

You're Out Daddy Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Before Denise could dash out the door, she heard Anthony's answer.

Her big and bright eyes stared dazedly at Anthony. "Tony, is what you said true?"

Anthony remained silent.

Benjamin turned around and looked at her. "Do you think he'll joke with us about this?"

Denise was dumbstruck. Then, hints of a smile appeared on her face before she said, "This means Mr. Handsome is our daddy, right?"

Happiness was evident in her tone.

Even though he didn't want to accept the truth, Anthony nodded at her question.

The corners of Denise's lips curled slightly upward.

Benjamin heaved a sigh of relief. "I bet you're happy all right. Smile if you want to. No one's stopping you, though."

"I'm not," Denise retorted.

Then, Benjamin dramatically heaved yet another sigh of relief before saying, "Looks like we're not illegitimate children! I knew it! Based on my classy looks, I must be a true-born scion of a wealthy family."

Anthony and Denise were stunned speechless at his theatrics.

At last, Anthony couldn't stand their smugness and said, "Okay, that's enough. Let's go to the hospital."

At that precise moment, Anthony's phone made a series of beeps.

Whipping out his phone, he saw it was Thalia's message.

Anthony frowned.

"What's wrong?" Benjamin asked in concern.

"I think I can't join you two at the hospital," Anthony replied.

“Why?”

“Thalia has arrived. She’s the witness to Nat’s accident. So, I need to get to the bottom of this.”

He knew that that wasn’t a normal accident. It was a premeditated murder attempt on Natasha’s life.

Anthony would never let someone who wanted Natasha dead go scot-free. Hence, he needed to track down the perpetrator if he ever wanted to have peace of mind in the future.

Benjamin’s brows creased. “Do you need me to come with you?”

“It’s okay. I can go on my own. You should visit Nat with Denise and Gramps,” George said.

“Won’t you be exposed?” Benjamin asked.

Anthony contemplated for a while before answering. “Sooner or later, I will be exposed anyway.”

Benjamin didn’t keep at it and nodded. “Okay. Call me immediately if anything crops up.”

Anthony nodded in affirmation. After that, he went to change his clothes.

“Will Tony be fine?” Denise asked worryingly.

“Relax. I think the other party would have never thought Anthony would be a child. If he’s in danger, he can escape anytime,” Benjamin answered.

Denise nodded upon hearing his explanation.

At that moment, Anthony had finished changing his clothes and left the house.

After he left, Denise and Benjamin looked for Terence.

At that time, Terence was about to sleep. However, he got the fright of his life after hearing what Denise and Benjamin said. In fact, he was so shocked that his legs went weak. Nevertheless, he steadied himself after getting to know Natasha was in a stable condition. Then, Terence took the duo out.

Before he stepped outside the door, Terence remembered something. “Where’s Anthony?”

“Oh, he went there first.”

Terence accepted her answer at face value before he took them both and left.

Throughout the entire journey, Terence was very anxious.

Benjamin comforted his grandfather. “Gramps, Mommy will be fine. She’s not in any danger. Don’t worry.”

Terence forced out a smile. “I know. I’m okay.” However, it was apparent he was still worried about her.

Denise and Benjamin exchanged a glance without saying anything.

In no time, they had arrived at the hospital half an hour later.

The hospital was relatively quiet at night. But Terence panicked as he dashed haphazardly all over the hospital.

At this moment, Kenneth appeared in front of them.

“Old Mr. Watson.”

Terence was surprised at meeting Kenneth. Immediately, the former subconsciously believed that Natasha’s accident had to do with the latter.

“Why are you here?” Terence questioned in suspicion.

“I am waiting for all of you,” Kenneth answered.

Right then, Terence dashed forward. “Did you have anything to do with Nat’s accident? Kenneth Hamilton, let me tell you, if anything happens to Nat, I’ll never let you off! Mark my words! Haven’t you hurt her deeply enough in the past? Why can’t you just let her go?”

Seeing that Denise and Benjamin rushed forward to stop their grandfather.

“Gramps, Gramps! This mister had nothing to do with Nat’s accident!” Denise said.

“If he had nothing to do with it, why is he here?” Terence questioned.

But then, as he looked at his grandchildren, a thought suddenly struck him. Oh no, Kenneth has seen the two! They’re exposed! The next second, Terence grabbed both of them and shielded them behind his back.

Then, Terence anxiously looked at Denise and Benjamin. "You two, wait for me in the car. Go on! Do not leave the car before I give the order."

Despite that, Denise and Benjamin made no move to leave.

"Get going!" Terence urged them.

However, Terence's fidgety behavior only made Kenneth confirm his suspicions.

After thinking for a moment, he said, "Old Mr. Watson, you don't have to hide them from me. We've talked on the phone before."

Terence was shocked, but he did not believe Kenneth. So, the former looked at the two children with a gaze that seemed to ask for their confirmation.

Denise and Benjamin nodded.

At that instant, Terence didn't know what to say.

Everything had happened in a flash. It was too sudden and unexpected. To that moment, Terence was still in a daze.

Despite that, as a senior person, he had to hold the fort. Hence, he turned around and looked at Kenneth. "They are the children of the Watson family, and they had nothing to do with you."

Still, Kenneth stood there, looking neither haughty nor humble. In fact, one couldn't even guess what he was thinking with that expressionless face.

When he saw that Kenneth had gone silent, Terence shot the latter a question. "Where is Nat?"

"I'll take you there. Let's go," Kenneth said and glanced reflexively at Denise and Benjamin.

His gaze this time felt different from how he did it in the past.

Previously, he looked at Denise as if she was someone else's child, but there were a lot of inexplicable emotions swirling in his eyes at that moment.

Moreover, he saw Benjamin, another one of the twins he thought he had lost forever.

Suppressing the urge to rush over, talk with, and hug them, he swiftly turned away and led Terence inside.

In the ward, Natasha had already been pushed out of the emergency room and was now lying on the hospital bed. Many parts of her body were bandaged. Moreover, there were only a few minor scratches on her face, but fortunately, they were nothing serious.

Looking at her condition, Terence felt his heart lurch. “Nat? Nat! What happened to you? Why are you injured this badly?”

Standing at the side, Kenneth said, “She has just got out from the operating room and is still under anesthesia. The doctor said all these are minor wounds, so you have nothing to worry about. She also had some light fractures, but all these are manageable. She only needs to recuperate for a while, and she’ll be fine.”

As he listened to Kenneth’s report, Terence quickly asked, “What happened to her?”

Kenneth didn’t know how to explain it to him as he hadn’t investigated the case thoroughly yet. In order not to worry Terence, Kenneth only said, “She had an accident.”

Terence was stunned by his answer. However, since it was an accident, this meant that no one was to blame. Then, the older man turned his head to look at Natasha, pain evident in his gaze.

“Nat is the only living family member I have. I have tried my best to protect her, but I kept failing... Sometimes I feel as if God is purposely working against me every time,” Terence lamented with sorrow.

Kenneth stood silently at the side as he didn’t quite know what to say.

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Chapter 82

Benjamin and Denise walked ahead and saw Natasha lying on the bed and unconscious.

They knew she would be okay, but in all their lives, they had only seen Natasha being strong. They had never witnessed her lying on the bed in such a terrible state before.

Their eyes instantly turned red as tears gathered.

“Nat...” murmured Denise. She got closer and began blowing on Natasha’s face. “Does it hurt? I’ll blow the pain away for you.”

Terence became teary-eyed when he saw that.

Kenneth was watching from the side as well. He shifted his gaze away, and those dark brown eyes shone with a hint of complex emotion.

"It'll be fine. They already said that Nat will recover," cooed Benjamin from the side.

Still, Denise couldn't stop herself from crying.

"It'll be okay, Denise. Your mommy will be fine, so you don't need to worry," cooed Terence as he walked to them.

To everyone's surprise, Denise suddenly tilted her tiny head up and said, "I'm heartbroken, Gramps. Nat has never been this injured before."

Terence was taken aback. She's right. Natasha has always played the role of a powerful mother and a resilient granddaughter. Not once have I ever seen her in this state before... She would never let her kids see her being sick or troubled.

"It'll be okay. Everything will be fine. It'll pass," promised Terence.

"Come on, Denise. Gramps will be heartbroken if you keep crying like that," said Benjamin.

He was also heartbroken and in pain, but he was the small man of the house. He had to be the emotional support.

His words encouraged Denise to stop crying.

Kenneth spoke at that moment. "Old Mr. Watson, it'll take some time before she wakes up. I got the room right beside this one for everyone. You should take the kids there and rest up."

Terence still had a scowl on. "There's no need for that. I will stay here with Nat."

"I want to stay too," replied Denise.

"I'm not leaving either," said Benjamin.

It was clear to see how much they worried, loved, and depended on Natasha.

Kenneth could almost see how beautiful and happy the family was when they were together. And I was never a part of it...

Kenneth turned his attention to Terence. "Old Mr. Watson, the kids are young, and their bodies are still developing. Are you really okay with them being stuck here?"

It was undeniable that Kenneth knew exactly what to say because he touched a nerve right away.

Terence turned to the kids and ordered, "Denise, Benjamin, go to the other room and rest up. I'll be here to guard over your mommy, and that will be enough."

"Gramps, I want to stay here with Nat," requested Denise sweetly.

"Be good, okay? I will go get you as soon as she wakes up," promised Terence.

"But..."

"Either do as I say, or the two of you can go home and rest there," said Terence. He put his foot down to make the kids choose.

"Okay, then," replied Denise. She didn't want to go home, so she had to compromise.

Her reluctance to leave was understandable since she could see both her parents there.

It was only natural for a kid to want to stay.

Terence turned his attention to Benjamin after that. "Take your baby sister to the other room and sleep."

Benjamin understood that was not up for debate, so he nodded. "Okay, Gramps."

Terence shifted his gaze to Kenneth after that. The former was reluctant to do so, but he still said, "You should go babysit them."

Kenneth nodded.

Denise and Benjamin obediently left with Kenneth.

When they reached the door, Terence suddenly warned, "Kenneth, those kids are Nat's everything. Don't get any funny ideas or I will destroy you, even if it means sacrificing these old bones of mine."

Kenneth shot a look at the kids, then replied, "Don't worry. I'm not that evil and won't do something so despicable."

Terence didn't bother looking at Kenneth again, and the latter left with the kids.

In the other room...

Kenneth led the kids into the room with two beds that looked rather clean.

He turned to the kids and instructed, "Sleep well here. I will come to get you when your mommy is up."

The kids nodded simultaneously.

Denise suddenly reached out and held Kenneth's hand as she turned around to leave.

When her soft, chubby hand touched Kenneth, he felt a unique emotion spread out within his heart.

He stared at the kid.

"Mr. Handsome, I need upsy-daisy," said Denise in her cute voice. She noticed that the beds were a little tall, and it would be rather difficult for her to get up there on her own.

Kenneth understood what she meant. Seeing that cute, chubby face truly tugged his heartstrings.

He crouched down and picked her up before carefully placing her on the bed.

"Thank you, Mr. Handsome," said Denise with a smile.

Kenneth grinned at her before he shifted his gaze to Benjamin.

Benjamin immediately informed, "I can manage." After saying that, he hopped right onto the bed in one swift move.

Kenneth stared. He didn't quite know what to say.

Everything was guesswork at that moment, and despite it making perfect sense, he didn't have the guts to be too certain or happy until he got the test results back.

"Rest well, kids. I'll go see how things are," said Kenneth who got up and left immediately after.

He had so much to say to them and had so many questions, but he didn't know if they were aware of the drama behind the scenes. He didn't even know how they saw or felt about him.

I have to get a clearer picture, and I need to give them some space and time.

Benjamin turned to Denise as soon as Kenneth left.

"Isn't that a little too obvious?" said Benjamin.

"No, it's not," denied Denise.

Benjamin rolled his eyes at her. "Don't let him think that we will accept him just like that. Nat will be heartbroken if you do that."

"Do you think he knows that we're his kids?" asked Denise.

Benjamin thought about it and answered, "I think so. The way he looks at us is rather strange."

"I think so too."

"Ah, let's not worry about that for now. Everything will be clear once Nat wakes up tomorrow," replied Benjamin. "We should send Tony a message. That way, he won't worry about us."

Denise nodded.

On the other side.

When Anthony showed up at the designated spot, he was wearing all black. Even his hat was black.

There was a small crowd where he was because it was close to the city center.

When he saw the message from Benjamin, he stopped worrying.

He shifted his gaze to the black car in front of him, then checked the photo Thalia sent him. The number plate of the car matched, so Anthony approached it after he was certain there was no mistake.

He knocked on the door.

Thalia was playing with her phone at the time, and she shifted her gaze when she heard someone knocking. However, she never saw anyone, so she turned her attention back to her game.

Anthony knocked once more.

Thalia heard the noise and looked around, but she still couldn't see anyone.

What the f*ck? It's so late at night... I-Is something unholy out there?

Thalia wasn't superstitious, but the eerie situation she was in still scared her, so she didn't roll down the window.

Just then, Anthony hopped and revealed his tiny head. "Open the door."

Seeing a kid there scared Thalia senseless. She rolled down the window a little and asked, "Are you dead or alive?"

"Thalia, I will leave right now if you don't open this door."

Huh? He knows who I am?

Only then did Thalia unlock the car. Anthony reached out, opened the door, then got into the car by using the step.

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Chapter 83

When he finally got in, he straightened his clothes while looking rather angry.

Thalia was a little confused when she stared at the tiny, chubby kid in her car.

"Who the hell are you?" asked Thalia.

"Who do you think I am?" challenged Anthony as he turned his head to look at her.

"How am I supposed to know that?" replied Thalia. She came up with a theory immediately after, though. "Wait. Did Anthony send you?"

Anthony was surprised. "Err..."

"Where is he?" asked Thalia. She instinctively looked out the window, but she never saw anyone suspicious. After that, she turned her attention back to the kid. "Why did he get a kid like you to come and meet me?"

Anthony was speechless.

With an IQ that low, how did Thalia even become the leader of an underground organization?

"You have watched too many tv dramas, you know?" commented Anthony.

Thalia arched a brow.

Anthony was too annoyed to explain everything, so he showed her his phone.

Thalia was even more surprised to see that. "A-Anthony gave you his phone?"

Anthony became completely speechless.

Oh my, her IQ...

Anthony didn't even know if there was an adjective in the world that could describe Thalia's incredibly low IQ.

He took a deep breath and said, "I am Anthony."

Thalia was taken aback. She stared endlessly at him, grinned, then sat up straight. Her tone was condescending when she said, "Stop lying. Anthony really is something else. He refuses to show up and has gotten a kid to try to fool me. That infuriating idiot..." Thalia looked as though she was on the verge of losing her temper and going insane.

Anthony thought about the situation before he turned to her and asked, "Did you bring your laptop?"

Thalia scoffed. She got a laptop from the backseat and handed it to him right away. "What? Are you going to prove that you are Anthony?"

Anthony didn't reply.

He proved his words with his actions.

After he turned on the laptop, his fingers danced swiftly and perfectly on the keyboard. The interface changed so quickly that Thalia couldn't even keep up.

Soon enough, she saw her private information and photo showing up on the laptop.

One look was all it took to get her uncouth lips to run wild. "What the f*ck?"

She snatched the laptop away from Anthony at the very next second and stared with the strangest glow in her eyes.

Anthony crossed his legs as though he were a mob boss and asked, "Now, do you believe me?"

Thalia took some time to calm herself down. She put her laptop away and kept her eyes on Anthony. At that point, it was rather impossible for her to dismiss the truth.

Only a handful would have skills like that, so he must be Anthony.

Thalia cleared her throat awkwardly before parting her lips. "Y-Yeah."

"For now, keep this information to yourself. Don't tell Kyle anything," requested Anthony.

“Why not?” asked Thalia.

“I’m not sure if it’s fine for him to know. I mean, isn’t this a little too shocking?” asked Anthony.

“Oh, this is beyond shocking. It’s nerve-wracking!” replied Thalia as she grinned bitterly.

She scanned Anthony. Those cute, chubby cheeks made it impossible for her to suppress her curiosity, so she asked, “H-How old are you?”

“How old do you think I am?”

Thalia was speechless for a moment there. “Is this why you have been reluctant to meet us?”

Anthony didn’t bother denying anything. He nodded and replied, “It’s one of the reasons.”

“There are other reasons?”

“The main reason I’m keeping this a secret is that my mommy disapproves of this,” answered Anthony.

Mommy...

Thalia was strangely weirded-out.

The master hacker who was deemed a prodigy actually said “Mommy” in such a sweet and childish voice...

Even thinking about it made her shiver uncomfortably.

Still, it was undeniable that the person sitting next to her was the dangerous hacker everyone wanted to recruit. He had what it took to threaten everybody’s wellbeing, and it was much better to have him on their side than on the side of their enemy.

Thalia bit her lip a little. For a moment there, she didn’t know what to say.

“Alright, let’s cut to the chase,” said Anthony.

Thalia stared in confusion. “Huh?”

“Remember how you saw someone messing with a car in Hamilton Corporation’s parking lot? That car belongs to my mommy, and I need to know who the culprit is now,” said Anthony.

Thalia learned, then and there, that was the only reason Anthony had shown up to meet up with her.

“I’ll drive and take you to the scene of the crime,” said Thalia.

Anthony nodded.

Thalia hit the gas and sped all the way to Hamilton Corporation’s parking lot.

She kept her eyes locked on the spot ahead. “That is where it happened. I saw the culprit messing with her car, which was parked right there.”

“Did you see what the person did to the car?”

Thalia shook her head. “No. My best guess is that he cut the hose linked to the brakes.”

Anthony hopped out of the car and scanned its surroundings. He noticed that there was a surveillance camera right above him, so he returned to the car and hacked his way into the system to look at the footage.

The culprit was wearing all black and had a face mask on, so it was not possible to see who it was.

Thalia, who had been sitting at the side, asked, “Does your mommy have any enemies?”

Anthony shook his head. “None that I am aware of.”

Thalia got a lollipop out of nowhere and popped it into her mouth. “Well, this is premeditated. The culprit obviously didn’t commit the crime impulsively.”

“What makes you say that?” asked Anthony.

“Firstly, he is focused on his target. Secondly, none of you live or work here, so how could a stranger know which car belongs to her? The fact that he went after that specific car shows that he has been monitoring your mommy for a while now,” said Thalia as she shared her thoughts. “Lastly, did you notice there are quite a few luxurious cars in its surroundings? Why would he skip all the other cars? It’s not like the culprit is a bull and only has a thing against red cars.”

Anthony nodded after hearing all that. The matter was too close to his heart, so he didn’t notice the things Thalia had just said.

“Oh, and look at his get-up. He obviously came prepared,” said Thalia. “If you wish to find this guy, you will have to investigate the people close to your mommy.”

Anthony made a copy of that footage, then paused to think for a moment. "My mommy and I just emigrated from a foreign country, and I know nothing about her having any enemies. She's also mellow in nature and tends to let things slide, so I honestly can't think of anyone who would want to hurt her."

Thalia arched her brows. "That makes things much more complicated because we won't be able to get to the bottom of it all until we find the culprit."

Anthony was deep in thoughts for a long while. He kept scanning the footage, but all he could tell was that the culprit was a really tall guy. There was nothing else distinct about the guy.

"If Mommy's enemy truly is behind this, then I have to work faster to locate this guy because he will attack again," muttered Anthony.

He didn't even want to imagine how bad things would be if the criminal went after them again.

There was no saying if Natasha would get lucky and survive once more.

"Actually... it's not that difficult to capture the guy," said Thalia.

"Really? How do we do that?" asked Anthony.

Thalia thought about it and answered, "I can't be certain that my plan will work, but if that person truly hates your mommy so much that he wants her dead, then he will not relent until she is dead. In that case..."

"What?"

Thalia shot a look at him and asked, "Can we talk over supper?"

Huh? Anthony was confused and speechless.

"I spent the entire night running around to help you, so I haven't had anything to eat. I'm famished."

Anthony checked his watch. Ah, it is late. Heck, it's almost midnight.

"Okay, then," replied Anthony.

Only then did Thalia start the engine and drove around looking for somewhere to eat.

It was too late, so almost every restaurant was closed for the night. They ended up going to a store that was open twenty-four hours a day and ordered some sandwiches.

Anthony ate up, too. He was too worried about Natasha earlier, so he hadn't had dinner and was hungry as well.

Thalia couldn't help giggling when she stared at that cuddly kid in front of her.

"What are you giggling about?" asked Anthony.

"Can you imagine the look on Kyle's face when he finds out that the great Anthony is just a kid? I bet he'd look just as surprised as I was."

"Oh, you didn't look surprised. You just look stupid."

Thalia couldn't speak for a moment there.

She was about to fight back when Anthony said, "That said, I will definitely capture then enhance Kyle's surprised expression and turn it into an animated gif. After all, something like that must be shared on the internet."

Thalia chuckled. "That is so wonderfully cruel."

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Chapter 84

They ate away to fill their tummy a little before continuing with their previous discussion.

Between bites, Anthony turned his attention to Thalia and asked, "Earlier, you said you have a plan to capture the culprit. What is that plan?"

Thalia paused for a moment before she parted her lips. "I'm not sure if it'll work, but we can try this."

Anthony had his eyes on Thalia.

Thalia inched closer to him and pointed out, "That guy wants your mommy dead, so what do you think he will do if he realizes that she survived?"

Anthony narrowed his eyes a little. "Ah, I get what you're saying now."

"We'll set a trap because it is likely we don't need to go to him at all. He might come to us," said Thalia as she arched her brows once.

Anthony smiled. "I take back what I said earlier about you."

“Huh?”

“You know? When I said you are stupid.”

Thalia was momentarily speechless, but she eventually found her voice. “Hey, my reaction is normal, okay? Who would’ve thought that the hacker who has everyone on edge is just a kid? No one could’ve anticipated that!”

Anthony nodded in agreement after he heard what Thalia said. He replied, “Hmm, thank you for the compliment.”

Thalia couldn’t speak for a moment there.

Anthony wasn’t humble at all, and that prompted her to scan him a little. “How could a tiny baby like you not know humility at all?”

“Hasn’t my skill earned me the right to act this way?” challenged Anthony in between bites.

Thalia considered the situation. I guess he is right about that. He is just a kid, but he’s so skilled and has already accomplished so much. Given those circumstances, it’s a miracle that a child like him isn’t infuriatingly arrogant. He must have an exceptional mother who teaches him manners and to lie low.

Thalia stared as she ate. “A kid like you should get a better education and training.”

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

“Kyle told me that there is a training facility where talented kids from all around the world gather. They are given the best education, taught the most advanced skills, and trained to be as ruthless as possible. It’s a comprehensive training facility meant to train kids to be experts in every field. The entrance exam is brutal, but I’m certain that you can get in.”

Anthony grinned when he heard that. “I’ll pass.”

“Seriously? You’re not interested? You realize that many would die for an opportunity to go there, right?” said Thalia.

“I just want to be with my mommy.”

Thalia was rendered speechless once more.

He is probably the only person on Earth with such ridiculously little ambition.

“You think your mommy won’t let you go?”

“I don’t know how she’ll decide, but I want to stay by her side and protect her.”

“Your daddy will be there to protect your mommy, so you should go. Don’t be a third-wheel.”

“She’s single,” replied Anthony.

“Oh...” muttered Thalia. She was taken aback and looked at Anthony. “You’re from a single-parent household?”

Anthony nodded.

“Then, your mommy must be an incredible person,” complimented Thalia. She just couldn’t help it. I am so, so impressed. How does she teach her children so well despite being the only one there for them?

Anthony grinned and nodded in agreement. As far as he was concerned, Natasha truly was at the best of the best. No one else could come close to her.

Thalia didn’t push any further after she saw the look on Anthony’s face. “Oh well, we’ll cross that bridge when we reach it. Still, I should warn you that if Kyle knows about you being a kid, he will surely try to get you to go to that training facility.”

“He can try, but he can’t force me to go if I don’t want to.”

“You are wasting your talent...”

“I’m okay with that.”

At that point, Thalia felt as though there was no way to keep that conversation going anymore.

The duo finished eating before Thalia turned to look at Anthony. “Okay, then. It’s late, so how about I drop you off at the hospital?”

Anthony nodded.

When they reach the entrance of the hospital, however, Anthony showed no intention of leaving the car at all.

Thalia stared and asked, “Why aren’t you getting out of the car?”

“I’ll wait until morning. My mommy is definitely still sleeping, so I will go to her after she wakes up,” replied Anthony.

Thalia arched her brows. She was about to ask him when that would happen when she saw Anthony getting into a comfortable position. "I'm tired, so I'll take a nap now."

Thalia was so speechless that she stared in confusion, exasperation, and frustration.

When she finally found the right words to say, she saw that Anthony had already closed his eyes and was sleeping.

She stared. There was no way she could complain or kick him out of the car when he had such chubby, cute cheeks and was so tiny.

Gah! This is so unfair! Shouldn't the globally notorious hacker be someone fierce and merciless? How can he be so freaking cute? The contrast is killing me.

Even if she ignored everything else, those chubby cheeks were more than enough to make Thalia forget just how "merciless" Anthony could be.

She thought about how he was still a kid and how his body was still growing, and that made her compromise. She kept her words to herself, got into a comfortable position, then fell asleep as well.

The next morning...

Terence had been staying guard over Natasha the entire night. He hadn't had a wink of sleep, so his eyes were bloodshot by then.

He kept thinking about everything Natasha went through as she grew up. It's been years, but she never caused any trouble or ask for anything. She didn't even complain when she got divorced. In a way, she is heartbreakingly mature.

Terence never scolded her as well, but the angels in heaven seemed adamant about making her suffer. Why must she go through so many hardships?

Terence was heartbroken.

He was still reeling in his pain when Natasha's eyelids fluttered. She finally woke up.

"Grandpa?" said Natasha.

Terence rushed to her as soon as he heard her voice. "Nat, are you up? How are you feeling now? Are you okay?"

Natasha scanned her surroundings for a bit, then nodded. "I'm okay."

"Are you hurting in any way? Is there any discomfort? I'll go get the doctor."

“Grandpa,” said Natasha. She stopped Terence from leaving and insisted, “I’m honestly fine.”

“Are you sure?” asked Terence as he looked at her.

“All my injuries are external, so I am okay,” replied Natasha. She noticed Terence’s bloodshot eyes at that moment, so she asked, “Were you up all night?”

“How can I sleep when you’re in a state like this?”

Natasha felt guilty about it. “I’m sorry for worrying you.”

“Don’t be sorry, you silly kid. I am okay with going through anything so long as you are fine,” replied Terence.

Natasha grinned a little as she looked at him.

Terence considered the situation for a moment before he looked right at her and said, “Nat, there’s something... I don’t really know how to say this...”

Natasha didn’t reply. She simply stared at him.

“Kenneth is right outside,” informed Terence.

Still, Natasha didn’t say a word.

“And Denise and Benjamin are in the room next door.”

Natasha couldn’t speak.

So it happened after all.

The timing was terrible, but it was unavoidable.

Natasha recalled how Kenneth made that phone call right in front of her before she reached the hospital. She didn’t want to face him, so she pretended to have fainted.

After that, she actually fainted and didn’t know what happened next.

Natasha had been keeping quiet for a while, and that worried Terence, so he asked, “Nat, how are you doing? Say something. Don’t scare me like that.”

To his surprise, Natasha was strangely calm when she replied, “I’m fine, Grandpa. I knew he will find out about this sooner or later, anyway.”

“Are you sure you’re okay?” asked Terence. He didn’t quite buy what Natasha said.

Natasha nodded in response.

“So, does he know everything?” asked Terence. “I never revealed anything to him while you were unconscious.”

Natasha shook her head. “I don’t know how much he is aware of, but if he met the kids, then it’s likely the secret is already exposed.”

Natasha didn’t know how he and Denise got in touch or how he knew she was in trouble. However, she would ignore all that for the moment. She knew Kenneth too well and, given his style, he would definitely investigate everything thoroughly after he met the kids.

Hence, there was no way to keep the kids a secret anymore.

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Chapter 85

Terence was about to speak further when the door was pushed open, and Kenneth entered the ward.

Immediately, Natasha cowardly closed her eyes. Until she figured out how to resolve the issue, avoidance would be her best solution.

“How is it, Old Mr. Watson? Has she come around?” Kenneth went over and asked.

Terence was taken by surprise by Kenneth’s appearance as well. He hurriedly turned around to look at Natasha and found she had closed her eyes.

Not knowing what she was up to, Terence awkwardly let out a dry cough and said, “Um, not yet...”

“That is strange! Based on the doctor’s assessment, she should have regained consciousness by now.” Kenneth was puzzled.

“I was wondering too...” Terence replied, putting on a worried look.

“Let me check with the doctor,” Kenneth said, then went out of the ward again.

Seeing that Natasha had continued to keep her eyes closed, Terence knew she had no intention of “waking up” and intended to keep up with her act.

Shortly after, the doctor came in and did an examination on her. “I thought you said it was just some superficial injuries. Why is she still unconscious?” Kenneth asked, concerned.

“Don’t worry. Every patient responds differently. Maybe Ms. Watson is a little weak and thus takes a little longer to regain her consciousness. It is not a concern, so please don’t worry about it.” The doctor was reassuring, but Kenneth was not convinced.

“But—” He was about to protest when Terence interjected and said, “Let’s trust the doctor and just wait a little longer.”

Since even Terence had no objections, Kenneth could only nod in consent and keep quiet.

“Mr. Hamilton, it is nothing to worry about, but if you are concerned, we can do another thorough check-up for Ms. Watson later,” the doctor suggested upon sensing Kenneth’s concern.

“Please do so as soon as possible,” Kenneth said.

After the doctor left, Kenneth’s phone rang. After he took a glance at the caller ID, he turned to Terence and excused himself. “Excuse me, Old Mr. Watson. I will step out to take this call,” he said.

Terence nodded in acknowledgment.

Fabian was waiting outside with some takeout boxes in his hands, and as he walked over to Kenneth, he couldn’t help but wonder out loud. “Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson is injured, so do you really think she is able to finish all this food?”

Kenneth grabbed the takeout boxes from him and went into the next room, ignoring him.

The two kids were awake and had already made their beds.

Upon seeing him, Denise sweetly greeted him, “Good morning, Mr. Handsome!”

“Good morning!” Kenneth was all smiles.

“Little Marshmallow? Why is she here, Mr. Hamilton?” Fabian’s eyes widened in astonishment as he was surprised to see Denise there.

Kenneth did not bother to reply to him, but Denise went up and greeted him as well.

“How are you, Mr. Houde?”

“I am fine. What about you?” Fabian looked at her dotingly, totally in love with the little girl.

“Is my mommy awake, Mr. Handsome?” Denise asked.

“Not yet, but the doctor says she will wake up soon,” Kenneth answered as he placed some takeout boxes in front of her and added, “We brought breakfast for the two of you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Handsome.” She nodded and thank him, then turned to motion Benjamin to do the same.

Benjamin stepped forward and smilingly thank Kenneth as well.

“Dig in! I will go over to deliver some food to your great-grandpa,” Kenneth said, and he lovingly gave her a head rub when Denise nodded obediently.

As Fabian walked out with Kenneth, he waved to Denise and said, “See you later, Little Marshmallow!”

“Why is that little girl here? Who is her mommy?” Fabian asked as he caught up with Kenneth, who continued to ignore all his questions.

Kenneth walked into the ward and greeted Terence. “Please take your breakfast, Old Mr. Watson.”

Terence took a look at him and said, “I don’t feel like eating now. You can leave it on the table.”

Kenneth obligingly did that.

Upon seeing Natasha, Fabian suddenly remembered a matter. He turned to Kenneth and said, “Oh, Mr. Hamilton, I reckon the police will be coming over later to take her statement.”

Terence turned around in shock and asked, “Statement? What is that about?”

“Ms. Watson’s accident—” Fabian was about to elaborate when Kenneth interrupted him.

“It is just part of the routine investigation by the traffic police for accident cases,” Kenneth said assuringly to Terence.

Terence did not suspect anything was amiss. He nodded his head, convinced.

Fabian looked puzzlingly at Kenneth, as he was positive Kenneth knew that was not what he meant. However, he did not pursue further and went out obligingly when Kenneth signaled him to do so.

After Fabian left, Kenneth tried to coax Terence into eating. He said, "The kids are having their breakfast in the adjacent room. Why don't you go join them?"

Terence shook his head and declined. "Thank you, but I really have no appetite now."

"You have to take care of yourself. If you fall sick yourself, no one can take care of the family," Kenneth reasoned.

"Are you trying to scare me?" Terence turned to him, displeased.

"I'm fine with it if you wish to see it that way," Kenneth replied, earning an irritated stare from Terence.

"The kids need to go to school. Do you want to send them there, or should I?" Kenneth continued.

Terence gave it a thought and was worried that Kenneth might take the kids away, so he immediately said, "I will do it myself!"

Next, he took the food from the table and made his way to the adjacent room to join the kids.

Kenneth nodded as he watched Terence leave, satisfied. He took another look at Natasha and then left the room too.

After everyone left, Natasha opened her eyes. She recalled how Kenneth tried to coax Terence into eating and how he stopped Fabian from telling the truth. She realized he was not a thoughtless guy after all. At least he knew not to add on to an old man's worry, which made him a somewhat decent man.

Fabian finally figured things out while he was waiting outside of the ward. As soon as he saw Kenneth come out, he immediately went up and asked, "Mr. Hamilton, about the 'mommy' Little Marshmallow was talking about... Don't tell me it is Ms. Watson, your ex-wife!"

Kenneth kept mum, but Fabian knew that his silence meant yes!

"Ms. Watson has kids? But I did not find any records of her marriage!" he exclaimed.

His mind was rife with all sorts of speculations, and he finally settled his sight on Kenneth. "Your ex-wife's kids... are not yours, are they?"

Kenneth chose to remain silent, further confirming Fabian's suspicion.

"So it is true? Oh my gosh! This is unbelievable!" Fabian gushed, and Kenneth gave him a dirty look as he found Fabian a little noisy.

"I always said Little Marshmallow resembles you, did I not? The first time I met her, I thought she was your relative, but you denied it," Fabian continued.

Kenneth recalled Fabian had indeed said that previously. He raised an eyebrow and asked, "Really? In what ways do we look alike?"

"The eyes? Or is it the mouth?" Fabian gave Kenneth a hard stare, trying to match him with Denise in his mind. "I can't tell for sure now, but the resemblance is very clear! Like father, like daughter! Although I can't pinpoint the exact feature, from the first sight, I can definitely tell the two of you look alike!" Fabian added.

His words pleased Kenneth, and suddenly, his boss no longer found him to be a noisy nuisance.

"Oh, it is the presence and the charisma! That's right! She resembles you in that!" Fabian wasn't trying to butter Kenneth up. When he first saw Denise, he had thought she was related to Kenneth, but Kenneth had denied that.

Fabian wondered what had happened between Kenneth and Natasha.

However, Kenneth was still keeping mum.

"So, is it really true that Little Marshmallow and the other boy are your kids, Mr. Hamilton?" Driven by curiosity, Fabian continued to probe.

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Chapter 86

Suddenly, Kenneth turned to Fabian and asked, "I told you to look into Natasha. What did you find out about her?"

Fabian was stumped by the sudden change in the tone of the conversation.

He looked at Kenneth and solemnly said, "I swear I did a thorough investigation on Ms. Watson, Mr. Hamilton. I left no stones unturned, but there was no evidence of the existence of the kids! It seems like someone deliberately made an effort to hide some information."

Kenneth felt the same way. He felt that Natasha selectively revealed whatever information that fitted into the image she wanted to present to other people. It was a very suspicious move on her part.

Just as he was about to give that matter more thought, Terence came out of the room with Denise and Benjamin.

Kenneth whispered to Fabian and said, "Mind what you say in front of Old Mr. Watson. Don't make him worry."

"Noted," Fabian softly replied.

Kenneth watched as Terence told the kids, "Go in and take a look at your mommy. I'll send you to school after that."

Denise and Benjamin nodded and went into the ward.

Kenneth went up to Terence and said, "You did not sleep a wink last night and may not be in the best condition to drive. Let Fabian go with you. He can drive you and the kids to school."

Fabian put on a big smile and greeted Terence when the latter looked toward him. "Hello, Old Mr. Watson."

Now that Natasha ended up in the hospital because of a car accident, Terence did not want to argue with Kenneth, so he begrudgingly agreed to Kenneth's proposal.

After entering the ward, Denise and Benjamin went straight up to Natasha's bedside. Before the two kids could show their concern, Natasha opened her eyes.

"Nat!" Denise shouted out excitedly.

Natasha motioned her to hush, and the latter obligingly contained her excitement and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Nat, you are awake!"

"Yup." Natasha nodded and continued, "But we have to lower our voice so the monster outside won't come running in."

"So, you have been pretending to be unconscious?" Denise asked.

"Is it that obvious?" Natasha wondered out loud.

"We were so worried about you, yet you were putting on an act..." Denise was aggrieved.

“Nat wasn’t trying to deceive you,” Benjamin explained.

After he spoke, Natasha realized something was amiss and asked, “Why is it only the two of you? Where is Anthony?”

“Um...” Denise was at a loss for words as she was stumped by her mother’s question.

Benjamin laughingly replied, “Tony has to attend to something. He will come by to visit you later.”

Natasha gave them a doubtful look. Anthony was the most caring of the three kids, so it was highly unusual for him to not join them in their visit to see her.

However, she did not dwell on that, as she had more pressing concerns. She looked them straight in the eye and said, “I have no idea how you got to know Kenneth, but I will find out from you later after I get home. For now, both of you have to mind what you say, and please do not speak to him unnecessarily. Do you get me?”

The two kids could tell from her tone that she was dead serious, so they quietly exchanged a puzzled look, then obediently nodded their heads and said, “Yes, we’ll take note.”

“Move along and get going to school then!” Natasha urged, and the two kids obediently turned around and left the room.

Terence was waiting for them outside of the room, and when he saw them, he asked, “So no more worries now that you have seen your mommy?”

The two kids exchanged wry smiles and kept quiet.

“Let’s go then,” Terence said, and the two nodded obligingly and went with him.

Before she left, Denise turned around and stole a glance at Kenneth. She found that he was also looking at her.

She had the urge to run to him for a comforting hug, but heeding Natasha’s warning, she suppressed herself and despondently turned away to leave with Terence.

Kenneth noticed her longing look, and his heart melted. He had to restrain himself from running after her as he watched her walk away dejectedly.

After they left, Kenneth went back into the ward and saw that Natasha was still lying quietly on the bed.

He walked up to her and mumbled, “Natasha, is Denise my daughter? I have so many questions for you, so when are you going to wake up?”

The only sound he could hear was the soft, even sound of breathing from Natasha.

Just then, his phone rang, and he stepped out of the room to take the call.

Natasha breathed a sigh of relief and opened her eyes after she was certain he had left.

She was not afraid of facing him, but she had yet to decide on how to respond to the questions she knew he would throw at her.

It was a tricky situation, and she needed more time to think about how to handle it properly.

She knew she would have to confront the questions someday, but she never imagined she would have to resort to faking unconsciousness to avoid him.

Suddenly, she felt the urgency to go to the bathroom. She hesitated for a while, worried that Kenneth might return. However, no one could hold back for long when nature called, so she sat up and decided to go to the bathroom.

Just as she sat up, the door opened, and Kenneth came in. He stared at her and exclaimed, "You are awake!"

"Um..." Natasha was caught off-guard, and she was at a loss for words.

Kenneth walked up to her and mocked, "For a moment, I thought you never want to wake up!"

"Wouldn't that please you if I am to never wake up?"

Kenneth bent down and stared her in the eye, saying, "Really? What do you mean by pleasing me?"

Natasha turned away from his gaze as she was at a loss for words to retort him. Then, she waved him off in annoyance and said, "Get out of my way. I have to go to the bathroom."

Her brows knitted into a frown as she struggled to get up, but she silently bore with the pain and refused to get help. Kenneth could not bear to see that, so he walked over and gave her a helping hand.

She did not reject his kind offer, and with his support, she slowly inched her body to the bedside.

Kenneth could not bear to see her struggle anymore. He decisively scooped her up and carried her in his arms.

Natasha was taken aback by his move, but then she looked at him and mumbled softly, "Should have done that earlier!"

Kenneth was rendered speechless.

Most ladies would be touched and thankful for what he did, but Natasha spoke as if she was entitled to that help.

He did not complain about it. He silently made his way to the bathroom and carefully put her down before closing the door for her.

Natasha could sense his care and concern, but she wasn't someone who would be easily touched by such small gestures.

Instead, the more Kenneth showered her with tenderness and care, the more she felt that it was too late for him to try to make it up to her.

Moreover, she reasoned he was not doing anything exceptional, and what he did was only a common gentleman's gesture.

After a few minutes, Natasha opened the bathroom door and found that Kenneth was waiting for her on the other side.

He threw her a glance, then picked her up again and carried her back to her bed.

She accepted his help without a protest and enjoyed the pampering.

Once back on her bed, she spoke up and said, "Thank you very much. You can leave now. I am tired and need to rest."

Kenneth was a little annoyed and grumbled, "What do you take me for? A slave?"

"How would I dare to do that to the high and mighty Mr. Hamilton? Why would you feel like a slave? I did thank you for your help, didn't I?" Natasha gave him a smile and argued.

Kenneth knew what she was up to. He knew she was trying to divert his attention so that she could prevent him from bringing up the touchy subject. He was not going to let her get her way.

He moved closer to her and stared her right in the eye, asking, "Don't you have anything to tell me, Natasha?"

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Chapter 87

Natasha had no intention of backing off from Kenneth. She looked him straight in the eye, shook her head, and replied, "No, I have nothing more to say to you."

Kenneth let out a derisive smile and said, "How did I not notice earlier that you are such a good actress, Natasha?"

"Oh, really? That is great! I have another backup career choice then," she jested.

Kenneth was exasperated and decided to play the bad guy.

He pulled a long face and said sternly, "Natasha, you know what I am talking about, and you obviously know what I am after. Cut the act and give me the answer!"

"What answer?" Natasha replied nonchalantly, keeping up with her innocent act.

"You..." Kenneth looked at her furiously and said, "Natasha, is Denise and the other child—"

"Kenneth, I am a patient now. Can you cut me some slack? Can't we discuss whatever you have in mind after I get discharged?" Natasha cut him off, not giving him a chance to ask his question.

"Patient? You definitely don't act like one, so pardon me for overlooking that!" he said.

Natasha lifted her hand and showed him her injuries.

There was no doubt she was injured, but Kenneth could not hold in his frustration any longer. He wanted to know the answer immediately.

"Just one question. You only need to answer one question from me, Natasha. Are they my children?" He looked at her with pleading eyes and asked.

"No." It was a short and firm reply.

Kenneth could not accept that answer.

"Impossible! They are obviously my children!" He dismissed her reply.

Natasha took a deep breath and said, "I answered your question, but you refused to accept my answer. Why do you bother to ask me in the first place?"

Her gaze was firm and non-evasive, but Kenneth refused to take her word for it.

He enunciated, "I want the truth!"

She raised an eyebrow and challenged him. "So you only take the answer 'yes' as the truth?"

Kenneth stared at her, speechless.

"If you don't believe me, then go for a paternity test!" she said.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and replied, "Do you think I won't do that?"

Natasha merely gave a small smile, playing mind games with him.

Kenneth clenched his fist tightly and hissed, "Sure, we'll get a paternity test done. If Denise is really my girl, I... I will not let this matter slide, Natasha!"

Natasha gave him a wry smile and said, "You said the same thing when I told you I did not keep the babies. Now, when you think the children are yours, you threaten me in the same manner. No matter what I do, you will not let me off, right? I am in a no-win situation, so what more can I say?" She stared at him, putting on an indignant look.

She made it look like she was the victim when she was the one playing games with his mind and frustrating him.

Kenneth's eyes were burning with rage, but Natasha fearlessly stared back, undeterred.

The tense situation was diffused when police officers walked in through the door. "Is Ms. Natasha Watson here?"

Kenneth withdrew from the hostile confrontation with Natasha, turned around, and nodded to the police officers who were standing at the door. "Yes."

"We have some questions with regards to the accident last night," one of the police officers said.

Natasha suppressed her anger and nodded at the police officers. "All right."

They walked over and asked, "Can you tell us what happened last night?"

Seated on the bed, Natasha started recalling the events leading to the accident the previous night. "I am not too sure what happened, but after driving off, I soon approached a traffic junction. That is when I found out the brakes were faulty. As such, I couldn't stop the car and went on to run multiple red lights in the city. Realizing how serious the situation was, I decided to drive to the suburb, hoping I could find a safe

place to bring the car to a stop. Unfortunately, a big truck appeared, and we crashed into one another.”

The police officers were taking notes as she spoke. After she finished her recollection, one of them explained, “According to the information from the traffic police, the brakes of your car were tampered with, and that caused the accident. Do you have any idea who could have done that to you?”

Natasha frowned and shook her head. “No, I have no idea.”

“We have opened a case for this incident. It is not as simple as a mischievous prank, and we are looking into it being a case of attempted murder. We will appreciate it if you can provide us with useful information and evidence, Ms. Watson,” the police officer said.

Natasha did not seem to be taken aback by the revelation. The same thought had flashed through her mind when she was struggling to control the car the previous night.

“Did you get into a dispute with anyone recently?” the police officer asked.

Kenneth looked away angrily when Natasha lifted her head and looked in his direction.

“Who is this?” the police officer asked.

“He is my ex-husband,” she replied honestly.

“I was the one who saved her yesterday,” Kenneth said.

The police officers nodded and decided not to get involved in their marital dispute. One of them turned to Natasha and asked, “Ms. Watson, can you try to think carefully and see if you have missed out on any possible clues? A small detail may be the key to solving the case.”

Natasha went into deep thoughts for a while, then replied, “I really don’t remember offending anyone recently. However, I did feel I was being tailed.”

Upon hearing that, Kenneth frowned, and he looked at her with concern.

“Can you recall the time and place?”

Natasha told the police officers everything she could recall.

After half an hour, the police officers stood up, ready to leave. “That’s all for today, Ms. Watson. If you recall any other useful information, please do contact us and let us know.”

“Thank you!” she said.

“It is our duty,” they replied.

Kenneth stood up and walked the police officers out.

As the door closed behind them, Natasha started thinking about what had happened in the past few days again, hoping one of those events could give her a clue about the accident.

A few minutes later, Kenneth came back into the ward. He walked straight up to her and asked, “Why did you not tell me about being followed?”

Natasha gave him an incredulous laugh and said, “Wouldn’t it be weird if I told you everything?”

Kenneth could not refute her. She might be blunt in her choice of words, but she was right.

Kenneth knew it was not an appropriate time to have petty fights with her, so he advised, “Natasha, I am taking this very seriously. This is not a joke. You are in danger, and the mastermind wants you dead!”

Natasha looked at him calmly and nodded. “I know.” There was no sign of fear or worry in her eyes.

“You don’t have to worry or be fearful. I will look into the matter and keep you safe. In the meantime, please be careful and vigilant!” Kenneth added.

Natasha said, “You don’t have to do this for me, Kenneth, I—”

He cut her off by saying, “I know what you are thinking. Just take it as I am doing all this for Denise, not you. I don’t want her to be worried or sad.”

Natasha thought about it and concluded that even if Kenneth was not a good husband, perhaps he could be a good father. She knew if she were to face any problems, he would be there for the kids.

That was a reassuring thought. She nodded to him and replied, “Ok. I understand.”

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Chapter 88

Just when Kenneth was about to say something, Terence came back after dropping the kids off at school.

The two developed a tacit agreement that they would not bring up the matter and cause Terence to worry.

When the latter walked into the room and saw that there were only the two of them, he was rather annoyed. He strode toward Natasha and stared at her. "How are you, Nat? Feeling any better?"

"Yup, I'm all better now, Grandpa."

"Do you feel any discomfort? Anywhere aching on your body?" Terence was concerned.

Natasha shook her head and replied, "Just some minor abrasions. Don't worry, Grandpa."

"Abrasions? Oh dear, any accident can lead to a major problem! You lucked out this time. If any mishap befalls you, what am I going to do?" Terence was fretting.

After mulling it over, Natasha said admittedly, "I didn't think things through. Sorry, Grandpa, for making you worry. There won't be a next time, I promise." Then, she flashed a coy smile at him.

At that instant, Terence's heart softened, and he did not have the heart to reprimand her anymore.

Meanwhile, Kenneth went into a daze as he stared at Natasha.

This woman can talk about anything to anyone. Sometimes, she jokes casually. Other times, she exudes an imposing aura. But actually, she can be all coy and playful too. Am I the only exception? When she's in front of me, she has her guard up as though she's ready to enter the war with me anytime. She makes me feel as if I owe her lots of money!

Then, Kenneth interrupted the silence. "Old Mr. Watson, I'm the one to be blamed. It's with good intentions that Grandpa gifted Nat with a car, but I wasn't able to stop the accident from happening. My bad."

Nat?

Upon hearing that, Natasha lifted her head to look at him. She could not help but shudder when she heard him addressing her dearly.

Why does it sound so creepy when he calls me that?

It turned out Natasha was not the only one who was taken aback. Terence, too, turned to look at Kenneth with a meaningful look in his eyes.

He knew that Kenneth wanted to protect Natasha, but it was all too late now.

Had Kenneth done so many years back, Terence would not have been so angry at him.

Terence commented, "I understand the reasoning, and it's not your fault..." After a brief pause, he continued, "Anyway, thanks for saving Nat. I'm sure that you're a busy man, Mr. Hamilton. It's getting late now, so it's best I let you go. I'll take care of the rest."

Clearly, Terence implied that Kenneth should go.

Hearing so, Kenneth gazed at him, and then at Natasha.

He was aware that Terence had a prejudice against him, and there was nothing he could say at that moment to make Terence think otherwise. However, Kenneth could not just let it slide. "Old Mr. Watson—"

"I hope that the Hamilton family will not give Nat any valuable presents henceforth. After all, you two are divorced. If anything untoward happens to her, I can't guarantee you that I'll be able to act rationally," Terence interrupted.

Just like that, he rendered Kenneth speechless.

After frowning and hesitating for quite a while, Kenneth nodded and muttered, "Understood."

"Good. You'd better get going." Terence left him with that and sat down with his back facing Kenneth, not even casting him a glance.

While Kenneth was standing rooted to the spot, his phone rang. Upon taking a peek at the screen, he furrowed his brows. Then, he shifted his gaze to look at them and announced, "I'll take my leave now."

With that, he turned around, took his leave, and closed the door behind him.

Looking at Terence, Natasha remarked, "Grandpa, you were not subtle at all when you asked him to leave."

“Oh, really? At least I didn’t ask him to get lost. He should be thankful that I was polite,” he said furiously. “He’d better not think that I’ll forgive him just because he’s being nice.”

Natasha remained silence.

“Anyhow, what about you? What’s up between you and him?” Terence questioned.

Instantly, Natasha shook her head vigorously, afraid that her grandfather would get the wrong idea. “I’ve got nothing to do with him. I don’t know how he found me, but I can assure you that we’re not in any relationship whatsoever,” she quickly explained.

“Really?” Terence was dubious about it.

Natasha nodded.

Then, Terence pondered for a moment before he warned her once more, “Kenneth isn’t a goody two shoes. Since you two are divorced, you should stay away from him.”

“I know,” answered Natasha, nodding.

“Zachary doesn’t know what happened to you, does he? How come he didn’t call or come over to pay you a visit?” Terence was curious.

Obviously, he was more fond of Zachary as compared to Kenneth.

“Grandpa, mind your own business. Zachary doesn’t know about this, so please let him be,” Natasha responded.

Terence thought for a bit and nodded in agreement. “Fine. It’s not like I was going to call him up and update him about this.”

Only then did Natasha feel relieved.

Meanwhile, Anthony was on his way to see Natasha when he met Kenneth who was leaving the hospital in a hurry.

He was stunned while he was pushing open the car door.

Thalia was surprised to see Anthony’s reaction, so she asked, “What’s the matter?”

It was only after Kenneth had entered his car that Anthony shook his head and replied, “Nothing.”

“Do you know that man?” Thalia was exceptionally observant.

“No, I don’t,” Anthony answered.

“He’s the legendary CEO of Hamilton Corporation, Kenneth Hamilton. He has connections in both the legal scene as well as the underworld. No one seems to be able to take him down, no matter how much they are willing to pay for that to happen,” explained Thalia.

Anthony listened quietly without uttering a single word. Then, he opened the car door and got out of it.

Thalia pondered for a moment and followed suit.

“What are you doing?” questioned Anthony.

“To go see your mommy with you!”

“How am I going to explain to her if you come with me?” Anthony asked.

“That’s your problem, not mine.”

Anthony was stumped.

“Even if you aren’t going to introduce who I am, you should at the very least explain where you had been last night, right?” Thalia prompted him.

That’s another problem to deal with...

“Why don’t you say that you lost your way, and I happened to be the gorgeous angel who extended help to you when you needed it most and even went to great lengths to send you to the hospital?” When Thalia said that, she purposely gave him the biggest and most beautiful smile.

“Are you sure this will work?” Anthony was doubtful.

“Well, it’s better than not coming up with an excuse. Don’t you think so?” she asked in response.

“I think you’re belittling my mommy’s intelligence.” He could not help but feel this way.

“Let’s go. You’re very long-winded for your age.” Without any hesitation, Thalia went ahead of him into the hospital.

Left with no choice, Anthony went along with her plan.

Terence was chatting with Natasha when Anthony opened the door and entered the room.

“Nat!” He dashed to his mother’s side, followed by Thalia, who was surprised when she saw the patient sitting on the bed.

Similarly, Natasha was also shocked to see Thalia, but she quickly hid her emotions within a split second.

“How are you, Nat? All good?” asked Anthony.

Natasha withdrew her gaze from Thalia and shook her head while focusing on Anthony. “I’m fine. Where were you last night? How come you were not with Benjamin and Denise?”

“I went searching for you, and... I got lost,” he blurted a lie. Then, he looked in the direction of Thalia and explained, “This kindhearted lady sent me to the hospital.”

Terence absolutely believed every word Anthony said. He hurriedly expressed his gratitude. “Thank you, miss. You’re very kind.”

Thalia smiled. “Don’t mention it. I’m glad to be of help.”

Her eyes were fixated on Natasha the entire time. Isn’t this woman overly stunning?

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Chapter 89

Thalia had seen countless women, but not one was as stunning as Natasha.

“Hi, Goddess.” She could not wait to engage in a conversation with Natasha, and neither could she take her eyes off of her.

Natasha looked at her and nodded at her. “Hi. Thanks for taking the trouble to send my son back.”

Thalia shook her head and replied humbly, “You’re most welcome. I’m just practicing good virtues.”

Seeing that Thalia simply stood there and stared straight into Natasha’s eyes, Anthony let out a cough.

Only then did Thalia come back to her senses and give him an awkward smile. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude, but your mommy is super attractive. I can’t help it.”

Anthony was at a loss for words.

"I can see why you're so adorable. It's all about the good genes!" Thalia remarked.

Normally, one would see women swooning over pretty boys, but Thalia was ogling a beautiful girl instead. Hence, Anthony found that somewhat strange.

"All right. Now that I'm here safe and sound at the hospital, you need not worry about me anymore. Thank you, miss. I shouldn't take up your precious time any further." Smiling, he subtly hinted at Thalia that she should get going.

However, Thalia ignored him completely. She walked past him and approached Natasha. "What do you do for a living, Goddess?"

Anthony could not believe her outrageous acts.

"Programmer." Natasha gave her a laconic reply.

"Oh, a programmer... How is it possible that your skin is flawless if you have to face the computer for hours on a daily basis?" Thalia asked with envy as she scrutinized Natasha from top to toe.

"My mommy is a natural beauty!"

Thalia turned a deaf ear to Anthony while looking attentively at Natasha. "Can I add you on WhatsApp, Goddess?"

Looking at Thalia's phone in front of her, Natasha narrowed her eyes and sank into her own thoughts. Moments later, she said, "I'm afraid not because my phone was lost in the accident last night, and I haven't had a chance to get a replacement."

"That's all right. You can just tell me your number, and I'll add you to my contact list," Thalia suggested after a brief pause.

"Thalia!" Anthony could not help but call her name.

Natasha chuckled upon hearing that. "It's okay." Just like that, she revealed her phone number to Thalia.

It did not take the latter long to add a new number to her phone. "I've added you. You just save mine when you can."

Natasha nodded. "All right."

"If there's nothing else, I shall take my leave." Thalia then threw Anthony a sweet smile and said, "Would you mind sending me, the kindhearted lady, off?"

Anthony turned to Natasha, seemingly asking for her approval. Upon receiving a nod from Natasha, Anthony walked Thalia out.

Thalia asked when they came out of the ward, "I'm a pretty lady. Why must you insist on calling me a kindhearted lady?"

Anthony rolled his eyes at her. "Why did you ask for my mommy's contact number?"

"I want to be her friend," replied Thalia in the most straightforward manner. "Since I'm going to stay by your side, it's best I develop a great relationship with your mommy."

"You're going to stay by my side? What do you mean by that, exactly?" Anthony was dumbfounded.

"I've decided not to leave, and I want to stay for a period of time and have a jolly good time here."

Anthony was rendered speechless. What?

"Where do you live?"

"Why are you asking?"

"I plan to rent a unit here so that it's convenient for me to see you daily."

"No way!" Anthony rejected her and turned around to leave right after that.

"All right. If that's the case, I'll go back in and tell your mommy everything." As she said so, she pretended to make her way into the ward.

Anthony chickened out and stopped her. "Thalia!"

"Don't worry. I'll make sure to describe it as a beautiful encounter," she said.

Anthony was reluctant to give in to her.

"You can go ahead and continue to be tight-lipped. In any case, I do have a thousand ways to find out what I want to know." She was very confident about getting what she wanted.

Anthony knew that Thalia would continue to create problems for him if he remained silent.

Upon thinking twice, he caved. "I'll send you the address."

A smug smirk crept up on Thalia's face. She was not worried at all that Anthony would lie to her. Instead, she approached him and pinched his cheeks as she said, "That's a good boy! All right, then. I'll go back, start packing my things, and get ready to move soon."

"Don't touch my face!" Displeased, Anthony rubbed the spots she pinched.

Am I still a baby? It's so annoying that someone would still pinch my cheeks and tell me that I look cute!

Thalia did not think much of it. "Had I not known your real identity, I would have kissed you by now."

"How dare you!"

"Try me!"

Upon hearing that, Anthony covered his face and stared warily at her.

He always acts like a cool, tough guy. He's finally looking like a kid of his age. He's so adorable!

"You're such a darling!" Thalia ruffled his hair as she spoke.

Anthony was left fuming following her action of treating him like a toy.

"Okay, see you soon." Upon noticing that his blood was boiling, she stopped her cheeky acts and zoomed away.

Anthony massaged his face while watching her back profile disappear before his sight. Then, he returned to the ward.

Heaving a sigh, Anthony got ready to be interrogated by his mother. However, Terence and Natasha continued their casual chats. Neither of them asked him anything about Thalia.

He strode toward them and asked, "Gramps, Nat, where are Denise and Benjamin?"

"They have left for school," Terence replied. Suddenly, a thought dawned on him. He looked at his great-grandson and said, "Anthony, you shouldn't act on your own ever again. What would we do if you're lost?"

Anthony took a quick glance at Natasha. Seeing that she looked indifferent, he nodded in response. "Understood."

“Grandpa, you should go back and take a rest too after staying awake for one whole night. See, there are dark circles under your eyes now,” urged Natasha.

“Yes, I plan to go home now and make you some soup.” Subsequently, Terence turned to Anthony and instructed, “Stay here and look after your mommy, okay? I’ll go back now and come back with some home-cooked soup. Don’t roam around. Have I made myself clear?”

“Yes, Gramps!” Anthony nodded obediently.

Among the three children, Anthony was regarded as the one who was most trustworthy and thoughtful. Terence had a lot of faith in him, so he did not leave him with many reminders. “Nat, get a good rest. I’ll be back in a jiffy.” He seemed to be worried about Natasha more.

“Grandpa—”

“I know what you want to say. Rest assured that I’m aware of my own condition, and I know my body well,” Terence interrupted her. After dropping his words, he left the ward in a hurry.

Natasha knew that there was no way she could convince Terence to take it easy. Yet, being cared for by someone made her feel happy. She thought that she was living a blissful and blessed life.

The ward was left with just Anthony and Natasha.

“Would you like to drink some water, Mommy?” Anthony asked.

“About Kenneth... What’s going on?” Natasha stared at him and did not beat around the bush. Instead, she went straight to the point.

“Huh?” Anthony was taken aback.

He did not expect his mother to ask him about that.

After mulling it over for a while, Anthony decided to come clean with her. “Well, Denise has his WhatsApp number, and I once met him downstairs too. From your conversations with Gramps, I learned that you two know each other. The most important thing is that the man and I look exceptionally alike.”

The last sentence confirmed that Natasha’s suspicion was right.

“So?”

“He’s Daddy, isn’t he?” Anthony lifted his head and posted the million-dollar question.

Natasha was stunned speechless.

Anthony never expressed his emotions easily. In fact, he rarely argued with Natasha. Growing up, he was an obedient child who had never once asked questions about the identity and the whereabouts of his father.

Then again, refusing to ask did not mean that he had no intention to discover the truth.

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Pausing briefly while she regarded Anthony, Natasha then nodded in affirmation. "Yes."

There, she had confessed to it.

Regardless, the thought of keeping it from the children had never crossed her mind. In her own approach to childhood education, she could never allow herself to take advantage of their youthful ignorance to deceive them or lie to herself.

Natasha was fully committed to addressing whatever queries they might have, except that they had never broached the subject prior.

Nodding staidly, Anthony appeared to be quite unfazed by the answer he was given, to say the least. "Okay. Got it!"

"Isn't there anything else you would like to say to me?" Natasha asked.

"Nope." Anthony shook his head. All he sought was an answer, and the fact that he got one was satisfactory enough for him.

"Actually, I wouldn't have kept it from all of you had any one of you had asked earlier," said Natasha as she looked at Anthony.

"Nat." At that moment, Anthony snuggled up close. "This answer isn't going to change anything. You're still my mommy who I love very, very much. I'll never ever want to leave you!"

Being more accustomed to expressing himself through his actions most of the time, Anthony had seldom been so chatty, and much rarer still had he been so sweet.

Hearing such words come off his lips thus made Natasha feel especially moved.

"All right, then!" She nodded coolly as usual. "I'd be holding you to that."

“Certainly.” Anthony nodded in affirmation.

“In the event he and I went to court over this...”

“I’d refuse to go with him even if he won, and I’d still come back even if he took me away. He might be able to stop me once or twice, but he can’t stop me forever.”

That led Natasha to burst out laughing. She then reached out her hand to pat him on the head. “Now, that’s my boy.”

“That’s why you needn’t worry about this lawsuit, Mommy. In any case, you can only come away a winner.”

“I believe so too.” Natasha concurred with a nod.

Anthony finally smiled as innocently as any child ought to in front of Natasha.

Just looking at him prompted Natasha to drop the questions she wanted to ask.

Being such a restrained person herself, she did not want her own children to inherit that particular trait of hers. Hence, she did not want to interfere with their personal development.

“Go and pour me a glass of water.”

“Roger that.”

Anthony happily approached and began to serve Natasha.

Elsewhere, Kenneth went to inspect the wrecked car after he departed from the hospital and also purposefully made a trip down to the police station to reiterate his own stance on the whole affair.

Considering that it concerned Natasha’s safety, he was determined to ferret out the one who wished to cause harm to her as soon as possible.

Kenneth received a call from Thea almost immediately after he stepped outside the police station, but with the events of the previous day still fresh in his mind, Kenneth declined to pick up and hung up on her instead.

He had thought about returning to the office, but aside from looking quite unkempt, his attire was also spotted with bloodstains. Thereupon, Kenneth opted to head straight back to the Hamilton residence.

Liam was practicing his drawing techniques at home and did not even look up when the butler informed him that Kenneth had returned. "Hmph. He treats this house as though it's a hotel. Coming and leaving whenever he pleases."

Knowing well that those comments were meant for him, Kenneth considered his own words before he spoke. "I'm back, Grandpa."

Meaning to take a dig at him when he turned, Liam was left astounded when he saw the bloodstains on his counterpart and noticed the state of dishevelment the latter was in. "What happened to you? Are you hurt?"

Concerned that Liam might become sick with worry, Kenneth said, "I'm okay. The blood from these stains didn't come from me. Let me head up to wash and change out of this. Then, I'd explain everything." With that, he went on upstairs.

While he watched from the rear, Liam was unable to contain himself. "Hey, why don't you tell me what's going on first?"

The only response he yielded was the sound of Kenneth's door closing.

"That little brat..." Liam was equal parts livid and helpless.

While Kenneth was upstairs in the showers, his mind was occupied by thoughts about Liam's condescending attitude and also Natasha's general indifference toward himself.

He was not able to tell what kind of feeling he was experiencing at the moment, but he felt annoyed for some reason.

Once done showering, Kenneth went downstairs to where Liam was waiting.

As fond as Liam was of giving Kenneth a tongue lashing every now and then, Liam was nonetheless deeply concerned about his grandson when something happened to the latter.

"Grandpa." Kenneth walked over and sat himself down on the couch.

"What on earth happened?" Liam asked before approaching to lift his grandson's shirt.

"Hey, what are you doing, Grandpa?"

"Checking whether you're wounded, you brat!" Liam continued to probe around and inspect Kenneth's body. It was only after Liam confirmed his own grandson was fine that he felt relieved.

Kenneth sat down. "Do you think I'd dare to show myself back here if I was injured?"

That prompted Liam to roll his eyes at him. “Lord knows what’s going through that useless head of yours.”

Pursing his lip, Kenneth held his own tongue.

When he noticed how glum the younger man looked, Liam asked, “Now, are you going to tell me what all this is about?”

That was when an idea struck Kenneth. He eyed Liam and then carried on talking as before.

“This blood isn’t mine. It’s Natasha’s.”

Liam was sipping away at his coffee, and hearing that nearly caused him to spew out his drink. “What did you say?” He glared at Kenneth in abject disbelief.

“She got into a traffic accident yesterday.”

“An accident? Was it serious? How is she now? Why are you telling me this only now, you brat?” Liam appeared deathly disconcerted.

“Her life is not in danger. She just suffered a bit of abrasion, some fractures, and a concussion, that’s all.”

“That’s all? What the hell is wrong with you? How bad does it need to get before you’d consider it serious?”

Seeing how agitated Liam was, Kenneth said, “Don’t get yourself too worked up. You have to be mindful of your own heart condition.”

“And you. Why aren’t you keeping vigil at the hospital? What are you doing back here?” an exasperated Liam asked.

The mere mention of that left Kenneth quite helpless. “It was Old Mr. Watson who told me to leave...”

What was to follow was self-evident as Liam looked at him intently. “Y-You had it coming to you!”

Speechlessly, Kenneth pursed his own lips.

“No. I have to go down to the hospital to see things for myself.” Following that, Liam summoned the butler to him. “Prep the car, Dan. I want it ready to leave by the time I’ve changed.”

“Understood. I’d go see to it right away.” Then out went Dan.

“Shall I accompany you?” the observing Kenneth asked.

Only then did the slick nature of his intentions dawn upon Liam, who regarded him, snickering, “Oh, that’s why you were waiting for me here, huh?”

Perking up his eyebrows, Kenneth remained silent. He made no attempt to deny that either.

“Terence won’t allow you to stay at the hospital, so you decided that you’re going to go there in my name. To think you had me wondering why you came back here for... You were plotting to exploit your own grandfather!” said Liam as he regarded him.

“I have no such intention.” Out of pride, Kenneth did not want to admit that.

“Fine then. In that case, you won’t be going.” With that, Liam headed upstairs to get changed.

When he came back down, Kenneth was no longer seated in the living room. Without questioning too much about it, Liam simply got up and left.

After he got in the car, however, that was when he saw Kenneth right there in the driver’s seat.

“Dan said that his foot is killing him, Grandpa, so I’d be helping to chauffeur you around today,” said Kenneth as he turned back to face Liam.

Even if no one else could see through him, how could Liam possibly not? Without commenting further, he straightaway shut the car door.

Pursing his lips, Kenneth went on to roll the car out.