

## You're Out Daddy Chapter 8

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Mark was drinking water when he opened his group chat. Upon seeing the flood of messages, he wondered what the fuss was about.

After tapping on the picture, he spewed the water in his mouth everywhere.

What's going on? Kenneth is holding Natasha's hand, and they look intimate doing so. Do they know each other? Has my advice fallen upon deaf ears?

With questions popping up in his mind, Mark thought about the project from before. His sharp intuition told him that there had to be something going on between the two of them.

Consequently, he began to grow anxious. It was one thing if Natasha was successful. However, if she wasn't, their company would have stepped on the toes of someone powerful.

Meanwhile, at the Programming Department, the hopes of many budding young men were dashed.

Evidently, only the rich had a chance with beauties.

Even though no one was sure what was going on, it was obvious the two of them had some history.

Once Natasha returned, she was stopped by the girls at the reception. "Ms. Watson, what's your relationship with Mr. Hamilton?"

Natasha frowned. Rumors spread really fast.

"There's no relationship to speak off!" she denied.

"But everyone saw Mr. Hamilton holding your hand... Are both of you dating?" one of them asked while staring at her.

After giving it some thought, Natasha replied with a smile, "How is that possible? It was nothing but a misunderstanding. Mr. Hamilton got the wrong person, as I simply resembled a friend of his."

“Really?”

Natasha nodded with conviction. “It’s true!”

Before they could respond, Natasha hurried back to the Programming Department.

There’s one thing bad about coming back. People here are really nosy.

Nonetheless, upon entering the Design Department, she was greeted by the strange looks on everyone’s faces.

Before she could say a word, Xavier’s voice rang out from behind her. “Natasha, are you responsible for what happened?”

Turning around, Natasha saw Xavier storming up to her as if he was about to start an argument. Taken aback, his colleagues quickly stopped him. “Xavier, don’t do anything rash.”

Nevertheless, Natasha looked at him without showing any fear. “I don’t know if the decision has anything to do with me, but I have never courted any trouble at all. Also, before you start questioning me, shouldn’t you reflect on whether you have actually done a good job with your project?”

Xavier sneered, “Are you saying that this is due to my incompetence?”

“Yes,” Natasha asserted.

“What do you know?” Xavier shouted. “We have spent an entire week on the project and customized it according to Hamilton Corporation’s requirements. I dare not say that it’s the best, but we are certainly a better fit among all the other companies. What does a woman like you know?”

“The time spent on a project doesn’t determine its success. Time is only one of the many factors involved but not the most crucial one. Hamilton Corporation just wants software that is user-friendly for its employees. What you have created might have met their paper requirements, but it’s not efficient at all.”

Xavier was stunned by Natasha’s words as if she had struck at the heart of the matter.

Before Xavier could respond, someone approached them. “Ms. Watson, Mr. Yondel wants to see you.”

Nodding in acknowledgment, Natasha turned and left without saying another word.

Subsequently, Ross and Thomas consoled Xavier, telling him that Hamilton Corporation couldn’t have based their decision on a woman.

Meanwhile, in Mark's office, Natasha had to explain the situation again after having just done so to the receptionists.

Given that Mark was someone experienced, he wasn't entirely convinced by her.

Upon leaving Mark's office, Natasha sighed in resignation.

She had wanted to have an ordinary job but didn't expect it to be so difficult.

Evidently, there would always be drama whenever she ran into Kenneth.

At that moment, her phone suddenly rang. Her mood improved slightly when she saw that it was Denise on the line.

"Is school over?"

"Yes, Mommy. What about you? What time will you get off work?" Denise asked in a sweet voice.

Natasha glanced at the time. "Soon. In about half an hour."

"Mommy, how's work today? Do you have any suitors?"

Suitors? I think everyone is trying their best to stay away from me.

"You're overthinking things. I'm being avoided like the plague now," Natasha replied.

"I don't believe you. You had tons of admirers while you were overseas."

"Perhaps the locals have unique tastes?"

"Enough. Get to the point," Anthony urged over the line.

"Okay. Mommy, what would you like to have? We're going grocery shopping with Gramps."

"I'm good with anything. However, I might be home late."

"Why?"

"I'm going to visit a friend." Natasha added, "Probably by an hour or so."

"All right then. I'll let Gramps know."

"Mmm-hmm."

“That’s all, Mommy. Bye-bye.”

“Bye.”

After listening to Denise’s voice over the phone, Natasha felt dramatically better.

At the end of the day, she was easily cheered up by her children.

By the time she got back to the Programming Department, everyone had buried themselves quietly in work.

Natasha was cognizant that many of them either resented her or had the wrong impression of her.

Nevertheless, she continued with her work and wasn’t bothered to explain.

One hour later, she arrived at the hospital.

“May I know if Celia Dunne is warded here?” Natasha inquired.

Coincidentally, she was speaking to Celia’s doctor. “Yes. What can I do for you?”

“I’m her brother’s friend and am here to foot the bill for the surgery.”

The doctor’s eyes lit up at Natasha’s words. “You’re finally here. Any further delay would only reduce the chances of success.”

Natasha didn’t say word as she handed her card over.

“Didn’t her brother say that he needed half a month more to gather the funds? How did he speed up the process?” the doctor asked while settling the payment.

Natasha shook her head. “I’m not sure about that.”

After giving Natasha a look, the doctor had no further questions when he noticed the former’s lack of desire for a conversation.

Once the payment was done, Natasha left in a hurry before the doctor could say another word.

Staring at her leaving silhouette, the doctor frowned. What a strange person.

Inside the in-patient department, a twenty-year-old girl was sitting in a chair with a pale expression. Showering herself with the rays of the sun, she was sending someone a message on her phone.

Celia: Xavier, don't worry about me. I'm doing well. Remember to take care and not overexert yourself.

Xavier: I know. I'll drop by the next two days to see you. Don't worry. I'll definitely raise the money for your treatment.

A nurse suddenly appeared by Natasha's side and sighed. "Poor girl. She is suffering from leukemia at such a young age. Even though she has found a matching donor for her bone marrow transplant, her family can't afford the surgery bills."

Natasha threw the nurse a quiet glance.

"Are you here to visit her?" the nurse asked after noticing Natasha lingering around.

"No," Natasha denied before turning to leave.

After pondering a moment, the nurse didn't give the matter much thought as she approached Celia. "Celia, it's getting late. Time to head back to your ward to rest."