

You're Out Daddy Chapter 71

Chapter 71

Benjamin, Anthony, and Denise sneaked into the room.

"If Mr. Lynch is acting like that, does it mean he's chasing after Mommy?" Benjamin asked.

Denise nodded. "That's how things usually play out in the television show."

Anthony didn't say anything because it was pretty obvious.

"What do we do? Do we go along with it or stop it?" Benjamin asked.

The other two stayed silent.

"Why aren't you two saying anything?" Benjamin asked.

"Err, I quite like Mr. Lynch. He's so handsome. But... I also like Mr. Handsome. What if he's Daddy? I don't know who to pick." Denise was stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Benjamin wasn't counting on Denise to get an answer, so he turned to Anthony. "What about you, Tony?"

"I'm neither going along nor against it," Anthony replied.

"What does that mean?"

"Putting aside the fact that we don't know if Kenneth is our daddy or not, even if he is, why did Mommy leave him in the first place? If Mommy really doesn't like him, do we really want to make her stay with him because it'll make us happy? As for Mr. Lynch, if he can make Mommy happy and is stronger than Daddy, then I'll accept him." Anthony had really thought things through, as expected from the eldest sibling.

Benjamin nodded. "I understand what you mean."

"So, we'll see who Mommy picks. Regardless of who it is, as long as Mommy likes him, I'll accept him." Anthony expressed his opinion.

Benjamin nodded. "I agree with that."

Denise thought for a bit and also nodded. "I agree too."

Benjamin turned to Denise. "I know you like Kenneth, and whether he's our daddy or not isn't a fact we can change. You can continue to like him, but don't force them together because of what we want. It won't be good for anyone involved."

"I understand." Denise nodded.

Then Benjamin turned to Anthony. "Still no news from Kyle, Tony?"

"He's on a mission, so I can't contact him for now. I'll try again later."

"The suspense is really killing me," Benjamin sighed. He had been thinking about it every day.

Anthony didn't say anything because he was feeling the same way.

Denise was obviously even more anxious.

Inside the living room, Zachary stared at Natasha's swelling ankle and asked, "Did you apply ointment on it?"

"Yes. Anthony applies it for me every day," she replied.

He smiled when Anthony was being brought up. "He's a composed, obedient, and thoughtful child."

Natasha didn't deny it because Anthony was the most mature and quiet of the three, but he was also the one who worried her the most.

Zachary thought about something and asked, "Are they Kenneth's children?"

Natasha was stunned when she heard that and turned to look at him. A flabbergasted look flashed across her clear eyes before she asked, "Is it that obvious?"

That was undoubtedly a "yes" to Zachary's question.

"It's not obvious. I never thought about it like that, but after seeing him today at your office and how he treated you... It's hard not to make the connection between you two. Besides, Anthony looks like a mini version of him," he replied.

Natasha didn't deny it nor provide an explanation.

Zachary pressed on. "He also doesn't know the existence of the kids, does he?"

She nodded. "How do you know?"

“When I was heading downstairs, Kenneth was waiting for me. He asked me what’s my relationship with you, and I connected the dots in my mind.”

“You didn’t tell him, did you?” Natasha asked.

Zachary shook his head.

It was then she let out a sigh of relief.

He stared at her. “I don’t know what happened between you two in the past, but I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to keep hiding the truth.”

Natasha knew that, but at that moment, all she could do was take things one step at a time.

“This city is smaller than you may imagine. It’s only a matter of time before they meet each other,” Zachary added.

“I know. I thought about taking them overseas, but…” She glanced at the old man busying in the kitchen. “Grandpa is getting pretty old. He doesn’t want to live overseas, and I don’t have the heart to force him to travel around with us. That’s why I want to accompany him in the country. As for the other things, we’ll see.”

“Kenneth’s power and influence are great. If he knows the existence of the kids, he’ll want to take them back.”

Natasha smiled. “Even if he’s the king of the world, I’m not afraid of him. His power doesn’t automatically mean he’ll win.”

“There’s a way to get a guaranteed win.”

“What?” Intrigue sparked in her eyes.

Zachary thought about it and suggested, “In the eye of the law, judges are more likely to favor complete families in cases like this. So, if you can form a new family, the chances of winning will be greater.”

Natasha narrowed her eyes and stared at him.

He gazed back at her.

When he said that, he did feel he was a bit too rash, but it was a good plan.

And, of course, he was hoping Natasha would pick him.

Silence loomed over them until Terence's voice traveled out of the kitchen. "It's time to eat!"

Terence then served food on the table and looked at the duo in the living room. "It's time to eat, Mr. Lynch. Come, eat and chat."

Zachary returned to his senses and replied, "Okay."

He glanced at Natasha. "It's just a suggestion you can consider."

She didn't say anything.

At that moment, the children hiding in the bedroom heard the commotion and ran out.

With the three of them around, the atmosphere became much rowdier.

Denise patted the spot next to her. "Sit next to me, Mr. Lynch."

"Okay." Zachary walked over to her and sat next to her.

Terence was glad to see Zachary willing to fulfill the children's request.

He faintly smiled at the young man. "I hope you don't mind these plain, homemade dishes, Mr. Lynch."

"What are you saying, Mr. Watson? I love to eat homemade dishes. My parents often had overseas trips, so I rarely get to eat homecooked meals. I feel lucky to be able to enjoy them today."

"Really? Then you can come and eat with us whenever you feel like it." Terence was very happy to hear that.

"All right, then. Please call me Zachary. You can call me Zach if you like," Zachary suggested. Everything he did was oozing with grace and politeness, which really made the old man happy.

"All right, Zach. Eat as much as you like!" Terence smiled brightly.

Natasha glanced at Zachary and ate with a smile.

"Can I call you Zach, too?" Denise asked in a small voice.

"Don't be rude, Denise," Terence said.

Zachary spoke up again. "Of course, you can. I find it endearing."

Denise smiled. "My grandfather makes really tasty food, Mr. Zach. You should eat more."

Everyone was amused by her.

Natasha was the only one who ate her food seriously because she was thinking about something. Zachary does make a good point. Although, how am I going to find a good man to marry? I'm not afraid of getting married again, but what if the guy doesn't like my children?

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Chapter 72

The meal was pretty okay, aside from Natasha eating her food absentmindedly.

After the meal, Zachary accompanied Denise for some time while Terence watched them happily at the side.

Anthony and Benjamin could see what was going on, but not Natasha, because she was planning something.

Sometimes Anthony was glad that his mother wasn't great at romantic stuff. Otherwise, she would be greatly troubled by it.

After about nine in the night, Zachary was going to leave.

"It's getting late, Mr. Watson, so I'll be taking my leave now. I'll come and visit you again another day," Zachary promised.

Terence stood and responded, "All right. You can come and visit us whenever you want, Zach."

"Okay."

Terence furrowed his eyebrows when he saw Natasha was still deep in her thoughts. "Nat, you should send Zach back."

Natasha snapped back and nodded. "Okay."

Zachary quickly rejected, "There's no need. Nat's ankle is still swollen. I can head down myself."

Terence waved. "It's fine. If she can still go to work like this, she can send you out."

Natasha was speechless as she stared at her grandfather. What is Grandpa thinking?

Zachary wasn't sure what to say.

"I also want to send Mr. Zach out," Denise uttered as she stepped forward. Terence grabbed her collar and stopped her. "It's time for you to sleep."

"Gramps." She pouted.

"Be good, Denise."

It was pretty obvious that Terence was trying to get Natasha and Zachary together.

Zachary could see that, though he simply smiled but didn't reject the offer again. At least I know Terence is on my side. I'm getting closer to victory.

"I'll take my leave now then, Mr. Watson."

"All right, take care." Terence bade goodbye at the elevator entrance.

Inside the elevator, Natasha and Zachary stood next to each other.

"Did what I say upset you?" Zachary asked.

Natasha gave him a side glance. "What?"

"The suggestion for marriage."

She nodded and answered, "Ah, that. Not at all. I'm just thinking about the possibilities."

"You're considering it?" He was surprised.

Natasha smiled. It was then the elevator door was open. She headed out first before Zachary followed behind.

She looked at him while standing in front of the car. "I know you're only thinking about what's best for me. So, firstly, I want to thank you for keeping the secret from Kenneth. Secondly, I'm grateful for your suggestion."

"So you understand what I'm getting at?" he asked.

She nodded. "Of course. Don't worry, I'll think about it."

Zachary wasn't convinced that she understood.

However, he didn't want to come off as being too eager, so he said, "All right, then. If you need any help, just let me know."

Natasha nodded. "Okay, thank you."

He gazed at her silently for a while before speaking again. "I'll be leaving now."

"Take care of yourself."

Zachary nodded and got into his car. Before he left, he looked at Natasha one last time. "What I really meant is that if you need any help, you may come to me first for assistance."

Right as Natasha was slightly taken aback by that, he left.

After the car disappeared from her sight, a smile appeared on her face. She turned around and prepared to leave. Just as she did, she thought she saw someone staring at her in a distance.

When she took a good look in that direction, there was nothing there.

She stared for a long while to make sure no one was actually there before she left.

Back at the house, Denise was arguing with Terence.

"You were being too obvious, Gramps," Denise commented.

"Since you can tell what I'm doing, why did you try to ruin it?"

"You have to see if Mommy's willing to go along with it or not."

"I thought you like Zach a lot."

"I do, b-but..." Denise couldn't speak her mind properly.

"But what?"

She didn't know what to say.

It was then Natasha entered the house again.

She noticed both of them were staring each other down and asked, "What's wrong?"

Denise and Terence stayed silent.

Natasha ignored them and prepared to enter her room.

It was then Terence asked, "What do you think about Zachary, Nat?"

"In terms of what?"

"In terms of his looks and personality."

Natasha nodded. "He looks handsome, and I think he's got a good personality too."

"So you're saying you're satisfied with him?"

It was then she realized what Terence meant. "Your acting is a little too obvious today, Grandpa. "

Terence didn't expect she would say that. "You can tell?"

"Who can't? Just ask them."

The triplets stood in a line and nodded in unison.

"Then why do you act like you didn't get it?" Terence asked awkwardly.

"Because I don't want to make things awkward. What if he doesn't mean it that way?"

"I can see he's interested in you," Terence insisted. "As someone who walked that path before, I can tell."

Natasha took in a deep breath. "You said the same thing before."

"That's because Ke..." Terence swallowed his words back when they arrived at the edge of his lips. He stared at the triplets and changed what he wanted to say. "That's in the past. My eyes are much sharper now."

Even if he changed what he was going to say, the triplets still understood what he was getting at, though they played dumb.

Natasha didn't mind the children knowing about it, but since Terence didn't want to say it, she'd respect his choice.

"All right, Grandpa. I understand what you mean. I'll think about it, don't worry."

Terence's eyes lit up when he heard that. "Really?"

"Mhm." She nodded. "But he has to like me as well."

It was then Terence smiled. "I promise you he likes you, too."

“Please don’t interfere in our affair, okay?”

“I promise I won’t go overboard.”

“All right, it’s getting late. I’ll be returning to my room now.”

“Okay, okay, go ahead,” Terence said before turning to the triplets. “You three should rest now, too. Go to sleep.”

And so, all of them returned to their own rooms.

Inside the room, Denise couldn’t hold back anymore and spoke. “Do you two think Nat is being serious?”

“I don’t know if Nat is being serious or not, but I know Gramps is,” Benjamin chimed in.

“Gramps was going to say Mr. Handsome’s name earlier, right?” Denise asked.

“I think so, too.”

“Yeah, probably,” Anthony added.

“What did Mr. Handsome do wrong that makes Gramps so mad?” Denise asked.

“All right, let’s not think about that too much. We already talked about this. If Nat wants to be with someone, we won’t stop her from doing so,” Benjamin reminded.

“I just feel like Mommy has other plans,” Anthony speculated.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 73

Chapter 73

After two days, Natasha’s leg almost recovered.

The project with Hamilton Corporation had entered the implementation stage.

Even if Natasha didn’t like Thea, she still had to deal with her.

The former sent a message to the latter: We’ve already finished the outline. When will you have the time for us to discuss the project?

Half a day after the message was sent, Thea still hadn’t replied.

At that moment, Mark called. "How's Hamilton Corporation, Ms. Watson?"

"No news from them yet."

"H-How can this be? If we don't finish it before the deadline, we'll have to pay fines!"

Natasha thought for a bit and suggested, "I'll call her and remind her, then."

"Good, good. I'm leaving this to you." Mark then ended the call.

She directly called Thea's phone.

It rang a couple of times before the call connected.

"Hello? What's the matter?" Thea asked.

"Our outline for the project is pretty much done already. I want to meet up with you to discuss on how to proceed."

"I'm in the hospital right now. I don't have time."

"We need to meet at least once regardless, or else my side won't be able to complete it before the deadline."

"That doesn't sound like my problem."

"If you aren't willing to meet, I'll just go and find Kenneth." Natasha was prepared to hang up then and there.

"Wait," Thea uttered.

Kenneth really is her lifeline. Natasha asked, "Is there anything else?"

"I really am busy at the hospital right now. How about I send someone to meet you?"

"Do it immediately. If you cause us any delay, I'll go and find Kenneth right away."

"Don't threaten me, Natasha."

"I'm not threatening you. I'm simply reminding you." Natasha then hung up the phone. I bet she's more anxious than me right now.

As expected, after a while, her phone rang. It was a message sent by Thea.

It read: I've made the arrangements. Go and meet the deputy general manager later at Hamilton Corporation tonight. He'll personally discuss the matter with you.

Natasha raised her eyebrow and sent a reply: Okay.

She grumbled internally. As long as Thea is out of the picture, I would be able to deal with the project with little to no issue. I would've also felt much better if I don't need to deal with her.

Xavier approached her at that moment. "What's up?"

"We're going to Hamilton Corporation for a discussion about the project tonight."

"Why tonight?"

If I guessed correctly, it's because she wants to prevent Kenneth from meeting me. Sigh. I don't want to guess what she was thinking, but she was often too obvious. Natasha pursed her lips in silence.

Seeing how she wasn't speaking, Xavier asked, "Is it Thea who made the arrangement?"

"There's no need to point it out," Natasha reminded.

He smiled. "So, are you still going?"

"Can you handle it if I don't?"

"I'm just confirming. What if you're afraid of feeling awkward?"

Natasha smirked. "Awkwardness doesn't exist if one doesn't think about it. As long as I don't think it's awkward, the only one feeling awkward will be the other person."

"Touché." Xavier gave her a thumbs up.

She looked away and ignored him before resuming her work.

He smiled and left.

On the other side, Thea knew Natasha was going to Hamilton Corporation during the night to deal with the project. There's no way I'm going to let Kenneth meet with her!

Harry's operation was very successful. She let out a sigh of relief internally when she heard he only needed to rest in the hospital for a few days to recover.

Even if Natasha wasn't going to the company, Thea was planning to meet up with Kenneth during the next few days. Since things have changed, she was going to execute her plans ahead of schedule. When she thought about that, she gave Kenneth a call.

“Do you have time tonight, Kenneth?” she asked.

“What’s up?”

“I’ve told you already a few days ago. There’s something I want to talk to you about, and I want to do it tonight.”

Kenneth glanced at the time. “What time?”

“Eight in the evening.”

“Okay, send me the meeting location.”

“All right. See you then.”

“Mhm.” Kenneth hung up his phone.

Thea stared at her phone for a while. Someone has to take the initiative. Since no one else is willing to, I’d do it.

There was only one thing she really wanted, and that was to be recognized as Kenneth’s wife.

She didn’t want to wait any longer.

When her train of thought ended there, she headed into the ward and looked at Caroline. “Mom, I have something to take care of today. I may not be able to come to the hospital tonight, so I’ll be counting on you to take care of Dad.”

Caroline smiled. “It’s all right. Your dad’s feeling pretty good now. There’s no need for you to keep running back and forth. Just go and do your thing.”

Thea nodded. “I’ll head back now to tidy things up.”

Caroline gestured for the both of them to chat outside the room.

Both of them walked out of the room.

Inside the corridor, Caroline examined her daughter and smiled. “You’ve lost some weight after taking care of your father for a few days. You looked pale, too. You should go wash up and doll yourself up. I believe you’ll succeed.”

Thea was a little surprised. As expected, the person who understands me the best is Mom. She can guess what’s going on even without me saying anything.

“Mom...” She felt a little embarrassed.

“It doesn’t matter who brings it up first. The most important thing is whether he has feelings for you.”

“Actually, I’m quite worried…”

Caroline thought for a while and assured, “When it comes to men, you need to use a trick or two to get them on your side. I can tell Kenneth’s not the irresponsible type. Besides, my daughter is very beautiful. There’s no way he won’t be moved by you.”

Thea stared at her mother.

Her mother smiled. “Go. I’ll wait for your good news.”

“Mhm.” Thea nodded and left.

Upon returning home, she entered the bathroom.

After taking a shower, she soaked herself in her bathtub as Caroline’s words repeated in her mind.

The more she thought about it, the more chaotic her thoughts became, and the more worried she felt.

In the end, she got up from her bathtub and stood in front of the mirror, naked. She stared at herself and thought that her mother’s words made sense. When it comes to men, tricks really are needed sometimes. I can’t rely on love alone.

When her train of thought ended there, she picked up her phone and sent a message to Kenneth: I’m feeling a little sick right now, Kenneth. Can you come to my house instead?

After the message was sent, she began cleaning and dressing herself up.

It was a risky move, but she didn’t regret it.

As long as he became hers, she didn’t care what she needed to do to achieve that goal.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 74

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 74

The only people who didn’t get off work at a fixed time every day were the programmers.

At seven in the evening, Natasha headed to Hamilton Corporation with Xavier's project team.

When she went to her car in the parking lot, she felt as though someone was staring and following her. However, whenever she turned, she didn't see anything.

"What's wrong, Ms. Watson?" Thomas asked.

"I feel like someone's following me," Natasha replied.

The others looked around before Thomas speculated, "Maybe you're seeing things because you didn't rest well during the night?"

She didn't reply.

"Don't worry, with us three men around you, we can guarantee your safety. If a suitor or stalker charges toward you, we'll block their way," Thomas assured.

Natasha glanced at him and threw the keys to him. "You drive."

"All right." Thomas headed into the car and saw her sitting in the backseat through the rearview mirror. "I feel like a driver with you sitting at the back, Ms. Watson."

"But you are a driver. What, do you think you owned the car too?" Ross uttered as he strapped on his seatbelt.

Thomas glared at him furiously. "If not for the fact that what you said makes sense, I would've punched you."

"Just drive," Ross ordered.

It was then the car drove out of the parking lot.

The seat at the back feels great and comfortable. It's such a shame that I didn't hire a chauffeur when I bought this car. It would've been great. That thought crossed Natasha's mind as she sat with Xavier at the back.

When she was scrolling through her phone, she received a message: I'm at Glenport City. How about we meet up?

She replied: Don't bother me. Then she blocked the message.

Xavier was getting pretty restless at that moment. He would move around or read the information he brought with him.

Natasha was getting pretty annoyed by his movements because it was making her unable to rest, so she asked, "What are you doing?"

"Me? Nothing!"

"Are you nervous?"

"A little."

Ross' head turned back when he heard that. "It's not the first time you've done this, Xavier. Why are you nervous?"

"We're facing Hamilton Corporation this time," Xavier emphasized.

"It's because we're dealing with Hamilton Corporation that we have to stay calm. Besides, the contract has already been signed. Whether we succeed or fail has been set in stone. It's not like we're going to die or anything."

"Can't you say something more comforting?" Xavier snapped.

Ross smiled. "I'm just joking to lighten the mood." Then he turned to Natasha. "Look at Ms. Watson. She's as cool as a cucumber."

Natasha was still scrolling her phone as she uttered calmly, "Even if we fail today, it has nothing to do with you. It's normal."

"Why?" Xavier asked.

She gazed at him. "It would be because of me." She had to spell it out for someone as dense as him.

Xavier was taken aback slightly while Ross couldn't help but laugh.

"I've already looked over the outline. There's no problem with it. If we fail, it means Thea ordered for it to happen. There's no need to overthink it. This project requires a slow process, anyway. Be patient."

Hearing her say that really put Xavier at ease. He adjusted his shirt and said, "In that case, I'm ready."

Natasha had been trying to block the messages that were sent to her, so she didn't at all raise her head.

It took them half an hour to arrive at Hamilton Corporation. After they went upstairs by riding the elevator, they saw someone waiting outside the elevator entrance.

“Are you four from Prosper Technologies?” the person asked.

“Yes.” Xavier nodded.

“Our deputy general manager is heading back here right now. Let me take you all to the conference room first.”

The four of them weren't at all surprised by that news.

“Let's go,” Natasha uttered and headed to the conference room with the group.

“Wait here, please. The deputy general manager will be back soon.” The assistant closed the door upon finishing speaking.

Xavier sat in a random seat. “Why did they set the time when they couldn't make it on time?”

“Now, now, we've already expected this when we came. Let's just wait,” Ross comforted.

Natasha didn't care and kept playing on her phone.

Currently, in the underground parking lot below Hamilton Corporation, a man in a black outfit approached Natasha's car.

After standing at the side, the person went under the car to tinker with something.

There was a woman sitting inside another car across from Natasha's car. She was an extremely beautiful woman who appeared to be in her mid-twenties dressed up in a trendy manner.

Seeing that the signal was lost, Thalia furrowed her eyebrows and spoke while wearing earphones. “I'm this close in finding him!”

“Not necessarily. Maybe he intentionally lured you there.”

“It's possible. After all, there's no way he'll expose his location that easily,” Thalia analyzed.

“Keep looking. He must be somewhere in Glenport City.”

“Roger.”

“Also, once you do find him, make sure you don't alert anyone. Tell me where he is and I'll meet him face-to-face.”

No reply.

“Lia? Thalia? Are you there?”

“I’m here.”

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

Thalia stared at the scene in front of her with a smirk. “It’s nothing. I’m just staring at potential crime scene.”

“Is it a reality show or something?”

“He’s doing it for real!” Thalia raised her voice a little. “There’s a fully armed man tampering with a Phantom.”

The person on the other end didn’t care. “Don’t interfere and expose your identity.”

“I know. Still, it’s a shame to see someone ruining such a nice car.”

“You want one? I’ll give one to you.”

“Can you give me something I can’t afford instead?”

“For example?”

“A man.”

“I can arrange a few for you tonight.”

“I mean someone who genuinely likes me.”

“Don’t make things difficult for me.”

“Get out of here.” Thalia then hung up the phone.

At that moment, the man below the Phantom slipped out and stood next to the car. He grinned maliciously before turning away and leaving.

Thalia stuffed her phone into her bag and was reminded of the order given to her as she stared at the scene. She obeyed the order by ignoring what happened and drove out of the parking lot.

Inside the conference room, Natasha and the others had been waiting for more than half an hour.

"This is ridiculous. I've never waited so long when visiting another company," Thomas grumbled.

Natasha glanced at the time. "We'll wait for ten more minutes. If they still aren't here by then, we'll leave."

He liked it when she spoke, for some reason.

"How about we play poker?" Ross suggested.

"How are we going to play without cards?"

It was then Ross pulled out a deck from his pocket.

"No way. You really brought a deck with you?"

"It's for emergency entertainment purposes, like this one. You want to play or not?"

Thomas replied excitedly, "Of course!"

He then looked at Natasha and Xavier.

Natasha furrowed her eyebrows. "I've never played it before."

"Don't worry, I can teach you."

She raised her eyebrow and agreed with silence.

Xavier joined too upon seeing that.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 75

Chapter 75

Just as Natasha was learning how to play, Denise called.

Natasha turned on speaker mode.

"Why aren't you back yet, Nat? It's getting late," Denise asked.

"I forgot to tell you all to not wait for me for dinner. I still have something to take care of, so I'll be returning late."

"Where are you?"

“Hamilton Corporation,” Natasha replied without thinking because she was learning how to play poker.

Denise became silent for a short moment before speaking again. “Okay, Nat. I hope it goes well for you.”

“All right.”

After the call ended, Ross stared at Natasha. “Your little sister is quite cute.”

Natasha didn’t bother to correct him because he wasn’t the only person who misunderstood their relationship. After all, who wouldn’t if her children kept on calling her Nat?

“Royal flush,” Natasha uttered as she put down her cards. The three men were shocked.

Even though she didn’t know how to play before, she sure did learn quickly.

She absolutely dunked on them right after learning the rules.

Ross gazed at her. “You’re telling me you don’t know how to play, Ms. Watson? Are you lying to us?”

“This is my first time playing,” Natasha answered sincerely.

He was at a loss for words.

Thomas sighed. “Thank goodness we didn’t bet money. Otherwise, my wallet’s getting empty in no time.”

Xavier patted his wallet and sighed in relief.

“Again.” Ross didn’t believe she was that good.

Just as they were starting another round, the deputy general manager finally arrived.

He was going to assert his dominance over them, just as Thea advised. However, he didn’t expect to see them playing poker. “You lot—”

Natasha returned the cards to Ross and stared at the deputy general manager. “Ah, you’re finally here. We were about to head for supper if you hadn’t arrived.”

“What is this attitude?” the deputy general manager asked displeasely.

“Our attitude? We waited more than half an hour for you. Is that not sincere enough?” Natasha then glanced at the time. “More precisely, we have been waiting for you for forty-five minutes.”

The deputy general manager furrowed his eyebrows.

“Are you going to start now or should we discuss this another day? Or perhaps I should discuss this with Kenneth or Thea directly?”

Upon hearing that, he immediately spoke. “Since the matter has fallen into my hands, I will take care of it. Let’s start.” He then took a seat.

Natasha gave her colleagues a glance before sitting down and starting the discussion.

While the deputy general manager wanted to make things difficult for her, he could see she wasn’t someone to be trifled with. Additionally, he wasn’t as sharp-tongued as her in the following discussion.

Time passed as the discussion continued.

“Do you know why Nat is still not back yet, Tony? Even though it’s getting really late?” Denise stared at her brothers and asked in between giggles.

“Why?”

“It’s because Nat is at Hamilton Corporation, where Mr. Handsome is at.”

When she finished speaking, Anthony and Benjamin turned to look at her.

“Nat told me when I called her earlier.”

“She didn’t avoid mentioning where she is?” Benjamin asked.

Denise shook her head. “Nat doesn’t know we know Mr. Handsome exists, so she was frank about it.”

Anthony thought about it and uttered unwillingly, “It’s bound to be bad news if she’s still not back yet at this hour.”

“Don’t think about it this way. Maybe Mr. Handsome is just trying to create an opportunity to spend some time alone with her.”

“No, I’m calling Nat.” Anthony was about to make a call when Denise stopped him.

“Don’t forget, we promised not to interfere with her love life.”

He stared at her, recalled the promise, and returned to his room.

“Tony.”

“I’m not going to call her. I’ll just browse the internet in the room.”

Only then did Denise let him go. “Don’t break your promise, Tony.”

Anthony stepped into the room wordlessly.

Denise elatedly planted herself on the couch and fantasized about the day Natasha got together with Kenneth. Maybe it won’t end as badly as we thought! I’m excited!

Inside the room, Anthony turned on his computer and entered a chat room.

Only four or five people were inside the chatroom. For some reason, he felt a little annoyed when he saw Kyle offline.

Just as he was going offline, someone in the group called out: Anthony is online!

Everyone immediately noticed and called out for him.

When Anthony saw that, he felt compelled to reply: Things have been getting busy on my end. I didn’t have time to go online.

HandofConstellation: Kyle’s been getting really busy, but I didn’t expect you to be busier.

Anthony: Where’s Kyle? Why has he been radio silent?

HandofConstellation: Are you looking for him?

Anthony: Yes. I have a personal matter to talk to him about.

HandofConstellation: Speak of the devil. He’s back.

Anthony was excited when he saw that. He typed: He’s back? Where?

HandofConstellation: He’s getting online.

After a while, Kyle’s profile picture lit up as he typed out: I heard someone’s looking for me? Who’s missing me?

Anthony: No one’s missing you, though I am looking for you. Where’s the result?

Kyle: What result?

Anthony almost couldn't hold back his desire to shout as he wrote: What do you mean what result? I sent you something to help me produce a DNA test result!

Kyle finally realized what Anthony meant and typed: Ahh, that! The result should've been out. It's probably in my mailbox. I'm going to check it now.

Anthony: Tsk. If I knew you already got it, I should've hacked into your mailbox and find it myself.

Kyle: Watch what you're saying. Do you think you can hack my mailbox just because you say you're going to? I have my pride, okay? Despite his words, he knew Anthony was fully capable of that.

Anthony didn't want to argue with him. He was really anxious as he waited for the result.

Anthony: So? What's the result?

No response from Kyle.

Anthony: Kyle? Say something, d*mn it! Where are you?

He was on the edge of exploding into anger.

Kyle: Chill, dude. I was just drinking water earlier.

Anthony was speechless. I swear, I'm going to torture him one day.

Anthony: So? What's the result?

Kyle: Wanna guess?

Anthony: Stop messing around and just f*cking tell me already!

It was the first time Kyle saw Anthony that angry. He couldn't help but laugh as he typed: Isn't it exciting when there's a lot of suspense?

Anthony: You want excitement, is it? Fine, I'll give you excitement. He was getting sick of talking nonsense with Kyle and started typing rapidly on the keyboard. Webpages and Ustranian letters began popping up on the screen.

Soon, Kyle noticed something was wrong.

Kyle: What are you trying to do? Hey, are you breaking into my account and hacking my mailbox?

Anthony: The result isn't in your mailbox!

Kyle laughed: The report is on a physical paper. It's not digital.

Anthony threatened: I'll give you one last chance. If you refuse to tell me any further, I won't be holding back anymore. Maybe I'll accidentally leak out your location...

Kyle: Fine, you win. I'll send a picture of it to you. Take a look yourself.

Anthony's anger greatly dissipated.

Soon, the photo was sent to him. He increased the size of the photo and scrolled all the way down for the result.

The report stated: Paternity probability: 99%.

Anthony was stunned when he read that.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 76

Chapter 76

Am I really Kenneth's son?

Even though he had long suspected it, he was still shell-shocked when he saw the results with his very own eyes.

Anthony stared at the results on the screen blankly for a long time. He did not know what to do.

He did not know what to feel either. Do I feel happy or sad about this? I have no idea.

Meanwhile, Kyle was teasing him in the chat: Who are you trying to do a DNA test with? Have you fathered an illegitimate child outside, and you're scared that your wife is going to find out about this?

Anthony was still in a daze.

Kyle sent another message: Oh, right. I've forgotten to tell you that Thalia has gone to Glenport City.

Still, Anthony did not respond.

Kyle: Anthony?

He noticed that Anthony was still online but did not respond to him. Hence, he tried to make their chat interface move. Only then did Anthony snap out of his daze.

Anthony: I'm here.

Kyle: What's the matter with you?

Anthony: Nothing, just thinking about some things.

Kyle: Are you thinking about the results of the DNA test?

Anthony: Yes.

Kyle smiled and replied: So, is the result within your expectation?

Anthony: Yes.

Kyle: Then, what are you thinking about?

"It's complicated," Anthony murmured. He knew that the results would dictate the way he would treat Kenneth in the future.

Kyle: Fine. Even if it's your illegitimate child, you should talk to your wife. You can't keep this from her for a long time anyway. So you should just be upfront with her about it.

Anthony: I... don't have a wife.

Kyle: You don't have a wife, and yet you have a child? So, what are you worrying about? Just reconnect with the child.

Anthony was rendered speechless.

He could not care to explain to Kyle.

Anthony: Did you say that Thalia is heading to Glenport City? He decided to change the topic of conversation.

Kyle: Yes. She should have arrived by now. Do you guys want to meet up?

Anthony: I can't.

Kyle: Anthony, you're the most mysterious among us. We know nothing about you, but we still trust you unconditionally. Do you know what it feels like to be spied on?

Anthony: So?

Kyle: So, we need to meet, and you need to show yourself.

Anthony: I can't.

Kyle: D*mn it. Do you have anything else to say other than "I can't?"

Anthony thought for a moment and replied: No.

Kyle was infuriated.

Right then, Thalia came online and entered the chat room.

Thalia: What's up? Are you guys talking about me? She seemed quite jubilant.

Kyle: You're going to gain nothing from your Glenport City trip this time.

Thalia: Is Anthony not going to meet me?

Kyle: He can't.

Thalia: Anthony, are you refusing to meet me because you feel ashamed about yourself?

Anthony: Whatever floats your boat. Then, he sent a smiling emoji.

Thalia: It's okay even if you're ugly. You are one capable man. I'm not going to mind. Then, she proceeded to send a sexy photo of herself.

Kyle: That's right. Thalia is one of the top three prettiest ladies in the underground circle. You're missing out if you don't meet her.

Anthony: I've... met her.

Thalia: What? When?

Anthony: I hacked into your phone.

Thalia: F*ck! Anthony, that's really rude of you!

Anthony: I take it back then. Just pretend you never knew this.

Thalia did not know how to reply to that.

This is even more terrifying. There is not a single trace of me being hacked.

Likewise, Kyle was overcome by a deep sense of fear.

They were thanking their luck that Anthony was on their side. Otherwise, the presence of someone like him would make them unable to sleep soundly at night.

Thalia: So, are you saying that I'm not pretty enough for you to make the effort?

Anthony: No. You're quite good-looking, and you rank number two on the ones that I've seen.

Thalia: Who's number one?

Anthony: My... mommy.

Thalia could find no words to refute him.

Thalia: Then, why do you refuse to meet me?

Anthony thought for a moment before he replied: I'm afraid that I'll startle you guys.

Thalia: We won't be startled even if you look like a pile of poo.

Seeing that reply, Anthony couldn't help but think to himself. She's such a sweet-looking girl. So how could she be so crude?

Anthony: Give me some time to think it over.

It was his first time opening up to them.

Kyle and Thalia finally saw a glimmer of hope.

Thalia: I'll wait for your news then.

Anthony: Where are you staying?

Thalia: Right around Hamilton Corporation.

Anthony: Why do you stay there?

Thalia: I've long heard about the reputation of the CEO of Hamilton Corporation, and I'd like to meet him and see if he is as legendary as rumored.

Anthony was stumped. He did not know how he should deter the woman from trying to get any ideas about Kenneth.

While he was still thinking, Thalia sent a new message: But I don't think I will be able to meet him.

Anthony: Why?

Thalia: When I was at the Hamilton Corporation parking lot today, I saw someone doing something to a Rolls-Royce Phantom, and I reckon it's Kenneth's car. I think Kenneth Hamilton might just be on the news tomorrow.

Anthony felt his heart skip a beat and replied: What did you say?

Thalia: Why? What's the matter?

Anthony: Are you sure it's a Phantom?

Thalia: Yes. Even though there were many other cars in the parking lot, I think only Kenneth could drive a limited-edition car like Phantom.

Anthony felt a wave of apprehension wash over him as he got up from his seat and headed to the living room.

Denise was watching TV on the couch.

"Denise, is Nat at Hamilton Corporation?"

"Yeah." Denise nodded.

"Did Nat drive to work today?"

"Yeah." She nodded again.

Benjamin noticed the odd look on Anthony's face and asked, "What's the matter?"

Anthony said nothing. He immediately took out his phone and called Natasha.

However, the call could not seem to get through.

He tried multiple times but to no avail.

Anthony panicked, and Benjamin approached him right then. "What's the matter?"

"Try and call Nat until she picks up," Anthony said.

Benjamin dared not question further and picked up a phone to start calling Natasha. After all, he had never seen Anthony losing his composure like that.

Then, Anthony walked back to the computer and noticed that Thalia was still on the line. He sent her a message: Do you still remember the Phantom's car plate number?

Having an eidetic memory was a basic skill that they had. Hence, Thalia replied: Of course. It's LX600.

Anthony: The car is red color, right?

Thalia: Oh, you know about it?

Anthony then typed his message with shaky hands: Are you sure you saw someone sabotaging the car?

Even though they were only messaging each other, Thalia could feel that Anthony was anxious. Hence, she replied: Yes, I am sure.

Anthony said nothing as his eyes turned bloodshot.

Thalia: Do you need any help?

At the thought that Thalia was just around Hamilton Corporation, Anthony hurriedly texted: I need you to help me stop the car, and don't let anyone drive the Phantom! Please!

Thalia did not ask further questions as she knew how dire the situation was. She merely replied: I'll go check it out right now.

Then, Anthony turned around and asked Benjamin, "Have the calls gone through?"

Benjamin shook his head.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 77

Chapter 77

It was almost ten at night when Natasha was about to leave Hamilton Corporation.

Ross stretched himself out and lamented, "The old man finally runs out of questions to ask, and it's all thanks to you, Ms. Watson."

Natasha took out her phone and realized that her battery had gone flat.

"Let's go out for supper. It'll be my treat. What do you say?" Xavier asked.

"Sure. Let's go!"

Thomas agreed as well.

"I'm not going," Natasha said. "I have to go back now to take care of the kids."

"Your siblings?" Ross asked.

"My children," Natasha replied.

They did not think much about her reply and said, "They're all grown up, right? So they should be good on their own."

"And that's where you're wrong. They're always going to be kids, no matter how old they are," Thomas replied. Then, he turned to Natasha and said, "Ms. Watson, you may head home first. We can have a meal together any time."

Natasha nodded. "I'll get going then."

The three of them nodded, and Natasha headed for the underground parking right away.

"Why don't the three of us go instead?"

"Sure. Let's go!"

The three men headed outside to hail a taxi.

When Thalia reached the parking lot, she realized that the Phantom was already nowhere to be seen. She could not seem to locate the vehicle no matter where she looked.

She texted Anthony: The car is gone.

Anthony felt his gut wrench.

Meanwhile, Kenneth arrived at Thea's place.

Before entering her place, he recalled the incident whereby Thea got drunk and hesitated for a moment. Nevertheless, he pressed the doorbell in the end.

Soon, the door sprung open.

Thea appeared at the door. She was in a racy black dress, looking perfectly like Kenneth's type.

"You're here? Come on in."

Kenneth glanced at her before heading inside. "Why did you ask me to meet you at your place instead?"

"I had a stomachache when I wanted to head out just now. So I thought it was better to just meet at home. I don't think it's going to make much of a difference at my place anyway," Thea said.

Kenneth strode inside.

The whole house was illuminated with ambient lighting. It was not very bright.

Near the floor-to-ceiling window, candles were lit on the dining table decorated with wine and rose petals.

"Why are you in such a good mood?" Kenneth asked nonchalantly.

Thea took out steak from the kitchen and served it on the table. "Because it's an important occasion, of course."

Then, she picked up the wine that she had decanted earlier and asked, "You want some?"

"I'm driving."

"So just have a sip then." Thea ended up pouring a glass for Kenneth in the end.

Kenneth leaned against the chair and observed her every move. He pursed his lips and said nothing.

After she was done, Thea took a seat opposite Kenneth. The lighting hit just right where she intended as it perfectly complemented her intricately made-up face.

"What is it?" Kenneth asked.

"Why the rush?" Thea said. "Why don't you have a taste of the steak first?"

Kenneth spared her no courtesy and started on the steak.

"How is it?"

"Hmm." Kenneth nodded. "It's quite good. It looks like you have not lost your touch even after so long."

Thea smiled. "Well, I haven't been cooking for a long time now. But if you like it, I can make it for you every day."

Kenneth paused and shot her a glance. "You're going to be so busy then."

Thea responded with a smile. She raised her glass, and so did he. The two of them started on the wine.

A subtle, yet noticeable change in the air started to take place.

“My parents told me that they want to bring me to Anglandur. They said that it’s about time I get married,” she mentioned out of the blue.

Kenneth was stumped. Then, he eyed her and said, “So, what do you think?”

“I’d like to ask what you think about it instead,” Thea said.

“Well, it’s definitely a loss on my part if you leave. But then again, it’s your choice ultimately,” Kenneth said.

Thea eyed him and her eyes started to redden. “What do you mean when you say it’s a loss on your part?”

She desperately needed an answer from him.

“I’d lose a good partner, of course.”

Thea felt her heart going cold. She reached for the wine and poured herself another glass. “Is there nothing else?” she asked as she eyed the man.

Kenneth merely looked at her and said nothing.

“I’ve been together with you for such a long time. Don’t you have anything else to say to me? Actually, as long as you ask me to stay, I will,” Thea enunciated her every word.

Kenneth lowered his eyes. “I cannot dash your chance at happiness because of my own selfishness. Besides, it’s your decision to make.”

“But, my happiness...” Just when Thea was about to finally confess, she realized that she still lacked the courage.

She raised her glass and downed a few more glasses of red wine.

Kenneth looked at her and said, “Don’t drink too much. You’re going to get drunk.”

“But there are things that I just don’t know how to say when I’m sober,” she murmured before downing another glass.

Kenneth could only raise his glass and drank another glass.

Thea's face was already tinged red from the aftereffects of the alcohol, and she looked even more enticing than before.

She got up and staggered along her path as she had no idea where to go. Then, her legs gave way and she slipped. Kenneth hurriedly stepped forward to steady her. "You're drunk."

Right when he touched her, Thea circled her hands around him and slurred, "Kenneth, don't you know my happiness is not elsewhere? It's right in your hands. I could be very happy as long as you're willing to say the word."

Kenneth furrowed his brows. "You've had one too many."

"No, I didn't. I just didn't have the courage to say it out loud when I was sober. Kenneth, don't you understand the reason I've been staying at Hamilton Corporation all along? Do you think I like this job? I just wanted to stay by your side. I... I want to be able to see you every day and to be together with you. I want to be your woman. That is what has been making me stay on this path, leading me to where I am now..." Thea looked at him and asked, "It's been so many years. Do you really not understand?"

Again, Kenneth said nothing as he looked at the woman before him.

Thea looked into his eyes, and tears trickled down her face. "Kenneth, I like you. No, I love you. Every single day, I've never stopped thinking about being your woman."

"Thea..."

The next moment, Thea threw all the care out the window and planted a kiss on his lips.

She could leave everything behind for him, even her dignity.

Kenneth was stumped by her kiss for a moment. Then, he pushed her away. "Thea, do you know what you're doing?"

"Of course I do. Kenneth, don't you want me? I know that sometimes you think about wanting me too. You could try..." Then, she took off her outer dress.

Kenneth frowned.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 78

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 78

The instant Anthony heard from Thalia that the car was gone, he almost collapsed onto the ground.

Natasha's phone was disconnected, and he simply couldn't get in touch with her.

Having learned about the situation as well, Benjamin and Denise were so terrified that their eyes turned red-rimmed.

"S-Should we contact Mr. Handsome? Perhaps he knows Mommy's location," Denise suggested.

Her remark seemingly ignited a spark of hope within them.

Benjamin promptly turned to Anthony.

Anthony went silent for a few seconds before he agreed. "Okay. We'll phone him right away!"

At once, Denise whipped out her phone. She searched for Kenneth's contact in her WhatsApp and rang him up.

Meanwhile, Kenneth was confronting Thea.

Pushing her away, he looked at her and stated, "Thea, I think you misunderstood."

"Misunderstood? What did I misunderstand?" Thea demanded with her eyes pinned on him while slightly intoxicated.

"I regard you as a friend, business partner, and family. I don't have any romantic feelings for you," Kenneth explained.

Upon hearing that, Thea was stunned.

"You drank a bit too much today. We'll talk further when you've sobered up." After saying that, Kenneth proceeded to leave.

At that precise moment, his phone rang.

Taking it out for a glance, he saw that it was a WhatsApp voice call from Denise. With a frown marring his countenance, he answered the call.

"Hello."

“Where are you, Mr. Handsome? Will you please save Nat? Please save my mommy.”

The furrow of Kenneth’s brows deepened when he heard Denise’s choked voice. “Tell me. What happened?”

“I-I don’t know how to put it…”

Just then, someone else took the phone from her. “Where are you right now, Kenneth Hamilton? Are you with my mommy?”

When Kenneth heard that it was someone else’s voice, he was all the more confused. “Who’s your mommy?”

“Natasha Watson. She is my mommy.”

Goosebumps rose all over Kenneth, but still, he asked solemnly, “Natasha has children?”

“Yes. Is my mommy with you or what, Kenneth? She’s now in danger. Her situation is perilous!” the boy snapped.

Hearing that Natasha was in danger, Kenneth frowned. “What exactly happened?”

“My mommy went to Hamilton Corporation to discuss work matters today. Someone saw her car being tampered with, but I can’t get in contact with her now.” While saying that, the voice on the other end of the phone broke.

Realizing the severity of the matter, Kenneth replied, “I got it. My phone has a tracking feature. I’ll phone you when I manage to get in contact with her.” After saying that, he hung up right away and got to his feet to leave.

Right then, Thea suddenly hugged him from behind. “Don’t go, Kenneth!”

“I’ve got something to attend to. Let go of me.”

“No, never! Once I do that, you’ll leave!”

Kenneth said nothing, prying her hands off him directly. Then, he stood up and stalked off.

At that, Thea broke down. With her eyes fixated on his back, she shouted, “Have you fallen in love with Natasha?”

Kenneth’s steps faltered. He didn’t turn back but answered, “I don’t know. However, I know that I must go and look for her right now.” Having said that, he opened the door and walked out.

As Thea stared at his back, her hands clenched into fists.

The sight of the dinner she painstakingly prepared was such an eyesore that she couldn't help charging forward and sweeping everything on the table to the floor.

With a loud crash, the plates and red wine shattered all over the floor.

Gazing at the destruction, she slumped onto the ground.

Why? Just why? I've already gone to such lengths, but why does he still not love me? In the past, I thought he had some feelings for me at the very least, but now, all my fantasies shattered the moment he rushed out. Natasha Watson! What's so great about that woman?

At the thought of Natasha, resentment swamped her. I'll never give up just like this!

After leaving, Kenneth lifted his phone and checked the car's location.

The car was still on the move, and it was heading toward the suburbs. He likewise tried calling Natasha on his phone, but the latter's phone was still disconnected.

Da*n it!

Getting into the car, he sped toward the location indicated on his phone.

Out of the blue, something occurred to him, and he gave Fabian a call.

"Phone the headquarters of the car dealership and have them check the status of the car Natasha is driving. Also, send an alert out to the car's system and have her stop the car," Kenneth ordered.

"Huh? Why?" Fabian queried.

"Don't ask so many questions. Just do as I said immediately!" Kenneth was utterly panicked then.

Fabian didn't dare ask further. "I'll make the call right away." When he had said that, the call disconnected.

After hanging up the phone, Kenneth floored the gas pedal, racing toward the location of the car when he saw that it was still moving.

I hope nothing happens to you, Natasha! You'd better stay safe!

A glimmer of determination glinted in his eyes, and he accelerated.

As Natasha drove, she didn't find anything amiss at first. But as time passed and the speed picked up, the brakes were seemingly malfunctioning.

Realizing that there was a problem with the car, she turned it around and headed toward sparsely populated areas.

However, Glenport City was still a huge city, so there were still a lot of cars despite it being nighttime and her heading toward the suburbs.

She wore a grim expression on her face as she clutched the steering wheel, doing her best to avoid every car.

The further she drove toward the suburbs, the streetlights grew increasingly dimmer. Although there were fewer cars on the road then, every car appearing out of the dark was a challenge to her.

As she drove further, Natasha's confidence plummeted.

By then, the brakes had completely given way. She glanced around for a place to force a stop, but there were no streetlights on both sides of the road. It was pitch-dark around her, and she couldn't see anything. She could only rely on the dim headlights as she searched.

At long last, she caught sight of a mound of soil at a corner. Just when she was trying to get a clearer look at it, a honk abruptly blared in front of her.

She swung her gaze forward, but it was pitch-black. There was no road at all.

In the next second, however, a vehicle barreled out from the front right. Worse still, it was a truck. As soon as Natasha spotted it, she swiftly turned the steering wheel.

The truck seemingly never expected a car to be in its path either, for the driver also turned the steering wheel sharply and jammed on the brakes.

Alas, Natasha wasn't that lucky. The brakes didn't work at all. She slammed headlong into the slope at the side. Perhaps the car was going too fast that it even flipped after crashing.

The car turned turtle and started smoking.

At home, Anthony was entirely restless.

The three children were aware that someone sabotaged Natasha's car, but they didn't dare tell Terence about it, afraid that he couldn't take it. Besides, they also didn't want him to worry or trigger him.

They made up an excuse and stayed in the same room.

“Things should be fine. Mr. Handsome knows about it now, so he’ll find Mommy!” Denise reassured Anthony, also trying to calm herself at the same time.

Anthony said nothing, merely picking up the glass of water on the table. It was uncertain whether he was distracted or careless, but the glass fell onto the floor and shattered into pieces. When he picked up the shards, he suddenly pricked his finger and it started to bleed.

“Mommy,” he muttered.

Benjamin and Denise exchanged a look.

In that heartbeat, there was seemingly a telepathic connection between them. Denise broke down, and tears escaped her eyes.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 79

Chapter 79

As Kenneth drove, he eyed the location of the car.

When he saw that the car wasn’t moving anymore, his heart was in his throat.

Natasha must have realized that there was a problem with the car that she drove in this direction. Now that the car had come to a stop, something must have happened.

At that exact moment, his phone rang once more. Seeing that it was a WhatsApp voice call from Denise, he answered immediately.

“Have you found my mommy, Mr. Handsome?” Denise asked in a choked voice on the other end of the line.

“I’m on my way and will reach soon,” Kenneth replied.

“You must save my mommy. You must save her!” Denise sobbed.

A million questions lingered within Kenneth. He didn’t quite know how to describe things, nor did he dare dwell upon them, for everything needed to be verified.

However, the knowledge that Denise was crying on the other end of the line had him feeling utterly anguished.

“Don’t worry. I’ll definitely find her,” Kenneth promised.

“Okay!”

“I’ll be reaching soon, so let’s talk later. I’ll tell you when I’ve got further updates. Don’t worry too much.”

“Okay.”

When Kenneth hung up the phone, his hand trembled slightly.

He trained his eyes ahead. Although it was pitch-dark, he drove even faster.

Ten minutes later, he reached his destination.

From afar, he spotted a truck with its headlights turned on. Only when he had driven closer did he see the red car that had flipped.

Natasha!

Snapping his seatbelt free, he rushed out of the car.

The truck driver was on the phone. When he saw Kenneth racing over, he shouted something but he couldn’t make out.

“Natasha! Natasha!” Kenneth sprinted over. Right then, the glass of the car was shattered, and Natasha’s face was littered with injuries.

“How are you feeling, Natasha? Wake up, Natasha!” he shouted outside, but Natasha showed no signs of rousing.

Turning his gaze to the car door, he tried to open it. But even after several tries, he still couldn’t succeed and his hands were bleeding after being cut by glass shards.

Just then, Natasha’s eyelids twitched. When she opened her eyes and saw Kenneth attempting to rescue her with his hands all covered in blood, her lips moved slightly.

Kenneth also happened to look at her and saw her opening her eyes then.

“Hang in there, Natasha! Don’t sleep! I’ll get you out right away! You still owe me an explanation, so you can’t sleep! Do you hear me? I’ll never let you off the hook if you dare allow anything to happen to you!” he cried out.

Natasha’s eyelids twitched, and she closed her eyes again.

Kenneth yanked at the car door with all his might as if he had lost his mind, terrified that something would happen to the woman.

At that exact moment, the truck driver walked over and handed him a tool. "Try using this."

When Kenneth saw the tool, he took it right away. Then, he forcefully pried the car door open through the gap.

Natasha was still wearing a seatbelt, and the airbag had already deployed.

The truck driver happened to have a penknife, so he cut the seatbelt off.

Working together, the two of them got Natasha out of the car.

"Natasha! Natasha!" Kenneth called out to her with his gaze pinned on her.

Watching at the side, the truck driver inquired, "Are you two acquainted?"

Without waiting for Kenneth to answer, he continued, "I'm not trying to make excuses, but this really had nothing to do with me. I have already honked, so a collision could've been avoided. I don't know how this happened."

Before he had even finished speaking, Kenneth lifted his eyes to him and barked lowly, "Call an ambulance."

"I've already done so. Besides, I've phoned the traffic police. They said they'll be here soon," the truck driver replied.

After that, Kenneth ignored him altogether.

He then carried Natasha to the side. "Natasha! Natasha!" He continued calling out her name, seemingly afraid that she would go to sleep forever.

Regretfully, there was no response from Natasha, no matter how much he called out to her.

"She... She's not dead, right?" the truck driver asked, staring straight at Kenneth.

The instant Kenneth lifted his eyes, his ferocious and scarlet gaze terrified the man so much that he stumbled back two steps. "I'm just worried."

Subsequently, Kenneth looked back down at Natasha and caressed her face. "Wake up, Natasha. Wake up. I'll never let you off the hook if you dare allow anything to happen to yourself."

Just then, Natasha's eyelids twitched. "You're so noisy."

Upon seeing that, the truck driver immediately gushed, "She's awake! She's awake!"

Similarly, Kenneth promptly turned his gaze to her. "How are you feeling, Natasha?"

"It hurts," Natasha admitted.

"Where does it hurt?" Kenneth inquired.

"Everywhere."

At the sight of the injuries littering her body, Kenneth was at an utter loss. "The ambulance will be here soon."

Right that moment, Natasha looked at the man. Seeing his bloodied hands, her gaze froze imperceptibly.

"Hang in there."

Natasha nodded in response.

Kenneth's eyes remained fixated on her. Despite the many questions lingering within him, he only had one thought then—to have her survive and live!

"Don't sleep," Kenneth urged.

"How could I sleep when you're so noisy?"

Only then did Kenneth's lips turn up in relief. "I still have many questions for you, so you can't sleep."

From the look in his eyes, Natasha had a feeling that he must know something. She pursed her lips and said nothing.

Never mind, let's just go with the flow.

At the side, the truck driver clarified, "Let me tell you, pretty. This accident had nothing to do with me. I honked, but you didn't brake—"

Kenneth shot him a furious glare. "Shut up!"

"But I've got to make things clear," the driver argued. He then glanced at the car. Oh my, I can't afford to pay for this.

"You don't need to pay anything," Kenneth snarled.

The moment the truck driver heard that, he affirmed, "R-Remember that you said that."

"Just keep your mouth shut," Kenneth snapped.

The truck driver obediently moved to the side and said nothing further.

Kenneth gazed at Natasha with worry brimming in his eyes.

In no time, the ambulance arrived. Kenneth rode along with the ambulance.

While en route to the hospital, something came to his mind all of a sudden.

He took out his phone and made a voice call to Denise right in front of Natasha.

The call was answered within seconds.

"How's it going, Mr. Handsome?" Denise's voice drifted into the air.

As soon as Natasha heard that, a chill ran down her spine.

Kenneth cast a glance at the woman lying on the gurney before answering, "I've already found her. She sustained some injuries, but her life is not in danger. We're going to the hospital now, so you guys don't need to worry too much."

"Really? Mommy is really fine?" A delighted voice rang out from the other end of the phone.

When Kenneth lowered his head to look at Natasha again, the latter had already closed her eyes.

"Yeah, she's fine," Kenneth asserted.

"Then, which hospital are you heading to?"

"I'll send you the location when we arrive and have someone pick you guys up."

"Okay!"

"Be good, and don't worry too much." Kenneth comforted Denise for a bit before he hung up the phone.

Having done that, he turned his gaze back to Natasha.

However, Natasha's eyes were already closed, and she appeared as though she had passed out.

Regardless of whether she was faking it, Kenneth was determined to slowly settle the score with her when she had recovered.

Right then, he was really glad that she was fine.

You're Out Daddy Chapter 80

You're Out Daddy

Chapter 80

In the hospital, a vague sense of unease flooded Kenneth as he watched Natasha being wheeled into the emergency room.

At the sight of the light above the emergency room flickering to life, he strode to the side and phoned the director of the hospital, fearful that something would happen to the woman.

Shortly after, the director of the hospital—Aiden Ackles—came downstairs with a team of experts. After speaking briefly with Kenneth, he entered the operating room.

Kenneth waited in the corridor outside.

Five minutes passed, then ten minutes.

As time ticked by, every single minute was a torment to him.

About twenty minutes later, Aiden stepped out of the operating room. Kenneth immediately went over to him. “How is she doing, Mr. Ackles?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Hamilton. The patient’s life isn’t in any danger. She merely has some minor injuries, fractures, and a concussion. Her internal organs are fine. But since she possibly has a concussion, she needs to rest and recuperate.”

Only after Kenneth heard that diagnosis did his heart that had been lodged in his throat finally settle back in his chest. “Okay, I got it. Thank you, Mr. Ackles. Sorry for having to get you to make a trip down personally.”

“Not at all. Our team is glad to be of assistance anytime, Mr. Hamilton,” Aiden replied.

After all, a large portion of the hospital’s investment came from Kenneth. He was their major financial backer.

A trace of worry manifested in Kenneth's eyes as he stared at the operating room.

"Don't worry, for most are minor injuries. Nonetheless, it takes some time to deal with the injuries. She'll be wheeled out shortly. Would you like to wait in my office, Mr. Hamilton? I've got some quality coffee there, so you can have some coffee while you wait," Aiden offered.

Jolting back to his senses, Kenneth turned to the man and declined, "No, it's okay. I'll feel more at ease waiting here. You can go back to your work."

At that, Aiden nodded. "All right, then. I've already given them some instructions, so they'll do their best to make the arrangements. Contact me anytime if you need anything else. I'm always in the hospital recently."

Kenneth nodded in acknowledgement.

Only then did Aiden get to his feet and go upstairs.

After he had left, Kenneth walked over to the bench at the side and plopped down, breathing a long sigh of relief.

He took out his phone. Somehow or other, he opened Denise's WhatsApp contact. An inexplicable feeling washed over him.

He clicked on her status, but there was nothing else other than her daily photos.

As he gazed at one of her recent photos whereby she was smiling brightly and adorably, the corners of his mouth inexorably lifted.

A jumble of feelings brewed within him. He didn't know whether Denise was his daughter, but judging from the time, she probably was...

Yet, he was also worried that he was only setting himself up for disappointment.

Verily, he was in dire need of verifying that with Natasha.

He wanted to send a WhatsApp message to Denise and typed a long message, but he ended up deleting everything.

Just when he was about to put his phone away, his phone rang again with a call from Fabian.

Kenneth walked to the side and took the call.

"Hello."

“Mr. Hamilton, the car has already been driven back and the accident scene dealt with. After a simple inspection of the car, the brake hose was found to have been cut, leading to such an incident. However, the specific situation can only be determined after a thorough inspection. I reckon Ms. Watson also realized the problem that she drove the car to such a secluded place in a bid to search for a place to force a stop. That truck driver appeared unexpectedly, causing the car accident,” Fabian explained.

As Kenneth listened, his brows knitted together deeply.

The brake hose was cut? That was an attempt to claim her life! It was only because she was lucky that she made a narrow escape! Otherwise, I really can't imagine what would've happened! Who was it? Who wanted her life?

“Does Ms. Watson have any enemies?” Fabian inquired out of the blue. He handled things at the accident scene, so he was all too aware of the importance of that.

Kenneth's lips pressed into a thin line. A long while passed before he instructed, “This matter must be thoroughly investigated, no matter the price.”

“Understood. Even if we don't investigate this matter, the police have been alerted. They'll definitely conduct an investigation,” Fabian replied.

While saying that, something occurred to him, and he asked, “But how did you know that Ms. Watson was in danger?”

Speaking of that, Kenneth recalled that phone call.

He could hear that it was a boy's voice, sobbing in between words that Natasha was in danger.

But how did he know that?

“We'll speak of that when I've clarified things. Go and execute my orders first,” Kenneth instructed.

“Okay, got it.”

After hanging up the phone, Kenneth pondered for a moment. In the end, he still decided to give Denise a call.

“Mr. Handsome.” No sooner was the phone connected than Denise's choked voice drifted into his ears.

Kenneth's heart lurched, but he still bit the bullet and said, “We've already arrived at the hospital. Your mommy is fine.”

“Thank you, Mr. Handsome. Thank you for saving Mommy,” Denise sobbed.

Kenneth went silent, not quite knowing what to say at that instant. “You... It’s late now, so do you guys still want to come over? Or perhaps you can wait until tomorrow. I’ll have someone pick you up.”

“Yes, we want to go over. My brother is restless, so we’re definitely going over.”

Her brother... Perhaps they’re really my children.

“In that case, I’ll have someone come and pick you guys up.”

“No, it’s okay. Gramps will bring us over,” Denise replied.

Kenneth deliberated for a moment before he nodded in acquiescence. “All right, then. Be careful on your way here.”

After he hang up the phone and was clutching it in his hand, a burst of something wild seemingly wanted to burst forth from his chest. He wanted to laugh, but he tried his best to suppress it.

He didn’t like to exhibit such a feeling before things had been confirmed.

Looking back over his shoulder, he glanced at the doors of the emergency room.

Don’t disappoint me, Natasha!

At home, Denise looked at Anthony and Benjamin after hanging up the phone.

The call was on loudspeaker, so they could hear everything that was said earlier.

“This matter can’t be kept under wraps anymore. We should tell Gramps about it,” Denise ventured.

Anthony nodded in agreement. “Okay.”

“Let’s go, then.” Denise got up to do so right away.

“Wait,” Anthony called out.

Both Denise and Benjamin turned and stared at him. “What is it?”

“There’s something I forgot to tell you both,” Anthony started.

Denise and Benjamin looked at each other before they fixated their gazes on the boy.

Anthony pondered for a long time before he uttered, “The test results are out—”

Before he had finished speaking, both their hearts leaped into their throats at once.

Denise said nothing, merely staring at him intently.

Meanwhile, Benjamin interjected, “When was that?”

“Tonight. It was at the same time I learned that something happened to Mommy, so I didn’t have time to tell you both.” Anthony regarded them both fixedly.

Meanwhile, Benjamin and Denise were dying from the suspense. Gah! He might as well give it to us straight. Such a process and foreshadowing is simply testing our mental fortitude!

“What... were the results?” Benjamin asked in feigned calmness.

By then, Denise didn’t want to hear it anymore. Instead, the urge to cover her ears and rush out seized her.

Anthony mused for a while before answering, “The results indicate that... he’s our daddy.”