

You're Out Daddy Chapter 217

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Keep Your Mouth Shut At night, when the doctor came on his rounds, Desmond asked, "How's the patient in Room 103 now, doctor?" The matter about Lynch Corporation had been sensational recently, so everyone in the hospital knew about it. At the same time, they were also aware of his relationship with Erin. Indeed, it was rather tragic. Following that question, the doctor flashed him a smile and answered, "I was just planning to tell you the good news. Your lover might regain consciousness." Desmond was stunned for a moment, but he only froze for a few seconds as the doctor was around.

He then queried with a smile, "Really?" "Yeah! She inexplicably showed signs of improvement after someone came and visited her today. If her willpower is strong, she'll regain consciousness in the next few days. However, it's not definite, so further observation is required." "After someone came and visited her?" Desmond echoed, recalling the man who told him he was sick earlier in the day. Could it be him? The doctor nodded. "Yes. He was probably someone important or the like since he could spark her will to live. Actually, there have been similar precedents in the medical field. Many people would say something important to the patient or something that could trigger the patient's will to live. Anyway, it's a positive sign. Congratulations!" Desmond chuckled, but his smile didn't reach his eyes. He initially thought that the man was simply lying to him, but his confidence was gradually fading then. After the doctor had left, he tossed and turned on the bed, unable to sleep. His mind was chock-filled with the possible scenes after Erin regained consciousness.

No, I can't allow it to happen! If she were to regain consciousness, I'd be doomed! After turning it over in his mind, he sat up from the bed. A glimmer of ruthlessness glinted in his eyes. Picking up his phone, he sent someone a message. It read: Remember to leave no traces. Having sent the message, he looked out the window, his gaze pitch-black. This is all thanks to you, Kenneth! I'll definitely have you pay the price a thousand times over! Upstairs, a man wearing a doctor's coat and a mask walked straight into Erin's room. Upon entering the room, he immediately closed the door. With his eyes fixated on the person on the bed, he walked over. "If you want someone to blame, blame it on your man!" After saying that, he took out a handkerchief and poured something on it before bringing it to Erin's face.

Just as his hands were about to come into contact with her nose and mouth, Erin opened her eyes without warning to stare right at him. The man jumped in fright, but he no longer hesitated. He placed the handkerchief over her nose and mouth, smothering her mercilessly. Ten minutes later, Desmond was still standing in front of the window. His phone abruptly dinged, so he glanced over his shoulder at it. As he gazed at it, he

felt inexplicably conflicted. He stared at it for a long time. In the end, he still walked over and picked up his phone, tapping a message open. It read: It's done. At the sight of those two words, Desmond's heartbeat accelerated considerably for no apparent reason. But at the same time, an indescribable sense of relief flooded him. A while later, he replied: Got it. On the heels of that, the other man texted: Where's the money? When are you giving it to me? Desmond pondered for a while before answering: Tomorrow.

I'll give it to you personally. Another text came in: Can't you just wire it to me? Desmond: It's better not to leave any evidence for certain things. To which, the reply was: Okay. What's the time and venue? Desmond deliberated for some time before sending the time and location over. The man texted: I'll be waiting for you. Thereafter, there was nothing else from the man. Sitting on the bed, Desmond spaced out all of a sudden. Erin's face from when she was young until then flashed across his mind like a slideshow. It would be a lie to claim that he wasn't anguished. He would harbor affection even toward a cat or a dog, much less a woman who had given him a child. But what other choice did I have? She offended Hamilton Corporation and bought disaster upon Lynch Corporation. Presently, that was the only path she had. Despite the dampness of his eyes, his heart remained as hard as a rock. Erin, I know you're very much resentful. If that's really the case, go and seek Kenneth out. This is all thanks to him! At that thought, Desmond took a deep breath and started making plans again. Tomorrow, I'll definitely use this matter to kick up a huge fuss! I may not be your match in terms of financial resources and power, Kenneth, but don't dream of getting off unscathed from this matter! Early the next morning, news that Kenneth had caused someone's death as a capitalist made the headlines. Once again, it sparked a round of public criticism. Hamilton Corporation's share prices plummeted to rock bottom, and rumors of internal problems spread. Meanwhile, Lynch Corporation garnered much sympathy as the victim. When Desmond saw the news and the netizens' comments, the corners of his mouth turned up. You didn't expect this, did you, Kenneth? If things continue developing in this trend, there's a possibility of Lynch Corporation rising again! Following that line of thought, he heaved a sigh of relief.

At precisely that moment, his phone dinged. He picked it up. After reading the text message, his brows knitted together. He replied: Don't worry. You'll be receiving the money without a cent less. Having replied to the message, he continued looking at the news in high spirits. He was initially a touch sorrowful yesterday, but after seeing the results that day, he felt that everything was worth it. At that, relief suffused him. At long last, he had a reprieve from his despondency for the past few days. However, the instant Desmond remembered that he had to tie off some loose ends, he changed out of the hospital gown and into his own clothes without waiting for the doctor to make his rounds. Then, he sneaked out of the hospital. He first went to the bank and withdrew some money before taking a taxi to his destination. It was an abandoned factory. After alighting from the taxi, Desmond looked around. It wasn't until he had ascertained that no one was there that he headed into the factory. Holding up his phone, he texted while walking: I've arrived. The man replied: I'm inside. Desmond put his phone away and headed in. When he had walked for a while yet saw no one, he took his phone out again and sent a message. No sooner had he done so than a man appeared before him. The

man was a little over 1.8 meters and had an unsightly countenance, but his eyes were particularly creepy. At the sight of him, Desmond was stunned for a moment. The man had done quite some dirty work for him, but he had always paid via bank transfer. This time, however, he was more cautious since it involved a life.

“Are you sure you didn’t leave any traces?” Desmond questioned frostily. “Do you not know my capabilities?” the man riposted. Desmond fell into a brief contemplation. In the many times we’ve worked together, he’s indeed never caused any trouble for me. Nonetheless, he still warned worriedly, “Let me tell you this—this matter is different from the previous times. Remember to keep your mouth zipped. Otherwise, neither of us will be able to get out of this!” The man said nothing, merely scrutinizing him with an icy gaze before demanding bluntly, “Where’s the money?” Throwing a look at him, Desmond handed him the black suitcase right away. The man glanced at it and reached out, taking it from him. “Remember what I said. Keep your mouth shut.” After saying that, Desmond spun around to leave.

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Become Full Of Myself Unexpectedly, several people blocked Desmond’s path the instant he whirled around. Desmond was promptly taken aback. What’s happening here? He turned back and pinned his eyes on the man. “What’s the meaning of this?” The man kept silent, a flash of helplessness flitting across his eyes. Right then, a few men in police uniforms appeared behind him and cuffed him. Subsequently, Zeke and Natasha walked out. As soon as Desmond caught sight of them, understanding dawned upon him. Without delay, he made a run for it. Alas, he was pinned to the ground before he could get far. He struggled wildly. “Let go of me! What are the lot of you trying to do? What right do you have to arrest me?”

“Let me go!” Right that moment, Zeke walked up and stared down at him. “Desmond Lynch, you’re suspected of hiring a hitman to murder someone. We have the proof and witness, so please follow us back to assist in the investigation.” “I don’t know what you’re saying! Why are you accusing me of engaging the services of a hitman when I merely came to give him money? What proof do you have? Let go of me! Let go! Believe it when I say that I’ll sue you!” Even then, Desmond continued resisting obstinately. At that exact moment, Natasha sauntered over and crouched on the ground to gaze at him indifferently. “Mr. Lynch, I have a piece of news to tell you.” Desmond said nothing, shooting daggers at her. “Not only is Erin still alive, but she has even regained consciousness,” Natasha declared mildly.

Desmond's face abruptly crumpled. Words eluded him. "Before there was any definite news, you already told the journalists that Erin had died, sparking public criticism. Do you think everyone is a fool?" Natasha queried. Desmond remained silent, his eyes fixated on her. "It was you? You were the one who set a trap for me?" "It's true that I set a trap for you, but wasn't it your choice whether to fall into the trap?" "How dare you!" "Mr. Lynch, the truth will always come to light," Natasha enunciated. Desmond looked into her eyes, gripped by the urge to rip her into a thousand pieces. "It was you! You sabotaged me! It was all you!" he screeched out of the blue. He struggled hard to break free and charge at her. "Stay still!" The police officer held him down mercilessly. Right then, Zeke came over. "All right, take him away. We'll interrogate him at the police station." A few police officers in plain clothes seized Desmond and dragged him out. As Natasha watched the man being led away, there wasn't a hint of pity in her eyes. Some people ultimately give up the last shred of affection for the sake of their personal interests. Are they pitiful or pathetic? Zeke turned to look at Natasha as they walked out. "Thank you for your assistance this time, Ms. Watson. I'm really grateful."

With her face devoid of expression, Natasha inquired bluntly, "Now that the investigation has concluded, justice will be served to Hamilton Corporation, yes?" At the mention of that, Zeke chortled. "So, you did all this for Kenneth's sake?" Natasha's gaze darkened a shade. "Everything happened because of me, and I was also the reason Hamilton Corporation was dragged into this mess. Thus, I can't deny my responsibility in this matter!" As Zeke listened, he nodded smilingly. Well, well, well... Young people like to say one thing when they mean the other. "It looks like Kenneth made the right choice," Zeke commented. Natasha frowned, but the man continued, "Don't worry. When the investigation wraps up, the investigative result will be announced. At that time, the truth will come to light." Only after hearing that did Natasha nod in acknowledgment. "Okay." Right then, a black car sped over. It drove all the way to them before stopping in front of them. Then, Kenneth got out of the car. When Natasha saw him, her brows creased. Contrarily, a faint smile remained on Zeke's face. "You came pretty quickly." The moment Kenneth spotted Natasha, he slammed the car door shut. He proceeded to stride over to her, his brows scrunched together deeply. Throughout it all, he appeared rather anxious. "Are you okay? Are you hurt anywhere?" he asked. His eyes roamed all over her body to ascertain that she didn't sustain any injuries. Natasha didn't bother about that. Instead, she questioned, "How did you know that I was here?"

Just then, Zeke interjected from the side, "Oh, I was the one who told him. Before this operation, he gave me a call. After mulling it over, I thought I should tell him about this matter. Unexpectedly, he arrived in such a short time!" At those words, Kenneth swung his gaze at the man. "Mr. Zeller, if anything had happened to Nat, I would never have let you off the hook!" That was a half-truth, but it didn't sound like a joke. "Did you hear that? This brat even wants to settle the score with me!" Zeke teased Natasha, smirking. Then, he turned to Kenneth. "I don't know what good deeds you've done in your previous life that you're so blessed in this life. You're even complaining here after benefiting from the matter. Fine, fine. I'm handing her back to you without a scratch."

Don't blame me anymore!" Seeing that Natasha was fine, Kenneth breathed a sigh of relief. Only God knew how he had made it there without running into an accident. "All right, I'll leave you two to talk. I've still got something to do at the police station, so I'll be leaving first."

After saying that, Zeke straightened his clothes and left. When he was gone, Kenneth's gaze alighted on Natasha. His ebony eyes were unfathomable, and he stared at her lovingly. "I—" Before Natasha could even speak, Kenneth pulled her into his arms and hugged her tightly. At once, Natasha was startled. "Promise me to never do such a thing again in the future. It's exceedingly dangerous. Compared to you, everything is insignificant!" Kenneth asserted in a low voice that was also a touch hoarse. "Actually... it wasn't that dangerous," Natasha protested. Only then did Kenneth drop his hold on her. "You know that a person would do anything when backed into a corner. Weren't you afraid that Desmond would do something to you?" "But he might not necessarily be my match." "Were you hoping that he'd play by the rules with you?" Kenneth queried. Natasha pursed her lips, her brows knitting together. "According to my plan, there shouldn't be any incidents." Looking at her, Kenneth sighed in exasperation. "Incidents are something you can never predict." Indeed, Natasha couldn't deny that. Kenneth continued gazing at her with undercurrents in his eyes.

"Fortunately, nothing happened to you." His voice was hoarse. The emotion he expressed was too straightforward and intense that Natasha didn't know what to say. Kenneth suddenly drew close to her, his low voice rising imperceptibly. "Also, weren't you afraid I'd become full of myself when you did all this for me?" Become full of himself? Natasha eyed him in puzzlement. "Do you love me now, Nat?" Kenneth asked with his eyes radiating intense hope. Otherwise, why would she take such a risk for me and do such a thing? His gaze was so intense that it could seemingly scorch someone. At a loss for words, Natasha instinctively averted her gaze. "I don't know what you're talking about." "You do," Kenneth maintained. The look in his eyes as he stared at her seemingly allowed her no escape.

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Chapter 219 You Do Love Me "You do love me, right?" Kenneth pressed with his eyes trained on her. Frowning, Natasha pressed her lips into a thin line. She didn't know what to say, but she knew that the man wouldn't easily let her off if she didn't say anything. After deliberating for a while, she replied, "It wasn't just because of you that I did this. I'm the reason this matter transpired, so I couldn't stand idly by, nor did I want to drag you and Old Mr. Hamilton into the mess. As for the rest of whatever you said, all that had nothing to do with it." Having said that, she averted her gaze and got ready to leave.

However, Kenneth grabbed her. It was as though he had expected her to say that, for he was neither peeved nor irritated. Instead, the corners of his mouth curved upward. "You said it wasn't just because of me. Does that mean that I'm also part of the reason, even if a little?" Even a smidge was enough to make him happy. At the sight of the smile playing on his lips, Natasha was stunned for a moment. Did I say that? "Is that right?" At that moment, Kenneth was like a child lacking love, anxiously requiring the slightest bit of affirmation from her. His hopeful gaze had one unable to say anything to the contrary.

Natasha swept a gaze over him. "You can think whatever you want." With that, she strode off. As Kenneth stared at her back, the corners of his mouth curved into a grin. He knew that it was already a fantastic answer. For Natasha, uttering such a remark was already a great affirmation to him. At that thought, his grin widened as he went after her. When Natasha reached the car, Kenneth immediately stepped forward and opened the door attentively. Just as she was about to get into the vehicle, she abruptly noticed the latter's hand. It was trembling. "What's wrong with you?" she questioned, eyeing him. Right then, Kenneth glanced at his hand as well. "Nothing's wrong. I was too nervous on my way here, afraid that something would happen to you. But I'm fine now." While saying that, he withdrew his hand smilingly.

Natasha was taken aback. She cast a look at him before getting into the car with a thoughtful expression on her face. Kenneth circled over and climbed into the car as well. During the drive back, Natasha remained silent. As Kenneth drove, he glanced at her every so often. In truth, he long since had a countermeasure even if she hadn't made a move. In fact, it could be said that things only developed thus far because he had allowed it. However, he never thought that she would step forward to help him. Although his plan had been disrupted, he was still in a pretty good mood. He felt very much protected. The mere thought of it had him feeling much more joyful. "Nat." Hearing Kenneth addressing her thus, Natasha frowned in displeasure. "What is it?" "Nothing. It just feels great to be protected by you." Natasha was struck dumb. Kenneth looked at her, the smile on his lips growing increasingly wider. Conversely, Natasha's brows were furrowed.

Hmm, his moods are really unpredictable. He just told me a while ago not to do such a dangerous thing for his sake, but now, he's all smiles. "Don't mention it." Nevertheless, Kenneth remained smiling, obviously in a good mood. Just then, a phone call from Fabian came in. "Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Landry called for a shareholder's meeting to impeach you. Everyone has arrived now." Kenneth's eyes narrowed a fraction. "Got it." "So..." "I'll be there in twenty minutes." "Okay." After hanging up the phone, Kenneth turned to Natasha. "Do you have anything else to do today?" Natasha shook her head. "If so, how about making a trip to my office with me? When the matter has been resolved, we'll go for lunch together!" Kenneth ventured. "You're still in the mood to eat now?" Natasha had heard everything Fabian said on the phone earlier. However, Kenneth merely smiled nonchalantly. "Nothing is as important as having lunch with you." Since he had said as much, Natasha couldn't say anything else. Arching an eyebrow,

she nodded. "Sure!" The instant Kenneth heard that, the corners of his lips turned up. Then, he accelerated and sped toward his office. That was the first time Natasha entered Kenneth's office with him. As soon as they stepped into the lobby, numerous gazes fell on them. After all, everyone had learned of Natasha's existence during the company's anniversary banquet a few days ago. It was wholly unexpected, especially since they even had children together already.

that established her position as the mistress of Hamilton Corporation. As such, no one would dare show her any disrespect or impudence. "Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton." Upon seeing them, some employees greeted them. When Kenneth heard that, he nodded in utter delight. Natasha, on the other hand, merely frowned slightly after hearing that. Nonetheless, she said nothing since she wasn't planning on stepping forward and explaining things to them one by one. Only after they had entered the elevator did she turn to Kenneth. "You're going to allow them to continue misunderstanding things?" "Misunderstand what?" Kenneth inquired in feigned ignorance. Natasha stared at him. "If this continues, it'll be rather difficult for you to seek other women out!" In response, Kenneth nodded. "Indeed. There are less women throwing themselves at me now." "It's not too late if you regret it now!" Kenneth turned to her. "Regret? I now regret not having publicized it earlier!" Natasha was rendered speechless. "Also, I don't plan on seeking out other women besides you in this lifetime," Kenneth enunciated with his eyes fixated on her.

Gazing at him, Natasha merely pursed her lips and kept quiet. At that exact moment, the elevator doors opened. Kenneth looked at her. "Let's go." He stepped out first, and Natasha followed behind him. By then, Fabian was already frantic beyond words. He paced back and forth in front of the office door. The moment he saw Kenneth, his eyes lit up. "You're finally here, Mr. Hamilton!" When he spotted Natasha, he greeted, "Ms. Watson." Natasha nodded in acknowledgment. "Has everyone arrived?" Kenneth asked. The instant he stepped into the office, it was as though he became someone else altogether, turning somber in the blink of an eye. "Yes, they're all here, not a single one absent," Fabian answered. In response, Kenneth nodded. He then glanced back over his shoulder at Natasha. "Go and wait for me in my office for a while.

I'll be back very soon." Natasha nodded. Kenneth flashed her a smile before striding toward the conference room, Fabian following behind him. "There's no need to follow me. Take good care of Nat." Nodding, Fabian replied, "Understood." Kenneth marched toward the conference room, his steps steady and his expression arrogant. He appeared like a king who looked down on everyone and everything. As Natasha gazed at his back, her eyes went unfocused. Sure enough, he's incredibly outstanding! Breathing a sigh of relief, Fabian shifted his gaze to her. "This way, please, Ms. Watson."

Natasha nodded and headed toward Kenneth's office. "What would you like to drink, Ms. Watson?" Fabian inquired. "Coffee will do." "Sure! A moment, please!" While saying that, Fabian promptly went out to convey the order. In no time, a cup of hot coffee was brought over. "Here, Ms. Watson!" Fabian exclaimed enthusiastically. "Thank you."

Natasha picked it up and took a sip. Subsequently, she looked at him. "By the way, what's going on in the company?"

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Chapter 220 You Were Never My Pawn Fabian replied, "It's all because of those bad rumors. The stock prices are plummeting, and the shareholders can't wait to get rid of Mr. Hamilton and run the company by themselves!" Worried that he might upset Natasha, he immediately added, "But there's no need for you to be worried. Mr. Hamilton has already expected all these. In fact, he wants to use this opportunity to get rid of the incapable ones. That's why he has yet to deal with the Lynch family. These people are no match for Mr. Hamilton. It's only a matter of time before they are gone!"

Fabian sounded quite proud indeed. Natasha narrowed her eyes when she heard that. She looked at Fabian and asked, "Was moving the anniversary banquet forward part of his plan?" "That's right..." The answer tumbled out of Fabian's mouth too quickly before he realized it. In an instant, he was stunned. He stared at Natasha. Will Ms. Watson misunderstand what I just said? "No." Fabian went on to explain himself, "While this was Mr. Hamilton's plan all along, his ultimate aim was to take revenge for you!" Yes, that's right! Natasha looked at him in silence without any emotion. Fabian frowned. Why do I feel like the more I explain, the more information I'm leaking out? "It's true that Mr. Hamilton is doing this for you..." said Fabian sincerely. Natasha responded with a nod. "It's true!" Fabian emphasized his point again because, judging from Natasha's expression, she did not appear to believe him. Both Mr. Hamilton and Ms. Watson are about to get back together. If it's because of me that they don't, Mr. Hamilton will surely kill me. The thought of it made a chill run down his spine. Looking at Fabian's worried expression, Natasha smiled and reassured him, "I got it."

However, for some strange reason, the calmer Natasha was, the more insecure Fabian felt. "So, you won't blame Mr. Hamilton?" asked Fabian with a hopeful smile. Natasha remained silent. Just then, someone knocked on the door and called out, "Mr. Houde." Fabian walked over and had a few words with the person. He nodded before saying, "I understand." When he turned around and looked at Natasha, she said, "Go ahead with your work. Don't worry about me." Fabian was about to open his mouth and say something, but he hesitated. In the end, he nodded and said, "Then, feel free to rest here. Mr. Hamilton will be back very soon." Natasha nodded. With that, Fabian left the office. Natasha drank her coffee with eyes void of emotions. Before that, she had been curious why Kenneth was taking so long to deal with the Lynch family.

It was not his style. Now, she realized that he was more abstruse than she knew him to be. Everyone was a chess piece on his board, but they were all clueless. However, as far as Natasha was concerned, there was no way she could stay out of it no matter what Kenneth was up to. She just needed to do whatever was necessary. A clear conscience was more important. Just then, she noticed that there were two photographs displayed on Kenneth's table. They were placed at an angle, so Natasha could not see the whole picture. Out of curiosity, she got up and took a better look. She was slightly startled when she saw the photos. The first one had the three children in it and had been taken recently, most likely during an outing with Liam. The three young ones were smiling happily in that photograph. Even Natasha could not help but smile when she looked at it. When she saw the other photo, she was taken aback. It was her. Natasha rarely had her photograph taken because she always felt that she appeared unreal. However, she looked both familiar and strange in that photo. She had no idea when the photograph had been taken, but judging from the angle, it had been done in secret. Natasha had no recollection of this photo at all. The most astonishing part of all was Kenneth displaying their photographs in his office. Natasha was not someone who bothered with formalities.

In fact, she hardly noticed the superficial stuff. It was the minor details that caught her eye and gave her that unique feeling. Just as she was staring at the photographs in a daze, she heard someone shouting outside. "Kenneth, who the hell do you think you are? Let me tell you something. I'm also a veteran of this company. What makes you think you can get rid of me just like that? Let go of me. Let go! Kenneth, just wait and see. I won't let you off!" Outside Kenneth's office, the security guards were dragging a middle-aged man away. He kept yelling, but no one went up and helped him. In the end, the security guards managed to get him out of the office. As Natasha was watching, Kenneth pushed the door open and walked in. Natasha looked at him with a smile and asked, "Is it settled? So soon?"

Kenneth glanced at the photo in her hand and began to undo the top few buttons of his shirt with one hand. He walked toward her with a smile, nodded, and asked, "How is it? It's beautiful, isn't it?" Knowing that he was referring to the photograph, Natasha asked him pointedly, "When was this taken?" "Take a guess," Kenneth said with a grin. There was no response from Natasha. At that moment, the two of them were so close to one another that they were about to touch. "What would you like to have for lunch?" asked Kenneth in that deep, husky, and masculine voice of his. Natasha was unfazed. She looked him in the eyes and pretended to think about his question before answering, "Since you've achieved victory in such a massive chess game, Mr. Hamilton, we should celebrate it by going for a sumptuous meal." Kenneth was an intelligent man and immediately understood what she was talking about. Raising his brows, he asked, "You know everything?" "From your tone, was I not supposed to know, Mr. Hamilton?" Natasha asked with her brows raised and a calm expression. "Of course not," replied Kenneth as his gaze darkened. "I have no intention of hiding it from you. I just didn't manage to tell you in time. Furthermore, you weren't one of my pawns!"

"If I wasn't one of your pawns, then what was I?" Natasha was interested. "You're my bottom line. One that no one is allowed to touch!" said Kenneth in all seriousness. His

answer rendered Natasha speechless. She looked at him and did not know how to respond. Natasha had thought of loads to tell him off. However, at that moment, her mind went blank, and nothing came out of her mouth. True enough, Natasha was still unable to resist affectionate behavior from others. In that instant, Kenneth cornered her and asked, "So, are you angry with me?"

Angry? Not really. Natasha was not the petty type, but looking at Kenneth, she decided to play along. "What do you think?" retorted Natasha with hardly any emotion. Kenneth narrowed his eyes and bit his lip sexily while he was pondering her question. He then looked at her and asked, "Is there any way I can redeem myself? Perhaps..."