Chapter 241 Do All Capitalists Splurge Like This

Kenneth pinned his ebony eyes on Natasha, his gaze brimming with amusement.

Natasha's gaze flickered slightly. Staring right at him, she retorted, "Why are you asking the obvious?"

Kenneth chuckled, his laughter like a spring breeze blowing past. "Are you referring to the remark of 'stay sweet'?"

With a smirk, Kenneth started the car and remarked, "I think they're very sensible and

"What else could it be?" Natasha riposted.

discerning."

"That isn't important. Most importantly, that colleague of yours has an infinite future ahead of him

"That was obviously flattery!"

Natasha was struck dumb.

and will soar to tremendous heights!" Kenneth asserted smilingly.

After saying that, something occurred to him, and he turned to Natasha. "Oh yes, what are the

Natasha knew the man's plan all too well.

She regarded him through narrowed eyes. "Why? You even want to bribe those around me?"

invite contempt upon myself."

names of those few colleagues of yours?"

Kenneth shot her a sidelong glance, undercurrents surging in his dark eyes. He then replied, "Of course not! I was merely asking. I could tell they have a close relationship with you, so I'd never

Hah! Men are all liars!

Natasha didn't believe that he wasn't up to any tricks.

Words eluded Natasha.

Hamilton?"

Casually draping her hand over the car window, she studied him carefully. "In that case, why did you still ask when you've got so many spies in our company?"

There's nothing to deny. It's no big deal, anyway.

With only a hand on the steering wheel, Kenneth was a tad stunned when he heard that.

Nonetheless, he didn't deny it.

How smart of her! It was just a simple remark, yet she figured things out. So what if she knows?

He glanced sideways, only to notice Natasha eyeing him in mirth. Thus, he quipped, "My spies' job isn't to gather their names."

The corners of Kenneth's mouth turned up, and the look in his eyes turned increasingly tender as he gazed at her. "What do you think, Nat? And why are you asking the obvious now?"

She initially wanted to tease him for a bit, but he turned the tables on her. His address of "Nat," especially, was all the more natural and seductive.

Recently, he had been "confessing his love" every so often without masking or concealing his

Scrutinizing him, she drawled, "Don't tell me that their job is to collect information about me, Mr.

feelings, so she had gradually gotten accustomed to it.

"Oh, really? Then, what do your spies gather?" Natasha queried.

Kenneth chortled. "It looks like you know everything, Nat!"

At that, Natasha was flabbergasted.

Seeing that she remained silent, Kenneth continued, "I was initially worried that you didn't understand my feelings for you, but I'm now completely at ease." After he said that, his grin widened.

Meanwhile, a mixture of emotions was written across Natasha's face.

However, she abruptly realized why the man sent flowers and afternoon tea that day. It turned out

that he had everything happening within the company in the palm of his hands.

Such a feeling was undefinable. It felt as though she was "monitored," and she should be mad, but

at the same time, an indescribable sense of contentment pervaded her.

upward curve of the corners of her mouth.

Kenneth and Natasha arrived.

So... forget it!"

yet."

In fact, he might even know the rumors spreading around in the company.

Perhaps it was because no one had ever expended so much effort for her sake.

She didn't say anything else, casting her gaze out the car window. The glass reflected the slight

At an upscale private restaurant, Sharon and Denise had already been waiting for some time when

The two of them were starving, so they ordered some desserts to eat.

Denise stared at her. "Ms. Sharon... are you not eating anymore?"

Nonetheless, Sharon stopped eating after taking a few bites.

"The new movie is going to start filming soon. One will look ten times one's weight on camera, and I don't want to be criticized for my weight anymore." Sharon balked.

In response, Sharon nodded. "Yup. One has to be responsible for the character and the audience.

"Is it so arduous to be a celebrity?" Denise questioned.

weight, I'll help you fling it back at them!"

you so well!" Sharon lamented.

"Hmm? What do you mean?"

"Denise," Kenneth greeted.

delight showed in her eyes.

Mrs... I mean, Ms. Watson!"

Denise's thoughts on it.

me out?"

As Sharon gazed at Denise, she truly adored the latter beyond words.

"Although that's very magnanimous of you, I can't lead you astray when your mother has taught

Denise burst into giggles. "Don't worry, for I don't use profanities when I reprimand people."

Denise pondered for a while before consoling her, declaring, "It's okay. If anyone criticizes your

"Even so, you can't do that. Just be a little princess without taking offense at those commoners!" Sharon maintained.

Denise mulled it over for a while before admitting, "You might not understand me... all that well

A demure girl and princess, huh? Well, she'll understand in the future!

Upon hearing the voice, Denise lifted her eyes. The instant she caught sight of them together,

Sharon was initially sitting with her legs crossed like a big shot, but she couldn't help feeling

There was no shortage of handsome men and beautiful women in the entertainment industry, but

if the couple were to join the industry, they would unquestionably shoot to the top of the chart.

"Never mind, you'll know in the future!" Denise merely smiled at her without explaining further.

"Nat! Mr. Handsome!"

Furthermore, they emanated an aura of nobility, which most in the entertainment industry lacked.

She stared at them and spaced out for a while before snapping back to her senses. "Mr. Hamilton!

them and cut straight to the chase without beating around the bush.

awestruck when she saw Kenneth and Natasha.

"Let's sit down," Kenneth urged in a low voice.

At that precise moment, Kenneth and Natasha arrived.

Sharon nodded, and they all took their seats.

Before anyone could say anything, a server came over and handed them the menu.

Kenneth ordered a few dishes at random. After the server had left, Sharon fixated her eyes on

and the director loved it. He decided on her on the spot and would like to sign a contract with her. For that reason, I asked you both out today to discuss the contract. Do you have any thoughts regarding that?" Sharon inquired.

"The thing is, I brought Denise to meet the director this afternoon. Her performance was amazing,

Hence, she shifted her gaze to Denise. "What's your take on it?"

Denise deliberated for a while before admitting, "I can't tell either, Nat. But at present, I'd like to

When it came to money, Natasha didn't really care. Instead, she was more concerned about

Natasha nodded in understanding.

Then, she shifted her gaze to Kenneth. "I'm not that familiar with contracts. Do you mind helping

give it a try because I'd only know whether I really like it after trying it."

A smile bloomed on Kenneth's face. Naturally, he was more than happy to help.

Sharon took the contract out of her handbag. "This was drawn up previously. Do take a look at it first. You can propose whatever requests you have, and I'll communicate with them directly."

Kenneth scanned through it roughly before flipping it closed.

At that, Sharon looked at him. "Is there a problem?"

"Did you bring the contract?" he asked bluntly.

Kenneth closed his eyes briefly. "No, it's just that I plan to establish an entertainment company. Once it's done, there will be a specialized person in charge of Denise's contractual matters. It'll

Sharon was wholly floored.

just take about two days."

Do all capitalists splurge like this?