

You're Out, Daddy

Chapter 263 Fulfill Three Requests

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Spencer was ready to drive away when Natasha went up the stairs, but the next second, someone opened his passenger door from the outside and slid into his car, taking a seat on the passenger seat.

Spencer frowned as he looked at the person.

"Can I help you?"

Kenneth looked at him. "Yeah, I have something to ask you."

Spencer narrowed his eyes. "I don't think we're that close, Kenneth."

"Is that important?" Kenneth refuted.

Spencer inhaled a deep breath before opening his mouth to say something, but Kenneth beat him to it. "You're Nat's friend, so naturally, you're my friend too. It's only a matter of time before we become close."

Spencer forcibly swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue.

Fine! You're a smooth talker.

"Tell me then. What do you need from me?" Spencer asked, cutting straight to the chase.

"How much do you know about Nat's parents?"

Kenneth asked directly.

Spencer's eyes narrowed as he scrutinized Kenneth. "Is that a difficult question to answer?" Kenneth questioned when he saw the look on Spencer's face.

The corners of Spencer's lips tugged into a smile. "I'm just thinking that the fates conspire against you. You two were the only ones on the scene that day, yet you couldn't remember a thing."

Kenneth's eyes darkened. "You know about my memory loss, too?"

Spencer raised his brow. "I've heard Nat mention it in passing."

Kenneth pressed his lips into a line as though he was pondering about something.

Spencer continued, "I don't know much about Nat's parents. You know how she is. She shoulders everything herself and won't go around telling anyone about it. All I know is that she hasn't given up on searching for the truth all these years, but she didn't make any progress."

Kenneth pursed his lips tightly. His gaze swung back to Spencer after moments of thinking. "Have you known her for a long time?"

Spencer arched his brow once again when he heard the question. "I didn't meet her as early as you did. But still, we go way back. Maybe when she was around twelve years old?"

Kenneth merely stared at Spencer without any comment.

Glee filled Spencer when he saw something flicker across Kenneth's eyes. It wasn't a competition, but men tended to have random competitive streaks. With a chuckle, he said in a mysterious tone, "That's all I can tell you. You'll have to ask her the rest if you want to know."

A faint smile played on Kenneth's lips. "I'm just asking around. I wasn't trying to find out about anything. Everyone has a couple of friends, right?" So what if he's known her for a long time? He's still just her friend in the end. He's not worth my jealousy.

Yet, the more indifferent Kenneth tried to act, the more Spencer could sense his burning jealousy. Men understood their kind the most. Not only did they possess a random competitive streak, but they also had a jealous nature.

"Okay." Spencer nodded. Since you think it doesn't matter, then I won't talk about it.

Kenneth opened the door and was about to get out of the car.

Since there's no useful information, then there's no point in wasting my time here.

As Kenneth was about to leave, Spencer offered, "Mr. Hamilton, I'm not completely useless. If

you want, I can consider helping you recover your memories.”

Kenneth's movement paused briefly before he jerked his head in Spencer's direction.

“Come to me after you thought things through,” Spencer said.

Kenneth cast another glance at him before shutting the door.

After that, Spencer pulled away from him and disappeared into the main street.

Kenneth stood there, staring at the tail of his car with narrowed eyes.

Meanwhile, in the company, Natasha went to the pantry to refill her cup of water during her break. Coincidentally, Sarah from the reception headed there as well. She went over to Natasha's side when she spotted the latter.

“Nat, what are you spacing out for?”

Natasha snapped out of her daze and turned to look at Sarah. “Nothing.”

“You're thinking about Mr. Hamilton, are you?” Sarah asked.

Natasha was taken aback at the mention of Kenneth's name, but she soon shook her head in denial. “No.”

Sarah didn't believe her. “Mr. Hamilton is so sweet to you. He picks you up and drops you off at work every day. How romantic!”

“No, he didn't!”

“We all saw it!”

“What did you guys see?”

“Mr. Hamilton, of course! I saw him earlier when I went down to grab a few documents. Wasn't he here to drop you off?” Sarah leaned her arm against Natasha's shoulder with an envious smile as though the scenario of her imagination was the truth.

Natasha was briefly stunned.

She saw Kenneth downstairs earlier?

“Are you sure it's him you saw?” Natasha questioned.

“Nat, perfect guys like Mr. Hamilton shine no matter where they go. I won't mistake him for someone else even if I have severe short-sightedness.” Sarah was certain.

Natasha stayed silent upon hearing Sarah's firm answer and thought about how Kenneth looked when he left the house.

But what is he doing here?

Her ringing phone pulled her out of her thoughts.

She reached for her phone, and her eyes squinted when she saw the name flashing on the screen.

“What's wrong, Nat?” Sarah asked.

“I have something to tend to, Sarah.” Without waiting for Sarah's reply, Natasha walked toward the exit.

Sarah furrowed her brows as she stared at Natasha's leaving figure, but she didn't think much about it and left the pantry with a cup of coffee. Back at her seat, Natasha typed a string of codes into the computer. The screen flashed, transferring her to another webpage. The bounty list isn't exposed yet, but someone had sent me a private message. It's Kyle from Darknetz.

Kyle asked: Why are you looking for the design of the tattoo?

Shadow Seeker replied: That's my business. Her profile picture, which was dark before this, lit up all of a sudden. At that moment, Kyle knew that piece of information was important to her.

Kyle: I don't know why you're asking around about that, but I have some advice for you. Don't delve deeper into this, no matter the reason.

Shadow Seeker: You know about the design?

Kyle: Yes. Kind of.

Shadow Seeker: Name the price. I can buy it no matter the cost.

Kyle: You think I'm warning you for money?

Shadow Seeker: You can ask for anything.

Kyle: What if I want you to join Darknetz?

Natasha mulled over his offer as she stared at the screen.

As silence ensued from the other end, Kyle realized his request was challenging for her.

Darknetz had been trying to recruit her for the longest time. They had tried every trick in the book, but she never agreed.

Kyle was just about to type something when he received a message from Shadow Seeker: I already promised my family that I wouldn't be part of that world anymore. However, I can promise to fulfill three of your requests!

Kyle was bewildered by her reply.

I'm not the only one recruiting Shadow Seeker.

She's adamant about not joining any organization.

Other organizations had been trying to recruit her for so many years, but she had never shown any interest in joining any of them. Instead, she looked as though she was slowly retiring. Most

organizations have given up on her. Darknetz is close to giving up as well. However, we're acutely aware that Shadow Seeker's participation is next to impossible. Three favors... is already enough.

Kyle was strangely excited by her offer, yet he was still worried when he thought about the design of that tattoo.

Kyle typed: I'm worried that you won't live to fulfill the three requests you promised after I told you about it.

Natasha's eyes narrowed while she stared at the screen.

I know Kyle well. Even if I've never met him in person before, Darknetz would occasionally pester me to join them. Hence, I have known Kyle for quite some time now and he's not the kind of person who would exaggerate things to frighten me.

Shadow Seeker commented: Don't worry about that. I'll compensate you with something that is equivalent to my life.

It was Kyle's turn to narrow his eyes at the screen after reading Shadow Seeker's message.

Shadow Seeker is widely known among the hacker community. She never gives out promises readily. That information must be exceedingly important to her if she's willing to make a promise like that.

After mulling over it for a long time, Kyle finally agreed. He replied: Okay, I can tell you...

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