

You're Out Daddy Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Natasha turned back and looked at him as she asked, "What did you say?"

"What did you expect as an answer?" countered Kenneth lazily as he raised his eyebrows in question.

Natasha mirrored his expression and replied, "I don't want any reply or answer from you, Kenneth. I just want you to stay far away from me."

With that, she left.

Kenneth jumped to his feet and raced after her. In just a few strides, he managed to catch up and successfully blocked her path forward.

He countered, "That's what I find strange about what you just said. Why do you want me to stay far away from you? What are you so worried about?"

This man has some grandiose delusions about himself indeed.

Natasha glanced at him and said, "I think there's something wrong with you."

Kenneth was rendered speechless by her response. He didn't reply further, but instead used his actions to demonstrate his dissatisfaction. He stepped forward and forced her to retreat backward until there was nowhere else she could go and she was pressed firmly against the edge of the desk.

She continued to frown as she demanded, "Get out of my way."

"I'm not going to," he replied.

The only difference between the current Natasha and the one back then was the mouth she possessed now. It was fiery and indomitable.

"What are you trying to do here, Kenneth?" asked Natasha.

"I want to see you go mad!"

Natasha didn't know how to respond to that statement. She was convinced enough that he had issues.

However, the more he insisted on behaving this way, the more she would refuse to comply.

“It looks like I’ll have to disappoint you,” she finally replied as she forced a wry smile out.

With that smile, she had thoroughly unsettled Kenneth and thrown him off balance.

Although he knew that she was trying to cajole him with that, her smile was so beautiful that he couldn’t help but feel his heart twinge from it.

Unconsciously, he extended his arm in a bid to reach out and stroke her face.

As he did, he couldn’t help but ask, “Back then, were you testing me or did you really not know yourself that well?”

“What do you mean by that?” she replied in confusion. She didn’t understand what he was getting at.

Just as his arm was extended midway toward her face, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and stated, “It’s nothing. I just think that this face of yours is simply too... fake.”

Natasha didn’t know how to respond to that.

Fake? He had clearly said that I was beautiful! Even though those words had come out of someone else’s mouth, I’ve to admit that I’ve gradually gotten used to it. How is my face fake in any way?

However, Natasha refused to care too much about all this. Instead, she looked at him and said, “You have plenty of ways to get your revenge on me, Kenneth. You’ve chosen the most expensive option.”

“You managed to pick that up?” he asked in surprise.

“Why can’t we just end things on good terms?”

Kenneth pursed his lips and replied, “Absolutely not.”

She looked at him and continued to frown.

“The more you refuse to accept it, the more I will force it on you. I’ll give you two choices right now. Either drive the car away or prepare to receive it when I send it over to your place after you’ve gone,” she threatened.

At that, she couldn’t help but add, “Do you really have that much money to spend, Kenneth?”

“Absolutely right, you are.”

She remained silent in her loss over how to communicate further with such a shameless man.

Finally, she shook her head helplessly and stated, “Fine. I’ll accept it, but I’ll need to sign an agreement stating that the car is something you insisted on giving me. It’ll also indicate that you had no ulterior motive in gifting the car, and that you have no right to demand it from me in the future.”

“I’m not signing that,” he said.

“Then I won’t take the car,” remarked Natasha as she prepared to leave.

However, Kenneth moved forward once more to block her path.

The next moment, Natasha suddenly raised her hands and frowned before she sighed deeply in exasperation.

Her hands were still wrapped in bandages and a concerned expression immediately developed on Kenneth’s face as he asked, “What’s wrong? Are you all right?”

However, she only glared at him angrily in response.

“Let me bring you to the hospital,” declared Kenneth as he proceeded to tug at her.

However, she yanked her arm out of his grip and petulantly said, “I’m not going.”

He looked at her and said, “I didn’t mean to do it.”

“Oh no, of course you didn’t mean to. I’m sure I would have lost the use of my arm if you truly meant it,” she replied with wheezing breaths.

He looked at her and frowned deeply as he probed further, “It’s already been a few days, but why hasn’t it gotten better? Is the wound infected?”

She didn’t reply, but only continued with her pained expression.

Kenneth couldn’t help but rush over to call out for professional assistance as he said, “Let’s have the infirmary come and take a look.”

A few minutes later, the infirmary prepared a fresh set of bandages for Natasha. The attending doctor said, “Your wound has just healed, so it’s best that you don’t make too drastic movements. Otherwise, there’s a chance the wound could rip open all over again.”

“Thank you,” she replied.

“You’re welcome,” replied the doctor. Now that the bandaging work was complete, he turned to face Kenneth and said, “If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave first, Mr. Hamilton.”

Kenneth nodded curtly and waited for the doctor leave before he walked over to check on Natasha’s condition.

After a long pause for thought, he finally began, “The car is actually a gift from my grandpa. If I don’t give it to you, I’m sure he’ll make a huge fuss over all this. You know as well that I can’t do anything about him. At his advanced age, I don’t want to do anything that would make him mad.”

Natasha remained silent.

He added, “If you really find all this to be too much of a hassle, I can sign an agreement with you.”

“All right then. I’ll hold you to your word,” remarked Natasha as she looked at him with a sudden energized gaze.

Kenneth raised his eyebrows and asked, “Aren’t you being too obvious about it?”

“I’ve never denied that I had my ambitions,” remarked Natasha frankly. She was this way back then as well.

Kenneth didn’t know how to respond to that. As he looked at her, he couldn’t help but feel that she had some other motive at play, but he couldn’t put his finger on it.

As this was a mere car, he didn’t bat another eyelid over the matter. They prepared the agreement and had two copies signed.

Natasha gazed at the agreement and stated, “It’s not that I want to con you, Kenneth. It’s just that you insisted on sending it over. I’m just preparing some safeguards for myself here.”

“What safeguards do you need? Are you afraid I’ll demand for the car one day?” he countered.

“I only hope that it’s all you want,” replied Natasha calmly. She was worried that he would use the car as grounds to demand for her three little ones.

“What do you mean?”

"It's nothing," she replied. Her mood had momentarily improved substantially and she looked at him as she said, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

"Wait a moment."

"What now?" demanded Natasha warily.

"Money," he said as he gestured toward the luggage that sat on the ground.

She eyed it for a moment before she replied, "It's merely an empty case. I'll let you have it."

Kenneth was speechless in his confusion.

"It's not like you want it anyway. Not to mention, it would take a long wait if we went to the bank to withdraw the money. That's why I had to come up with this plan," stated Natasha innocently.

"Aren't you afraid that I would take it?" he asked.

"If that's the case, I'm sure a bank transfer on the spot would work as well," she replied.

Again, he did not know what to say in response to that.

Even though he had very obviously been played, Kenneth didn't seem too angered by it. Conversely, he felt that the entire situation was a little interesting. In that moment, he knew he must have been insane.

He nodded and said, "Sure. Sure thing."

"Don't be mad. It's not as if I'm cheating you out of your payment. Feel free to come collect the car whenever you feel like this arrangement isn't working out for you," she stated simply. After a brief pause, she added, "I can make you an offer at the previous price as well."

Once again, Kenneth was speechless. He couldn't believe what she was taking him for.

"Continue speaking, Natasha, and I can't promise what I'll do next," warned Kenneth as he looked at her.

"Goodbye," stated Natasha and she stood up to leave.

Just as she opened the door, Fabian suddenly appeared and asked, "Leaving now, Ms. Watson?"

She nodded and grunted in acknowledgment.

"I've prepared the coffee for you! It's freshly ground too!" wailed Fabian.

She glanced at it casually before she picked it up and took a large gulp from the cup. Following which, she placed the cup back into his hands and flashed him a faint smile as she said, "It tastes great. Thank you." With that, she left with a casual swagger.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes as he took in this scene.

Natasha... It seems like she's not as boring as she used to be. Rather, things are getting even more interesting...

You're Out Daddy Chapter 62

Chapter 62

Fabian entered after Natasha left.

When he saw the box on the floor, he asked in surprise, "Mr. Hamilton, did you really take the money?"

Kenneth gazed at Fabian without saying a word.

"No, that's not the proper way to win a girl's affection. Mr. Hamilton, you are giving off an assertive impression if you take the money. Don't you think so?" Fabian said while walking up to Kenneth.

"Is that so?" Kenneth seemed distracted.

"Of course! During times like this, you must insist on not taking the money!" Fabian added.

Kenneth remained silent.

"However, I have to say that your ex-wife is quite feisty. She returned the money to you right after you gifted the car to her. I'm quite amused by her domineering personality," Fabian muttered cheerfully.

Kenneth ignored him.

Fabian was suddenly intrigued. He looked at Kenneth and asked secretively, "Mr. Hamilton, may I take a look at the money worth over ten million? I've never seen so much cash before."

Kenneth raised his brows lazily after hearing Fabian's request. "You don't have to look at it. Feel free to take it with you. I'll gift you the money."

"What?" Fabian was momentarily dazed as he stared at Kenneth. "No, Mr. Hamilton. I just want to take a look..."

"I'm serious. Take it," Kenneth uttered solemnly.

Taking in his serious demeanor, Fabian laughed diffidently. "Mr. Hamilton, don't be like this. I'm beginning to feel a little scared. I didn't do anything to deserve that reward, so how can I accept the money?"

"Do you want it or not?" Kenneth asked.

"S-Should I take the money?" Fabian raised the question while staring at the box.

"Take the box and get out of here," Kenneth instructed.

In that case, it'll be difficult for me to not comply with Mr. Hamilton's wish.

Fabian smiled when he noticed Kenneth was not joking. "In that case, Mr. Hamilton, I'll take the money. Don't worry. I'll do everything you ask of me in the future and pledge my allegiance to you." With that, he lifted the box and was about to leave.

However, just as he held up the box, Fabian realized the box was extremely light.

He gazed at Kenneth. "Mr. Hamilton, this..."

Kenneth suppressed his urge to laugh. Feigning ignorance, he asked, "What's the matter?"

Fabian did not know if he should tell the truth. He opened the box in front of Kenneth and revealed the empty content.

"Mr. Hamilton, this... I think your ex-wife scammed you," Fabian said.

Still, Kenneth remained unfazed.

"You're not mad, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Why should I be mad?" Kenneth asked.

Fabian was stunned. Clarity washed over at that instant. He realized Natasha did not scam Kenneth. Instead, Kenneth had tricked him.

He felt extremely embarrassed.

“Mr. Hamilton, you’re making fun of me again...” Fabian grumbled pitifully. His hopes of possessing over ten million had shattered and dissipated into nothingness in the blink of an eye.

“When did I make fun of you?” Kenneth was not about to admit his action.

“You...” Fabian wanted to speak further, but on second thought, he recalled Kenneth had indeed not mentioned anything.

“Ahh! My ten million,” Fabian wailed before turning around and left.

Outside the building, Natasha had just walked up to the car parked at the entrance when Thea got out of another vehicle.

“Natasha?” Thea said while looking at Natasha. Then, she noticed the car that had appeared on the news. Thea frowned in displeasure.

Natasha turned around. When she saw Thea, she grinned and greeted the latter, “Ms. Jarman.”

“Why are you here?” Thea asked. Despite the smile on her face, it was apparent that she was putting up a pretense.

Natasha answered truthfully, “I’m here to return the car.”

Thea glanced at the car beside and asked, “Did Kenneth really gift you this car?”

“Theoretically, yes,” Natasha replied.

The smile on Thea’s face almost wavered.

“If there’s nothing else, I’ll take my leave now.” Natasha did not bother to explain further. She was not Kenneth’s girlfriend, after all.

“Wait a moment,” Thea said after contemplating briefly. “Ms. Watson, let’s add each other on WhatsApp. In that way, I can contact you through WhatsApp if there’s any work-related matter to discuss,” she added.

Natasha could not find an excuse to reject Thea’s reason and rationale, so she nodded.

“All right, sure!” She took out her phone and clicked on her WhatsApp application.

“I’ll scan your QR code,” Thea offered.

Natasha opened her QR code to let Thea scan, then they were added to one another’s contact list.

“Let’s contact each other through WhatsApp if anything comes up in the future,” Thea said.

Natasha nodded. “I’ll be leaving first then.” With that, she got into the car and left.

Thea felt her heart ached as she stared at the red sports car, gradually disappearing from her vision.

Nothing provoked her more than to witness the truth with her own eyes.

At that thought, she turned on her heels and went into the company.

Thea knocked on the door before entering Kenneth’s office.

“Kenneth.”

Seeing Thea, Kenneth uttered, “Why aren’t you at the hospital? Why did you come here?”

She placed a document in front of him. “You accidentally left this at the hospital, so I purposefully brought the document here for you.”

Kenneth saw the document and said, “You could’ve called me, and I could just arrange someone to retrieve it.”

“I feel worried handing over such an important document to others,” Thea explained.

He smiled. “When do you plan for the surgery to take place?”

“Tomorrow afternoon.”

He nodded. “Let me know if you need anything.”

She nodded while staring at him. Then, seemingly in deep thought, she said, “I met with Ms. Watson downstairs earlier.”

Kenneth fell silent at the mention of that topic.

“She said she’s here to return the car. Did you really gift her the car?” Thea asked.

“Grandpa wanted to give the car to her as a present,” Kenneth replied.

“Old Mr. Hamilton?” Thea put on a wry smile. “It seems like he’s favoring Ms. Watson.”

“Yes. Grandpa treats her like she’s his granddaughter.” Kenneth could not deny the fact because Liam doted on Natasha more than he did on him.

Regardless of the sender, Thea did not feel happy about that matter. However, she did cheer up a little, knowing that Kenneth did not gift Natasha the car.

“I assume you don’t know about this, but news about you gifting her the car has been spreading like wildfire. The public is saying that you are trying to win over her affection by giving her the car as a present.”

“Is that so?” Kenneth asked. “When is that? Why have I never seen the article?”

“The article was hacked and removed from the internet afterward. It’s gone.”

After giving that outcome some thought, his sixth sense was telling him that Natasha was the person behind the article’s disappearance.

After all, she was the only one who would wish to have nothing to do with him.

Besides, that was her profession, so hacking and removing an article on the internet was simple.

At that thought, Kenneth curled his lips into a smile.

Thea’s discomfort intensified at the sight of him enjoying the turns of events instead of getting angry. That agony was as if someone had delivered a blow to her heart, causing her to suffocate.

“Kenneth, I have something to tell you after my dad complete his surgery,” she said to him while clenching her fists.

“What’s the matter? Can’t you tell me now?” he questioned her.

She shook her head. “It’s something very important. I can only reveal it to you during a crucial moment. You must come at that time.”

Taking in her mysterious and solemn demeanor, Kenneth nodded after thinking for a few moments. “Okay. I’ll definitely be there.”

Thea gazed at him and forced a smile. “That’s a promise then. I’ll wait for you by that time.”

Kenneth nodded.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 63

Chapter 63

After leaving Hamilton Corporation, Natasha directly drove the car back to her company.

In her honest opinion, driving a car was not as convenient as taking a cab because not being able to sleep during the journey was a torment to her.

She had to walk some distance to her office located on the top floor of the building after parking her car in the parking lot.

Natasha suddenly had a feeling as if someone was following behind her as she walked.

However, when she turned around, there was no one behind.

She scanned her surroundings and saw that the parking lot was empty.

After that, Natasha continued to stride ahead while wearing a frown.

The silhouette of a person appeared in a corner behind her after she entered the elevator.

When she returned to the Programming Department, Xavier immediately walked up to her. "Are you free tonight, Boss?"

Natasha looked at him. "What's the matter?"

"My little sister said she wishes to meet with you."

"Why does she want to meet with me?" Natasha furrowed her brows. She was baffled by that request.

"You are her savior, so she wishes to meet with you."

"If I am her savior, then what are you?" Natasha asked him.

"That's different!" Xavier replied.

"Nope. I'm not going," she rejected. She would not enjoy or be used to a situation where others thanked and revered her.

He frowned. "But it's her birthday today. That's her only birthday wish. How should I explain to her if you're not going?"

Natasha might put up a tough exterior, but she was actually a soft-hearted person.

She was stumped after hearing Xavier's words.

“Boss, just go and meet with her. I promise it wouldn’t take much of your time,” he added.

At that moment, Ross and Thomas came over. “That’s right, Ms. Watson. Just meet with her. Xavier’s little sister is a young lady with a nice personality. She’s been thinking about you all the time. You can think of this meeting as fulfilling her wish.”

“Yes, that’s right. She’s been expressing her desire to meet with you for a long time.”

Natasha contemplated briefly while staring at the two newcomers. “Fine. The two of you should join me.”

“Us? Why should we go?” Ross and Thomas piped up simultaneously.

She grinned at them. “Isn’t today her birthday? Naturally, we are going to organize a birthday party.”

Xavier gazed at her. “Are you agreeing to meet with her?”

“I’ll make myself clear now. If she expresses her gratitude or tells me she’s thankful later, I’ll leave at once,” Natasha said.

“I can guarantee you’ll never listen to any of that.” Xavier shook his head firmly.

She had no other choice but to agree to his request.

After Xavier left, Natasha told Ross and Thomas to stay.

“Both of you need to do some shopping.”

“What are we buying?”

“Food, drinks, or anything to play with. Just buy some things the little girl likes,” she elaborated.

“In that case, I’ll order all the stuff online and have them delivered to the hospital directly?”

“Sure.”

“I’ll purchase the items that I feel suitable then.”

Natasha looked down and tapped her phone a few times. Then, Ross’ phone rang. “Put the expenses on my tab.”

Ross looked at her. "Ms. Watson, I know you're a rich lady, but I can still afford to pay for this." After saying that, he returned the money to Natasha.

"Okay. Dinner is on me then," Natasha said.

Hearing her offer, Ross and Thomas' eyes gleamed. "In that case, we shall not hold back in accepting your kindness."

"You two do not strike me as people who would hold back anyway."

"Thank you for the compliment, Ms. Watson."

Ross and Thomas left after they exchanged some sarcastic remarks.

Natasha was about to place down her phone and prepare to work when she suddenly saw Thea's newly added contact on her device.

She was reminded of Thea's personality. By right, she should hate me. Why did she suddenly ask to add me on WhatsApp? Perhaps...

Natasha clicked on Thea's profile picture and the link to her Instagram account that was attached to her WhatsApp description.

She saw a picture of her and Kenneth. He was sleeping while she stayed by his side. The picture gave off an affectionate vibe, and the caption about her keeping him company was very touching.

The background of the image was unclear, but the photo and the caption alone were sufficient to flaunt their intimate relationship.

Natasha could not help but smirk after seeing the picture.

I suppose this is Thea's goal.

At that thought, Natasha, having a mischievous character, double-tapped on the picture to like the photo.

Sometimes, blessing others to have their wish granted is a virtue. I think I am the most virtuous person alive.

After that, she placed her phone aside and began working.

Her mood was not at all affected by Thea's Instagram post.

Instead, she felt extremely cheerful.

After work, Xavier left first because he wanted to collect the cake.

Ross and Thomas gathered around. "How are we going there, Ms. Watson?"

She stared at them. "I assume you two know how to drive?"

They nodded.

Natasha tossed her car keys to them. "You two drive the car then."

Ross and Thomas gaped at the car key in front of them. In the end, they tacitly played rock-paper-scissors to decide who got to be the driver.

As a result, Thomas won the game. He delightfully took the keys and went to the parking lot.

Ross could not accept the outcome. He walked up to him and suggested that they drive half of the journey each.

They arrived at the parking lot amidst their discussion.

Natasha went ahead and sat in the backseat.

Ross and Thomas gazed at her in astonishment. "Ms. Watson, you're not sitting in front?"

"I want to take a nap. You two be quiet," she said.

God only knows how excited Ross and Thomas were after listening to her because they could now admire the car as they liked and pretend as if they owned the car to their hearts' content.

Then, they started the car.

Initially, Ross and Thomas were still able to contain their exhilaration as they had never imagined the day they could drive a Phantom.

However, they began to lose control of their excitement halfway through the drive.

Ross sat aside and took a lot of pictures.

Thomas said, "Take some pictures of me. Make sure I look good."

"Are you going to let me drive later?"

"All right, sure!" Thomas replied.

Only then did Ross cooperated with him and took a few pictures for Thomas.

However, the latter was obviously dissatisfied with the photos. "What's with the terrible quality of the photos you've taken? These won't do. You need to retake the pictures."

"I think they're fine."

"They certainly are not fine! Are you retaking the pictures or not? If you're not going to help me, then I won't let you drive!"

The sound of their argument awoke Natasha in the end.

She regarded them with a look of resignation.

Why did I come with these two idiots?

She gazed out of the car window, and when she saw them passing by a store, Natasha was reminded of something. "Stop the car on the side of the road ahead."

Thomas heard her. He immediately turned on the signal lights and brought the car to a halt on the roadside.

"What do you want to do, Ms. Watson?"

Natasha did not reply. She directly opened the car door and got out of the car.

The two men sat inside the vehicle and waited. They saw her enter a gift shop and were discussing Natasha's intention of going in there when she exited the shop while hugging a very big teddy bear.

Inexplicably, even though Natasha was considered a beauty, the sight of her holding a human-sized teddy bear still seemed comical.

Perhaps it was because Ross and Thomas were too familiar with her personality, so they found that scene unmatching with her usual demeanor.

Ross dutifully got out of the car and helped Natasha open the car door. She stuffed the teddy bear into the backseat before getting into the vehicle herself.

"Ms. Watson, did you buy that for Xavier's little sister?" Ross asked.

"Isn't that obvious?" Natasha questioned him.

"No, it's nothing. The bear is adorable!" he lied.

She could not care less about their opinion. "Hurry up and drive the car."

You're Out Daddy Chapter 64

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 64

When Xavier arrived at the hospital, he saw that the hospital ward was decorated in a homely manner with balloons and flowers all over the place.

Celia stood in the middle, grinning happily like a little princess.

"Celia!" called out Xavier.

When she turned around and saw him, she exclaimed joyfully, "Xavier!"

"What are these?" He looked at her.

"I don't know what's going on. After I came back from my check-up, it became like this," explained Celia.

"Did the nurses do it?" asked Xavier.

She shook her head. "The nurses said that your friends came in the afternoon to decorate the place."

"My friends?" repeated Xavier.

Thomas, Ross, and Natasha immediately appeared in his mind.

Recalling how mysteriously they were acting in the afternoon, he could not help but burst into laughter. He gazed at Celia and nodded. "Yeah, it might have been them."

"What about that lady who saved my life?" asked Celia.

"I'll call them and ask where they are." As he spoke, Xavier took out his phone to call them.

However, the call ended the moment it started ringing.

Just when Xavier was hesitating, the door was flung open and Ross walked in. "Stop calling us. We're at the entrance."

He walked in with Thomas. When Xavier did not see Natasha, he frowned. "Where's Boss?"

In the next moment, Ross opened the door wider. A human-sized doll was moved in.

"Can you be more helpful? Why did you just leave like that? Didn't you see that I need help?" Although Natasha was nowhere to be seen, they could hear her voice.

Xavier and Celia stared at the huge doll in shock.

"Ms. Watson, it's not that we don't want to help you. It's just a bit inappropriate for two guys like us to be carrying that doll."

It took a lot of effort before Natasha managed to push the doll away from the front. She wanted to scold them, but when she spotted Celia, she calmed down.

"Just you wait! Don't ask me for any favors anymore," threatened Natasha.

"I was wrong." Ross immediately admitted to his mistake.

"I'm willing to receive any punishment."

"Get lost."

"Got it."

Celia laughed when she saw their interaction. Walking forward, she looked at Natasha and asked, "You're the lady who saved me, right?"

Not knowing what to say, Natasha passed the doll to her awkwardly. "Happy birthday!"

"Thank you!" Celia flashed Natasha a sweet smile as her eyes sparkled.

When Natasha saw her smile, she remembered what Celia looked like when she had visited her in the hospital. Back then, Celia looked as fragile as a tattered flower. Yet, she was different now—she looked much healthier and her cheeks were rosier.

Natasha smiled in satisfaction.

"Me too!" Ross walked forward. "Celia, I can't save up much, but here's a token of my sincerity. Didn't you mention that you've always wanted this book? I'm giving it to you." As he spoke, he passed a book to Celia.

She gazed at it in delight. "Thank you, Ross."

“Me too! Me too!” Thomas walked over. “My gift isn’t very valuable, but since I heard that girls like it a lot, I chose it specially. Apparently, it can bring you good luck.” He gave Celia a beautiful box.

When she opened it, there was a pretty crystal bracelet inside.

“I like it a lot! Thank you, Thomas.” Celia grinned widely, her eyes sparkling like stars in the night sky.

Xavier was the most moved.

Although those people were not biologically related to him, they were willing to put in so much effort for him and his sister. Overwhelmed with gratitude, he could not help but tear up.

Compared to the time when he had to fight this battle alone, this moment was incomparably heartwarming.

However, as he was not good at expressing himself and did not know what to say, he just stood at the side alone.

At that moment, everyone looked at Xavier.

“We’ve already given our gifts. What about you?” asked Ross.

Only then did Xavier return to his senses. “I prepared something too.”

“Give it to her, then!” urged Thomas.

Xavier glanced at Celia. “Happy birthday, Celia. This is my gift to you.”

When she opened the box and looked inside, she saw an exquisite watch.

“I hope that in the future, instead of counting down, you’ll be looking at the time and anticipating a new dawn each day.”

Celia had been controlling her emotions for a long time. At that moment, she could not hold herself back anymore. She jumped into his arms and exclaimed, “Xavier!”

Xavier hugged her and patted her back gently.

“I like it a lot. I’ll definitely wear it and keep you company every day,” promised Celia.

Looking at the siblings, the others also teared up.

On the other hand, Natasha did not have much of a reaction. Despite this joyous moment, she felt different from the rest. Instead of feeling touched, she was happier at the fact that Celia could continue living.

When Ross saw that Natasha's eyes were still not red, he could not help but ask, "Aren't you touched, Ms. Watson?"

"I'm good."

"Why aren't you crying?"

Natasha merely glanced at him. "I don't know how to."

Ross was speechless. Once again, he doubted her gender.

"All right! It's time to cut the cake. Celia, your brother ordered an ice cream cake for you. It'll melt if we don't eat it now," reminded Thomas.

Only then did the siblings separate.

Celia wiped her tears. "Sorry for that, guys."

"It's fine. It's so rare for us to see a dense man like your brother act so emotionally. This is worth it."

Xavier punched him jokingly.

"Okay! Let's light the candles. After blowing them out, we can cut the cake," said Ross.

They lit the candles. Xavier put the birthday hat on Celia's head while she stood in the middle and made a wish.

"I hope that Xavier's career will keep getting better! I hope that all of his friends' wishes will come true and that everything will be smooth-sailing." With that, Celia blew out the candles.

Ross asked, "Why didn't you make a wish for yourself?"

Celia replied, "Being alive is already my biggest dream. I don't have any other wishes."

She was an innocent and kind-hearted girl.

"Okay, let's cut the cake and eat it!" announced Xavier.

After Ross cut the cake, he gave a slice to Celia first. "Come on, birthday girl. You have the first slice."

However, Celia took it and walked over toward Natasha. “Natasha, you first!”

Natasha glanced at her. Not standing on ceremony, she took it. “Thank you!”

Celia gazed at her with a look of happiness. “Thank you for saving me! Although Xavier doesn’t want me to say it, I’m still going to! I hope that I can be like you one day and help others.”

Natasha grinned at her. “You definitely will.”

“Can I have your contact? I won’t disturb you. I just want to treat you as my role model and become someone like you,” asked Celia.

At that moment, Ross chimed in, “Celia, you’ve set yourself a tough goal to reach!”

When Natasha shot a glance at him, he kept quiet.

Looking at Celia, she whipped out her phone. “WhatsApp.”

Celia took out her phone delightedly and added Natasha’s contact. Like an excited child, she exclaimed, “Xavier, I got Natasha’s contact number!”

Natasha had never expected a girl to be so happy to have added her on WhatsApp.

Compared to Thea... Forget it, there’s no way to compare them.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 65

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[You're Out Daddy Chapter 64](#)

[You're Out Daddy Chapter 66](#)

You’re Out Daddy

Chapter 65

After celebrating Celia’s birthday, they prepared to head back.

Just when Natasha walked out of the corridor and reached the staircase, her phone rang.

It was a call from Denise. Natasha picked it up and said, “Hello?”

"When are you coming home, Nat?"

"I'm going back now. It'll take around half an hour..."

While watching Natasha take the call, Thomas and Ross was discussing so enthusiastically that they did not notice someone walking over briskly.

Pushing the trolley along the corridor, the person dashed toward Natasha.

"Okay, I'm going to stop talking to you. I'll ask Ms. Watson." As he spoke, Ross glanced at Natasha. At that moment, he noticed something amiss and yelled, "Be careful, Ms. Watson!"

When Natasha turned around, the trolley crashed into her back. She lost her balance and tumbled over.

"Ms. Watson!"

"Ms. Watson!"

Thomas and Ross dashed forward immediately.

Luckily, the steps were not high. Natasha quickly grabbed the railing and stopped herself from rolling down the stairs.

"How are you? Are you okay?" asked Ross.

Still immersed in shock, Natasha looked up at the culprit who was standing at the top of the staircase.

He was in his mid-thirties. His face was completely pale and his long hair concealed most of his face. A devilish smile played on his lips.

Natasha stared at him while he glared at her with a look of hatred and hostility.

Thomas approached him. "What's wrong with you? Don't you know that this is really dangerous?"

That man remained silent.

"Do you think that this is over if you don't say anything!" yelled Thomas.

However, that man kept quiet and continued glaring at Natasha with an extremely vicious gaze.

"Are you mute? Say something?" Thomas became agitated.

At that moment, a nurse and doctor rushed over upon hearing the commotion. They looked at that man. "Gary, did you get into trouble again?"

Looking at Thomas, they quickly apologized. "I'm so sorry. He's a patient at our hospital, but he doesn't have any relatives. He went through a huge shock recently, so he isn't really mentally stable. I'm so sorry."

Thomas's heart softened when he heard that. "But this is too dangerous! What if he hurts someone?"

"We're really sorry," apologized the doctor again.

However, it was obvious that he had nothing to do with this.

"You shouldn't be apologizing to me..." As Thomas spoke, he glanced at Natasha.

Realizing what was going on, the doctor looked at her. "Are you injured?"

Natasha averted her gaze from that man and shook her head. "I'm fine."

"I'm so sorry about this. We didn't keep a close watch on him."

"You aren't the patient, nor are you his family member. There's no need for you to apologize to me. I'm really all right," assured Natasha as she looked at the medical staff.

"Thank you for being so understanding." With that, the doctor glanced at the man. "Gary, apologize to her."

However, he merely smiled and did not say anything. It was an extremely vicious and menacing smile.

"Apologize!" repeated the doctor.

"It's fine," said Natasha.

The doctor looked at her. "He isn't like this normally. But regardless, I'll still apologize on his behalf."

She shook her head.

"We'll bring him back," said the doctor.

With Natasha's implicit acknowledgement, he and the nurses dragged the man away.

"You deserve to die!" snarled the man before he left, flashing an evil smile at Natasha.

"You..." Thomas glared at him.

"Gary!" yelled the doctor before looking at the rest. "So sorry again." He then dragged that man away.

Looking at his back, Natasha frowned.

"He's crazy!" spat Thomas furiously before walking toward her.

"The doctor already said that he's mentally unstable," added Ross.

"How are you, Ms. Watson? Are you injured?" asked Thomas.

"Help me pick up my phone," said Natasha.

Ross immediately walked over and picked it up. "The screen is broken."

She took the phone from him. Afraid that Denise would be worried, she tried to turn her phone on, but it was futile.

"Let's go," she said. However, when she limped when she walked forward.

"Are you injured?"

"I twisted my ankle. It's no big deal."

"Are you sure? Is it not a bone fracture? We're at the hospital now, so we can do a checkup right away!"

"Shut up. Let's go!" Natasha walked away.

Meanwhile, the call had ended because Natasha fell down the stairs.

Denise was overwhelmed with worry, having heard the yell in the call at the last moment.

She paced around the house worriedly.

"What should we do? Did something bad happen to Nat?"

Anthony tried calling Natasha again, but the call could not get through.

"Should we try to locate where she is?" suggested Benjamin.

Anthony was about to agree when his phone rang.

Even though it was an unfamiliar number, his instincts told him that it was from Natasha.

He immediately picked it up. "Hello?"

"It's me," said Natasha.

"What happened to you, Nat? Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. I accidentally dropped my phone on the ground, so it's spoilt now. Don't worry, I'm almost reaching home," assured Natasha.

Only then did Anthony heave a sigh of relief. "Got it."

"This is my colleague's phone. All right, I'm going to stop talking now. I'm reaching home soon, so I'll explain later."

"Okay!"

After he hung up the call, Benjamin and Denise stared at him intensely.

"Nat says that she's fine. She'll be reaching home soon," said Anthony.

"I'm going to fetch her." After saying that, Denise ran downstairs.

Thomas and Ross sent Natasha to her house.

The moment she got out of the car, Denise sprinted over. "Nat!"

Suppressing the pain in her foot, Natasha caught Denise in her arms. However, Denise still noticed that something was amiss. "Nat, what happened to you?"

"I twisted my ankle."

A look of heartache appeared on Denise's face. "Nat..."

"It'll be fine after two days."

"Really?"

"Yeah." Natasha nodded.

"I'll support you."

Natasha nodded.

Meanwhile, Thomas and Ross kept staring at Denise. She's so adorable like a living doll!

"Ms. Watson, is she your little sister? I didn't know that you had one! She's so cute, unlike you," exclaimed Thomas.

"You're blind," retorted Natasha.

Denise looked at them. "Who are you?"

"We're your sister's friends. I'm Thomas and he's Ross!" explained Thomas.

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Denise!"

"Denise? That's an interesting name. Little girl, is your sister fierce at home?" whispered Thomas.

Denise lowered her voice and said, "I don't dare to answer this question in front of her."

Thomas laughed. "You're so adorable! So much cuter than your older sister!"

Unable to control herself, Natasha rolled her eyes.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 66

Chapter 66

“Are you leaving?”

“Yeah,” said Thomas before glancing at Denise. “Your sister’s chasing me away. Goodbye!”

“Please help her more in the future!” replied Denise.

Thomas burst out laughing before standing up. “Ms. Watson, others would invite guests up for a drink. On the other hand, you’re chasing us away!”

“I’m afraid that you’ll overstay your welcome,” said Natasha.

“When they were talking, Benjamin and Anthony had dashed downstairs too.

“Nat!”

“Nat, how are you? Are you okay?”

Thomas and Ross were stunned when they saw more kids rushing over.

“Ms. Watson, you’ve got... quite a big family,” remarked Ross.

Natasha could not be bothered with him.

“Who are they, Nat?”

“My colleagues.”

“Hello!” greeted Anthony and Benjamin politely.

“They are so adorable and good-looking! Why don’t you look similar to your siblings, Ms. Watson?”

Natasha took another deep breath. “You might actually be blind.”

“How are you, Nat? Are you injured?” asked Anthony worriedly.

"I'm fine, just that I twisted my ankle."

"Did you go to the hospital?"

"I just came back from there," replied Natasha.

Anthony stared at her, still concerned. "I'll help you upstairs."

At that moment, Natasha glanced at the other two men. "Are you coming up for a drink?"

Thomas and Ross shook their heads. "No thanks. It's getting late, so we should head back too."

Natasha nodded, not intending to ask them to stay.

Denise walked over. "Can both of you give me your WhatsApp?"

They were stunned. It was impossible for them to refuse such an adorable girl's request.

"Of course!" As they spoke, they whipped out their phones and clicked on WhatsApp. Denise added both of them.

"Since Nat's in the same company as you, can I ask you whenever I can't find her in the future?"

"Sure!" agreed Thomas and Ross.

"Goodbye, then! Be careful on your way back," said Denise with a sweet smile.

They felt like their hearts were melting when they saw her smile.

I must have such a cute daughter in the future! I must!

After the both of them left, the three kids helped Natasha up the stairs.

Continuing the excellent service, they even took off her shoes and swapped them for slippers.

Sitting on the couch, Anthony's heart ached when he saw how swollen Natasha's ankle was.

"It's fine. I just need to put some medication," assured Natasha.

By then, Benjamin had already brought out some medicine from the room. "Nat, apply these."

Anthony took it and applied the medicine to Natasha's ankle carefully.

Looking at the three kids surrounding her, Natasha felt extremely satisfied. This feeling of bliss was a wondrous one.

"What happened today, Nat?" asked Denise worriedly as she snuggled in Natasha's arms.

That man's gaze flashed across Natasha's mind. Her instincts told her that it was definitely not a coincidence.

However, she did not reveal much. Gazing at Denise, she explained, "I visited my friend's little sister at the hospital today. On my way back, there were too many people in the corridor and I accidentally twisted my ankle. It's nothing much."

Denise nodded. "I see."

"You've been too unlucky recently, Nat! Before the injury on your hand had healed, you twisted your ankle," lamented Benjamin.

The more Natasha thought about it, the more that sounded quite true. She kept getting into these incidents after returning.

"Life's never smooth-sailing! I'm already blessed to have the three of you with me. What's a minor injury compared to that?" Natasha was completely unbothered.

"But my heart will ache!" exclaimed Denise as she raised her head and blinked her adorable eyes.

I really don't know how I managed to have such a cute daughter! Although I was the one who gave birth to her, she's simply too adorable at times!

Natasha laughed. "Okay, I'll be more careful in the future and avoid getting injured again."

"You better keep your promise, Nat!"

"Of course." She nodded.

Only then did Denise reveal a satisfied smile.

At that moment, Anthony had just finished applying the medicine for Natasha. "How is it, Nat? Does it feel better now?"

Natasha extended her leg and glanced at it. "It feels a lot better! Thank you, Darling."

Anthony blushed slightly. "Sit here, Nat. I'll cut some fruits for you." He left after saying that.

"Where's Gramps?"

"Gramps said that he headed back to the countryside to take some things. He'll be back later..." Benjamin glanced at the clock. "He should be back soon."

Natasha nodded.

"He also told us to eat first and not wait for him."

"Let's eat, then," announced Natasha.

"Let me help you, Mommy."

The three kids helped Natasha walk to the dining table. They wiped her hands with a towel and passed a cup of water to her.

Looking at how busy the kids were, she felt extremely happy.

It's so good to have kids. How great is it to have three cute and obedient children?

After eating, Natasha returned to her room, washed up, and prepared to sleep.

However, when she lay on the bed, the scene of that man staring at her with that gaze and expression kept circling in her mind.

It definitely was not a coincidence, nor did he suddenly go crazy.

His gaze made him seem like he hated her, as if he wanted to take revenge on purpose.

However, Natasha could not remember where she had seen him. If that was the case, she certainly did not know him.

Despite racking her brain, she still could not find any memory related to him. She gave up after thinking about it for a long while.

She decided to head to the hospital the next day and take a look again.

Upon that thought, Natasha prepared to sleep.

However, a few seconds after she closed her eyes, her phone rang. She grabbed it and saw that it was a call from Kenneth.

Frowning, she picked it up.

“What’s up?” snapped Natasha immediately.

Kenneth asked, “Can’t you speak more gently, Natasha?”

She burst out laughing. “Gently? You’ve got the wrong person.”

With that, she ended the call. Yet, the phone rang a few seconds later again and Natasha picked it up impatiently.

“What’s the matter?”

“Why is your temper still the same after all these years, Natasha?” asked Kenneth.

“Did you call me in the middle of the night to reminisce the past?” retorted Natasha.

“Why are you so fiery today?”

“I ate some gunpowder, okay?”

Kenneth was at a loss for words.

After being yelled at by Natasha for no reason, Kenneth started to lose his temper too.

“Natasha, how on earth can your boyfriend tolerate your temper?”

“He loves my temper. Do you think that everyone’s as superficial as you?”

“How am I superficial?”

“Do I need to explain it to you? Don’t you know it yourself? Kenneth, your taste has always been the same—you like hypocrites. I’ve got to give it up to you for that.”

“Since when do I like hypocrites? Say it clearer, Natasha!”

“Not only do you like hypocrites, but you also like to feign ignorance when you know exactly well what’s going on! Thea’s so unlucky to be involved with a man like you!”

Kenneth was at a loss for words.

He wanted to call her and express his concern for her hand, but he ended up being scolded for no apparent reason.

You’re Out Daddy Chapter 67

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[You're Out Daddy Chapter 66](#)

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 67

"You're ungrateful, Natasha! Let me give you some advice. You'll be abandoned one day if you don't learn to control your temper," said Kenneth.

"Thank you for your reminder. I will rather be single forever if I meet men like you."

There was tension between the both of them.

With that, Natasha hung up the phone.

She was not angry, as she felt much better after shouting. She threw her phone to one side before closing her eyes to sleep.

Meanwhile, Kenneth was infuriated.

He called her as he was worried for her. Never would he thought that she would mock him.

This woman is really ungrateful!

He lit a cigarette and took a few puffs. However, he remained frustrated.

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became and felt that Natasha was a boring person.

At this moment, Thea walked in. "Kenneth."

Seeing that Kenneth was smoking, Thea's lips curled into a faint smile. "It's not often that I see you smoking. What happened? Do you have something on your mind?"

Kenneth snuffed out his cigarette and replied, "It's nothing."

"Why are you smoking if it's nothing? Are you trying to act cool?" Thea asked with a smile.

She had to admit that Kenneth's smoking was mesmerizing.

His every action held elegance. Even if he was smoking, it only made him look even more mysterious.

Kenneth smiled and asked simply, "How's the surgery?"

"It's very successful." Thea let out a sigh of relief.

Kenneth nodded. "That's good. Then, he will be discharged from the hospital soon."

Thea nodded. "That's right. No matter what, I have to thank you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't even know what to do now."

"You've already said that many times. If you're grateful, show it with your actions."

As Thea looked at him, a strange emotion flashed past her eyes. "How do you want me to repay you?"

"I'll let you know once things are settled." With that, Kenneth glanced at his watch. "It's late. I'll take my leave first."

Even though she was reluctant to part with him, she knew she could not keep him here forever.

She nodded. "Take care of yourself."

"Call me if you need anything."

"Okay, I'll take your word for it," Thea replied.

Kenneth stood up and left.

As Thea stared at his retreating figure, she swore to get him.

The next day, Natasha took a half-day sick leave and went to the hospital.

She believed that although what happened last night might have been a coincidence, things did not appear that simple.

In the hospital, the doctor accompanied Natasha to the ward.

"Gary is a poor guy. He has been in the hospital for so many years and is not in the right state of mind..." He noticed Gary's hospital bed was empty and asked the nurse, "Where's Gary?"

"He's right here..." The nurse turned back. When he realized there was no one there, he was stunned. "He was here just a moment ago."

"Oh no! Quick! Find him!" the doctor said.

The nurse quickly ran out to call people to look for him.

"Ms. Watson, please excuse me." With that, the doctor went to look for Gary too.

The entire hospital was thrown into chaos.

Natasha stood at the side of Gary's bed and did not gain any findings as he did not have many belongings.

When she walked out, the doctor had returned and seemed to be on a call. "The surveillance footage showed that he had left the hospital. However, no one knows where he went after that."

"Yes, yes. I'm looking for him right now."

After the doctor hung up the call, Natasha walked over and asked, "What happened? Did you guys manage to find him?"

The doctor had a hesitant look on his face. "He escaped and left the hospital. We don't know where he went."

Natasha frowned.

"Ms. Watson, please excuse me as I've to go find him." With that, the doctor left in a hurry.

Natasha did not find any useful information and left the hospital.

However, she was stopped by someone just when she was about to leave the hospital.

"Natasha?"

Hearing someone call her name, Natasha raised her head to look and saw a good-looking man staring at her.

Zachary smiled. "Why? Do you not recognize me?"

Natasha pondered for a moment before answering, "Zachary?"

"You still remember me," Zachary responded with a smile.

"Of course. Denise often talks about you at home, saying that you haven't been to school for a long time."

Upon hearing that, Zachary lowered his eyes. "I went overseas to settle some family matters. I just returned today."

Natasha nodded. "There aren't any problems, are they?"

"They're settled."

"That's great then."

At this moment, Zachary looked at Natasha's foot. "What happened to you?"

"It's nothing. I twisted my ankle."

"Are you going back now?"

"Yeah. I'm heading back to the office."

"Let me give you a ride."

Natasha shook her head. "It's fine. I'll hail a cab."

Zachary gazed at her and offered sincerely, "Let me send you."

Natasha was not good at rejecting others' kind gestures, especially when it was from a handsome man.

"I hope I'm not troubling you."

"I settled my matters already. You're not troubling me."

"Thank you, then."

Seeing that she had agreed, Zachary smiled. "The car is over there."

Then, Natasha slowly headed over to the other side.

"I can support you." Zachary offered his arm.

Natasha merely glanced at him. "It's fine. It's not that serious." With that, she continued walking.

Zachary stared at Natasha's back, and his brows furrowed.

In the car, Zachary was driving while Natasha sat beside him.

"I haven't seen Denise in a long time. How is she?" Zachary asked.

"She's doing fine, but she talks about you frequently," Natasha replied honestly.

Zachary responded, "I miss her too."

Upon hearing that, Natasha smiled. "If she hears this, she will definitely be delighted."

"What about you?" Zachary questioned.

"Eh? What?"

"How are you doing?"

"Not bad."

"Your hand is bandaged and you twisted your ankle?" Zachary raised his brows.

Natasha looked at herself. "This is hard to explain, but they're minor injuries. I'm fine."

Natasha's tone was light, and she appeared strong. It did not seem like she was faking it.

However, the more she was like this, the more people wanted to understand her and the stronger the desire to protect her.

Zachary remained silent. Soon, they reached her office.

Natasha glanced at him. "Thank you for sending me back. I'll head in first, then. Goodbye."

"Ms. Watson." Zachary suddenly grabbed her hand.

Natasha turned back and looked at his hand, which was grabbing her. Zachary realized it was abrupt of him and let go of her.

"Is there anything else?" Natasha questioned.

Zachary stared at her. After much hesitation, he asked, "Are you angry at me?"

"Angry? Why?" Natasha was confused.

"Because I didn't say anything and disappeared for a long time," Zachary responde

You're Out Daddy Chapter 68

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 68

Natasha arched her brows and did not seem angry. "Didn't you disappear because you had something? It's fine. I'm not angry."

"Really?" Zachary asked.

"Of course."

"Then, can we continue to be friends?" Zachary continued asking.

Natasha smiled. "Do I seem so petty?"

“Of course not.”

“That’s it. Of course, we are still friends,” Natasha responded.

After a brief hesitation, Zachary asked, “Then, why didn’t you answer my call?”

“Call?”

“I called you this morning, but you didn’t pick up—”

Upon hearing that, Natasha came to a realization. She explained, “I had a small incident at the hospital yesterday and twisted my ankle. I dropped my phone and broke it, and I haven’t had the time to buy another one.”

Zachary was finally able to smile casually. “I see. I understand now.”

Natasha smiled. “I’ll change my phone after I end work later.”

Zachary nodded and said with a smile, “Let me send you upstairs.”

“There’s no need—”

“As friends, how could I let you go up alone?”

Since Zachary said that, Natasha did not reject him any longer. “I’ll be troubling you, then.”

“It’s no trouble.” Zachary extended his hand; this time, Natasha did not reject his offer. With his support, they went upstairs.

Before Natasha reached the office, rumors that she was sent back by a handsome man had spread. Everyone rushed to the entrance to take a look excitedly.

“Okay. You should head back now. If you continue walking in, there will be rumors.” Natasha told him.

“Why? Do the people in your office gossip a lot?”

“It’s unimaginable.” Natasha could only use this word to describe it.

As they conversed, a girl pretended to pass by them, holding several beverages. Her eyes were gleaming upon seeing Natasha. “Ms. Watson, who is this? He’s so handsome.”

“He’s a friend,” Natasha explained calmly.

“Friend? He’s really handsome!”

Natasha’s lips curved slightly. “I’m also pretty good-looking.”

Her colleague was rendered speechless.

Zachary could not stop himself from laughing.

If someone else had said this, others would have scolded them for being narcissistic or thought it was a joke. However, Natasha had said it with a serious expression. Furthermore, given her beauty, it was impossible to accuse her of being narcissistic.

She sounded adorable when she said it.

At this moment, Natasha glanced at Zachary and said, “You should go. If you don’t leave, our entire Programming Department will come out to gossip soon.”

“Are you ashamed of me?” Zachary uttered.

“I didn’t mean that. I’m just worried that they will eat you alive.”

“I’m not afraid,” Zachary replied.

“It seems you don’t know the evils of this world,” Natasha teased him.

As they conversed, Mark and Kenneth walked out of the office and saw them at the entrance. They looked like they were whispering to each other and being lovey-dovey.

Kenneth frowned for some unknown reason.

Mark felt that the atmosphere in the room had drastically turned cold. He silently raised his head to glance at Kenneth and noticed that the latter’s expression had darkened.

“Fine. I’ll take my leave first,” Zachary stated.

“Okay.” Natasha nodded.

Just as Zachary was about to leave, Kenneth walked over and said sarcastically, “Natasha, I see that you have become more responsible.”

Hearing that, Zachary stopped in his tracks to turn around and look at Kenneth.

Natasha stared at him calmly. “Are you trying to manage me now?”

“The project is still ongoing. I can’t find the person in charge. Is it wrong of me to say something?” Kenneth rebutted.

“Isn’t Thea the one who’s supposed to liaise with me? Why are you here?” Natasha questioned back.

Seeing that Natasha and Kenneth were having a face-off, Zachary spoke up. “Do you guys know each other?”

Both of them spoke at the same time. Natasha replied, “We’re not close.”

“Of course,” Kenneth responded.

Kenneth glanced at Natasha, and his eyes narrowed. “Not close?”

“Not close,” Natasha reiterated firmly.

Zachary did not know the relationship between the two but could feel a charged tension between them.

He glanced at Kenneth and extended his hand. “Nice to meet you, Mr. Hamilton.”

“You know me?”

Zachary’s lips curled into a smile. “There’s no one here who doesn’t know you.”

Seeing that he was polite and humble, Kenneth shook his hand.

“Nat twisted her ankle. I met her in the hospital, so I sent her back. I hope you understand,” Zachary continued.

Although Kenneth did not like Zachary calling Natasha Nat, his brows furrowed in worry when he heard Natasha was hurt. “You injured your leg?”

What does he look so concerned?

Natasha did not appreciate his concern as she replied nonchalantly, “It’s nothing.”

“How did you injure it?”

“I twisted it,” replied Natasha.

“Why did you injure yourself so often these days? If it’s not the hand, it’s the leg,” Kenneth questioned her.

His reaction was the same as Benjamin’s.

Natasha glanced at Kenneth. “That’s right. I’m unlucky. You should stay away from me so I don’t pass this bad luck to you.”

Her words were harsh. She was friendly toward everyone except him.

Kenneth scoffed coldly. "I shouldn't have asked." With that, he spun around and left angrily.

Mark immediately followed behind him. "Mr. Hamilton, let me send you..."

Natasha breathed a sigh of relief and glanced at Zachary. "Didn't you still have something on? You should go."

"Then..."

"Don't worry. I'm fine," Natasha reassured him.

Zachary nodded. "Then, I'll give you a call at night."

Natasha nodded.

After he left, she breathed another sigh of relief and walked toward the Programming Department.

At this moment, there were many people crowded around the entrance. They had witnessed everything that happened just now.

When Natasha walked over, they immediately dispersed. Only those who were closer to her rushed over to her.

"Ms. Watson, what is the situation over there just now?" Ross asked.

Natasha rolled her eyes. "Chaos."

"Right, right. Chaos. However, I'm slightly confused about your relationship with that handsome man."

"Look at what you're saying. They're both handsome. Who are you referring to?" Thomas remarked at the side.

"How can I not know who's Mr. Hamilton? Moreover, how can we use handsome to describe him? He's out of the world as he's wealthy and powerful," Ross replied.

"Sounds reasonable."

"So, Ms. Watson, you and—"

Natasha ignored him and continued walking.

At this moment, Xavier approached her and looked at her. "I just found out what happened to you at the hospital yesterday. How are things? Are you okay?"

"If you can make those two shut up, I'll be fine."

Xavier looked at the two people behind them.

Ross and Thomas were rendered speechless.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 69

Chapter 69

Meanwhile, Kenneth was still around when Zachary came downstairs.

Although, it would be more accurate to say the former was waiting for the latter.

"You're still here, Mr. Hamilton?" asked Zachary, who had approached by then.

That was when Kenneth locked eyes with him and spoke without beating around the bush. "How long have you been with her?"

Zachary's brows twisted into a frown. "You mean Nat?"

It was evident that Kenneth was referring to her from the way he fell silent and seemed irritated by that nickname.

Hence, a chuckle came from Zachary as he then explained, "Mr. Hamilton, you seem to have misunderstood. Nat and I aren't dating."

"Really?" Kenneth appeared shocked upon hearing that.

"Yep." Zachary nodded.

Darkness left Kenneth's face as his mood improved, and he spoke with less hostility. "So, you guys are-"

Zachary looked at him while interjecting, "Pardon my candidness, but may I ask what your relationship with Nat is, Mr. Hamilton?"

At once, Kenneth's eyes narrowed to slits as he responded, "What do you think?"

"Mr. Hamilton, if you wanted to keep your relationship with her private, was it really necessary to come over and interrogate me?" Zachary retorted. While he was not

involved in the corporate world, that did not mean he would allow others to walk all over him.

Kenneth walked over while locking eyes with Zachary. An arrogant countenance radiated from the former as he stated, "She and I used to share a deeply intimate relationship."

Not a trace of annoyance or anger showed on Zachary's face upon learning that. Instead, he slightly raised a brow while asking, "You're her ex-husband?"

Kenneth's eyes narrowed even more. "You're aware that she was once married?"

"Is that so shocking?" Zachary chuckled amusedly.

Kenneth scrutinized Zachary, thinking the latter was not as much of an open book as his appearance suggested.

A grin curved on the former's face as he replied, "It is."

Zachary placed both hands in his pockets, his tone coming off casual and languid. "Since you've been nothing but honest with me, Mr. Hamilton, I won't bother hiding the truth. Nat and I are currently friends."

"Currently?" Kenneth fixated on him.

Another chuckle came from Zachary. "Yeah. I intend to pursue her."

Once more, Kenneth murderously narrowed his eyes.

"That's why we're friends for now. I'll soon give my all into pursuing her." Zachary put on a look of utmost seriousness than he ever showed before at that moment.

Not a word came from Kenneth, but one could clearly see the treacherously growing disbelief and warning in his eyes.

Sometimes, men did not need words to communicate; All it took was one glance.

Zachary was no match for Kenneth in terms of having an influential and money background.

"You've asked quite a lot of questions, Mr. Hamilton. You're not still hung up and planning to get back with Nat, are you?" asked Zachary.

Hearing that, Kenneth chuckled. "So what if I am? And so what if I'm not?"

"If you are, then from this moment on, we're enemies. However, if you're not, I hope you won't interfere too much with Nat's life because I'll be looking after her in the future," Zachary stated smilingly as if he were a charming gentleman.

Despite having the same height and build, the men exuded utterly different auras; One seemed so sincere like a ray of warm sunshine, while the other was aloof like an icy blizzard.

Both would be equally matched if they had a face off.

"Don't get too cocky. I doubt you can lock her down," said Kenneth.

"My goal isn't to lock her down. What I want is to give her all the happiness and joy in this world. I intend to make her feel bliss like never before." The innuendo in Zachary's words did not go unnoticed.

A sneer came from Kenneth. "Let's hope you remain this confident in the long run."

"I will." Zachary confidently nodded under Kenneth's gaze.

It was then that Zachary's phone rang, and took it out to look at the caller ID. However, he did not intend to answer it.

"Well, Mr. Hamilton, I'll be on my way if there's nothing else."

"Go ahead."

Zachary nodded before getting up to leave.

Yet, he paused after taking a few steps to look back at Kenneth. "Mr. Hamilton, do you know someone named Anthony?"

A narrow-eyed look crept onto Kenneth's face. "Who's that?"

"No one important. It was a random question," Zachary said and chuckled upon seeing the former's reaction. After that, he departed.

It must be a man thing, but Kenneth's prideful aura swarmed from his body, filling the space as he watched Zachary's distanced figure.

By the time Zachary got onto his car, he glanced over at Kenneth, who was Natasha's ex-husband and Anthony's father.

Zachary had guessed that after witnessing Kenneth and Natasha's interactions earlier.

Not to mention, Anthony bore a striking resemblance to Kenneth's aloofness.

Plus, from the men's conversation earlier, Zachary had also sensed Kenneth's concern toward Natasha. While Kenneth did not admit it, Zachary could tell since he was a man himself.

The only thing was that Kenneth did not bring up his and Natasha's children. That was why Zachary asked if the former knew about Anthony.

It seemed that Kenneth had no idea about the three kids' existence.

The thought of that made Zachary grin as he buckled up and drove off.

Kenneth found Zachary's last question suspicious, but he did not concern himself with it too much.

Instead, his mind focused on Zachary's declaration to pursue Natasha.

He could not comprehend why Zachary had such poor taste to fall for a boring and aggressive woman like Natasha.

At the same time, he felt inexplicably unhappy, as though a heavy weight was crushing his chest.

He weirdly felt annoyed as he glanced upstairs.

Just then, he received a call from Fabian, who said, "Are you back, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Do I need to inform you about everything I do now?" Kenneth retorted.

Hearing that, Fabian did not know what to say.

It took a while before he responded with, "That's not what I meant, Mr. Hamilton-"

"Well, what do you mean?"

Fabian answered, "Um... didn't you previously ask me to call you before the meeting?"

"So? You're going to call me just because I told you to?"

Fabian felt wholly helpless in that instant.

What's up with you, Mr. Hamilton? Why are you taking your anger out on me?

Kenneth arrived at his company soon after.

He wore a stormy expression all afternoon, even during the meeting, which made everyone nervous.

When the meeting ended, all the staff quickly rushed off. Just as Fabian wanted to escape too, Kenneth stopped him and said, "Come to office, Fabian."

Freezing with one foot lifted off the ground, Fabian turned to notice the sympathetic looks his colleagues shot him. Some even seemed to gloat over his misfortune.

Damn it. Is this a blessing or a curse? Then again, it's not like I can run away from it. I'll have to face it head-on either way...

With that thought, Fabian summoned all his courage and headed into Kenneth's office. "Is there anything you need, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth frowned. "Why are you standing so far away?"

"Gosh, I was merely afraid you would be upset after seeing me," Fabian said while take one tiny step closer.

Kenneth could not care less as he questioned, "How are things going with the investigation I asked you to do?"

"What investigation?" Just as Fabian asked that question, Kenneth's murderous glare shot over at him. Chills ran down his spine as he added, "O-Oh, did you m-mean the matter regarding Ms. Watson?"

Seeing that Kenneth said nothing, Fabian knew he had guessed correctly. Thus, he proceeded. "I've investigated it and was just about to report the findings to you. It turned out that Ms. Watson was also a programmer while overseas. She earned quite a living by doing programming work for others. However, her income is far less than ten million."

"That's it?" Kenneth asked.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 70

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 70

Nodding, Fabian said, "Yes. The information on Ms. Watson is quite simple. There's nothing special about it."

Kenneth frowned. The emotions he had been suppressing were threatening to blow up at any moment.

Thinking of something, Fabian took a step forward. "Is this about Ms. Watson's relationship when she was overseas?"

Kenneth looked up at him at the mention of that topic.

Fabian immediately knew that he was on point.

Shaking his head, Fabian answered, "No. Ms. Watson was single throughout the years when she was abroad."

Upon hearing that, Kenneth seemed to be in a better mood. Arching his brows nonchalantly, he said, "Well, it's normal that no one was interested in her judging by her looks."

Fabian was at a loss for words.

Is this what other people meant by taking things for granted? Or perhaps Mr. Hamilton has some kind of misconception about beauty standards?

"You're being too harsh, Mr. Hamilton. Even if Ms. Watson wasn't in a relationship when she was abroad, it doesn't mean that no one will be interested in pursuing her back here. Besides, most of her colleagues at Prosper Technologies are men. I've heard that Ms. Watson is very popular in that company."

Nonetheless, Kenneth did not think much of her male colleagues. "Do you think she will be interested in them?"

"That isn't necessarily the case. I think Ms. Watson's taste is unique. Besides, she's so rich. I wouldn't be surprised if she ends up finding a pretty boy," Fabian joked. In his opinion, it seemed natural for Natasha to do so.

The figure of Zachary flashed across Kenneth's mind when he heard that remark. It made him feel frustrated.

Suddenly, Kenneth questioned sternly, "Do you have nothing else to do?"

"Huh?" Fabian raised his head and looked at Kenneth's gloomy expression. Why is he angry again?

"Ah, yes. I do have something to do," Fabian replied.

"Then why are you still standing here?"

Fabian hurried out of the office the next moment.

Standing by the doorway, he took a deep breath. At that moment, he realized how difficult it was to deal with temperamental people.

Gosh, this is too much for me to handle!

In the afternoon, Natasha received a parcel. It was a new phone.

As Natasha was opening the package, Ross passed by while holding a glass of water. Feeling curious about her new gadget, he approached her and asked, "Has your new phone arrived?"

"Yeah," Natasha answered without looking up.

"Um... What's the brand of this phone? I've never seen it before. It looks pretty good," Ross said.

"It doesn't belong to any brand. It's custom-made."

"What? We can customize phones now?" Ross probed, his interest piqued.

Natasha did not bother to explain to a country bumpkin like him. She took out a card from the bag. Before she could insert the card, Ross picked up the phone and played with it. "How much does it cost? It's about time for me to get a new phone. Maybe I should have it custom-made too. It will stand out from other people's phones."

"It costs more than two hundred thousand."

Holding the phone, Ross suddenly felt the weight on his hand.

Ross cleared his throat and carefully put the phone down. He was scared of dropping it accidentally. "Ms. Watson, why must you use a special phone like this?"

Natasha asked sincerely, "Do you want it? I can order it for you."

Shaking his head, Ross answered, "No, it's fine." He touched his pocket and added, "I'm not that rich yet."

Remaining silent, Natasha directly opened the card slot and inserted the card.

However, Ross was still curious about the phone. He could not help asking, "Ms. Wealthy, can I ask you a question?"

"No, you can't." Natasha was focused on setting up her new phone.

Glancing at her, Ross continued to probe, "I'm curious about something. Do you have any special needs to use this custom-made phone? Or is this how rich people flaunt their wealth and status?"

Natasha gave him a look and replied calmly, "I have money to burn."

“Ah, I see.” Ross nodded as if he understood that wealthy people had some bizarre hobbies.

After turning on the phone, Natasha began setting up the system. Ross watched on from the side, looking intrigued by the process.

She did not spend too much time on the phone, simply reading some messages. Seeing that Ross was still beside her, she teased, “What is it? Do you want to play with the phone?”

Ross hurriedly shook his head. “Forget it. I can’t afford to pay for it if I accidentally drop the phone.”

Natasha immediately put her phone away.

Glancing at her, Ross inquired, “The one who gave you a ride today is your suitor, right? Ms. Watson, I know you’re wealthy. However, you’d better keep a low profile. Otherwise, he might think he isn’t good or rich enough for you.”

Upon hearing that, Natasha pondered for a moment before replying, “I’m rich enough to support him.”

Ross said, “You’re too much...”

With that, he walked away with a glass of water. I also want to experience wealthy people’s bizarre hobbies.

Looking at Ross’ crestfallen expression when he returned, Thomas asked, “What’s wrong with you?”

Ross looked back at Natasha and uttered, “It’s nothing. I have a sudden thought of finding a rich woman.”

After work, Natasha went home directly.

When she was resting on the couch, Terence also came back. “Grandpa, why are you alone? Where are the three little munchkins?”

Terence glanced at her and said with a sly smile, “Someone will bring them home later.”

“Who is it?”

“You’ll find out soon.” With that, Terence went straight to the kitchen to prepare the meal.

Frowning, Natasha fished out her phone and sent a text to Denise: Who's taking you guys home?

Nevertheless, she did not receive a reply for a long time.

At that moment, Natasha's phone rang. Thinking it was Denise's message, she instantly picked up her phone and read it.

It was a message from an unknown number: Have you received the phone?

Natasha contemplated for a moment before replying: Yes. I've received it.

The other party texted: Okay. Call me if there's any problem.

Natasha replied: Don't blame me for what happens next if you try to locate me again.

The other party responded: I knew you'd found out.

Natasha texted: This is your final warning.

The other party replied: All right. I promise that this is the last time. Anyway, it didn't work out for me.

Without bothering to reply, Natasha directly blocked the number.

Just then, the door was pushed open. "Nat, we're back!"

Anthony and Benjamin entered the house first, followed by Zachary, who was carrying Denise in his arms.

Natasha was ready to rise to her feet to greet them. However, she was stunned upon seeing Zachary.

After putting Denise down, he stared at Natasha and asked, "Are you angry at me for suddenly showing up without notice?"

"Why are you here?" Natasha probed.

"I was free today. I went to school and decided to send them home," Zachary explained.

At that moment, Terence came out of the kitchen. When he saw Zachary, he hurriedly greeted, "Please come in, Mr. Lynch."

"May I stay for a while?" Zachary asked.

“Of course, you may. I’ve bought some ingredients just to cook for you.” Terence welcomed the down-to-earth Zachary with open arms. Furthermore, Terence wanted to find a trustworthy man for Natasha.

Zachary glanced at Natasha. He would not go in without her permission.

She finally spoke up. “Come in.”

Her permission put Zachary at ease. He walked inside with a smile. “Mr. Watson, these are some health supplements for you and some food for the children. Please accept them.”

“Oh! How can I accept these when you helped us by bringing the children back home? You’re too kind.”

Smiling, Zachary replied politely, “That’s because I want to try your cooking later.”

Terence was impressed by his modesty. “All right. As long as you don’t mind my cooking. Come in and take a seat. The dishes will be ready in a moment.”

Only then did Zachary enter the house.