

You're Out Daddy Chapter 41

Chapter 41

When checking the room number, he didn't even realize that his hands were shaking.

The next moment, he knocked on the door.

After one knock, the door immediately flung open, and Natasha appeared by the door.

Her face was red, and she could hardly stand still then. When Kenneth was about to say something, she collapsed into his embrace.

"Natasha. Natasha!" While calling out to her anxiously, he noticed a sticky sensation on her hands. He quickly checked them and saw blood had filled her wrists.

"What did he do to you?" Anger immediately overtook his eyes.

"I'm fine," she answered.

"You're not fine!" He shot back with a furious expression. He looked like he was going to murder someone soon at that moment.

Then, he heard the noises caused by someone taking a shower in the bathroom. When he was about to act, Natasha said, "I cut myself because I'm worried that I will lose consciousness. He didn't do anything to me."

Coincidentally, when Kenneth wanted to reply to her, the sound of the water inside the bathroom disappeared.

The next moment, Gaston opened the door and exited the bathroom.

"I'm coming, sugar baby." He only had a towel wrapping around his waist then. He was shirtless and looked lecherous. The man instantly froze when he stepped into the room and saw such a scene before him.

As Kenneth was standing by the door and had his back against the light, Gaston couldn't get a clear look at his face.

Despite that, he was displeased with the fact Natasha had gotten help. Unwilling to lose his prey, he approached them and roared, "Who the hell are you? Did you enter the wrong room? Get out of here now!"

Unfortunately for him, Kenneth kicked him even before he could get close to the latter.

As Gaston didn't expect the kick, he didn't manage to dodge it, causing him to fall backward and unable to get up for some time.

"How dare you! How could you kick me? I bet you have a death wish. How the hell are you? I will make you pay for this!" Gaston hollered while fuming.

"You're not worthy enough to know my name," Kenneth answered.

He would have delivered more than a kick to Gaston if Natasha wasn't injured then.

"How dare you! I shall make you pay for this," Gaston continued to hurl insults at him.

Upon noticing that Kenneth would attack the man again, Natasha feebly said, "It's never too late to take revenge later. I need some rest now."

Seeing the condition of the woman in his arms, he put aside the thought of wanting to teach Gaston a lesson.

"I'll take you to the hospital," he said.

"Okay." She nodded.

Kenneth then scooped her up. When they were about to leave, the people, who were having dinner with him, caught up with them.

"What happened, Kenneth?"

The moment they arrived before him, Kenneth instinctively pushed Natasha's face closer to his chest to cover her face.

The man who asked the question immediately understood what had happened. After glancing inside the room and spotting Gaston, he asked, "You did that to him?"

"I don't want anyone to know about the happenings today." With that, Kenneth left.

"Are you going to let him get away from this?" The man shot another question at him.

"I have my plans." After announcing his intention, he walked away with Natasha in his arms without turning back.

Gaston, who was lying on the ground, heard their conversation clearly.

Kenneth? Why does the name sound so familiar?

He looked at the people by the door and asked, "Who is the man who has just left?"

“Oh, he’s nobody. He’s just the owner of Hamilton Corporation, Kenneth Hamilton.”

Gaston’s face instantly fell.

Oh no! I’ve offended someone I shouldn’t!

After placing Natasha in the car, Kenneth unhesitatingly drove to the hospital.

In the passenger seat, Natasha feebly leaned on the car seat. Though her body was still weak, luckily, her consciousness was clear.

The beads of sweat on her forehead had wet her hair, and the redness on her cheeks was still around. However, her lips were paler than before.

“Hang on. We’ll arrive at the hospital soon,” Kenneth informed.

Natasha was putting pressure on her injuries when she pulled the corners of her mouth into a smile. “I’m fine. The effect of the drugs will dissipate after letting out some blood. I don’t mind if we don’t go to the hospital.”

When he saw her smile, he couldn’t help thinking that she still looked as beautiful as ever even though she was in such a chaotic condition.

Kenneth tore away his gaze from her and commented, “It seems that you know everything.”

“Once you’ve been through a lot, you will know how to deal with it without being taught,” said Natasha.

Taken aback by her response, he turned to look at him.

However, she didn’t further explain.

Disbelief overtook Kenneth’s heart then when realization dawned on him. Does she mean this isn’t the first time she has encountered such a situation?

“Stop talking and take some rest. We will arrive at the hospital soon,” Kenneth instructed.

With that, Natasha stopped talking and closed her eyes. However, the moment she shut her eyelids, she murmured, “Please slow down. I don’t want to die in your hands.”

Kenneth was at a loss for words after hearing that.

If some other ladies had encountered such a situation, there was no doubt that they would wail terribly.

Natasha, in contrast, still could throw jokes at him as if nothing had happened.

With such a thought in mind, he didn't notice that his heart was in turmoil now.

By the time Natasha opened her eyes again, she was already in the hospital, having IV drips and bandages covered her wounds.

Upon noticing that Kenneth was still around, she checked the time and realized it was already eleven o'clock at night.

"Thank you for helping me today. It's late now. You should go home and take some rest," said Natasha. Clearly, she wanted him to leave.

Kenneth frowned. "This is the only thing you're going to say to me?"

"I'll transfer you the medical bill some other day. I really don't have the energy to do it now," she added.

Kenneth became extremely frustrated after hearing that.

At that point, he couldn't help but wonder if the woman before him was an ungrateful person.

He took a deep breath and said, "Okay. Since you insist, I'll take my leave now." After that, he turned and left.

Seeing Natasha had no intention of persuading him to stay, he opened the door and left without hesitation as he was fueled with anger then.

After watching his figure disappear before her, Natasha averted her gaze and looked for her bag. When she spotted it nearby, she tried to reach for it.

It took her a lot of effort to grab it. Upon retrieving her phone, she sent a message to her family group chat, "The Watsons", informing them that she couldn't go home that day as she had something to do.

Terence asked for a reason, and so did the three kids.

When Natasha was about to reply, the door suddenly flung open, and Kenneth walked into the ward.

Natasha was shocked to see him. After informing her family in the group chat that she had something to do, she kept away her phone.

"Did you forget something?" asked Natasha while staring at him.

He approached her and returned her gaze coldly. "Even if you're an ungrateful person, I'm not. I will only leave once you get better, for old times' sake."

Natasha didn't expect such an answer.

For old times' sake? Do we even have any relationship back then?

Now, she gradually understood that having a good marriage between them then was merely her wishful thinking. Hence, there was no relationship whatsoever between them.

"That won't be necessary."

"Natasha, are you even a woman?" asked Kenneth suddenly. His tone was slightly harsh as he was angry at her for being so strong-willed.

Natasha blinked and said, "It is pretty obvious that I am."

"Other women would have cried after encountering such an incident. As for you, leaving aside the fact that you're not grateful for my company, how dare you try to shoo me away?" Kenneth shot back at her.

"So, you like that kind of woman?" Natasha asked, and it rendered Kenneth speechless.

"Thea is that kind of woman, isn't she?" She shot another question at him.

Though her body was exhausted, she was in good spirits.

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Despite her weak physical state, Natasha was still as feisty as usual.

Kenneth's interest was piqued when he noticed her penetrating eyes glaring at him. He walked over and asked, "Why? Are you jealous?"

"Jealous?" Natasha questioned before immediately denying it. "That's impossible."

"Why would it be impossible? Why do you keep bringing her up if you aren't jealous?" Kenneth asked as a strange look flashed across his dark, solemn eyes.

"I'm just curious," she replied.

“What are you curious about?”

“I’m just wondering what kind of woman is capable of capturing your heart,” Natasha said.

“Why would you be curious about her?”

“I don’t think it’s strange for a woman you had abandoned to be curious about this. Don’t you think so?” asked Natasha.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes when he heard the word “abandoned” come out of her mouth. Even though she said it casually, the word still sounded offensive to him.

“Natasha, you don’t have to be so harsh. I did not abandon you.”

“Am I wrong?”

“We only got married because of Grandpa. There were no feelings of love between us, so our divorce was the best decision for both of us,” Kenneth explained.

Upon hearing his words, Natasha gathered her expression as she retracted the disappointment in her eyes. Then she nodded. “That... makes sense.”

The expression in her eyes somehow gave Kenneth the feeling that he had hurt her.

He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, “Why? Did you have feelings for me?”

The corner of her pale lips curled upward as Natasha scoffed, “I must be crazy if I had feelings for you.”

Somehow Natasha’s words were always so unpleasant to his ears.

Looking at her sternly, Kenneth warned, “It’s not entirely impossible for you to turn crazy. Natasha, it would be best if you stopped being curious about my affairs before things spiral out of control.”

“Don’t worry. I wasn’t planning on falling for the same trap twice.”

Kenneth was at a loss of words.

Would it hurt for her to refrain from saying unnecessary things?

Knowing that Kenneth was about to lose his cool, Natasha quickly changed the topic. “All right, I’m tired. I’m going to rest. You may leave now.”

With that, she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

It was a good thing that she reacted fast enough. Who knew what Kenneth would do if she were to provoke him any further?

Finally, the air in the room was quiet. Kenneth glanced in Natasha's direction and watched her sleep. Her face was still flushed, and beads of cold sweat formed on her forehead. Yet, despite being in such a worn state, she still looked unrealistically beautiful.

A suspicion grew within him as he wondered how different she had become even though she still looked the same as before, and there were no changes in her appearance throughout the years.

Could there be something wrong with my eyes?

Kenneth's lips contorted into a snicker as he pondered.

As he listened to Natasha's steady breathing, he stood up and gently put the blanket on her before leaving the ward quietly.

In the corridor, Kenneth dialed Fabian's number.

"Mr. Hamilton, how can I help you?" Fabian queried.

After a moment of silence, Kenneth finally spoke up. "Do you have Gaston's information in your hands?"

"H-How did you know?" Fabian asked in surprise.

"Name a price. I want you to hand over the information to the police tonight," Kenneth instructed.

Fabian realized that things seemed to be getting out of hand. "Did he do something to offend you?"

"I just think that a person like him should be taught a lesson." Although Kenneth's tone of voice sounded nonchalant, Fabian knew that Gaston must have offended him.

"Initially, I only collected information about him because I did not like him. Never would I have expected it to come in handy. Then I shall not stand on ceremony, Mr. Hamilton!" Fabian exclaimed.

"Okay."

"Just transfer whatever amount you think the information is worth to me." Fabian chuckled.

However, Kenneth did not respond. Instead, he tapped on his phone, and within seconds, Fabian received a text message on his phone.

When Fabian saw the text message, his eyes lit up. "Mr. Hamilton, have a good rest. Rest assured that I shall handle this issue perfectly. Satisfaction is guaranteed!" Fabian said with excitement evident in his voice.

"I've just sent you an address. Bring a fresh set of clothes to me when you come to pick me up."

"What are you doing in a hospital? Are you hurt?"

"I'm not hurt. Just do as I instructed," Kenneth replied.

Without questioning further, Fabian responded, "Got it!"

After ending the call, Kenneth glanced at the ward before he turned around and walked back in.

Natasha was sleeping soundly.

Later that night, the flush on Natasha's face gradually faded, and she no longer broke out in cold sweat. It was probably due to the effects of the medication.

After making sure that her condition was improving, Kenneth finally sat on the couch at the side of the ward and fell asleep.

The following day, sunshine poured through the window, forcing Natasha to open her eyes.

She scanned her surroundings and noticed that she was no longer on the drip. Her body was free of needles, and she was feeling much better.

She was about to leave the bed when Natasha noticed someone was sleeping on the couch in front of her. When she realized who the man was, she was stunned for a moment.

Did Kenneth not go back last night and spend the night here?

Despite it being a fact, she still could not believe her eyes.

This was something that he would never have done when they were married in the past.

Scenes of him showing up and the way he protected her when he was carrying her away from last night flashed through her mind. Undeniably, Natasha felt a tinge of delight when Kenneth showed up.

At the very least, she no longer hated him as much as before.

As she observed his side profile that was glowing under the mellow sunlight casting on his body, she realized that he looked much more mature than six years ago, and his facial features looked more masculine.

It was undeniable that Kenneth's physical appearance was her cup of tea.

However...

Just as Natasha was staring off into space, her phone suddenly rang.

The phone ringing jolted Natasha to her senses and woke Kenneth up as well. He sat up and directed his gaze toward her.

Natasha immediately averted her gaze and hastily searched for her phone.

Realizing she was already awake, Kenneth furrowed his brows as he got up from the couch and walked to her. "How are you feeling? Better?"

With a nod, she answered, "Yes, I'm fine now."

Natasha's phone continued to ring, and it was still nowhere to be found.

Kenneth shot her a peculiar look before reaching out for the phone on the other end of the table and bringing it to her.

Unfortunately, he saw the name on the caller ID when he picked up her phone.

Caller ID: Big Darling.

The name felt like a stab to his heart.

After Natasha took the phone over from Kenneth, she glanced at him and wondered how she was going to pick up the call in his presence.

She hesitated for a moment and decided to hang up the call.

"Aren't you going to take the call?" Kenneth asked with a raised brow. The gentle expression from earlier instantly became stern.

"It's not convenient..." Natasha tried to come up with an excuse but failed.

"Why would it be inconvenient? Are you afraid for him to know that I've spent the night here with you?"

Natasha was at a loss of words as she looked at Kenneth in puzzlement.

“Your boyfriend is such a generous person. He gave you the freedom to dine with a male client and did not bother to check on you for the whole night. Did he finally remember about you now?”

There was nothing else that she could say.

With furrowed brows, she asked, “Kenneth, can you stop being sarcastic?”

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“How am I being sarcastic?” Kenneth questioned.

He merely felt annoyed by her reaction.

However, when Natasha was about to say something, her phone rang again.

The call was again, from “Big Darling”.

Almost immediately, Natasha kept her phone beneath her body like she was trying to hide something. She must not pick up the call in Kenneth's presence.

This time, a look of thunder clouded Kenneth's face.

“Do you need me to explain the situation on your behalf?” Kenneth asked with a brooding expression.

“No, there's no need for that.” Natasha shook her head as she continued to press on her phone with her body weight, unable to relax.

“I'm your ex-husband so it's not strange for me to show up in your ward,” he explained.

"Forget it." Natasha shook her head with a smile.

Upon her reaction, Kenneth had a complicated expression on his face.

Natasha's phone rang once again as if the caller was after her life. However, Natasha still had no intention of picking up the call.

Kenneth stared at her for a long time before leaving the ward.

When the door closed, Natasha finally let out a sigh of relief.

She immediately took out her phone and answered the call.

"Nat, what happened to you?" Anthony asked over the line.

"Nothing. Nothing happened to me," Natasha explained as she kept her eyes on the door.

"You stayed out the whole night and did not respond to any messages and calls from us. We were worried sick," said Anthony.

"I'm sorry for worrying you. I'll be back in a while. Let's talk about this tonight, all right?"

"Are you really okay?"

"Yes, I am. Aren't I talking to you over the phone right now? Don't worry, I'm fine," Natasha reassured.

"All right then," George heaved a sigh of relief. "Don't come back too late."

"Got it."

"Nat, I love you." Denise's cute voice sounded from the other end of the line.

Upon hearing Denise's gentle voice, Natasha could feel warmth bloom in her chest. She then smiled and gently replied, "I love you too."

Meanwhile, Kenneth was smoking on the other side of the door.

He could hear Natasha's talking on the phone loud and clear.

He felt inexplicably annoyed and unhappy when he heard her saying "I love you" to the other person on the line.

He then put out his cigarette and returned to the ward.

The moment Natasha saw him enter the ward, she acted as if nothing had happened and quickly kept her phone back in her bag, ready to leave.

"Why didn't you ask him to pick you up?" Kenneth scoffed.

"No, that's unnecessary. I can go back by myself."

"It seems like your relationship with him is not as close as I thought," Kenneth remarked.

He was trying hard to obtain some information about the other man from Natasha to make him feel better about himself.

However, Natasha merely flashed a smile at him and could not be bothered with his remark.

His mood got worse when he saw that smile of hers.

Suddenly, Kenneth's phone rang.

He took out his phone and checked the caller ID before subconsciously directing his gaze toward Natasha.

When she felt his eyes were on her after checking the caller ID, Natasha immediately guessed who the caller was.

"Go ahead." Natasha motioned for him to pick up the call. "Don't worry. I won't make a single sound."

Kenneth hesitated for a moment before he replied, "I'm not like you."

With that, he answered the call. "Hello."

"Kenneth, my parents had arrived. They wanted to treat you to a meal, so they're wondering whether you'd be free today?" Thea chirped over the phone.

He furrowed his eyebrows. "I'm busy today, so I can't make it. How about another day?"

"Um, all right then."

Before Thea could speak another word, Kenneth hung up the call.

As the distance between the two was relatively close, Natasha could hear Thea's voice from the call.

She gazed at Kenneth in amusement and teased, "You're going to leave a bad impression for turning down your future in-laws' invitation. I'm fine now, so you don't have to worry about me. If you need to leave, go ahead."

"Did you think I'm staying around because of you?" Kenneth asked.

Just as Natasha was about to say something, suddenly, someone forcefully pushed open the door. "Mr. Hamilton, are you hurt?"

Fabian rushed in, thinking that Kenneth was hurt. Hence, he only realized that the patient on the bed was someone else after he entered the ward.

"M-Ms. Watson?" Fabian was surprised.

Natasha looked at him and smiled politely at him.

After taking a good look at the bandage on Natasha, he immediately understood the situation.

Following that, he quickly handed her the breakfast he had just bought. "Ms. Watson, this is the breakfast Mr. Hamilton told me to buy for you. Enjoy."

The moment Natasha saw the food, she began to feel hungry.

She then turned to look at Kenneth.

"We used to be married, after all. So, a small gesture like this is nothing," he suddenly explained.

Fabian was going to pass the clean clothes to Kenneth when he heard Kenneth's words, leaving him flabbergasted.

What? They used to be married? What is that supposed to mean? Is Natasha Mr. Hamilton's ex-wife? Oh my, oh my, oh my!

He was trying to wrap his head around what he had just heard. The newly acquired piece of information was so earth-shattering he could not help but curse inwardly.

Meanwhile, Natasha merely glanced at Fabian for a moment and said nothing. Then, she turned to open up the food packaging and began eating.

"M-Mr. Hamilton..." Before Fabian could finish his sentence, he spotted the blood stains on Kenneth's shirt. "Mr. Hamilton, are you injured?"

"No, those aren't mine."

Feeling relieved, he finally handed the clothes over. "Here you go, the clothes that you asked for."

Kenneth took the clothes and headed toward the restroom to change.

Only Fabian and Natasha were left in the ward.

Based on his observations, Fabian could see that Natasha was important to Kenneth.

Even though he was unsure of the reason for their divorce, he could feel that Natasha's presence had a huge significance in Kenneth's heart.

"Ms. Watsons, how was the food?" Fabian asked as he watched her eat.

Natasha nodded, "Mm, the food is good. Thank you for the food."

"You're welcome," Fabian replied, standing at the side with both hands in front of him, like a humble servant waiting for his orders.

Not used to being treated in such a manner, she looked at him and offered, "Would you like to have some?"

"It's okay." Fabian gestured by waving his hands. He was worried that if he were to eat with her, he would be dead meat.

"How is your wound?" Fabian asked.

Looking at the bandaged wound, Natasha casually shook her head. "Well, it's all good."

"Gaston is known to be a lecher in the industry. But you don't have to worry because he will never get the chance to appear before you again."

She threw a perplexed gaze at him. "What do you mean?"

"That's because..."

The sound of the restroom door opening interrupted Fabian's reply. Kenneth walked out with a fresh fit of clothes.

He looked much more energetic than before. He looked like the main character walking out of a movie with his chiseled facial features and slender figure.

Not only women, but even Fabian could not take his eyes off him.

Just then, Kenneth looked over at Fabian and instructed, "Cancel all of my morning meetings."

"I'll get it done right now." With that, Fabian started making calls on his phone as he walked out of the ward.

Natasha quickly retracted her gaze and lowered her head as she continued to eat.

Kenneth stepped forward as he fixed his gaze on her. "Is the food good?"

"Yeah, it's good." She nodded.

She looked so carefree and nonchalant as usual.

"I'll send you back once you're done eating," he said.

Natasha was dumbfounded upon hearing Kenneth's words.

"No!" She rejected. Every part of her body wanted to reject his offer.

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Kenneth glanced at Natasha. "I'll send you back. Even if Old Mr. Watson found out, he wouldn't say anything, so aren't you overreacting here?"

Was I overreacting? But there's not only Grandpa at home. The kids are there too. It was uncertain if they would meet, but Natasha did not want to take the risk.

While facing Kenneth, she wore a calm expression. "I'm fine now, so I can return on my own. Don't you have something to do? You can do whatever you have to. We should keep our distance."

The more she declined him, the more Kenneth wanted to send her back.

"Are you worried about me or scared that your boyfriend would see us and misunderstand?" he questioned.

Natasha sighed. "It's the same thing."

"Easy. Either he comes to fetch you, or I send you back. You decide," he replied.

Kenneth was curious what kind of man would cause Natasha to be this protective.

She was speechless.

If I really have a boyfriend, I would've called him here to fetch me now. Unfortunately, where would I find such a person?

Looking at Kenneth, she smiled. "Thank you for your help."

He was speechless.

Natasha changed her stance faster than one flipping the page of a book.

Although she agreed, he was still a tad upset.

He stepped forward and stopped before her. "Natasha, just what kind of guy is he that you wouldn't let him show up?"

Since Kenneth was so sure that a "boyfriend" existed, Natasha had to make up one such person.

After giving it some thought, she said, "He's just too perfect."

"What kind of perfect?"

"He keeps a low profile, treats others sincerely, takes care of me, and is very loyal. All in all, he's completely different from you, so you wouldn't understand," Natasha replied.

When she thought of her children, she was relieved that she taught them well, so they did not turn out to be like Kenneth.

He remained silent, feeling that all she said was meant to jab at him.

Kenneth sneered, "Oh? There's such a man in the world?"

"Of course! Don't think it's impossible just because you've never encountered such people. There are plenty like this out there, but probably none in your circle, so you think they don't exist." Seeing as Kenneth's expression was grim, Natasha was somewhat delighted.

After so many years, she could tell him these without cursing at him. It was quite satisfying on her part.

Kenneth stared at her. "I'm getting more curious and want to meet him after you say all these."

"In your dreams," Natasha rejected his idea immediately.

"Why are you so afraid of me seeing him? Unless you made up everything you just said?" he guessed.

She shook her head. "No. He's just so good I'm scared you'll take him away from me."

He was speechless since she sounded more irrational.

As he did not know if it was the truth, Kenneth looked at her. "It's fine. I'll get to see him sooner or later anyway."

Natasha looked nonchalant. As if!

As she finished most of her food, Kenneth picked up the bag left on the side and said, "Let's go if you're done eating."

Despite him leaving first, Natasha did not think much of it. She got off the bed and wore her shoes before following him.

Although she looked haggard, she was still a beautiful woman.

After walking out of the door, they met Fabian.

He informed Kenneth, "Mr. Hamilton, everything's settled."

Kenneth replied, "Go back to the company first. I need to go somewhere else."

“Sending Ms. Watson home? Should I do it instead?” Fabian offered.

“I’ll be in your care,” Natasha chimed in immediately.

Fabian wanted to say something, but a look from Kenneth, and he understood the situation and wanted to slap himself for offering his help. This is not the kind of situation I should butt into! Why can’t I be a mature and sensible assistant to Mr. Hamilton?

“I suddenly remember I have something else to do. Something very important, so please go with Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson.” After finishing that sentence, Fabian continued without waiting for Kenneth’s reply, “Mr. Hamilton, I’ll go first. It’s an emergency.” Then, he left quickly.

Natasha furrowed her eyebrows. “His acting sucks.”

In the car, Natasha sat comfortably, and her posture did not look ladylike at all.

Most women would want to show their most beautiful side in front of Kenneth, unlike Natasha, who did whatever she wanted.

In the past, if he saw her like this, he would be turned off. However, now that he saw this, it felt refreshing.

Meanwhile, Natasha remembered something and turned to him. “Oh, how much is the hospital bill? I’ll transfer it to you.”

Kenneth averted his gaze discreetly. “You don’t have to. It’s not much anyway.”

“Even if it’s not much, it’s your money, so I must repay it. How much?” While speaking, she took out her phone.

He swept a glance at her. “Just think of it that I’m flaunting my wealth.”

She became speechless and glanced at him from the corner of her eyes, then nodded. “Okay, if you say so.”

As Kenneth drove the car, he looked slightly unhappy.

Meanwhile, Natasha turned a blind eye to it and changed her posture to a comfortable one, planning to take a quick nap.

“Natasha,” he called out.

“Hmm?” She hummed in response.

“After we divorced, where did you go?” Kenneth suddenly asked.

She turned to look at him. "Why ask about this?"

"I searched for you and looked for everything related to you, but I didn't find you," he said.

Natasha was stunned. In the past, she was afraid that Kenneth would find out, so she erased all traces of herself.

Unexpectedly, he really did search for her.

Furthermore, she did not think she would have a day she could sit together with him and converse about this matter peacefully. This feels a little... indescribable.

She responded nonchalantly, "Oh? Why is that so?"

Kenneth looked at her and said, "I wanted to know why too. How come I can't find anything about you?"

"Maybe it's fate?" she suggested.

Fate? I never believed in such a thing! Nevertheless, Kenneth stopped pushing for answers.

As he stopped asking, Natasha did not continue the conversation either.

The car cruised on the road smoothly, and the interior was silent.

Having lost the intention to nap, Natasha looked outside through the window and reminisced about the past few years.

From the first time she met Kenneth until marrying him, facing his contempt, and divorcing him, these events only took a little more than a year.

That one year, to her, felt very long and left a deep mark on her.

When she left, the last thing she expected was to sit with him like this and chat.

The words they had exchanged within this time were much more than the words they spoke in the year they were married.

While thinking of that, Natasha's lips curled up in a mocking smile subconsciously.

Kenneth saw it and questioned, "What are you smiling about?"

"Nothing. I just suddenly got enlightened about how everything has changed," she answered.

After keeping his silence for a few seconds, Kenneth suddenly asked, "Have you ever regretted it?"

"Regret what?"

"Regret giving up on those two kids."

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The conversation eventually ended there.

It was evident that Kenneth still couldn't get over the matter.

After pondering for a while, Natasha looked at him and questioned back, "What about you?"

"I have never thought of giving the two children up!" Kenneth responded seriously, enunciating every single word.

"I meant to ask if you regretted what you did to me," Natasha replied.

Kenneth paused for a while before responding, "Those are two different matters."

"It is the same thing!" Natasha said. "If you hadn't treated me like that back then, I wouldn't have kept it from you either."

Kenneth pursed his thin lips and fell silent.

"You've never thought of giving the two children up but would you have allowed them to stay with me? Would you allow them to have a mother like me, whom you find to be such a disgrace? You won't," Natasha continued with certainty. "So even if I did that out of my own selfish intentions, is there any problem with that? Why should I keep your flesh and blood and make myself go through the pain of parting with them?"

Kenneth remained silent.

Natasha went on, "So don't just put all the blame on me. I admit that my actions were selfish, but I have to say that it was the best outcome for both of us. There's nothing tying us together, and we wouldn't have to deal with each other. And there wouldn't be a need for us to be an indispensable part of each other's lives."

"If they were still here, I wouldn't mind," Kenneth replied.

Natasha glanced at him and was stunned for a moment before saying, "I mind."

Kenneth's gaze was full of doubts as he looked at her.

"I don't have the upper hand in this matter, so I won't choose to make myself suffer. If I had the choice, I hope that the one who's in misery is you." Natasha's words were frank and direct.

She couldn't care less if he called her selfish or merciless, as that was exactly the type of person she was.

In their relationship, she had no complaints about making sacrifices. But the moment she decided to let go, she didn't wish to become the one on the losing end.

Once Natasha finished speaking, Kenneth stepped on the brakes.

Natasha turned to look outside the window and saw that they were already at her house.

Natasha suppressed her emotions and looked at him. "I've already made myself very clear. I'm sure you'll understand. Also, thank you for yesterday, and thank you for sending me back today." With that, Natasha pushed the door open and got out of the car. She hoped that that was all there was to her relationship with Kenneth in the future.

However, just as she stepped out of the car, Kenneth opened the door and got out as well.

"Natasha," Kenneth called out. "If I'm given the choice, I would rather that we become an indispensable part of each other's lives than be in our current state."

At this, Natasha glanced at him and gave him a faint smile. "What a pity. It's too late now."

Kenneth was just about to say something when a car stopped beside them.

Terence got out of the car and looked at them. Eventually, he cast a questioning look at Kenneth and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Upon seeing Terence, Kenneth contained his emotions and greeted him politely, "Hi, Old Mr. Watson."

Terence's gaze lingered and fell upon Natasha's bandaged arm. With a frown, he asked, "Nat, are you hurt? What happened?"

"I'm fine, Gramps," Natasha replied.

There was still blood seeping through the bandage around her arm and her injury looked serious.

Terence glanced at Kenneth. "You rascal. Were you the one who did this? What did you do to Nat? Let me tell you this. I don't care whose grandson you are, but if you dare to hurt Nat, I won't let you off!"

When she saw Terence fly into a rage, Natasha rushed forward to calm him down. "Gramps, this has nothing to do with him. He wasn't the one who did it."

"Who else could have done it besides him?" Terence glared at Kenneth.

The latter merely stood there in silence and didn't try to explain himself. It wasn't that he was afraid, but it was out of respect toward Terence.

"Grandpa, it really isn't him. An accident happened yesterday, and he was the one who saved me," Natasha hurriedly explained. If she didn't make things clear then, there was a possibility that Terence would end up beating Kenneth.

Hearing this, Terence looked toward Natasha. "Nat, don't be afraid. Now that I'm here, no one can try to bully you."

"It's true, Gramps. There's no need for me to cover up for him," Natasha replied.

"Really?"

Natasha nodded profusely to show that she meant her words.

It was only then that Terence was slightly appeased and looked at Kenneth. "If that's what Nat says, then I'll believe you. But Kenneth..." Terence pondered for a while before continuing, "Nat is the only descendant left in the Watson family. I don't want any harm to happen to her. I hope you can understand this."

Kenneth nodded. "I understand."

"That's good." As he said that, Kenneth glanced at Natasha again. "All right. Let's go upstairs and let me have a look. What exactly happened?"

"It's just a minor injury, and I was the one who caused it." With that, they headed upstairs amid Terence's worry.

Meanwhile, Kenneth stood downstairs. It was only after he watched them go in that he retracted his gaze, got into his car, and drove off.

Upstairs, Terence held the medical kit and looked at her injury carefully by the side.

"The wound must be very deep. This won't do. I think you should go to the hospital to get it treated," Terence advised her.

"Gramps, I've already treated it at the hospital. They've already applied the medication. It really isn't a big deal," Natasha responded.

It was only then that Terence heaved a sigh of relief. However, he relentlessly continued to probe further. "So what exactly happened?"

"Um... It's difficult to explain. But don't worry, Gramps. I'll take care of this."

"No. You have to tell me everything."

Natasha knew that he wouldn't stop pestering her until she made things clear.

After contemplating for a while, Natasha explained, "Yesterday, I went to negotiate a project deal with Gaston from Prime Investment Corporation. He got rowdy... and I ended up hurting myself to stay conscious. But afterward, Kenneth came to my rescue and even beat him up. He then sent me to the hospital, which is how I ended up with this." She gave a brief overview of the entire process.

Although Natasha made it sound simple, Terence knew that it was not how the situation went.

However, when he heard that Kenneth saved her and even beat the guy up, Terence felt slightly more satisfied. Besides that, his prejudice against Kenneth was also reduced by a little.

All of a sudden, he seemed to remember something and immediately switched on the television. At that moment, the news was being broadcasted.

"At nine o'clock this morning, the International Trade Administration and the Major Crimes Unit jointly went to Prime Investment Corporation and arrested Mr. Williams, an executive at Prime Investment Corporation. Based on live reports, Mr. Williams has committed corporate crimes and rape, among many other charges. They have now acquired conclusive evidence..."

After looking at the footage of Gaston being arrested on the news, Terence turned to look at Natasha.

"Did you do this?" Terence asked.

Natasha immediately shook her head. "It's not me. I haven't even found the time to do it."

Terence believed her. If she was the one who did it, she wouldn't deny it.

“Then isn’t this such a coincidence?” Terence asked.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 46

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 46

Natasha furrowed her brows as the words Fabian said to her in the hospital resounded in her head.

He said Gaston would never appear again in the future. Does Kenneth have a hand in this?

Deep down, she sensed it had something to do with Kenneth. Otherwise, Fabian would not have said so.

However, she also felt that it wasn't done by Kenneth, thinking the man would never do such a thing for her.

As she was pondering, Terence called out to her twice. “Silly girl, what’s on your mind?”

Natasha snapped out of her daze, murmuring, “I was thinking who would have taken action so quickly...”

“That evil man deserves to be punished. Hence, no matter who it was that had handled the issue, the person had accomplished a great deed,” Terence responded.

Natasha remained silence.

“It’s just that the person had acted too early, or else I would have made my way down to the company to beat up that crook.” The thought of it had left Terence fuming.

Natasha looked at Terence upon hearing his comment. “Grandpa, I know you care and love me. Nevertheless, I don’t wish for you to be so impulsive. Compared to thrashing him, don’t you think his current outcome would make him wish he was better off dead?”

“That’s right. However, I just can’t let it go.”

Natasha appeased him. “Don’t worry, Grandpa. He actually didn’t manage to bully me. Furthermore, Kenneth even beat him up.”

Once she brought that up, Terence said, “Kenneth actually did something decent this time...”

Natasha replied smilingly, “All right, Grandpa. I’ll take extra caution in the future and not make you worry anymore. You also have to promise me that no matter what happens next time, you got to remain cool-headed.”

Terence could not retort as he knew his granddaughter was only being filial. “I’ll try my best.”

I’ll take it that he has promised me.

A smile appeared on Natasha’s face. “Okay, Grandpa. I’ll return to my room to rest. Don’t tell the triplets what happened when they come back. I don’t want them to worry about me.”

Terence nodded. “Sure, I’ll keep that in mind. Quickly return to your room to rest then. I’ll prepare some soup for you.”

“Mhm!” Natasha grinned before getting up and heading toward her bedroom.

She initially wanted to shower, but she couldn’t let her wound get wet. Therefore, Natasha changed into a set of comfortable silk pajamas and directly slumped onto the bed.

Natasha originally planned to sleep in the dim surrounding. Nonetheless, she tossed and turned in bed and eventually couldn’t sleep.

The news of Gaston getting arrested constantly surfaced in her mind.

Her intuition told her that it was not a coincidence.

Besides Kenneth, she could not think of anyone else who would have done that.

While ruminating over it, it took Natasha an unknown amount of time to fall into a deep slumber.

By the time she had awakened again, night had already fallen.

She looked out of the window and found that the streetlights seemed to have lit up.

Natasha was about to rise to her feet when her phone rang.

Seeing it was Mark, she picked up the call without a second thought.

“N-Nat.” Mark’s voice trembled on the other end.

“What’s the matter, Mr. Yondel?” Natasha questioned. Based on her understanding and perception, she felt that Mark wasn’t someone who would push her into the face of danger. When he had the chance to curry favor with Kenneth, the man even warned her not to be involved with the latter. Therefore, the situation was purely an unexpected mishap.

“Nat, I understand I had organized the matter poorly. However, I honestly didn’t do that on purpose. I swear I didn’t mean it.” Mark frantically explained during the call.

She felt that Mark might have known something after listening to his words.

“You knew about it?” asked Natasha.

“Nat, I only heard about it just now. I’m very sorry for causing you harm,” Mark persistently apologized to her.

“There’s no need. I know you didn’t arrange for that to happen, and it was all a coincidence.” Natasha spoke.

“You really believe me?” Mark stated.

“If I don’t, I’m afraid you’ll also be locked up with Gaston right now,” Natasha replied.

Mark was beyond thankful. “Then, can you plead with Mr. Hamilton on my behalf and tell him I didn’t do it deliberately? He said he would blacklist me. I still need to support my family, and I couldn’t afford to be jobless. Nat, no, I mean Ms. Watson, I beg you. Please help me!” Mark suddenly broke into tears.

Natasha froze at his statement. She asked after that, “Are you sure it was Kenneth who said that?”

“Mr. Hamilton personally gave me a call and swore at me. He even told me he would not allow me to remain in this industry. Ms. Watson, please help me, will you? I know I shouldn’t be making such a request, but I swear on my life that I didn’t make that arrangement. Neither do I have any bad intention toward you.” Mark spoke in a voice filled with despair.

Natasha gave it some thought before replying, “All right. I’ll call and discuss this with him.”

“You will? Thank you so much, Ms. Watson!” Mark expressed his gratitude repeatedly, and they ended the call after that.

Natasha gave it a lot of thought and found Kenneth’s actions very puzzling.

If it was because he saw me yesterday and decided to take revenge for me, I guess any upright person would have the courage to do so. However, if he also made Gaston pay for the consequences after the incident and even personally gave my manager a call, isn't that too redundant?

After some hesitation, Natasha still phoned Kenneth.

Before she could think of what to say, a voice sounded from the other end. "Sorry, the number you have dialed is currently unavailable."

Natasha hung up the phone. After pondering, she decided to contact the man later.

She lazed in bed again. Right then, someone pushed the door open silently, leaving it ajar. Afterward, Denise stuck her head out of the door.

When she saw Natasha opening her eyes, Denise spoke. "Nat, are you awake?"

"Yes, I am!" Natasha languidly replied while looking at Denise push the door open to enter the room. The child immediately sat on the bed and cautiously gazed at her mother's injured hand. "Mommy, does it hurt?"

Natasha shook her head with a smile. "Not at all."

Denise picked up Natasha's hand before blowing at it twice. "Mommy, you must be more careful next time. If not, I'll get a heartache."

"All right, I got it."

A warmth spread through her heart after seeing her daughter's obedient appearance.

Usually, Natasha seldom bothered with her children. She was also bad at expressing herself. Nonetheless, the triplets would cozy up to her first whenever something happened.

Rather than saying it was Natasha who nurtured them, it was more fitting to say that the three children were the ones who healed her.

"Mommy, are you hungry?" the bright-eyed Denise asked. "Gramps made some soup for you and is waiting for you to drink it."

"Yeah. I'm indeed rather hungry."

"I'll bring the soup and feed you," Denise said excitedly. She was about to get down from the bed when the door opened. Anthony walked into the bedroom with a bowl of soup.

“Mommy, have some soup,” Anthony uttered. Meanwhile, Benjamin held a glass of fruit juice. “I also brought your favorite drink.”

Natasha gazed at the triplets.

Oh gosh! What did I do to deserve these three adorable children?

Perhaps, a person would get emotional easily in his vulnerable state. Hence, the corners of Natasha’s eyes started to moisten with tears.

“Thank you, my sweeties,” Natasha said with a beaming smile.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 47

Chapter 47

In the living room, Natasha was being very well taken care of.

Her three children were obedient and devoted.

They did not ask how she had sustained her injury, probably because Terence had instructed them not to. She did not ask how he had gone about telling them.

Natasha felt very satisfied seeing that the adorable three children were so obedient.

Sometimes, she would say that she did not mind even if Kenneth found out about them. However, she still selfishly wished that he would never know. That way, he would not try to steal them away from her.

She could feel Kenneth’s stubbornness and desire. If he found out, things would turn ugly.

With that thought, Natasha’s gaze fell onto Clarice, who was curled up in the corner.

“Hmm?”

“Do you want a daddy?”

Denise froze for a moment. She gazed at Natasha and asked, “Are you going to give us a daddy, Mommy?”

“I was just wondering if your daddy comes back and says he wants you all to go home with him. What would you do?”

Before Denise could even open her mouth, George piped up from the corner. "I'll go wherever Mommy goes," he said resolutely.

Anthony was always the last person to express his feelings. However, he had never wavered in his support for her. Natasha could feel very clearly just how much he loved her.

He hardly acted cutely and was not as likable as Denise. Hence, Natasha rarely showed him any affection.

However, Natasha was unable to control herself today. She reached over and planted a kiss on his forehead. "You're such a good boy."

To her surprise, Anthony's face turned red as he smiled and gazed at her.

"Me too, Mommy! I don't care how nice Daddy is. I will never leave you, Mommy!" Denise whined as she crawled toward Natasha, begging for an affectionate kiss as well.

"All right, all right. You're a good girl too."

"I would be deemed quite unsociable if I choose to remain quiet." Benjamin approached Natasha as well. "Don't worry, Mommy. Even if Daddy tries to bribe or seduce me with his assets worth billions of dollars, I will never give in. Even if I do, it will be because I want to give the money to you. I will always come running back to you!"

Benjamin's words were always so pleasant and refined.

"Are you sure Daddy has assets worth billions of dollars?" Natasha asked. However, she knew that Kenneth definitely did.

"I was just making an analogy to express how much I love you," Benjamin replied with a smile.

Natasha grinned back at him. "Yeah, I can feel how much you love me. I love you too." With that, she dropped a kiss on his head as well.

Her three children were gathered around her with bright smiles on their faces.

Terence, who was watching them from a corner, smiled in satisfaction for some reason.

Nat has lost a relationship, but as long as her three children are with her, her life will be worth living. I can die with no regrets.

When they finished dinner, everyone returned to their rooms to rest.

After the lights were switched off, Benjamin and Denise quietly sneaked into Anthony's room.

Anthony was sitting in front of the computer, typing away on the keyboard rapidly.

Benjamin watched from the side and said, "If Mommy finds out about this, we'll be done for."

"There must be another reason for Mommy's injury. I have to know the truth," Anthony said.

Denise spoke in a low voice, "I went to Mommy's room earlier. She's already asleep, so I don't think she'll find out."

Anthony remained quiet, and his fingers continued to flutter across the keyboard.

Using facial recognition time clock technology, he finally managed to uncover a few videos.

"Found it," Anthony said.

Benjamin and Denise immediately leaned over. "There are three short videos." With that, Anthony started playing the videos one by one.

The first video showed Natasha arriving at Spring Hotel in a cab. Someone came out from the entrance to greet her.

The next video displayed a scene where a man helped Natasha into a room.

The last one showed Kenneth carrying Natasha out of the room. The injury on her hand was as clear as day.

The three videos were not long, but they were from the same period of time. Hence, it was not difficult to deduce what had happened after watching them in sequence.

Anthony's eyes turned red-rimmed as he watched the scenes play before him.

That b*stard. How dare he bully my mommy!

"Tony, look into this man. We can't let him off!" Benjamin exclaimed.

Just as Anthony was about to, Denise piped up. "No need."

They turned to look at her.

"I saw the news today. That man has already been arrested." Denise pulled out her phone and clicked on the article detailing Gaston's arrest.

The two boys read the entire article solemnly.

"Is this a coincidence?" Benjamin wondered aloud.

Anthony shook his head. "No."

"Could it be Dad... Mr. Handsome?" Denise asked. She knew that Anthony did not like her calling that man "Daddy," so she forced herself to change it. She discreetly observed his reaction.

However, he remained silent.

"He actually looks quite nervous in the video. He's consumed by thoughts of revenge, so it's impossible for him to still not make any moves on the second day. Therefore... Apart from that man, there isn't anyone else who is able to throw the culprit in jail the next day. Unless this is all a coincidence," Benjamin said as he analyzed the situation.

Denise nodded in agreement.

I was thinking the same thing! My gut is telling me that Mr. Handsome is the one behind it. It has to be! After all, he stood up for me after seeing me get bullied. If he really is my daddy, he wouldn't turn a blind eye after witnessing Mommy in that predicament!

Anthony was still quiet, seemingly pondering over something.

Just then, Benjamin looked at the computer screen once more. "Did you guys notice that in the third video? Did Kenneth hit someone?"

"Did he?"

"It looks like he did!" Without waiting for Anthony's reply, Benjamin pulled up the third video. In it, Kenneth was shown to be standing at the entrance of the room, seemingly talking to someone. In the next second, he swung his leg in a forceful kick.

"Doesn't it look like he kicked someone?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes, it does..." Denise replied.

Unable to control himself, Anthony watched the video as well.

Indeed, it looked like Kenneth had kicked someone.

"If he would assault someone for Mommy, he must be behind this." Denise could not hide the delight in her tone.

"I think so too."

As Anthony watched his siblings engage in a heated discussion, he closed the laptop.

"All right. It's getting late. Let's go to sleep," he said.

Benjamin and Denise exchanged a glance before falling silent.

"Someone has taken revenge on Mommy's behalf, so there is nothing left for us to do. You should get some rest as well," Benjamin said.

However, Anthony did not speak.

With that, they left his room.

Anthony remained calm even after they left. He lay on the bed but was unable to fall asleep. He tossed and turned in bed.

Benjamin and Denise's words were still echoing in his mind.

He did not want to admit it, but he also felt that Kenneth was behind everything. Moreover, he had done it spectacularly.

All the negative feelings he had toward Kenneth vanished.

And for some reason, the corners of his lips curled up.

I hope you won't disappoint me, Kenneth!

You're Out Daddy Chapter 48

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 48

Meanwhile, Thea finally returned to her hotel room after spending a whole day with her parents.

"Mom, this is the hotel Kenneth arranged for you. He said that you two could stay as long as you like, and he wants you to be comfortable," she said with a smile.

Her father, Harry Jarman, let out a huff. “There is no meaning in such superficial efforts. He didn’t even turn up when we said we would buy him a meal.”

“He’s busy, Dad,” Thea tried to intercede.

“Is he so busy that he can’t even find time to have a meal?” Harry gazed at his daughter with disappointment. “What on earth is going on between you and Kenneth? How much has your relationship progressed?”

After hearing his question, Thea lowered her head and fell silent.

“Well, would you look at that? You always clam up when I ask this. What exactly is Kenneth thinking? Is he planning to give you a proper title?” Harry was so furious that he started yelling.

Thea’s mother, Caroline, immediately approached him. “All right, that’s enough. Aren’t you tired? Hurry and go take a shower. Stop worrying about our daughter’s relationship.”

“I...”

“What? What could you do about it?”

“Fine, fine. I’ll stop talking.” Harry did not dare to go against Caroline. He shot a final glance at Thea before heading to the bathroom.

Caroline gazed at Thea and sighed. “It’s okay. Your father just wants the best for you.”

“I know that, Mom...” Thea replied dejectedly.

Just then, Caroline pulled her onto the couch. “Just like your father, I would like to ask you the same question as well. What is going on between you and Kenneth?”

“Mom—”

“You’re not getting out of this. You must tell me the truth,” Caroline cut her off and said.

After thinking for a moment, Thea opened her mouth. “We... We haven’t broached the subject yet.”

“You haven’t talked about it yet?”

“I don’t know how to start, but I think he understands.”

“Understand? What does he understand? I’m telling you, Thea, even if he really does understand, he will continue to play dumb if you don’t bring it up. Are you going to keep mum and let him waste the best years of your youth?”

“I don’t know how to go about saying it... What should I do, Mom?” Thea asked. She had wanted so much to talk to Kenneth about it. However, she was afraid that even their friendship would be ruined if she chose to do that.

Caroline thought for a moment. “Ask him out tomorrow. I’ll talk to him and see what he’s planning to do!”

“Mom, that’s... No, that’s not appropriate. There is nothing going on between us, yet you’re going to ask him that. What if he’s not interested in me?”

“That would be great! I can take you overseas with me. You won’t have to stay by his side and waste your time.”

“No, Mom. I like him, and I want to be with him. I don’t want to leave him,” Thea said firmly as she gazed at Caroline. She knew that her behavior was rather wretched, but she just wanted to stay by Kenneth’s side.

Caroline felt her heart break as she looked at the way Thea was behaving. Thea was the precious daughter she had doted on for many years, after all. She contemplated briefly before opening her mouth. “Did you ever think about what you will do if he doesn’t like you?”

Thea lowered her gaze. “I still don’t want to leave him...”

“Thea!”

“Mom, I know I shouldn’t be doing this, but it’s true. I’ve never felt so strongly about someone before. I’m willing to do anything and sacrifice everything for him. As long as he can be with me, there’s nothing I won’t do...”

Caroline looked at her and let out a helpless sigh. “Thea, you’re only going to suffer like this.”

“I’m not afraid of suffering. I’m just afraid that I won’t be able to see him in the future,” Thea replied sadly.

Caroline thought about it for a moment. “If that’s the case, I will help you think of a way.”

Thea’s eyes lit up when she heard her words. “Are you serious, Mom? You have an idea?”

“Yes, but...” She gazed at Thea, a little hesitant.

“What is it, Mom? Just tell me!” Thea was practically on the edge of her seat.

Then, Caroline leaned over and whispered something into her ear. After hearing what Caroline had to say, Thea’s eyes slowly widened. “Mom... Would it work?”

Caroline said, “It’s at least better than what you’re doing now, which is nothing.”

Thea bit her lip, pondering for a few moments. “There’s still something else... I’m not sure how I should put it.”

“Go on.”

Hence, Thea told Caroline everything about Natasha.

When she was finished, Caroline’s brows furrowed deeply. As someone with a lot of experience, I’m pretty sure Kenneth still has feelings for his ex-wife.

“Thea, I’m afraid this woman is your biggest obstacle,” she said.

Thea chewed on her lip. That was how she felt as well.

“Mom, what should I do?” she asked.

“What’s the most important thing to a woman? Once she has lost that, the most beautiful relationship in the world will mean nothing to her,” Caroline said, enunciating each word slowly.

As Thea listened, she realized that it was probably the only way she could use to defeat Natasha.

After Harry was done with his shower, he exited the bathroom to find Caroline and Thea still engaged in a conversation on the couch.

As soon as he approached them, Thea instantly shot up from her seat. “You should turn in early, Mom and Dad. I’ll be going home now and will be back in the morning.”

“I know you don’t like that I was nagging you.”

“It’s not like that, Dad. I know you want the best for me. Don’t worry. I know what I should do.” Thea said sweetly as she leaned against his shoulder. “After all, my dad is the one who loves me the most in this world. I’m well aware of that.”

Her cute antics had caused all of his negative emotions to disappear. He shot her a genuine smile.

Caroline, who was watching from her seat on the couch, smiled as well. "All right, it's getting late. You should head back now. We can talk more tomorrow."

Thea nodded and left.

After the door closed behind her, Harry turned to Caroline. "What were the two of you talking about?"

"It was just some girl talk."

"What exactly is going on with Kenneth? Is he interested in Thea at all? If he isn't, tell Thea to give up on him as soon as possible. There are plenty of fishes in the sea," Harry said.

"Okay, okay. I know you're worried about her. You don't have to concern yourself with this anymore. I know what to do."

"Really?"

Caroline shot him a small smile. "Of course. What? Don't you have confidence in me?"

As Caroline had taken care of herself well, she looked to be in her thirties or forties despite being fifty years old. She was still as stunning as ever, and her smile could enchant others easily.

Harry looked at her. "Fine, fine. I trust you."

Suddenly, Caroline stretched out her hand and ran her fingers lightly over his neck. "Honey, don't you want to try something in a new environment? Moreover, we haven't done that in a while..." As she spoke, a sultry look formed in her eyes.

Harry gazed at her, his eyes slowly lighting up.

In the next second, he grabbed Caroline and pinned her beneath himself. "You always insist on testing me. You really will be the death of me one day!"

You're Out Daddy Chapter 49

Chapter 49

Natasha went to the office after resting at home for two days.

Xavier immediately went to greet her after noticing her. "Boss, why didn't you come to the office the past two days? You didn't even return my calls or reply to my messages."

"I had some personal matters to attend to."

Xavier, who was rather sharp-eyed, noticed the bandage around her hand. "You're injured? How did that happen? Is it serious? Why didn't you say anything? I would have gone to visit you."

Natasha glanced at her hand and replied nonchalantly, "It's just a small injury. Nothing to worry about."

Ross and Thomas had noticed her as well and approached her. "Ms. Wealthy, I heard you took on Prime Investment Corporation's project. Is it true?"

Natasha nodded and walked toward her desk. "It's true."

"Man, I don't know if I should call you lucky. The owner of Prime Investment Corporation was arrested for his multiple crimes. I heard he is a pervert! And now, many of his victims have come out to identify him. I'm afraid he'll be done for this time."

Natasha gave them an impassive smile. "Is that so?"

"Yeah! Although losing the project is a shame, we were able to escape unscathed. We're pretty lucky after all," Ross said in an attempt to comfort her.

Natasha pretended that it worked and nodded. "You made sense."

"Also, you missed out on a lot for the past two days while you were away! For some reason, Mr. Yondel got suspended. Tension in the entire office is high right now."

His words reminded Natasha of Mark's phone call to her.

She said that she would speak to Kenneth about it, but she had forgotten and fell asleep last night.

With that thought, she took her phone and headed outside.

"Ms. Watson, where are you going?"

"Ms. Wealthy?"

"I'm going to make a call," she replied without even turning back. Her voice echoed from afar.

The three of them looked at each other. Left without a choice, they all returned to their desks.

Natasha walked to the balcony and called Kenneth.

He answered after a few rings. "Hello?"

"It's me," she said.

"I know," he replied.

Natasha paused for a moment. For some reason, she did not know how to broach the subject. All those words that she had prepared to say were suddenly gone.

"Is something the matter?"

"Actually, I—"

"I'm a little busy now. Come to my office and we'll talk when you're here."

"What?"

"I'll get Fabian to wait for you downstairs. Goodbye." With that, he hung up.

He did not even give Natasha a chance to reject him.

Well, there are some things that would be better discussed in person. This is fine too.

After giving it some thought, she made her way to Hamilton Corporation.

Sure enough, when she arrived, Fabian was already waiting for her in the lobby.

When he saw her, he waved at her excitedly as if he was overjoyed to see her.

"Ms. Watson, Mr. Hamilton asked me to wait here for you."

Natasha nodded at him. "Thank you for your hard work."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. It's what I should do," Fabian replied as he gestured for her to follow him. "This way, please. It's Mr. Hamilton's personal elevator."

Natasha paused for a second before following him.

When they were in the elevator, Fabian discreetly studied Natasha. "Is your injury healing well, Ms. Watson?"

"Yes, it's all good now."

"Ms. Watson, may I ask you something?"

"What is it?"

“Are you and Mr. Hamilton... Are you really his ex-wife?” Fabian asked cautiously.

To his surprise, Natasha merely nodded. “Yup.”

Fabian was stunned.

Oh my god! What on earth? I thought Mr. Hamilton’s ex-wife was a hideous woman? And an uncultured one at that? Am I not supposed to become repulsive at the mere mention of her name? But the woman I’m looking at right now is such a good catch! What is going on? Just how high are Mr. Hamilton’s standards? Good lord. What a pity!

Fabian could not help lamenting inwardly.

Noticing the myriad of expressions that flashed across his face, Natasha asked, “Is something wrong?”

“No, nothing’s wrong. I just feel like... You’re different from what was rumored,” he replied with a sheepish smile.

“Rumors? What do the rumors say about me?”

“That you are extremely uncultured, boring yet feisty, and not at all classy. They also say that the mere mention of you would make someone sick...”

“Did Kenneth say all that?”

Fabian suddenly realized that he had a slip of the tongue and hurriedly shook his head. “No, no! It wasn’t Mr. Hamilton. It was some of the previous employees!”

Natasha could not help but smirk after hearing his reply.

Unable to discern what Natasha was thinking, Fabian discreetly leaned toward her and gazed at her pleadingly. “It really wasn’t Mr. Hamilton who said all those things!”

If Mr. Hamilton finds out about this, I’ll be as good as dead!

“It’s fine. It’s the truth, so it doesn’t matter who says it.” Natasha was truly not too bothered by the rumors.

Fabian did not know what to say.

Is she really unbothered, or is she feigning nonchalance?

Right then, the elevator door opened with a ding. They had arrived.

Fabian stood at the door to prevent it from closing. “This way, Ms. Watson.”

Natasha followed him out of the elevator.

“Mr. Hamilton is currently in a meeting,” Fabian said as he checked the time. “He’ll be done in about half an hour. He said to let you wait for him in his office.”

Natasha eyed the area outside Kenneth’s office. “I’ll just wait out here for him.”

“Oh... But...”

“Please make a cup of coffee for me. Thank you.”

Natasha was insistent. After hearing her words, Fabian did not try to convince her further. “Then, please wait here for a moment.”

He instantly ordered someone to prepare a cup of coffee and sent a message on WhatsApp to update Kenneth on the situation.

After reading the message, Kenneth replied: “Let her be.”

After Natasha had been served her coffee, Fabian looked at her and said, “Then, I shall take my leave now, Ms. Watson. If you need anything at all, please feel free to look for me. I’ll be over there.” He pointed to his desk.

With a nod, she answered, “Okay. Thank you.”

“Also... It’s true those rumors were not started by Mr. Hamilton...” Fabian was still worried about that.

She chuckled and said, “I won’t bring it up with him.”

Talking to her is so easy!

Fabian heaved a sigh of relief. “You’re so kind and gentle, Ms. Watson. Thank you very much.”

With that, Fabian left with a weight lifted off his chest.

Natasha crossed her legs and picked a magazine to read to pass the time.

After some time, she had almost finished her coffee when she heard someone’s voice echo from in front of her.

“Natasha? What are you doing here?”

When she heard that voice, she lifted her gaze to see Thea in front of her. A gorgeous woman was standing next to her. They bore some resemblance to each other.

“I have some business to attend to.”

“I’m the liaison for your company. You can come to me directly if you need something,” Thea said.

“I’m here to speak to Kenneth,” Natasha replied directly. “It’s personal.”

Thea’s brows furrowed.

Then, Caroline piped up from beside her. “Who is she, Thea?”

“She is Kenneth’s...” Before she continued, she looked around and saw that there were countless people present. Hence, she changed her form of address. “She is the person in charge from our partner company, Natasha.”

The name “Natasha” had already been etched into Caroline’s memory last night.

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Chapter 50

However, Caroline maintained a generous attitude. “Hello, Ms. Watson.”

Natasha stood up, looked at her, and nodded calmly. “Hello.”

“Do you have time, Ms. Watson? I’d like to have a short chat with you,” asked Caroline.

Staring at her, Natasha thought about it for a while before saying, “I’m not familiar with you, so there’s nothing that we can chat about. I’m sorry.” She was not being too blunt. Instead, she knew very clearly what Caroline’s intentions were and did not want to waste any time on that matter.

However, Thea panicked. “Why are you so rude, Natasha? My mom wants to chat with you. What’s up with your attitude?”

Natasha threw a glance at her calmly. “Are you saying that I must agree if you want to chat with me? Do I not even have the right to refuse?”

“You...”

“Thea!” Caroline pulled her back before saying with a smile, “Ms. Watson is right. I was too hasty.”

“Mom!”

Caroline stared at Natasha quietly with an intrigued smile.

Naturally, Natasha noticed it. She nodded at Caroline slightly as a gesture of respect.

At that moment, Kenneth had just walked out of his meeting. Knowing that Natasha was waiting outside, he sprinted over.

Coincidentally, he was greeted by this scene.

When Thea spotted Kenneth, she immediately approached him. "Kenneth."

He looked at her. "Aren't you taking a break? Why did you come to the office?"

"I passed by, so I came up to grab some stuff," explained Thea.

At that moment, Kenneth caught sight of Natasha.

Thea observed them briefly before saying, "Oh, right. Kenneth, this is my mom."

"Hello, Mr. Hamilton." Caroline grinned. "It's been a long time, but you've become even more handsome."

Looking back at her, Kenneth smiled. "Thank you for the compliment. How have the past few days been?"

"Good."

"I wanted to treat you to a meal, but I'm too busy with work to find any free time. If you stay for a few more days, I can host you properly then," said Kenneth.

"Why don't we just have a meal today?" asked Caroline.

Kenneth frowned and glanced at Natasha.

"Ms. Watson can join us," invited Caroline.

"No thanks," refused Natasha curtly. "I have work to do, so I have to go back to my office."

As she spoke, she glanced at Kenneth. "Mr. Hamilton, since you're busy, let's talk another day." With that, she nodded and left.

For some reason, an indescribable feeling surfaced within Kenneth as he stared at her back.

It felt like if he let her leave, she would disappear like what she did a few years ago.

"I'm afraid that I can't join you for a meal, Mrs. Jarman. I'll treat you next time." Before they could say anything, Kenneth chased after Natasha.

"Kenneth!" Thea called out.

He did not even turn his head around, leaving Thea standing there motionlessly.

Did I miss something? I didn't come to the office for two days, but why does Kenneth seem different now? What happened between them?

Still smiling, Caroline looked at Thea and placed a hand on her shoulder. "Thea, no matter how upset you might be, don't reveal it on your face. Others might see you as a joke."

Thea glanced around. She wanted to force out a smile, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not.

"Mom, what should I do? I feel like he's becoming more distant from me..." mumbled Thea softly.

"There's still a lot of time. Did you forget what I told you?" asked Caroline.

A glint flashed across Thea's eyes as she gazed at Caroline.

"But Natasha isn't someone who can be easily dealt with. You must be careful in the future," reminded Caroline.

Thea nodded.

"Natasha!" Kenneth caught her outside the office and grabbed her hand.

Turning around, Natasha stared at him in surprise. "Why did you come out?"

Kenneth took a deep breath and stared straight into her eyes. "Didn't you say that you needed to talk to me?"

Natasha peeked into the building. "If you rush out like that, won't you create a misunderstanding?"

Whatever!

Not bothered by it at all, Kenneth dragged her away.

"Where are you bringing me?" asked Natasha as she looked at him.

"Didn't you say that you needed to talk to me? We can talk where there's no one."

Natasha was speechless.

I needed to talk to him about something serious, but why is he making it... seem so strange?

Looking at Kenneth pulling her away, Natasha suddenly felt a weird feeling emerge from the depths of her heart.

“Kenneth.” She tugged her hand back. “What I want to say is really simple. I’ll leave after saying it.”

Kenneth turned around. Staring at her broodingly, he said, “Okay. Go ahead.”

“Were you the one who did that to Gaston?” asked Natasha.

He nodded. “It’s me.”

When he admitted it so directly, Natasha was at a momentary loss for what to say.

“About Mr. Yondel...”

“It’s me too.” Before she could finish her sentence, he confessed to it straightaway. “Is there anything else?”

Natasha glanced upward, not knowing what to say. All those words that she had prepared to say were suddenly gone.

“Why?” she blurted, unable to control herself.

“What do you think?” As Kenneth spoke, he took a step forward. His tall figure towered over Natasha; his overwhelming sense of intimidation made her feel suffocated.

Natasha pursed her lips and hesitated for a few seconds. “No matter what, I should express my gratitude toward you.”

“How are you going to thank me?” asked Kenneth as he stared at her passionately. She had no way to hide.

“You can raise any conditions.” Natasha looked like she was dealing with this matter-of-factly.

“Okay. I’ll tell you after I’ve thought about it.” Kenneth was someone who knew when to stop.

“I looked for you today to talk about Mr. Yondel. This has nothing to do with him,” explained Natasha.

Kenneth was unfazed. “If he didn’t arrange it, you wouldn’t have been in that sort of situation.” Now that he recalled it, he still felt furious. He could barely imagine how horrendous the consequences would be if he had not been there.

“There was a last-minute change that day. I’m supposed to receive someone else, but it turned out to be Gaston for some reason. Although I’ve only joined Prosper Technologies for a short time, I kind of know what Mr. Yondel’s like. When you visited the company with Thea, he kept warning me against intervening in both of you. If he’s really that sort of person, he would’ve urged me to do something to you. There’s no reason for him to push me to Gaston.”

When Kenneth heard that, an unfathomable glint flashed across his eyes.

“So?”