

You're Out Daddy Chapter 51

Chapter 51

"Since Mr. Yondel has nothing to do with this, please spare him," said Natasha.

"Okay," agreed Kenneth quickly.

He was so straightforward and decisive sometimes that she did not know how to continue the conversation.

Natasha nodded. "That's what I want to say. Now that I'm done, I'll leave first."

"It's noon. Why don't we have a meal together?" asked Kenneth. "There's a decent restaurant nearby."

"It's fine..."

"Didn't you say that you want to thank me? Treat me to a meal," continued Kenneth.

Natasha asked, "It's that simple?"

Kenneth nodded. "Yeah, it's that simple."

Since there was no reason to refuse anymore, she nodded. "Okay, then."

Kenneth smirked as they walked toward the restaurant. He seemed like he was in a good mood.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Kenneth looked at Natasha and asked, "Is there anything that you like to eat?"

"I'm not a picky eater, so anything's fine."

However, just when he was about to order, he realized that he did not even know what Natasha liked to eat.

"I'd like to have two of your signature dishes." As he spoke, he passed the menu to the waiter before gazing back at Natasha.

They sat opposite each other, familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time.

When they were married, they did not even have a meal together. One could not help but exclaim how strange the time was.

"How is your injury? Is it time to rebandage it?" asked Kenneth, constantly staring at Natasha.

She glanced at her hand. "It's almost fully healed."

"After eating, let's rebandage it."

Natasha was speechless. Kenneth's initiative was making her feel weird.

Gazing at him, she asked, "Won't Thea be angry if you do this? Although I'm your ex-wife, the title itself already makes it clear that there is nothing between us anymore. You don't need to take responsibility for me. There's no need for you to do this."

When she said that, a grim expression crossed Kenneth's face. "Are you that eager to cut off all ties with me?"

"With our relationship, we're already like strangers."

Kenneth fell silent.

Natasha's words were really direct.

"Kenneth, I can solve my own problems," said Natasha as she looked at him.

"Solve? How can you solve them?"

"That's my business," she replied. "It might sound harsh, but even if something happens to me, it has nothing to do with you."

"You'd rather get into trouble than have me intervene?" Kenneth stared at her.

Natasha took a deep breath. "When we were still together, I hated it when other women approach you. I don't want to be that kind of person now. Although I don't like Thea, it's worse if I become my past self, whom I really detest."

Gazing at her, Kenneth pursed his lips and did not say anything.

"So, you don't have to care about what happens to me in the future. I can handle them myself," emphasized Natasha.

After a long while, Kenneth scoffed coldly. "Don't worry, you won't become someone like that."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," rebuked Kenneth.

At that moment, the waiter served the dishes.

No longer in the mood to talk, Kenneth lowered his head and continued eating, looking furious.

Natasha stared at him. Since he did not say anything, she kept quiet too.

She had already said what was necessary and made her stance extremely clear. As for what happened next, it was Kenneth's own decision.

Kenneth ate while fury raged within him. After a few bites, he lost his appetite. Looking at Natasha, he asked, "Is there anything else that you'd like to tell me?"

Natasha shook her head, having said everything on her mind.

Kenneth nodded. "Fine! If that's the case, I've got your message. I was just being too nosy for my own good!" With that, he stomped away angrily.

Natasha was speechless.

That's not what I mean.

However, since he had already left, she did not stop him.

Since there was still a lot of food left on the table, Natasha continued eating so they would not be wasted.

When Kenneth walked out, he turned his head around to take a look. Natasha was still sitting there and eating calmly, looking very relaxed.

What an ungrateful woman!

Furious, Kenneth spun around and left.

After Natasha was done eating, she called the waiter over to pay the bill.

"How much is it?"

"Mr. Hamilton has already paid the bill when he left," replied the waiter.

Um...

Natasha was stunned. Didn't he want me to treat him to a meal?

Looking at the waiter, she nodded. "Okay, I got it."

After leaving the restaurant, Natasha was prepared to hail a taxi home.

An inscrutable look surfaced in her eyes as she stared at Hamilton Corporation.

Kenneth did not give her what she wanted in the past. Now that he was doing that, she no longer treasured it.

With that thought, Natasha got into the taxi directly and left.

Thea was distracted for the entire day.

While eating with her parents, she sent a message to her assistant. The message read: Did anything happen in the company recently?

Naturally, the assistant knew who she was referring to and quickly replied: No, nothing exceptional happened.

But when Thea noticed how Kenneth was looking at Natasha, she knew that something had occurred.

Thea asked: Did he do anything strange recently?

The assistant replied: Nothing much, except for work.

Thea frowned, unable to understand what interactions could possibly happen between them.

Ms. Jarman, have you looked at the recent news? asked the assistant.

What news?

Gaston, the CEO of Prime Investment Corporation, has been arrested.

Thea had seen him a couple of times. Although he looked like a decent person on the surface, there were a lot of rumors about him being a lecher circulating in the business industry.

However, as Thea had been keeping her parents company for the past few days, she did not really pay attention to the news.

According to the rumors in the office, Mr. Hamilton was the one behind it. I don't know if it's true, texted the assistant.

Thea fell into a deep thought as she stared at the message.

She had discussed with Kenneth about Gaston before. However, Kenneth had no intention of teaching him a lesson.

Why did he suddenly do it now? Unless... No! Something must have happened.

Thea could not place a finger on it. She urgently needed to find out what was going on.

Turning around, she glanced at her parents who were still eating. "Dad, Mom, I've got some work in the office. I won't be keeping you company in the afternoon. Have fun on your own!"

"What's so urgent?" asked her father unhappily.

"It's just really urgent," replied Thea.

Looking at how anxious her daughter was, Caroline immediately knew what happened. "Don't worry about us and just go. Your dad and I know our way around. We'll walk around ourselves."

Thea continued staring at her father, who sighed. "Go ahead, then!"

Heaving a sigh of relief, she grabbed her bag and left.

"Thea, remember what I said! Don't be rash," reminded Caroline.

Turning around, Thea looked at her and nodded solemnly. "Got it, Mom."

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Chapter 52

When Kenneth returned to the company, he did not look too happy.

Noticing it, Fabian asked, "Are you okay, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth snapped grimly, "Of course!"

He definitely argued with Natasha.

After thinking about it for a while, Fabian asked carefully. "Mr. Hamilton, is Ms. Watson really your ex-wife?"

He had been yearning to ask that for a long while.

Kenneth fell silent for a moment before nodding.

Having received the answer, Fabian quickly rushed forward. “Mr. Hamilton, you’re in the wrong now. With her beauty, charisma, and demeanor, how is she not up to your standards?”

Kenneth was speechless.

“Yeah, you’re very exceptional and powerful too, but Ms. Watson doesn’t pale in comparison at all! She’s like a goddess. Mr. Hamilton, aren’t you letting a treasure like her go to waste?”

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. “So what?”

Fabian was rambling. When he heard Kenneth gritting his teeth, he immediately changed his words. “In my opinion, you and Ms. Watson are a match made in heaven. “

Kenneth, who was on the brink of losing his temper, suddenly did not feel so angry after hearing that.

“Really?” he asked with a raised eyebrow, deliberate feigning nonchalance.

“Of course!” Fabian nodded consecutively and complimented them, “If both of you are together, your child would be... even more exceptional than anyone else! I can’t even imagine it!”

When he said that, Kenneth could not help but think about the twins.

Regret filled him.

If he had not gone overboard back then, perhaps, the two kids would have grown up.

If he had given both of them a chance back then, things might not have turned out like this.

“Mr. Hamilton, if you were to ask me, I think that women aren’t actually angry even if they act like it. They just want you to coax them.” Fabian kept coming up with ideas. He was so good at flattering that Kenneth was no longer angry.

Returning to his senses, Kenneth started chatting with Fabian. “How should I coax her?”

“You don’t know how to?” asked Fabian in surprise. However, when he glanced at Kenneth’s face, a revelation dawned upon him. He nodded and said, “Yeah, it’s mostly girls coaxing you. They won’t dare to lost their temper at you!”

That’s why I say that Natasha’s ungrateful!

Feeling excited, Fabian leaned forward on Kenneth's desk and beckoned him to come closer with his finger. "Mr. Hamilton, it's like this. If a woman dares to be angry with you, it means that she's not after your money. Someone like her is even more authentic. Well, I think that Ms. Watson is pretty authentic. She's not fussy or fake."

Not only did Natasha dare to lose her temper at him, but she was also the one who requested for a divorce, even though he kind of forced her to.

Furthermore, she did not ask for anything at all.

"So? What should I do?"

After thinking about it seriously, Fabian suggested, "While it might seem challenging, it's not all that difficult. You just have to be earnest. For a woman like her, you need to move her with your sincerity."

"Sincerity?"

"If someone doesn't like money or power, it means that she likes you as a person! As long as you show your sincerity, it'll all work out perfectly!" assured Fabian.

"How can I show my sincerity?" asked Kenneth..

"That'll depend on you. For example, you can pay attention to what she likes to eat, watch, play, or care about. These tiny details can prove a man's sincerity the best!" explained Fabian.

When Kenneth thought about it, he realized that he did not really know anything about Natasha.

Noticing Kenneth's confusion, Fabian asked, "Mr. Hamilton, there's no way you don't know that, right?" He stared at Kenneth in a mixture of speechlessness and exasperation.

When Kenneth saw that, the look in his eyes changed. "Yeah! So what if I don't?" As he spoke, he stared at his desk.

Realizing that he was so engrossed in the conversation that he had crossed some boundaries, Fabian smiled sheepishly and took a step back. "I was too excited. Too excited!"

"I think that you're finding this job too easy and would like to transfer to another department," said Kenneth.

"No, Mr. Hamilton! I'll go and work right now!" Before Kenneth could say anything, Fabian spun around and left.

When he opened the door, he bumped into Thea who was also entering.

“Ms. Jarman!” greeted Fabian.

“Is Kenneth inside?” asked Thea.

He glanced at Kenneth and nodded. “Yeah...”

She walked in directly.

Watching her, Fabian lamented secretly. It’s a troublesome thing to have so much luck in love too!

With that thought, he closed the door behind him and left while shaking his head exasperatedly.

The moment Thea saw Kenneth in the office, everything that she had been dying to say suddenly seemed overly deliberate.

Kenneth broke the silence first. “Why did you come back?”

Thea walked over and sat down opposite him. “I’m worried about the company, so I came back to take a look.”

“Have fun. Don’t think so much,” replied Kenneth.

Staring at him, Thea opened her mouth a couple of times. However, she could not make herself ask about Natasha directly.

After thinking about it, she asked, “Oh, right. Kenneth, do you know about Gaston from Prime Investment Corporation being arrested?”

Kenneth was reviewing the documents. When he heard that, he nodded expressionlessly. “Yeah, I do.”

“What do you think happened? Why did he get arrested all of a sudden?” asked Thea tentatively as she shot a glance at him.

“What goes around comes around eventually,” said Kenneth as he looked up. “Perhaps, it’s time.”

Thea fell silent for a few seconds. She could not get any useful information from his words.

Smiling, she replied, “Yeah. It’s a matter of time before someone like Gaston gets arrested.”

Kenneth raised his eyebrows lazily, signaling his agreement.

A gloomy feeling surfaced within Thea as she stared at him. She asked, "Oh, right. Why did Ms. Watson look for you? Her arm is injured too. She's fine, right?"

"It's about some private matters," answered Kenneth casually before frowning. "Her injury should be fine."

It was impossible to discern whether Kenneth cared about Natasha just by looking at his expression. In fact, it seemed like he was clueless about her injury.

However, when Thea remembered how Kenneth looked at Natasha that day, she was convinced that he was deliberately concealing something.

"Kenneth, are you going to... remarry Ms. Watson?" asked Thea, unable to hold herself back.

This was a question she needed to be clear on. She urgently wanted to know the answer.

Remarry?

Kenneth was stunned when he heard that, for he had never thought about it before.

However, remembering how Natasha had repeatedly tried to draw clear boundaries with him, he said, "She probably hates my guts."

"What about you?" asked Thea. "After losing your children, don't you hate her too?"

Kenneth fell silent.

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Chapter 53

Every second of Kenneth's silence was torturous to Thea. His silence indicated that he was hesitant, or that he did not actually hate Natasha.

"You don't hate her anymore?" Although it was a question, it sounded more like an affirmative statement.

Kenneth looked at her. "She was not the only one at fault for what happened back then."

“So you’ve forgiven her?” asked Thea.

“It’s not about forgiveness. If I hate her, she probably hates me more,” explained Kenneth. “After all, she was the biggest victim.”

An awkward expression crossed Thea’s face, but she still forced herself to smile. “You’re starting to defend her now... Doesn’t it mean that you have forgiven her?”

“You don’t understand, Thea. Marriage cannot be explained clearly with a few sentences.”

“Yeah, I don’t understand. After all, I’ve never experienced it. But I can tell that you’re treating her differently now,” said Thea as she stared at Kenneth directly, hoping to detect a small reaction that would deny what she had guessed.

She could discover even the smallest detail.

However, there was none of that.

Kenneth did not deny it.

Thea averted her gaze, trying her best to conceal her disappointment.

“Kenneth, have you fallen in love with her?” she asked.

Frowning, Kenneth denied it, “No.”

“No?”

“No,” he emphasized.

Thea stared at him, still wanting to discover something from his gaze. However, she did not know if it was because his acting was too good, or if he really did not feel anything.

Unable to find out anything, she felt extremely conflicted.

Isn’t this the answer that I want? Why am I still suspecting him?

Thea took a deep breath. “Okay, let’s stop talking about this. When are you free, Kenneth? My parents would like to treat you to a meal to express their gratitude. If you keep refusing to go, they might start to wonder about how I’m treated here.”

Now that the conversation had changed, Kenneth felt much more relaxed. He glanced at the time. “What about tomorrow night?”

“Are you busy during the day?”

“I’m going to Baykeep for a business trip and will only be back at four in the afternoon,” replied Kenneth.

Thea nodded. “Tomorrow night, then. Don’t stand us up anymore! Otherwise, my parents will bring me away.”

When she said that, Kenneth raised his eyebrows and looked at her. “Be honest. Are your parents not worried about leaving you here?”

“Of course they’re worried! But if I can find a boyfriend, they might be more relieved,” said Thea as she snuck a peek at him. Is this hint obvious enough?

He thought about it seriously. “You’ll definitely find a good man.”

Although Thea was disappointed, she said with a smile, “I think so too.”

At that moment, Kenneth’s phone rang. He hesitated when he saw that it was from Liam.

“Is it Old Mr. Hamilton?”

Kenneth nodded.

“Is he okay now?”

“He has already been discharged from the hospital, so he’s fine.”

Thea nodded. “Go ahead and receive your call. I’ll leave now.”

Kenneth nodded again.

After she left, he took a deep breath and accepted the call.

“Grandpa.”

“You brat! Why didn’t you tell me that Nat got injured?” He was greeted with a harsh scolding from Liam the moment he picked the call up.

Kenneth was so shocked that he quickly brought the phone away from his ears. After Liam was done scolding, he said, “It’s not a serious injury. She just got cut by a knife.”

“What do you mean, she just got cut by a knife? Are you so heartless?” demanded Liam relentlessly.

Kenneth knew that no matter what he said, he would never escape this scolding.

“How did Nat get injured? What happened?” After scolding him, Liam calmed down and continued asking.

Kenneth thought about it. He could not hide it from Liam, or it would be irreconcilable.

When Liam heard what happened, he became even more furious. “How dare that b*stard covet Nat? Is he tired of living? Where is he now?”

“Pay attention to your health. Don’t let your blood pressure rise again,” reminded Kenneth.

“My blood pressure will rise if I don’t kill him! Where is he? I must seek justice for Nat!” yelled Liam angrily.

“You’re a step too late. He has already been arrested.”

“Huh? So fast?” Liam was angry for nothing. He asked, “How did he get arrested?”

“Fabian has a lot of evidence, so he just did what was right. He passed everything to the police,” explained Kenneth briefly.

Liam was stunned when he heard that. If Fabian did it, it means that Kenneth instructed him to. Otherwise, what does Fabian have to do with any of this?

Upon that thought, Liam laughed. “You brat. You’ve finally done something humane.”

“It’s got nothing to do with me.”

“Stop denying it! Nat has nothing to do with Fabian. You’re bad at talking. That’s why you’re so unpopular with the girls!” said Liam.

“I’m very popular with the girls!” emphasized Kenneth.

“Really? Find a granddaughter-in-law for me quickly, then!”

Kenneth said, “That’s too much...”

“You only know how to exaggerate,” complained Liam.

Not continuing the argument, Kenneth said, “Don’t inform Old Mr. Watson about this, or he’ll be worried. Also, I didn’t tell anyone about this.”

“Yeah, let’s not say anything hastily. If we make a huge deal over something that never happened, we might ruin Nat’s reputation,” agreed Liam.

“Yeah,” said Kenneth.

“Fine. You’ve finally done something good, brat. Since he has already been punished, I have nothing to worry about. I’ll visit Nat someday.”

“Considering your health, you should rest at home.”

“No way! If I can’t confirm that Nat’s fine, I will not feel relieved,” insisted Liam.

“She has already returned to work!” said Kenneth.

After thinking about it, Liam instructed, “Send the address of her workplace to me. I’ll visit her at her office.”

“Are you sure? If you go, you’ll...” Before Kenneth finished his sentence, he could already imagine the scene. He said, “Fine, I’ll send you the address.”

“Are you coming too?”

“She probably doesn’t want to see me,” replied Kenneth.

“You’re right. You shouldn’t go, or Nat might start to ignore me too.”

Kenneth was speechless.

“That’s it. I’m hanging up,” said Liam.

Just when Kenneth was about to end the call, Liam suddenly asked, “Does Nat know that you did this?”

“About Gaston?”

“Yeah.”

“She knows.”

“Was she very touched?”

When Kenneth recalled how Natasha reacted, he smirked mockingly. “She told me to mind my own business and that she could’ve settled it herself.”

Liam was silent for a while before praising, “That’s just like Nat’s personality. She’s so independent. Very good!”

Kenneth was at a loss for words. Whose grandpa is he?

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Chapter 54

The next morning, Liam headed to Prosper Technologies with a lot of nutritional products.

While people in the business industry might not recognize Kenneth, all of them knew who Liam was. After all, he had single-handedly built Hamilton Corporation and was notorious for his harsh methods. Everyone was familiar with him.

Mark had also returned to the office. Before he could find Natasha and thank her, he heard that Liam was coming. Shocked, he quickly rushed downstairs to welcome Liam.

“Why are you here, Old Mr. Hamilton? If there’s anything, just let your subordinates send a message,” said Mark carefully. It was common knowledge that Liam had already retired and passed the company to Kenneth. Even so, he had a significant amount of power and influence in the company.

Liam glanced at him and waved his hands. “It’s fine. I’m here for personal matters.”

“Well, do you need my help on anything?”

“No. You can go back to your work.” Liam dismissed him, not bothered at all.

However, Mark did not dare to do that. With such an important person in his presence, he did not dare to go back to his work. Hence, he stayed with Liam and hosted him.

Liam went upstairs to the Programming Department directly and entered.

Natasha was discussing a project with her colleagues when she heard someone call out to her, “Nat!”

When she turned around, Liam walked up to her briskly. “Nat, let me see your injury.”

“Why are you here, Old Mr. Hamilton?” Natasha was still stunned.

“Even though something so serious happened to you, Kenneth, that brat, didn’t tell me anything. Were it not for Terence, I’d still be clueless about it. Where’s your injury?” asked Liam as he swept his gaze across Natasha.

“I’m fine. I just got a small cut on my arm,” replied Natasha vaguely.

Liam's heart ached when he saw her arm. "What do you mean, a small cut? You need to rest well. What did the doctor say?"

"He said that it'll heal soon."

Only then did Liam heave a sigh of relief. "I've brought some nutritious products for you. You must eat them on time and keep yourself healthy!" As he spoke, he turned around and looked at the group of people carrying the stuff up.

They placed the nutritious products beside her.

Just by looking at those items, it was obvious that they were extremely expensive.

Natasha was startled when she saw that, let alone the entire Programming Department.

Everyone fell silent collectively as they stared at her.

Who exactly is Natasha? How can she make the famous Old Mr. Hamilton appear in public? He's even addressing her so intimately... Could it be that she's Kenneth's half-sister?

Natasha knew that she would be at the center of discussion again if this continued.

"Old Mr. Hamilton, I can't eat so much! I can't carry all these back myself either!" said Natasha.

Liam was stunned. "I didn't think about that. Did you drive here? I'll ask them to move the items to your car."

"I didn't buy a car."

He frowned. "How do you travel back and forth for work?"

"I'd hail a taxi."

That made Liam even more unhappy. Without saying anything, he picked up his phone and made a call. "Kenneth, ask Fabian to buy a new car for Nat."

Natasha and everyone in the Programming Department were at a loss for words.

What the f*ck?

Before she could react, Liam asked, "Nat, do you like any particular car?"

"Old Mr. Hamilton, I don't need..."

“Nat says that she doesn’t. Just buy as you see fit. No, the cars we have at home have already been used. Send a new car over. It must be very safe” instructed Liam.

“Got it,” replied Kenneth calmly over the phone.

After hanging up, Liam looked at Natasha. “The car will be sent to you in a moment! I’ll ask the rest to move the items to the car.”

Natasha took a deep breath, not knowing what to say in response to Liam’s enthusiasm.

She took out her phone and sent a message to Kenneth. “I don’t want the car. Old Mr. Hamilton is with me now. I’ll deal with him myself.”

However, he gave no reply.

Looking at everyone staring at her in utter shock, she said, “Grandpa, there’s a café downstairs. Why don’t we have a chat there?”

Liam nodded. “Sure.”

“Mark, I…”

Having returned to his senses from that shocking series of events, Mark nodded quickly. “Go ahead!”

Only then did Natasha leave with Liam.

Before he turned around, he looked at everyone and greeted them with a smile, “Sorry to disturb everyone’s work! I’ll leave right away!”

He’s such a cute grandpa! Even though he’s so rich and powerful, he’s still so friendly!

In the café downstairs, Natasha looked at Liam. “Old Mr. Hamilton, how did you know that I’m working here?”

“Kenneth told me.” He took a sip of coffee.

What on earth is Kenneth trying to do? It’s going to be challenging for me to clean up this mess!

“Old Mr. Hamilton, can you call Kenneth and tell him that I don’t need the car?” she asked.

“Why not?” rebuked Liam. “There are so many people travelling to and from work every day. It’s so dangerous to hail a taxi, so it’s better to drive on your own!”

"If I hail a taxi, I can sleep on the way. It'll be tiring for me to drive."

Liam frowned. "I'll ask Kenneth to hire a driver for you too."

Natasha interrupted, "Old Mr. Hamilton!" When she saw that he was about to make a call, she stopped him. "Actually, I'm trying to say that... this isn't appropriate."

"Why not?" asked Liam.

"I've already divorced Kenneth. I can't possibly accept all these things!"

When she said that, Liam frowned. "I'm the one giving you these things, not Kenneth. I'm not using his money. Even if you don't want his gifts, are you going to refuse mine too?"

"Old Mr. Hamilton, this is... fundamentally the same," said Natasha.

That made Liam slightly unhappy. "Now that you've divorced Kenneth, are you not going to acknowledge me anymore?"

"Of course not!" Natasha shook her head. She still remembered clearly how well Liam treated her.

"Exactly! This is just a gesture of goodwill from me to you. Let's pretend that Kenneth doesn't exist!" replied Liam with a smile.

Natasha continued, "Old Mr. Hamilton, I know that you're really nice to me, but this will make Kenneth's girlfriend misunderstand."

"Kenneth's girlfriend? Who?" asked Liam.

"Thea, who's always with him!" replied Natasha.

Liam laughed. "That girl? Who told you that she's Kenneth's girlfriend?"

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Chapter 55

"Is that not the case?" Natasha questioned.

Liam shook his head and waved his hand dismissively. "Those are just rumors."

Natasha went silent.

However, neither Thea nor Kenneth denied the allegation.

“Are you sure? Is there any chance of the information being wrong?” Natasha asked again to Liam with urgency.

“That time when I almost got a heart attack out of anger, that brat had already told me it’s not true. Those pesky reporters are spewing nonsense as usual,” Liam explained.

Natasha nodded thoughtfully.

“Where did you hear this from?” Liam asked.

“I... forgot. Anyway, everyone seems to be talking about this, so...” After all, Kenneth never denied it.

Liam observed Natasha’s expression. Then, he smiled and said, “That aside, I could see that the girl likes Kenneth because why would a girl stay in this country when her parents were living overseas? Moreover, the girl’s family is quite well off too.”

Natasha kept her mouth shut and didn’t comment on this matter.

“But I don’t know how that brat, Kenneth, thinks of this,” Liam added.

Natasha sipped her coffee and maintained her smile. She did not express her thoughts on the matter as usual.

At this moment, Liam turned to look at her before he spoke, “Did you refuse my gift because of this? Now that you know he had nothing to do with it, will you accept the car?”

After beating around the bush for so long, he had finally reached the crux of the matter.

“Old Mr. Hamilton, Thea is one thing, but she isn’t the main reason for my refusal. I’m not sure how to break it to you, but I can’t accept your gift.”

Liam’s smile disappeared as it was replaced by lips pressed into a thin line. “Fine. If you don’t want it, I’ll give it to Terence. You can drive it or leave it unused for all I care.”

Natasha was speechless.

No matter how many times she persuaded him not to, Liam was adamant in his decision to buy a car for her.

Natasha felt helpless.

After chatting with Liam for about half an hour in the café downstairs, the older man left.

The first instance Liam left the café, Natasha whipped out her phone and called Kenneth.

On the first ring, Kenneth answered the call. Without wasting any time, Natasha said, "Old Mr. Hamilton has left the café."

"Alright."

"Did you read that message I sent you?"

"Yes, I've read it."

"Then, do you understand what I want?"

"Mmm. Crystal clear."

"Good. I'll stop now." With that, Natasha hung up the phone.

After the call, Natasha went upstairs.

At the Programming Department, everyone was gathered around the heap of nutritious products on Natasha's table, gawking in awe. The moment Natasha arrived on that floor, the people dispersed. Despite that, a few of her colleagues who were on good terms with her stared starry-eyed at her.

"Ms. Wealthy, who are you actually?" someone asked.

Natasha pursed her lips before answering, "I'm just a nobody."

At this moment, someone walked toward her and said, "Would someone like Old Mr. Hamilton meet you personally if you're a nobody? Moreover, other than giving you extremely expensive nutritious products, he even gave you a car?"

"Well, it's a long story."

"You can keep it short."

Looking at them, Natasha contemplated for a moment before answering, "It's what all of you have guessed."

A few of the girls covered their mouths in astonishment. "Are you really Kenneth's half-sister?"

Natasha was stunned speechless.

What the hell?

However, Natasha wasn't one to be eloquent in her speeches. Moreover, that matter wasn't something that could be explained in just a few sentences.

Despite thinking about it for a long time, she couldn't find the right words to say.

Hence, Natasha's silence seemed like an agreement with their conjecture.

In the end, Natasha had to use a quite amount of effort to shut her colleagues up with the nutritious products as a bribe.

In the afternoon, a car was sent to the company.

The shop manager had made a special delivery personally. "Ms. Watson, your car is here. Please sign here."

Natasha looked at the person and went downstairs.

Quite a number of people from the Programming Department also went downstairs to watch the fun.

"Wow, a Phantom!" Ross exclaimed and almost fainted from the shock. Fortunately, Thomas was right next to him and supported him from falling. "Calm down. The car is not even yours. What are you getting so excited for?"

"Then, why are you getting weak in the knees?"

"I am thinking hard right now. Did I ever offend Ms. Wealthy?"

Xavier, who was standing on the side, stared blankly and said, "Then, it's all over for me. I have definitely offended her."

The others went silent.

As Natasha looked at the car, she walked to the curb and called Kenneth. "Do you have to flaunt your wealth like this?"

"The car arrived?"

"Didn't I tell you I don't want it? And didn't you say you got my message?" Natasha said in hushed tones.

"Mmm, you did. But I never agreed to it, though."

Frowning, she fell speechless.

From the other end of the phone, Kenneth continued calmly, "You know, Grandpa's health is not that good. If his sickness acted up again because I didn't do as he said, I would forever be labeled as an unfilial grandson!"

"Then... what should I do with this?" Natasha said.

"You can do whatever you want with it. If you don't like the model, exchange it. It's okay."

"I really can't accept this," Natasha insisted.

"Then, you can give the car to someone else. Anyway, I've done what my grandpa requested."

Natasha fell silent.

"I've got a meeting later. I'm hanging up." Right after saying that, the man hung up.

Natasha glared at the phone in her hand. Frustration bubbled in her so much that she felt like cursing.

Turning her head to look at the car, Natasha was deeply troubled.

"Ms. Watson, please sign this. I need to go back to my shop to settle some matters now," the shop manager said with a smile as he walked toward her.

"Can I return this?" Natasha frowned.

"Um... If you do this, not only will I lose my commission, I'll be fined too," the manager said.

"Please take it back. You could sell it and return the money to the other party."

"Ms. Watson, it'll take ages to sell the car off... You're making things difficult for me." After his words, he then handed the form to her the second time.

After looking at the form for some time, Natasha finally gave in and signed it.

With that, his job was done. The manager then happily returned to his shop with the form in hand.

Staring at the car in front of her, Natasha fell into deep thought.

At this moment, Thomas and Ross quietly inched closer to Natasha. "Ms. Wealthy, it's the first time I see someone looking troubled when they receive something like this."

"If you like it, I'll give it to you?" Natasha asked as she looked at Ross.

Ross waved his hands hastily. "No, thank you. Although I do like it, I don't dare to take it out for a ride. I'm afraid Hamilton Corporation would go after me."

Thomas piped in. "Ms. Wealthy, when are you taking us on a ride in your new car?"

Natasha turned and threw the car keys at him. "Go now. Take it further away from me. I don't want to see it."

However, Thomas was apprehensive about the prospect of driving it as he held the car keys. "No, no, no, I don't have the guts to drive this thing. Ms. Wealthy, your keys!" Then, he followed Natasha back to the company.

Standing by the side with his hands behind his back, Mark had a thoughtful face on the whole time he watched the car in the parking lot.

Hence, he came to a conclusion. When one wasn't sure of a person's background, one should never ever make a move against them because one would never know if it would come back and bite someone on their behind.

Initially, he thought that Kenneth had designs on Natasha, but now he knew they shared an unusual relationship in the past.

Thank God I didn't order Natasha to do anything against her will in the company. Otherwise, I can't imagine how deep in trouble I would be. No, I shouldn't be lax. I should ride on her coattails from now on!

You're Out Daddy Chapter 56

Chapter 56

Natasha was rubbing her temples while she sat in her seat.

Just then, Mark appeared next to her. "Na- Ms. Watson. I have some things to discuss with you."

She glanced at Mark before getting to her feet to follow him.

She had been busy for the entire day with everything that had been happening.

Mark walked inside his office and looked at Natasha. He began by sincerely apologizing to her. "Ms. Watson-

“Just call me Nat. I’m more used to it,” Natasha interjected.

Mark gave her an awkward look. He laughed and continued, “Sure. So I’ll call you Nat. It was my misarrangement that caused the mishap that day, Nat. I was unaware that the other party had abruptly changed the person in charge. I should have warned you about Gaston, but I didn’t. Thank you so much for being able to put the past behind you and speak for me in front of Mr. Hamilton.”

Natasha merely looked at Mark as he solemnly apologized. “Are you done?” she asked.

Mark, on the other hand, was taken aback by Natasha’s frankness.

“I’ll be going back first if there’s nothing else,” Natasha said. The events of the day were forcing her skull to split in half; she hadn’t even considered how she would deal with the car.

Mark stared at her retreating figure. “D-Don’t you have anything to say?”

Yet, before he could even continue, Natasha had left the office.

Mark was rendered speechless.

He had poured in his heart and soul to apologize to Natasha. Yet, the latter did not care about his sincere apology at all.

She was behaving as coolly as she usually would.

Mark, however, breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Natasha acting as usual. Initially, he was concerned that she would quit due to the incident, but it seemed unlikely that she would!

He then inhaled deeply at the thought of that before he continued to think of ways to ride on her coattail.

Meanwhile, Natasha had been sitting on a chair for a while, lost in her thoughts. Finally, she decided to text Kenneth.

She texted him: You have two choices. Either you drive the car away, or I pay you the money for it.

Soon, she received a reply from Kenneth: Won’t it seem like I had forced you to buy the car if I took your money?

She then replied: So you choose to drive the car away then?

Kenneth made it clear that the car had nothing to do with him as he replied: I'm not the one who bought the car. The money spent isn't mine. Return it to Grandpa if you want to.

Natasha was rendered speechless.

She would not have been wasting her time with Kenneth if she could simply return the car or money to Liam.

After some thought, she concluded that no matter whether Liam accepted it or not, the two solutions she suggested earlier seemed to be the only solutions.

She did not reply to Kenneth's message. Instead, she turned on her laptop and carried out some procedures. After a few minutes, she sent Kenneth another text: I've transferred the money to you. Please check your account.

With that, she pocketed her phone.

In Natasha's defense, she was not trying to be melodramatic. However, the truth was that during her divorce from Kenneth, she did not ask for anything from him. Mostly because she did not want him to use his compensation as an excuse to get close to the children when he found out about them.

And it was the same situation at that moment.

When it was time for her to get off work, Natasha saw the car parked by the entrance.

In all seriousness, the choice of car was rather... eye-catching.

It was the shade of bright red – only someone with Kenneth's personality would choose such a color.

Although she did not really like the car, she could only accept it as it was.

She caught the eyes of many during her drive back home.

Natasha could feel many heads turn around to stare at her. And through their stares, she could feel their admiration for her wealth.

However, she was used to keeping a low profile. Thus, she was not quite used to driving such an expensive and luxurious car.

On top of that, the reason why she refused to purchase cars for that many years was not a lack of money. Instead, it was because she liked sleeping during car rides. Yet, that was now ruined for her as she had to drive!

With that thought, Natasha could not help but internally curse Kenneth and his family.

She had little experience behind the wheel. The good news was that she did not forget how to drive and managed to drive safely all the way home.

However, as soon as she arrived at the condominium, she was greeted by the sight of her children.

“Holy moly!” Benjamin cried out. “A Phantom! Since when did our condominium have such a high-end car?”

Natasha had just gotten out of the car when Benjamin finished his sentence.

“Why are you back so early today?” Benjamin asked while blinking his eyes at the sight of Natasha.

Anthony and Denise, too, were looking at Natasha with shock.

“Did you rob a bank, Nat?” Benjamin asked bewilderedly.

Natasha rolled her eyes in response. “Do I look that poor to you?”

“You have a point. But don’t you despise driving? What triggered your sudden desire to buy a car?” Benjamin inquired again, his gaze fixed on the car. This particular model had long caught his attention. However, he had only received a toy model from Natasha. Thus, he felt like he was about to drool as he saw the actual car in front of him.

Natasha did not know how to respond to Benjamin’s question; she knew that she could not tell them that Kenneth had forced it on her. Thus, after some thought, she said, “I wanted to change a car for your grandfather.”

Terence, who was standing behind the triplets, was at first puzzled by Natasha’s words. Then, a look of disbelief was on his face.

“It’s bright red in color,” Benjamin deadpanned. “Do you really think it’s suitable for Gramps?”

Natasha was not bothered to explain more to Benjamin. Hence, she retorted, “What? Why can’t your grandfather drive a red car? Isn’t it rather vibrant?”

Benjamin quickly shut his mouth after that. He kept walking around the car, inspecting every corner of it before asking, “Nat, can I take a seat in the car?”

“It’s unlocked,” Natasha replied.

With that, Benjamin immediately got into the car. He sat contentedly, not daring to touch any of the car's interior.

At some point, Denise, too, had sneakily entered the car. "As expected, a car like this does feel different. There's only one word for this experience – indulging!"

She then poked her head through the window and asked excitedly, "Nat, can Gramps drive me to school with this car tomorrow?"

"Sure thing. He can even drive you to the heavens if you want him to!" Natasha said.

Denise was dumbfounded by Natasha's words and took a few moments before replying, "Thanks, Nat."

Meanwhile, Anthony was the only one who seemed to be composed. After walking around the car to inspect it, he asked, "How much was it, Nat?"

"Um, around ten million I think?" Natasha replied.

"Around?" Anthony inquired.

To be frank, Natasha did not know how much the car cost. She had only checked its market price. However, she had long forgotten about it by then.

"I've forgotten the detailed price!" Natasha replied.

The clueless behavior indeed screamed Natasha.

Anthony only nodded nonchalantly. "This amount is enough to cover our family expenses for quite a while."

Natasha was at a loss of words.

It was as if Anthony was indirectly poking at how wasteful she was.

Meanwhile, Terence had also walked up and looked at Natasha. "Why did you buy such an expensive car out of a sudden, Nat?"

Natasha was aware that explaining it to Terence would not be simple. She didn't say much as the money had already been spent. She chuckled as she explained, "I just felt the want to spoil myself after working so hard for so long."

Terence was still looking straight at her. "But isn't this a bit much?"

After some thought, Natasha replied, "At most, we'll just have to live more frugally in the future."

“Nat,” Terrence uttered.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa. I’m still helping a group of overseas friends to do some programming. They’re quite generous with their pay. You won’t have to worry about the money – we have more than sufficient,” Natasha reassured. “And the money is obtained through legal means. Don’t worry.”

Terrence could not retort after hearing Natasha’s repeated reassurance.

“Grandpa, buying a car won’t affect me.” With that, she ignored everything else as she turned to look at the triplets, who were having a blast in the car. “I’m leaving this to you, Grandpa. I’ll be heading in first.”

With that, she handed over the car key to Terrence and immediately made a beeline upstairs.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 57

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 57

While Natasha went upstairs to shower, she was spammed by people in the company in the chat group.

Hundreds of messages popped up on her device, and when she went through the news, it was all about Hamilton Corporation’s confession and the Rolls-Royce Phantom they gifted.

Many of the photos were sharp and clear, especially the one that showed the sportscar with the eye-catching red.

Fortunately, none of the pictures caught Natasha’s front.

Someone online commented: This reporter is terrible! Did he deliberately avoid taking pictures of her face?

Are you sure they’re not filming? The woman looks like a movie star, no?

Come on. Do you see cameras or any other equipment around? It’s impossible that they’re filming. She does look really good, though.

Maybe they only took photos of her back because it looks better than her front?

I really want to know what she looks like. Does anybody know? Pretty please?

Does anybody know where she got the skirt? It looks amazing!

All the comments were about Natasha, and none focused on the sportscar.

Even so, Natasha still furrowed her eyebrows in displeasure. Looking at the timestamp, it seemed the news had surfaced for a while.

Natasha inquired: Who took these?

Somebody online joked in response: We don't know, but it's obvious that they were taken from a distance, Ms. Watson. If this goes on, your real identity as Ms. Wealthy's going to be exposed.

Another responded: I really want to add your face onto the photos so that the haters would shut up. Is that okay, Ms. Watson?

Natasha simply responded: Why don't you give it a try.

Immediately, the netizen did as suggested and uploaded an edited photo.

Natasha wiped her hair dry and threw the towel aside before turning on her computer. After some click-clacking on the keyboard, she effortlessly wiped the content off the internet.

When one of the netizens realized that as well, he asked: What did any of you do? Why is the news article gone?

The other netizens then tried refreshing the web page but failed to find the articles.

Hence, somebody mentioned Natasha in their comment: It's you, isn't it, Ms. Wealthy? Just because you're a programmer doesn't mean you can abuse your rights and stop our gossiping.

Natasha left one last reply before shutting down her computer: It's best to stay away from false information. Otherwise, you'll be misled!"

So it really is you!

The netizens immediately went into a frenzy.

Eventually, they all came to a conclusion: It's not a good idea to gossip about a programmer!

Even though the news articles were removed, they still managed to reach a large number of people online, including Anthony, Benjamin, and Denise.

“The car was gifted by Kenneth?” inquired Benjamin as he and his siblings gathered around a phone.

Anthony raised an eyebrow in puzzlement. “But Nat said she bought it.”

“Then how do you explain this news article?” questioned Benjamin. “They look exactly the same! It was also reported on the same day. I don’t think it’s possible to fake something like this, do you?”

Anthony then fell silent, so Denise voiced, “Do you think Nat’s only saying that because she doesn’t want us to know the truth?”

“Nat wouldn’t lie.”

“Does that mean Nat bought it from Kenneth?” Benjamin took a guess.

The three then fell into deep thought for a moment before Denise made her guess. “Mr. Handsome probably confessed his love to Mommy but got turned down, so he decided to gift her his car. In the end, Mommy proudly offered to buy it from him instead.”

Impressed by Denise’s imagination, her siblings gave her a big thumbs-up.

“But doesn’t Kenneth have a girlfriend?” inquired Benjamin.

The three fell silent again for a while before Anthony blurted, “Scumbag!”

Denise did not agree with that. “I don’t think that’s the case because I’ve seen the woman. Mr. Handsome didn’t seem close with her, so that’s probably not true. Besides, Nat’s much prettier than that woman.”

“Are you sure?”

“Appearance-wise, I’m a hundred percent sure.”

In response, Benjamin and Anthony looked at their sister in silence.

When the three checked the news again, the articles were gone.

“Somebody must’ve taken down the articles about Nat,” stated Benjamin after putting his phone away.

“From the looks of it, it’s very likely that Mr. Handsome is Daddy.”

As soon as he heard that, Benjamin turned to Anthony. "Any updates from Kyle?"

"He's probably busy with his missions recently. I couldn't get a hold of him, but the result should be out already."

"Does he really have to keep us hanging like this? It's supposed to be a small matter, but now, he's gotten me all wound up," complained Benjamin with a frown.

When the three were still whispering to each other, Natasha suddenly came out of her room.

Hence, they hurriedly dispersed.

"What are you guys plotting again?" questioned Natasha while narrowing her eyes at them.

As usual, Benjamin and Anthony said not a word but pushed Denise forward instead.

"Mommy, I just saw someone who looks like you on the news," voiced Denise with a chuckle.

Natasha was shocked when she realized she was not as fast as she thought.

"To be exact, it's you," uttered Denise. "After all, not everybody can look as pretty as you do."

In response, Natasha nodded in appreciation. "And?"

"Did you get the car from an admirer of yours?" inquired Denise with a raised eyebrow since that was what she really wanted to know.

Natasha knew exactly what was going through their mind, so she shook her head firmly. "Do you think I wouldn't tell you if that were true?"

"But the car—"

"A friend of Grandpa's wanted to gift it to me. He treats me as if I were his own granddaughter, but I turned him down. I paid him for it instead," explained Natasha.

A friend of Gramps'? That'd be Kenneth's grandfather. Benjamin rolled his eyes at Natasha for being so crafty with her words.

On the other hand, Denise nodded somewhat seriously in response. "I see. He must be a pretty generous man then, isn't he, Mommy?"

"Yes, quite," replied Natasha, chuckling.

“Can I meet him?”

“Well...” Natasha was unsure how to answer that question.

That’s brutal! Denise sure knows how to play coy. As much as he wanted to burst into laughter, Benjamin tried his best to keep it in.

“Can’t I meet him? If he’s that good to you, he’s probably like Gramps, so I’d like to see him. Maybe he’ll be good to me too,” pleaded Denise.

“I’m sure you’ll get to meet him one day,” promised Natasha with an awkward smile.

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” responded Natasha with a nod, trying to brush off the topic.

“You’re the best, Mommy!”

The woman did her best to keep her emotions suppressed as she shifted attention to Benjamin and Anthony. “Anything else, guys?”

“No,” answered the two while shaking their heads.

“Then you should go help your Gramps in the kitchen.”

Anthony immediately did as told, but not Benjamin, who pointed at Denise. “What about her?”

“Just look at how adorable she is. I think I’ll keep her by my side,” replied Natasha.

“That’s not fair, Mommy!” complained Benjamin.

“You’ve got a problem with that?”

Even though Benjamin was not happy with his mother’s decision, he decided to go along with it anyway. “Nope,” replied the boy before turning around to leave. “The unfairness in this family is almost unbearable!”

“Don’t be jealous, Benjamin. Since I’m so lovable, you should appreciate me too,” voiced Denise playfully as she leaned against Natasha.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 58

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 58

Kenneth just got back from Baykeep, and before he could even read the countless messages on his phone, he got a call from Thea.

“Kenneth, I don’t know what happened to my father, but he suddenly passed out. My mother fainted too when she saw him. I don’t know what I’d do if something were to happen to them. What should I do?” asked Thea in a broken voice.

When Kenneth saw that his phone was running out of battery, he knew he did not have the time for comforting. “Where are you now?”

“We’ve just reached Skyline Hospital.”

“I’ll be right over. My phone is going to be—” Before Kenneth could finish his sentence, his phone screen went black.

“What’s wrong, Mr. Hamilton?” inquired Fabian, who was just in front of Kenneth.

“Go straight to Skyline Hospital.”

Fabian then nodded in response before steering the car in the right direction.

When they finally reached the hospital, Kenneth handed his phone to Fabian before getting out of the car. “Charge it for me.”

Meanwhile, Thea waited for Kenneth in the corridor, sitting alone.

“What happened, Thea?” inquired Kenneth as he approached the woman.

As soon as Thea saw Kenneth, she threw herself at him. “What do I do, Kenneth? I’m so scared. The doctor told me that my father might have a malignant tumor. I don’t know what to do if something happens to him.”

After listening to Thea, Kenneth removed the woman’s arms from him. “Just calm down and tell me everything slowly.”

Thea was already drenched in tears then. “I can’t calm down right now. I really don’t know what to do, Kenneth. I just... What should I do?”

After some thought, Kenneth replied, “I got it. You just wait here for me, and I’m going to speak with the Director.”

Staring at Kenneth, Thea eventually decided to trust the man and nodded in agreement.

Not long after Kenneth went upstairs, he returned with the Director and all the authoritative physicians.

Thea was waiting anxiously by the door before Kenneth appeared in her sight again. It was as if the man was her only hope.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Hamilton. I’ve already contacted the best oncologist; you’ll get the result at the latest by tomorrow,” assured the Director.

“Thank you, Director. Sorry to bother you at this hour.”

“Nonsense, Mr. Hamilton. You can come to me whenever you need me. If there’s nothing else, I’ll be on my way.”

“Sure.”

After sending the Director away, Thea approached Kenneth once again. “Kenneth…”

“It’s okay. Your father’s condition has stabilized, but we’ll only be getting the results for the diagnosis tomorrow,” explained Kenneth while looking at the woman.

“Do you think he’s going to be fine?” inquired Thea, looking back at Kenneth.

“Thea, just try not to think too much about it before we get the results,” advised Kenneth.

Thea nodded in response. “If it weren’t for you today…”

“You helped me when I needed it most. This is the least I can do.”

“Then, do you think you could stay here with me tonight, Kenneth? I’m really scared,” asked Thea as she continued to look at the man. “You’re the only person I know here.”

Kenneth slightly furrowed his eyebrows while nodding. “Don’t worry. I’m not going anywhere until we get the results.”

It was only then Thea finally smiled. “I appreciate that. Thank you, Kenneth.”

“Now let’s go see your father.”

In response to that, Thea nodded gladly.

After Harry’s condition stabilized, he was transferred from the emergency room to the general ward.

Caroline did not stay conscious for long after waking up, for she cried so hard that she fainted once again.

Thea only returned to Harry's side after comforting Caroline.

As soon as Thea entered the room, she saw Kenneth asleep on the couch.

The woman then tip-toed over and carefully sat down to gaze at the slumbering man.

Even though Kenneth's eyebrows were still slightly knitted, his exquisite facial features looked less cold than usual, making the man seem somewhat more approachable.

Thea took out her phone and leaned in to take a picture of Kenneth.

After that, she uploaded the photo to Instagram: Thank you for being there for me when I needed you most. I'll do the same for you.

Thea put her device away afterward and gently pulled a blanket over Kenneth.

Suddenly, her phone beeped, and displayed on the screen was a screenshot of a news article her assistant had sent her.

Thea could immediately tell who it was in the photo attached to the article.

Then, the woman hurried outside to call her assistant. "Where did you get this?"

"It happened this afternoon; by night, it was already all over the news. However, the article quickly disappeared for some reason. This is just a screenshot," explained the assistant.

Others may not recognize the woman, but I'm confident she's none other than Natasha Watson! "Why did they say the car was a gift from Kenneth?" inquired Thea.

"I'm not sure about that either. It's just hearsay. Nobody could prove that Mr. Hamilton was even involved," replied the assistant.

"Could this photo be fake?"

"It's been analyzed and confirmed to be real."

At that moment, Thea could not even begin to describe how disturbed she was. "Got it." With that, the woman ended the phone call and continued to go through the news article.

As the assistant said, Thea could not find anything that suggested Kenneth was, in any way, involved. So why would people say that it was a gift from Kenneth? Could this be Natasha's doing?

After looking at and reading about the sportscar and Natasha, Thea could not help but think that the rumors were true, for some reason.

Thea only returned to the ward after taking some time to recollect herself.

The woman felt conflicted as she stared at Kenneth, who was still sound asleep on the couch. What exactly are you thinking, Kenneth? Who is it that you care about?

Meanwhile, Liam made a phone call to the press. "That was a big scoop I gave you, so why did it disappear so quickly?"

"Old Mr. Hamilton, we have no idea who keeps taking down our articles either. No matter how many times we uploaded a new one, it'd be removed instantly!"

"How's that possible?"

"Maybe we've offended an expert or something. The articles we uploaded have all vanished."

"So who have you offended?"

"We don't know."

With eyebrows furrowed, Liam thought for a while before voicing, "Forget it. You're a waste of my time, and I'm never working with you again." With that, the man immediately hung up.

Dan, the butler, looked worriedly at Liam. "Old Mr. Hamilton, aren't you afraid that Mr. Kenneth's going to find out?"

"What proof does he have? Besides, what can he do about it anyway? Be mad at me?"

Dan could not help but chuckle in response. "I thought you said you wanted to stop Mr. Kenneth from troubling Ms. Watson. It doesn't look like you're trying to do that."

"That's because you don't understand. I'm trying to stir up trouble where there's none," explained Liam with a smirk. "This brat has obviously fallen in love. If I don't teach him a lesson, he's not going to know what unrequited love is like. If nothing else, I'm teaching him to be appreciative."

"I hope Mr. Kenneth sees where you're coming from."

"I wouldn't expect that much from that heartless brat!" cursed Liam.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 59

Chapter 59

Kenneth, who sat on the couch the whole night, woke up with neck pain.

When he was about to twist his neck, a pair of hands emerged and massaged his shoulders. Kenneth froze for a moment and stood up right away.

Thea stood behind him and gave him a faint smile. "You're awake?"

"Hey." Kenneth heaved a sigh of relief. "How's your dad?"

"He hasn't woken up." Thea looked disappointed.

Kenneth glanced at his watch and said, "He'll be fine, don't worry."

Thea nodded. Something seemed to pop up in her mind, and she looked at Kenneth. "I bought breakfast. Wanna join me?"

The famished Kenneth nodded since he had not eaten anything since last night.

Thea laid the breakfast on the table.

While Kenneth was enjoying the breakfast, she looked at him and thought of yesterday's news. She hesitated for a while but decided to ask, "Kenneth, I came across a piece of news last night-

Before she could finish her sentence, the doctor came over. "I have the test results."

While Thea was still in a daze, Kenneth walked up to the doctor. "What are the results?"

The doctor grinned. "It's not malignant, don't worry."

A weight was off Thea's shoulders when she heard the doctor's remark. "Thank you, doctor. Thank you so much."

"Since the tumor is non-malignant, we can remove it through a simple medical procedure. We can arrange a date to carry out the procedure, so do let me know your decision," the doctor said.

Kenneth looked at Thea and asked, "What do you think?"

Thea nodded steadily. "Yes. Let's do it."

"All right. Let's arrange a date to remove the tumor then," Kenneth said.

"Sure. I'll make the necessary arrangement then."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. We'll always be here for you, Mr. Hamilton." The doctor then turned around and left.

Kenneth looked at Thea and said, "He's a famous neurosurgeon, don't worry."

Thea heaved a sigh of relief. "Okay. I trust you, Kenneth. And thank you."

"Don't mention it."

Suddenly, Caroline came out of the room. "Thea! Thea!"

"Yes, Mom?" Thea turned around.

"How's your dad? How's he doing?" Caroline asked.

"Mom, Dad is fine. The doctor said the tumor is not malignant," Thea replied.

Caroline perked up upon hearing that. "Really?"

"Yes." Thea nodded. "You can ask Kenneth if you don't believe me." Caroline then noticed Kenneth standing next to Thea.

"Thanks to Kenneth, we managed to obtain the test results fast. The doctor will arrange the medical procedure to remove the tumor. Dad is gonna be fine," Thea said with a grin.

"Is that so, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth bobbed his head. "Yes. The doctor in charge of your husband's medical procedure is a famous neurosurgeon, so you don't need to worry."

Caroline's lips finally curled into a smile. "That's great! Thank you so much, Mr. Hamilton. Thank you!"

"You're welcome. I'll do anything for Thea," Kenneth said.

Thea froze for a moment as she did not expect Kenneth to say something like that.

There were sparkles in her eyes when she looked in Kenneth's direction.

Caroline glanced at Thea before turning her attention to Kenneth. "I'm relieved that you're with Thea."

Kenneth did not respond to that remark.

"All right, Mom. Kenneth should go home and take a rest. He had spent a night here yesterday. I'll accompany you to visit Dad," Thea said.

Caroline was surprised to hear that. She looked at the man and said, "You must be exhausted. Go back and take a rest, Kenneth."

"All right." Kenneth nodded.

"Thea, you don't need to accompany me. You should send Kenneth off. I can go in myself."

"It's all right-"

"Oh, it's all right. She can walk you out." Caroline then nudged Thea.

Thea instantly understood her mother's intention. She looked at Kenneth and said, "Come on. I'll walk you to the door."

Kenneth decided to accept Caroline's kind gesture and left the ward with Thea.

Caroline looked at their backs and was relieved to see the two together.

At the hospital's lobby, Thea looked at him and asked, "Are you going home to rest or heading back to the office?"

"I'll go back and change before going to the office," the man answered.

Thea pressed her lips. "Thank you for your help last night. I would be so lost if I were all alone."

"Don't think so much about it anymore. Take good care of your dad in the hospital, and don't worry about your work in the office."

Thea nodded.

"I'm going to go now." Kenneth then turned around and left.

Thea stood by the door and watched him leave. She started having butterflies in her stomach. Kenneth wouldn't have done so much for me if he didn't have feelings for me. He wouldn't have made those sweet remarks too.

Thea took a deep breath and returned to the ward.

Meanwhile, Caroline, who was accompanying Harry in the ward, noticed the smile on Thea's face. "Someone seems very happy today."

"Stop it, Mom-" Thea walked over and sat beside Caroline.

"It's all written on your face, honey."

"I'm happy because Dad is not in danger," Thea said.

"Come on. You're my daughter. I know what's on your mind," Caroline teased.

"Mom-" Thea responded bashfully.

"Kenneth is a capable man, Thea. Get hold of him, and you'll be able to live comfortably for the rest of your life," Caroline said.

"That's not what I look for in a man," Thea mumbled.

"Meaning Kenneth has other better qualities? That's even better!" Caroline exclaimed.

"But I don't know what he thinks of me." Thea looked down dejectedly.

"He wouldn't have spent a night here if he didn't care about you or do all these things for your dad, would he?" Caroline asked in response.

Thea looked at her mother. "Really?"

"You have to be a little more confident, Thea. You're decent-looking and have a nice personality. I wouldn't be surprised if he falls for you. Besides, he wouldn't have done all these if he didn't like you. Did you not hear what he said just now?" Caroline said.

"Yes, I did. Sometimes, I feel it too, but-" Thea knitted her brows and continued, "But somehow, I feel he treats Natasha a little differently. I don't know how to explain, but my gut feeling tells me that woman holds a special place in his heart."

Caroline smiled. "Men can be greedy because it's their nature. Besides, that woman is his ex-wife. It might not be easy for Kenneth to forget about her, but it doesn't matter because, in the end, the real winner is the woman who would stay by his side," Caroline said.

Thea frowned when she heard her mother's remark.

"Gorgeous women might have an advantage over their competitors, but those who survived the game of love are truly the capable ones. The woman named Natasha won't get in your way for long," Caroline said.

Thea responded with a faint grin. "All right, Mom."

You're Out Daddy Chapter 60

Chapter 60

Meanwhile, Kenneth got into the car that had arrived at the hospital's entrance.

Fabian yawned and asked, "Where to, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I'll go home and change first and will go to the office after that."

Fabian then hit the road.

"Where's the phone?" Kenneth asked.

Fabian immediately fished out the phone and handed it over. "Here you go. The battery's fully charged."

Kenneth switched on the phone and started scrolling.

Fabian asked while driving, "How is Ms. Jarman's father?"

"He's all right."

Suddenly, something else popped up in Fabian's mind. "There's something I feel I should tell you, but I don't know how to put it—"

"What is it?" Kenneth switched on the phone and received quite a number of notifications, but his eyes were drawn to Natasha's message.

"It's about you and Ms. Jarman. Yesterday, I—"

"Hold on!" Kenneth cut in before Fabian could finish his sentence. He then picked up the phone and made a call.

Natasha, who had just woken up, noticed Kenneth's name on her phone. She did not feel like talking to him but eventually still answered his call. "What?"

“Natasha, where on earth did you get those money?”

“I robbed the bank.”

Her answer rendered Kenneth speechless. “You didn’t take Old Mr. Watson’s money, did you?”

“Excuse me? Do you think I’m that kind of person?” Natasha retorted.

Kenneth began to realize he did not know much about Natasha. “How did you know my bank account number?”

“Have you forgotten we were married? I don’t know you well, but I’ve seen your card before. Remembering the numbers, to me, is just a piece of cake. Don’t underestimate a programmer’s ability,” she replied.

Once again, Kenneth was at a loss for words.

Instead of exchanging words with that woman, Kenneth hanged up on her in a fit of anger.

When Natasha was relieved that a great weight was off her shoulders, Kenneth sent her a text: I’ve returned you the money. Please check.

The message rendered Natasha speechless.

Before she could send him a reply, Kenneth texted another message: I’ve canceled the card. Look for Grandpa if you want to return the money.

Natasha was at a loss for words. This man is just trying to flaunt his wealth.

After sending the last text message, Kenneth leaned on the chair and knitted his brows. I guess I don’t really know much about that woman.

To Kenneth, the Natasha he knew was a boring yet feisty country bumpkin who did not have good taste in anything. But he had no idea who she was and where did she work.

Kenneth could not help but ask: “Do programmers make a lot of money?”

Fabian answered, “Em, that’s what I heard.”

“How long would a programmer take to earn ten million?” Kenneth queried again.

Fabian thought about it. “I think programmers earn a lot, but they’re not super wealth. It might take them ten to twenty years to earn that amount.”

Kenneth frowned at the explanation. "If that's the case, where did Natasha get that money?"

Fabian responded with a wry smile. "I don't think I have the answer to your question, Mr. Hamilton."

Kenneth knitted his brows and went deep in thought.

"Is Ms. Watson that rich?" Fabian asked.

Instead of answering his question, Kenneth looked at him. "Fabian."

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Investigate Natasha for me. Get me all the details about this woman, especially the things she did in the last couple of years. I want to get to the bottom of her identity."

"Are you sure you want to peer into Ms. Watson's life like this? Doesn't seem like a good move, though," Fabian expressed his concern.

Kenneth shot a glance at him, causing Fabian to shudder. "But I believe you're doing this because you're concerned about Ms. Watson's life in the past. All right, I got it. I'll see to it, Mr. Hamilton."

Kenneth then looked away. "I'll take a nap now. Wake me up when you arrive."

"Sure."

Kenneth then closed his eyes and took a nap.

Fabian heaved a sigh of relief.

Kenneth took a quick bath after he had arrived at his condominium. He then changed into a fresh pair of clothes and went straight to the office.

While Kenneth was conducting a meeting, Fabian entered the conference room and whispered in his ear. Kenneth frowned and said, "Let's call it a day." He then stood up and left.

Fabian followed him and went straight to his office.

The two men saw Natasha sitting on the chair as if she had waited for quite some time.

There was a box beside her.

Kenneth fixed his gaze on the woman as he walked past her.

Natasha turned around on the chair. "I hope I didn't disturb you."

"What do you mean?" Kenneth asked.

"The car is downstairs," Natasha said.

Kenneth looked at him. "I told you to send the money to Grandpa."

"I wouldn't have come here if I knew how to deliver the money to Old Mr. Hamilton," Natasha said.

"What makes you think I'll accept the money?"

"You have to." Natasha lifted the box and put it on his desk. "I'm giving you two options—I either leave the car or leave the money here."

Needless to say, the box was full of stacks of cash.

Fabian, who was standing behind her, could not believe his eyes. "Ms. Watson, are those cash? I've seen those figures on screen before but never in banknotes. Can I have a look?"

"Sure!" Natasha said.

When Fabian was about to take a step forward, Natasha said, "Take a good look at the money, and convince your boss to accept it."

Fabian looked in Kenneth's direction, and the side-eye Kenneth gave him sent a chill down his spine.

"I'm going to leave you two here now," Fabian said and walked away.

There were only Kenneth and Natasha left in the office.

"Make your choice." Natasha looked into the man's eyes.

Kenneth walked over, sat opposite her, and lolled in the chair. "I told you to deliver the money to Grandpa."

Natasha propped her palms against the desk. "Did your grandpa ask you to do this, or you simply don't care about the money? Old Mr. Hamilton doesn't want the money, and you don't want the money either?"

"What do you think?" Kenneth asked in return.

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Unless you have an ulterior motive?"

Kenneth kept mum and stared at her.

Natasha gazed into his eyes for a moment before asking him another question, “Unless you have feelings for me?”

Kenneth responded with a cursory laugh. “Did you become narcissistic because you think you look prettier now?”

“I look prettier?” Natasha retorted.

Ehm-

Kenneth froze for a moment as he did not expect her to shoot him that question. Instead of complimenting her directly, he thought about it and replied, “You just look more presentable than before.”

Natasha was not annoyed by his answer. She heaved a sigh of relief. “I’m relieved to hear that. Well, if that’s the case—you want the money or the car?”

“What if I don’t want both?”

“I’ll decide on your behalf then.” Natasha placed the car key in front of him and said, “Here. Let’s not complicate things anymore.” She left his office after giving him a glance.

“If I were to tell you I’m interested in you, would you keep the car?” Kenneth asked all of a sudden.

That question stopped Natasha in her tracks.