Chapter 260 Stop Pushing Me Away

It was another night of terror for Natasha. Scenes of her parents' horrible death and her entrapment in the fire haunted her through the night.

In her dream, the tattoo on her father's body blossomed like a flower, and it shone in blue light as its image became more vivid.

Just then, Natasha suddenly opened her eyes, seeing the ceiling right above her.

In a daze, she stared at it for a long time until she heard muffled voices of people talking coming from the outside. Looking at the time, she decided to get up.

Opening the door, she went out to the dining area where Terence and Kenneth were talking over

breakfast. The two stopped conversing the moment they saw her.

"Why are you up early today?" Terence asked. "Did we wake you up?"

explained.

"No," Natasha replied faintly.

look at Kenneth and walked away.

ask you about it?"

"You don't look good. Are you all right?" Kenneth asked, observing her with a frown.

"I'm good. I just didn't sleep that well," the woman responded. "Where are the kids?"

"Denise went filming early in the morning. Anthony and Benjamin went upstairs. I figured the

That reminded Natasha of what happened between Thalia and Spencer, and she wordlessly nodded.

woman staying there would feel lonely, so I asked them to send her some food," Terence

As for Kenneth, he had been watching Natasha closely. He knew she would not have a good night's sleep, and he was afraid she might do something rash, so he came over early in the morning.

front of her. "You can go back to sleep after this if you're tired."

"Do you want to have something?" he asked, opening the breakfast he brought before putting it in

Terence felt more delighted looking at her as he recalled Anthony and Benjamin's words.

The woman nodded and started eating, still looking as though she had a lot on her mind.

Naturally, Kenneth knew what the elder man was thinking. After all, the latter had disapproved of them in the beginning, but now he started giving the two of them alone time.

Just then, he announced, "I'm done. You guys continue eating. I'll go do some exercise." He took a

worries a lot about you, right?"

Natasha glanced up at him before looking over at the door. Closing her eyes, she asked, "Did he

When Terence was finally gone, Kenneth retracted his gaze and looked at Natasha. "You know he

"Yeah. Why else would I be here eating breakfast?" Kenneth asked in return.

"I see you have self-awareness." Natasha smirked.

unnoticed by Old Mr. Watson."

Natasha did not say otherwise, for she knew that Terence would still be able to see through her pretenses no matter how hard she tried to put up a front.

Kenneth stared harder at her. "Other people might not realize a thing, but nothing about you goes

"So, did you tell him anything?" Natasha queried.

"I didn't. He's old, and you're the one he cares the most about, so telling him the truth will only

keep him up all night. I think it's better to keep it from him."

Hearing that, Natasha gazed at him gratefully.

formally around him, so she just continued eating.

Natasha froze and looked up at him in surprise.

"I see." Natasha nodded, her eyes darkening.

Natasha looked at him quietly, for there was nothing else she could think of to say to him.

about this issue.

"Thanks," she uttered.

Since he already said there was no need for it, Natasha did not see why she should behave so

"As I said yesterday, you don't have to thank me for anything."

Kenneth could tell her mind was somewhere else, but she still refused to say anything about it.

"Does this have anything to do with... your parents' death?" he asked suddenly after careful consideration.

Kenneth stared at her intently. So, she knows I lost my memory, but she didn't tell me a word

"How did you know? I mean, did you recall something?"

"I guess it's a 'yes,' then," Kenneth remarked, seeing her reaction.

"I heard a thing or two about what happened during your childhood from Old Mr. Watson, so I

guess it must be related to your parents," Kenneth finally replied.

"Can you tell me why you think they are related to your parents' death, Nat?"

After all, it was her personal issue, so it was not necessary that she involved Kenneth.

If they were indeed the culprits, it meant that Natasha's road of revenge was one riddled with

Natasha pursed her lips at his question, hesitating whether she should tell him or not.

danger and risk.

"Is it because of the tattoo?" Kenneth asked again when she kept mum.

Moreover, it was no ordinary people she was dealing with.

"I went back to the hotel to look at the surveillance cameras' footage after I sent you home yesterday," Kenneth admitted, dispelling the doubt in Natasha's eyes.

"Kenneth," she stressed after some thinking, "I know you have the best intention of helping me, but this is something personal I have to deal with."

"I'm just telling you the truth."

I see... I didn't expect him to do that.

Natasha stared at him, her eyes dark.

"What I mean is, our relationship has long ended, so this has nothing to do with you. You don't have to do anything for me."

"What's the truth here, Nat? You know how I feel about you. You know I won't just sit and watch without doing anything. With what you just now, you're clearly pushing me away!"

His outburst elicited a frown on Natasha's brows as she stared at him.

Her words angered the man. "Are you pushing me away?"

"What do you mean?" Kenneth questioned instantly, narrowing his eyes.

"If somehow, we have to be related for you to receive my help, then I will just remarry you!" Kenneth snapped.

"Where is your household registry?" he asked.

"Kenneth..."

Words eluded Natasha, and she pursed her lips.

"Is it in your room?" He quirked a brow as he got to his feet and walked toward her room.

could you just calm down?"

Seeing that, Natasha quickly chased after him. "Kenneth! Calm down!"

The next moment, Kenneth whipped his head back, pinned her against the wall between his arms, and stared at her coldly. "Calm down? Well, I wish I could do that, Nat! But if I do that, what else must I do to stop you from pushing me away and treating me like an outsider?" he bellowed.

Entering the room, Kenneth was about to open her drawer when the woman held him. "Kenneth,

There was so much anger and hurt in his eyes that Natasha did not know how to reply.

Kenneth grabbed her hand and put it on his chest, fuming, "Should I take my heart out so you can see for yourself how serious I am about you this time?"

Pressed against the wall, Natasha had to look up at him. With her hand on his chest, she could the quick heartbeat of his heart.

Thump, thump.

It was as if his heart was calling out to her.