. "Is it, or is it because you don't want her to wake up, Mr. Lynch?" Natasha wondered. That made Desmond panic even more, and he glared at her. "What nonsense are you talking about?" The more anxious he was, the more sure Natasha became, and the smile on her lips grew wider. She had already received the answer she was looking for.

On the other hand, the wider Natasha's smile was, the more fearful and diffident Desmond turned. "Do you think that I'll believe in anything you say? It's extremely rare for people in a vegetative state to wake. In fact, it's almost impossible!" "Who said so?" Spencer finally spoke. "It's impossible because they haven't come across me." It was then Desmond turned to the other man in the room. He drew his brows together and questioned, "And who are you?" "You have no right to know who I am. All you need to know is that I can save everyone I come across—even those on the brink of death," Spencer enunciated confidently. Desmond barked out a laugh at that. "Do you think that

“I’m a three-year-old?” Spencer narrowed his eyes at Desmond. “Mr. Lynch, right? I’d like to ask something. Do you always cough at night, and do you always cough out blood? Yet, no matter how many tests you do, there seems to be nothing wrong with you.” Desmond stiffened, but he continued to stare at Spencer. Undoubtedly, Spencer was right. Spencer grinned. “It’s a problem that you have to treat, but only I can treat it.” Desmond kept staring at him for a long time before saying, “Did you think that you’d be able to fool me after finding out about my condition from the doctor?”

Desmond was still a wary man. “Do your eyes turn bloodshot every time you have sex with a woman? Does it even feel like you’re about to go into shock?” Spencer continued. “You didn’t tell the doctor about this, did you?” Finally, Desmond’s eyes widened. That was something related to the dignity of a man, so indeed, he had not told the doctor about it. “Mr. Lynch, that didn’t happen because of too much excitement at the moment. It’s best to pay more attention to it. Maybe one day, you’ll go into shock and never wake up!” Spencer informed him, amused. Desmond did not know what to reply to the other man. Once Spencer had achieved his goal, he turned to Natasha and said, “All right. We’ve said everything we needed to say, so let’s leave.” Natasha nodded and turned to leave. Right then, a thought seemed to pop into Spencer’s head, for he turned to look at Desmond. “Erin is going to wake about nine in the morning tomorrow.

If you don’t believe me, just wait and see.” With that, he put on another grin and left. Desmond could only sit there, unmoving as he began believing in Natasha and Spencer’s words. A vegetable waking up? Is that possible? No. I mustn’t let her wake. No matter whether or not this is real, I can’t let her wake up. He was on pins and needles and after a long while of contemplation, a vicious glint flashed past his eyes.

## You’re Out Daddy Chapter 216

### You’re Out Daddy

#### Chapter 216

**Chapter 216** What Illness Does He Have No sooner had Natasha walked out with Spencer than she asked in curiosity, “So, what kind of illness does Desmond have?” Sneering, Spencer replied in a low voice, “Physical weakness caused by overindulgence in pleasures of the flesh!” Natasha was promptly rendered speechless. She cast a look at the man. “You probably scared him to death.” In response, Spencer chuckled. “That’s the most effective method against someone with a strong desire to live.”

Natasha smiled without denying that. “What’s your plan next?” Spencer inquired. As they were walking, Natasha glimpsed someone walking toward them from the opposite direction, upon which her pace abruptly slowed considerably. “What’s wrong?” Spencer queried. Then, he lifted his eyes and looked in the direction of her gaze, only to see a

man standing across from them. He had seen the man before at Infinitem, and the latter was seemingly that woman's son. From the look in the man's eyes, however, Spencer's intuition screamed at him that something was fishy. At once, he feigned a cough and turned his gaze to Natasha.

"I'll wait for you outside." After saying that, he walked straight ahead and went out with a meaningful smile on his face. Natasha stood there and stared right at Zachary. It had only been a few days since she last saw him, yet he seemed to have turned into an entirely different person. His vivacity in the past was nowhere to be seen, and he appeared to have aged quite a bit. But at the same time, he had a mature aura. Zachary hadn't expected to bump into Natasha in the hospital. The moment he laid eyes on her, a part of his heart inexorably clenched in pain. With his eyes fixated on her, he walked over. "It's been a long time," he remarked. "Yeah, it's been a long time," Natasha replied placidly. "Why... are you here?" Zachary questioned with his eyes pinned on her. "I came to look for your father to ask him something." Natasha was as calm as ever. Speaking of that, Zachary narrowed his eyes at her. "Kenneth had you come over?" "No, he doesn't know about this." Zachary's brows furrowed, his gaze radiating an indescribable hurt. "So, you came on his behalf?"

"I came for myself," Natasha asserted. Zachary inhaled deeply. Due to his consumption of alcohol, his eyes were still slightly scarlet. He looked right into her eyes. "Nat, I know my parents went overboard with you, but it's now a personal grudge between the Lynch family and Kenneth. I hope you don't interfere in things anymore!" he declared. "I was the cause of everything, so I can't stand by idly." "In other words, you're determined to help Kenneth?" "So be it if you want to think that way." As Zachary gazed at her, the look in his eyes turned solemn. "Also, you'd best advise your father to stop. If he continues on this path, he'll only suffer a devastating loss!" With that, Natasha said nothing further. She spun around and stalked away. "Natasha!" Zachary suddenly called out to her. He turned around and trained his eyes on her back. "Am I that worthless to you? Even as a friend, are you so unconcerned about me?" "If it weren't because I regard you as a friend, you can't possibly imagine what state they would be in now!" After saying that, Natasha didn't tarry anymore but left right away. Zachary stared at her back, his hands on both sides balling into fists.

The fury on his face was distinctly visible, and everyone could sense his uncontrollable rage. In this case, Nat, don't blame me for showing you no mercy! One day, you'll understand who's the most worthy of you! In the hospital room, Desmond was on pins and needles when the door was pushed open. He jolted, but the instant he saw that it was Zachary, an unfathomable glint flashed across his eyes. "It's you?" he drawled. Subsequently, he sneered, "So, you still know to come visit me and remember that you've got a father, huh?" Zachary strolled over and pinned his gaze on the man. He didn't bother with pleasantries but cut right to the chase. "What did she ask you just now?" "Who are you referring to?" "You know who I'm referring to!" Zachary snarled. At the mention of Natasha, Desmond's eyes darted this way and that.

On top of that, he sounded somewhat guilty. "What would she have to ask me? She naturally wanted me to give up fighting against the Hamilton family!" "That's all?" "What else could there be?" Desmond retorted. He lifted his eyes and glowered at Zachary. "What's this? Are you also here to interrogate me?" Zachary was silent for a moment before he commented, "Dad, you're not Kenneth's match!" Although he was reluctant to admit it, that was the reality. Lynch Corporation fighting against Kenneth was like an ant biting an elephant. It looked painful, but it wouldn't make any difference. The aftermath would only be temporary, having a negligible effect. Desmond was naturally aware of that, but he had no other choice. His eyes narrowed into slits. "And? What do you mean by that? Are you thinking of persuading me to give up as well? What about Lynch Corporation, then? What about everything I accumulated throughout the years with my blood, sweat, and tears? Am I to watch it all fall into ruin?" "But what's the use of you doing this apart from causing Hamilton Corporation a bit of bad press?" Zachary countered. "Be that as it may, it's better than doing nothing at all. Even if I die, I want to drag him down with me!" Desmond vowed. "The best solution at present is to close down Lynch Corporation," Zachary proposed. Desmond couldn't believe his ears. His eyes narrowed a fraction as he stared at his son. "What did you just say? R-Repeat it again." "I know it's difficult for you to accept, but don't worry. As long as you listen to me, I promise that your life won't be affected in any way—" Slap! Before Zachary could finish speaking, Desmond leaped to his feet and slapped him hard across the face. Glaring at his son, he snapped, "Initially, I was planning to hand Lynch Corporation over to you to manage.

But from the look of things now, I was too naive. If I hand it to you, it'll be ruined sooner or later without others having to do anything. How could I have such a useless son like you?" He was so livid that he shook all over. The blow Zachary took was solid. A red palmprint instantly manifested on his face, and a trickle of blood stained the corner of his mouth. Nonetheless, he was neither frantic nor furious. Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he merely looked at Desmond, seemingly used to it. In fact, a smirk played on his lips. "In that case, continue dreaming while clinging on to your Lynch Corporation." He didn't bother saying anything further as he whirled around and walked out. As Desmond stared at the man's back, he almost burst a blood vessel. "You expect to fight Kenneth for his woman with that attitude of yours? He wouldn't even need to do anything for you to back down in cowardice!"

The moment his words rang out, Zachary halted in his tracks. He turned around, the look in his eyes as cold as ice. "Why, was I wrong?" Desmond huffed. "That woman is quite smart to know that you're entirely unreliable!" Zachary's ebony eyes narrowed into slits, turning eerily terrifying. "We don't know who wins before the very end." Having said that, he retracted his gaze and pivoted, strolling right out. Desmond had no idea what his son meant. He's unreliable, so I can only count on myself. I won't give up even if I've got to fight to the death!