

Yo Daddy 301

Chapter 301

Having had no contact with this so-called “Daddy” for so many years and having to face his sudden affection and concern at that moment made Benjamin feel extremely awkward.

However, no matter how unaccustomed he was or the awkwardness he felt, he had to endure it.

After all, the person before him was truly his biological father.

Meanwhile, Kenneth, who was beside him, seemed to have felt his stiffness. From the moment they were reunited, Benjamin had maintained the furthest distance from him. It was not as though Kenneth could not feel it, but, even so, he should be the one to take the first step.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

Benjamin nodded but shook his head immediately after.

Kenneth looked at him. “Which is it?”

Should I say that I'm hungry or not?

Benjamin looked at Kenneth and thought for a moment before replying, “H-Hungry!”

Kenneth could not stop his lips from curling upward. He first handed two sets of breakfast to Anthony and Denise. Then, he placed the one for Benjamin in front of him and unwrapped it little by little.

“Thank you!” Benjamin uttered. Just as he was about to dig in, he realized that he had one hand in a cast and the other hooked up to an IV drip, which made it a little inconvenient for him to do so.

Seeing this, Kenneth offered, “Here, I'll feed you!”

Benjamin's eyes widened when he heard that. “N-No need!”

“How will you eat, then?”

“I...” Benjamin blinked and shifted his gaze to Anthony, who was beside him. “Tony can feed me!”

As soon as Anthony heard that, he cocked an eyebrow and gave Kenneth a once-over before he remarked, “I'm sorry. I'm also hungry and need to eat!”

Benjamin stared at Anthony, speechless.

He knew Anthony had said that on purpose. However, aware that it was not the time to fight with him,

he quickly turned to look at Denise. "Denise, come and feed me!"

"O—" Denise was just about to agree when Anthony let out a fake cough. She paused and looked at him before shifting her gaze to Kenneth and Benjamin. How could a clever girl like her not understand the current situation?

"Oh... I'm starving!" Denise said while rubbing her stomach. She then looked at Benjamin. "Just let Daddy feed you, Ben. I'm hungry too!" With that, she carried her breakfast and went to eat at the side.

Benjamin shot her a look of resentment.

Oh, the lack of principles and kindness in all of them!

When he turned to look at Kenneth again, he had an awkward expression on his face.

Kenneth met his eyes. "Let me do it!"

Benjamin could not refuse him again and could only acquiesce silently.

Kenneth sat beside Benjamin, scooped up some oatmeal, and began to feed him.

As the spoonful of oatmeal drew closer to Benjamin's mouth, it was evident that the boy was very conflicted between opening his mouth or keeping it shut.

Anthony and Denise could not hold back their laughter at the sight of that. They had never seen Benjamin looking so embarrassed and awkward before.

Benjamin also seemed to have noticed them laughing, and after glaring at them, he opened his mouth to eat.

At the same time, Denise took out her phone and captured the scene.

Kenneth watched his son eat with a smile and continued to feed him.

"Do you eat this?" Kenneth asked.

Returning to his senses, Benjamin stared at the dried fruit Kenneth was pointing at. "I'm not a picky eater."

Kenneth nodded and fed him some dried fruit.

Benjamin thought it was less difficult to open his mouth again after taking a bite. While eating, he raised his eyes now and then to look at Kenneth as an indescribable strange feeling crept into his heart.

Accepting Daddy doesn't seem to be as hard as I thought. He's not bad...

While Benjamin was deep in thought, the door opened with a bang, and Natasha appeared in the doorway.

She thought that something had happened, but after entering the room, she was greeted by that scene.

She felt as if she had entered the wrong room, as the scene looked surprisingly heartwarming.

Anthony and Denise were eating in the corner while Kenneth was sitting by the bed, feeding Benjamin. The scene before her was just like a dream, and she did not know how to feel about that.

Keeping her eyes on them, Natasha slowly walked over.

By then, everyone in the room had also stopped what they were doing and turned to look at her.

"Nat, you're awake!" Denise exclaimed while staring at her.

Natasha gave her a nod in response.

"Are you hungry, Nat?" Anthony asked.

Natasha shook her head while walking over to Benjamin.

"Had a good sleep?" Kenneth asked, looking at her.

"Yeah." Natasha nodded.

"N-Nat!" Benjamin gave her a cautious look.

Natasha turned to look at the boy.

He had expected her to reprimand him, but she simply walked over and asked, "How are you feeling? Better?"

Benjamin nodded. "Yes, I'm all better now."

Only after seeing for herself that he could eat did Natasha finally believe that he was truly feeling better.

She reached out and stroked his head without saying anything more. "Eat up!"

Chapter 302

That evening, the atmosphere was very harmonious.

It was as though the family of five had been living together for a long time, and there was joy on the three children's faces.

Although they had just experienced two storms, there were no signs of frustration on their faces. It was as if those matters were like the common cold.

Such a state of mind and mentality also made Kenneth feel at ease.

After the meal, the children tactfully returned to their rooms, leaving Kenneth and Natasha in the living room.

Kenneth briefly tidied up the dining table, and when he looked up, Natasha was huddled on the couch, sipping the red wine in her hand.

Although she did not speak, her eyes seemed to reflect endless thoughts.

She had drunk a lot that day, and despite there being nothing unusual about her expression, her unfocused gaze had betrayed her.

Noticing that, Kenneth walked over and sat down beside her. "What's the matter? You want to get drunk today?"

Natasha glanced at the wine in her glass and chuckled. "I won't get drunk even if I have two more bottles!"

Kenneth raised his eyebrows slightly at her reply. He picked up the bottle of red wine on the table and poured himself a glass. After taking an elegant sip, he looked at her and asked, "Is there something on your mind today?"

Humans are emotional creatures and react impulsively mostly at night.

Natasha narrowed her eyes and gave him a once-over, but after thinking about it for a long time, she held it in.

She looked away and shook her head. "No."

Kenneth poured himself another glass of wine and cocked an eyebrow at her. "Do you know that you're not very good at lying? Because when you do, you'll avoid people's gazes!"

Natasha froze momentarily before she chuckled.

Kenneth looked at her. "Tell me about it."

Natasha got up from the couch and walked toward the balcony barefooted.

Seeing that, Kenneth also picked up his glass and followed her.

On the balcony, Natasha's hair fluttered in the breeze.

She walked over to the railing and rested her arm on it. Looking at the city lights below, she suddenly asked, "Kenneth, what do you think is the right way of living?"

Kenneth narrowed his eyes, thinking that it was rare to hear such a topic from her.

Looking down along Natasha's line of vision, he pondered for a moment before replying, "The right way of living... This is indeed an intriguing topic. But for me, there's no such thing as a right way of living. There's only the life I want to live!"

"The life you want to live?" Natasha looked at him, her eyes shining like stars in the moonlight.

"Living with the people I want to be with. That's the life I want!"

Natasha looked at him. It was not as though she did not understand what he meant, but at that moment, she could not give him any response.

She averted her gaze and looked into the distance.

Kenneth was not in a hurry. Having progressed to this stage, he had plenty of patience.

"So why are you unhappy today?" he asked.

"Take a guess."

"Because of Benjamin and Denise?"

Natasha looked at him in surprise.

"What, did I guess right?"

"Have you learned mind reading?"

Kenneth chuckled. "If I have, I would've captured your heart by now!"

Natasha did not know how to respond.

Chapter 303

Undeniably, Kenneth's remark eased some of the guilt within Natasha.

As Natasha gazed at his alluring face in the dark night, she found that he was seemingly born with an innate sense of nobility. No matter when and where, he could maintain his elegance, rendering him impossible to ignore.

"What about you, then?" she inquired with her eyes pinned on him.

"Huh?"

"What do you think?" Natasha elucidated.

Kenneth adjusted his standing posture, turned sideways, and fixated his fiery gaze on her. "Is my opinion important to you?"

"Perhaps." Natasha arched a brow.

Narrowing his eyes, Kenneth pretended to deliberate for a moment. Then, he looked straight into her eyes and drawled, "You want to hear the truth?"

Likewise, Natasha eyed him teasingly. "Judging from your response, everything you said earlier was a lie to mollify me?"

Kenneth chuckled, his gaze turning exceedingly solemn. "Of course not! To me, you're far more perfect than the kids think. If there's no upper limit in a scoring system, then your perfection is also infinite!"

Upon hearing that, Natasha burst into giggles. She cast her gaze into the distance, appearing stunningly beautiful in her laughter.

"I'm serious," Kenneth enunciated with his eyes trained on her.

Nonetheless, a smile remained on Natasha's face. "I never realized that you're such an expert at mollifying people. You must have employed such a tactic often to trick young girls, didn't you?"

"Do you think I even need to trick young girls?" Kenneth questioned.

At that, Natasha looked him up and down.

Indeed, his assets are right there for all to see. Even if he doesn't do anything, countless girls throw themselves at him, one after another. True enough, he doesn't need to stoop to trickery.

Thus, she nodded. "Okay, I concur. But no one is perfect."

"It's true that no human is perfect. But to me, even your flaws are perfect."

Natasha's brows furrowed at his reply. For once, she pouted like a young girl. "Flaws? What flaws are you referring to?"

At the sight of her expression, Kenneth's heart abruptly skipped a beat.

In all the years they had been acquainted, she had either been strong or indifferent. Never had she acted in such a manner, seemingly feigning anger so that he would coax her, her femininity unleashed in full force.

He stalked over to her. Gazing at her slightly tipsy expression, he stated in a low voice, "Nat, don't simply drink with other men in the future."

"Why?" Natasha asked, her gaze a touch glassy.

"Because you tempt men too easily," Kenneth answered.

At once, Natasha was rendered speechless.

She stared at the man, not avoiding his gaze for once. Batting her long eyelashes, she queried, "So, you're telling me that you're tempted?"

"Yes!" Kenneth nodded, for that had always been the truth.

As Natasha gazed at him, her bright eyes flickered. Then, she suddenly took a step closer to him. As she stood right in front of him, she went on tiptoes and pecked him on the lips.

It was a very light touch, lasting for a mere heartbeat.

However, Kenneth instantly froze.

He was no innocent virgin, but still, he plunged into a daze at that moment.

He looked down at the woman before him, seemingly trying to ascertain whether she was drunk.

Right then, Natasha quirked an eyebrow at him languidly as though teasing him. "What should we do about it, then?"

"Do you know what you're doing?" Kenneth inquired, staring right into her eyes. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his voice had turned considerably hoarser.

She's sparking a fire, igniting a piece of firewood that had been dry for a long time!

Natasha merely chortled softly. "Are you trying to say that I over-imbibed?" While saying that, she

looked at the remaining half a glass of red wine left in her hand. Swishing it lightly, she lifted her hand and downed it.

"Indeed, I drank quite a bit, but not so much that I'm drunk," she murmured airily, her gaze fixated on the empty glass.

Kenneth's gaze traveled from her exquisite neck to her rosy lips. In the next second, he reached out and clasped the back of her head before capturing her lips.

He had imbibed, so he had been restraining himself. But this time, he wasn't the one who sparked the fire.

His aggressive kiss trapped her squarely as he kissed her arrogantly and domineeringly as though he wanted to devour her whole.

Natasha, on the other hand, was startled at first. Subsequently, she gradually relaxed. Under his assault, her knees went weak, and a blush stained her delicate face.

Slowly, she also stretched out her hands and wrapped them around his waist.

Kenneth pinned her against the balustrade. Cushioning her back with a hand, he swiftly invaded her mouth, deepening the kiss.

On the balcony in the dark night, their kiss was extraordinarily scorching.

Natasha didn't resist either. As a normal woman, she had physiological responses and needs as well, especially when in the face of such a prime specimen.

With the alcohol spurring her on, she merely wanted to indulge in the moment and regard it as a dream.

Chapter 304

Natasha wasn't surprised that Kenneth was aware of that. Since Fabian told her that Kenneth saw Shadow Seeker offering a reward online, she reckoned that the man had possibly known about it.

Sure enough, she was right.

However, she had never expected him to ask her in such a situation.

Her eyes that were initially glassy gradually cleared.

Pinning her gaze on him, she drawled, "So, you've been seducing me today, and simply for the sake of asking this question?"

Kenneth's lips curved into a self-deprecating smile. "Would you believe me if I say no?"

Natasha stared at him, her sanity gradually returning. Pulling away from the man's embrace, she got up and straightened her clothes. Then, she fell into deep contemplation.

Kenneth likewise got to his feet and looked at her. "Just pretend I never asked if you don't want to answer it."

Indeed, it didn't matter much whether she answered the question then, for her first reaction had already given him the answer.

As an astute person, Kenneth definitely understood what her reaction meant.

After pondering for a while, Natasha asked in a low voice, "You've already guessed it, haven't you?"

In a flash, Kenneth's eyes narrowed into slits. Guessing the answer and hearing it in person are two different things.

Previously, he merely suspected it because he didn't believe in such coincidence in this world. After she had demanded to know about the tattoo from those people, Shadow Seeker, who hadn't made an appearance in many years, also posted a reward on the hacker website in search of that same tattoo. When he saw it back then, the link didn't occur to him. It was only when Denise went missing and she sat in front of the computer with her fingers flying across the keyboard did he connect the dots.

Despite it all, if she had denied it, he would have chosen to believe her.

However, she didn't do so.

On top of that, he knew full well the significance of her admission.

Numerous people were looking for her, and a smidge of information on her was worth a king's ransom.

Therefore, her admission was tantamount to her entrusting her life to him.

As he gazed at her, he was still inexorably shocked despite having known the answer.

"You're admitting to it just like this, Nat?" Kenneth queried.

"Yeah." Natasha nodded in a distinctly nonchalant manner.

Kenneth gaped at her, at a loss for words. A long moment later, he ventured, "Are you not afraid I'd betray you? No matter how much I demand in exchange for your identity, someone will be willing to pay for it."

“Would you?” Natasha countered.

Of course not! Not only would I never betray her, but I'd even protect her well.

Kenneth strolled over to her. Training his eyes on her, he remarked, “I feel pressurized out of the blue.”

“What do you mean?”

“I've got to do my best to protect you in the future. How can I not feel pressurized?” Kenneth replied.

Following that, Natasha laughed.

“Who else knows your identity, Nat?” Kenneth inquired, his vigilance rearing its head right then.

“You, Grandpa, and Spencer,” Natasha answered.

“Spencer...” Kenneth muttered upon hearing that name, his voice tinged with a hint of dissatisfaction.

Gah! He actually learned about it earlier than I did.

As though perceiving his chagrin, Natasha asserted, “He once saved me, and I've also helped him previously. As such, he'll never betray me!”

“I naturally believe that he'll never betray you. I'm just jealous,” Kenneth admitted.

At once, words eluded Natasha.

“Nat, promise me that you'll never reveal your identity to a fourth person,” Kenneth urged, his eyes fixated on her.

Too many people had their sights set on her, so he was really worried she would be stolen away like a treasure he owned.

Nevertheless, that was secondary. Primarily, he was concerned that some people with ulterior motives would choose to destroy her if they couldn't have her. And the number of such people was definitely overwhelming.

Discerning his worry, Natasha nodded. “Okay. Few people deserve to know my identity anyway.”

“In that case, can I interpret it as me deserving your trust?” Kenneth questioned.

Staring at him, Natasha nodded. “Yes, I indeed trust you a great deal.”

Kenneth looked back at her, the corners of his mouth curving up.

Ah, it feels great to be trusted!

At that precise moment, Natasha stared at him. "What about you? Is there nothing you'd like to say to me?"

"What are you referring to?"

"Vermillion Base," Natasha prompted.

Speaking of that, Kenneth narrowed his eyes a fraction. "Fabian told you about it?"

Natasha didn't deny it and merely said, "Don't punish him. I was the one who forced him to tell me about it."

Kenneth chuckled. "Well, he found himself a great backer."

"So? Were you not planning to tell me about it?" Natasha demanded.

Chapter 305

Meanwhile, the three children were gathered in Benjamin's room.

Benjamin and Denise were talking about something or other while Anthony spaced out at the side.

At that particular moment, Denise swung her gaze at Anthony. "Tony?"

Snapping back to his senses, Anthony looked at them. "Huh?"

"What's wrong with you? You look distracted," questioned Denise.

Speaking of that, Anthony frowned. "Did you two notice that Mommy seems to be acting weird recently?"

"Weird? How so?"

"I can't quite put my finger on it either, but I can't shake off the feeling that there's something weighing on her mind," Anthony replied.

"Indeed. Tonight, especially, she seems very much preoccupied!" Benjamin echoed.

Denise turned and glanced at him. "Really? She has been exceedingly tender tonight. She wouldn't stop smiling at us."

"The problem is, when have you ever seen her being so tender?" Benjamin riposted.

At that, Denise was instantly dumbstruck.

Hmm, that makes sense. In the past, she had always given us a cool impression. Besides going to work and going to bed, she seldom cared about other matters. Even if we had dinner together, she'd return to her room to sleep after eating. Never had she stayed and joked around with us, let alone gazed at us with such a tender look in her eyes.

Following that line of thought, she likewise sensed something amiss.

"Could it be that she changed a bit because something happened to the two of us?" Denise ventured, her eyes fixated on her brothers.

Benjamin said nothing, but his instinct screamed at him that the matter wasn't that simple.

Anthony, on the other hand, concluded, "That is indeed a possibility... No matter what, let's all keep an eye on her these few days!"

The other two children nodded in concert.

"All right, it's late now. Let's all sleep earlier!" Anthony urged.

"Good night!" Benjamin greeted.

Just as Anthony was going to leave, Denise grabbed him.

"What is it?"

"Daddy and Nat are probably still outside!" Denise hissed.

"So?"

"Perhaps their relationship is developing rapidly at present. Aren't we going to ruin things if we were to go out now?" Denise uttered.

Hearing that, Anthony smacked her on the head. "What nonsense are you thinking about?"

"Am I wrong?"

"She's not an easy woman!" Anthony asserted.

"That has nothing to do with this. Daddy loves Mommy, and Mommy also has feelings for Daddy. Thus, physical intimacy between them is expected and natural!" Denise argued.

"How do you know that Nat has feelings for Daddy? Did she tell you that?" Anthony asked.

"I-I can tell! You know her temperament. If she had no feelings for him, she wouldn't have so much interaction with him. Although she didn't say anything, I could sense it!"

"Your judgment and instincts have always been dismal!" Anthony scoffed.

"This is a personal attack, Tony!"

"Nah, I'm just speaking the truth!"

"I hate you!" Denise bellowed.

Upon seeing that they were bickering endlessly, Benjamin interjected, "All right, that's enough. The two of you are giving me a headache!"

The instant he spoke, Denise snapped her head at him. "What do you think, Ben?"

"Uh..." Benjamin never expected her to throw the question at him.

Lifting his eyes, he stole a peek at Anthony. No, I can't afford to offend him.

Then, he glanced at Denise. That goes double for her.

"Ben!" Denise stared at him.

Ultimately, Benjamin was defeated by her adorable face. After a moment's hesitation, he stammered, "Uh... I actually share Denise's sentiments. I also think that Mommy has a smidge of feelings for Daddy..."

As soon as Denise heard that, she jumped for joy. She then turned to Anthony smugly. "See? Ben feels the same way. The majority wins!"

Surprisingly, Anthony was calm and unruffled. That aside, he even sneered, "See? Only the weak need someone else to share the same sentiments. The strong never need anyone's affirmation!"

Both Denise and Benjamin were rendered speechless.

That single utterance placed them both on the losing end.

Seeing that neither of them was arguing further, Anthony arched an eyebrow triumphantly. "Good night, weaklings!" After saying that, he spun on his heel and walked out of the room elegantly.

"How arrogant!" Denise huffed.

"Exactly! He's simply too arrogant!" Benjamin seconded.

Denise then turned and glanced at Benjamin before declaring with her melodious voice, "I'll have Daddy teach him a lesson another day!" When she had finished saying that, she got up and left.

Benjamin couldn't help giggling aloud as he watched his siblings leave.

While he had been "oppressed" by Anthony for a long time, he had gotten used to it over time.

Most importantly, having dinner as a family tonight seems... pretty nice.

At that thought, he lay on the bed with a smile and closed his eyes in contentment, drifting into a deep slumber.

The next day, Kenneth found his arm numb when he woke up in the room.

Chapter 306

Kenneth seemingly discerned Denise and Anthony's surprise, but he didn't react much.

After all, they would have to get accustomed to it slowly.

Closing the door gently, he walked over and greeted, "Good morning."

"Good morning, Daddy!" Denise greeted with a grin, immediately putting on a new expression despite her shock.

Anthony kept silent as he scrutinized Kenneth. While he acknowledged the man as his father, such rapid progress still caught him off guard.

Subsequently, Kenneth went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator for a look.

Denise trotted over and queried, "Are you hungry, Daddy?"

Kenneth glanced over his shoulder at her. "Are you all not in the habit of eating breakfast?"

"We do eat breakfast!" Denise replied.

"In that case, just sit and wait," Kenneth urged.

Only then did Denise realize that Kenneth was going to prepare breakfast.

When she saw the man taking out eggs, milk, and bread from the refrigerator, she was rather skeptical. "Are you planning to prepare breakfast, Daddy?" she asked in surprise.

"Why, is there a problem?" Kenneth quirked an eyebrow.

"Can you... cook?" Denise questioned.

Kenneth smiled. "You'll know in a while!"

Seeing how he was wholly confident, Denise's eyes twinkled. To her, men who were handsome and could cook were really outstanding. In fact, she could already imagine how charming her father was going to be when he cooked.

Hence, she sat before the countertop docilely, prepared to enjoy the "scenery."

Anthony also walked over and watched at the side.

However, in the next second, Kenneth turned the knob on the stove repeatedly, but there was no fire.

"Press it down while you turn it!" Anthony couldn't help instructing.

Under his guidance, Kenneth successfully turned on the fire. Then, he turned back to Anthony and explained solemnly, "I'm not used to using this."

Words eluded Anthony.

It's all the same, okay?

Nonetheless, he didn't say that out loud since it was better to leave some things unsaid.

Then, Kenneth poured oil into the pan. All at once, he filled almost half the pan with oil.

As Denise watched, her eyes promptly went as wide as saucers.

However, Kenneth didn't realize anything amiss.

A second before he cracked an egg into it, Denise spoke up. "Isn't the oil a little too much, Daddy?"

At her question, Kenneth glanced back over his shoulder at her. "Is it?"

"This much oil can last us for half a month!"

"Really?" Kenneth inquired. Seemingly concurring that there was too much oil, he picked up the pan and poured the oil into the sink.

Good Lord! He poured it all away!

Denise gaped at him, wanting to stop him from doing so, but it was already too late.

What a spendthrift!

Eyeing the remaining oil in the pan, Kenneth felt that it was just right and continued preparing breakfast.

If nothing else, the way he held the pan gave others the illusion that he often cooked.

Alas, when he cracked the egg in the next heartbeat, even the egg shells fell into the pan.

Uh...

Denise frowned upon witnessing that.

Why is it different from what I imagined? Where's the handsome man who's good at cooking? This... is simply too devastating!

In the kitchen, Kenneth continued cracking eggs mixed with shells into the pan. Verily, it was a pretty appalling scene. Soon, the food burned.

A black, charred lump marred with eggshells lay in the pan.

As Kenneth eyed it, his brows creased.

Why does it look different from what I saw on the internet?

Just as he was going to stick his hand into the pan to pick out the eggshells, someone suddenly appeared beside him without warning.

"If you do that, your hand is going to get burned as well," Anthony warned.

"What should I do, then?" Kenneth queried.

Taking the pan from the man, Anthony dumped the black, charred mess into the trash can.

After doing that, he washed the pan and scrubbed it. Then, he placed it over the stove and poured some oil.

Observing his skillful movements, Kenneth arched an eyebrow.

"Get me a few more eggs!" Anthony ordered.

Hearing that, Kenneth promptly went over to the refrigerator to retrieve some eggs.

Anthony took them from him before deftly cracking an egg into the pan.

When Kenneth saw that, a glimmer of surprise flashed across his eyes.

Right then, Anthony looked up and cast his gaze at the man. "Do you want to learn?"

"Sure!" Kenneth answered.

"Do it like this. Tap it against the edge lightly first before cracking it," Anthony advised.

Therefore, following his son's instructions, Kenneth cracked an egg into the pan. He did it successfully, for no eggshells fell in.

"Yes, this is how you do it!" Anthony complimented.

As Kenneth gazed at the pan, the corners of his mouth curved. "It's not that difficult!"

Thus, he cracked a few more eggs into the pan.

Seeing that the man was seemingly addicted to cracking eggs, Anthony prompted, "It'll taste better with some seasoning!"

"Which one?"

"This will do." Anthony picked up a bottle of seasoning and gave Kenneth a demonstration.

Kenneth imitated him. In no time, the few eggs were done.

A sense of accomplishment flooded Kenneth as he gazed at his masterpieces on the plate.

Just then, Anthony took some sliced bread to place them into the toaster.

Chapter 307

Aware that Benjamin and Natasha were forcibly trying to compensate for their slip of the tongue, Kenneth lowered his eyes and took a bite of the eggs.

It was indeed edible, but the taste was average.

When he noticed Natasha eating with relish, he remarked, "Don't eat anymore. I'll order breakfast."

Natasha lifted her eyes and drawled, "There's no need to order for me. I'm not picky, so this is pretty good for me."

"You don't have to order for me either, Daddy! I find the food passable as well!" Denise chimed in.

"I've got enough, too," Anthony echoed.

Benjamin said nothing but used his actions to indicate that he didn't need any more food either.

At the sight of them all eating with gusto, the corners of Kenneth's mouth inexorably curved upward.

Turning his gaze to the breakfast fare in front of him, he suddenly felt that it was quite good.

Right that moment, Denise leaned close to him. "Daddy, your cooking is far better than Nat's!"

Just as Kenneth wanted to pursue that subject further, Natasha feigned a cough. "Badmouthing people is to be done behind their backs."

Hearing that, Denise furtively stuck out her tongue. She didn't continue speaking but buried her head in the food.

As Kenneth gazed at the children and Natasha, he knew that he had really missed out on a lot of meaningful moments.

In the future, I've got to use more time to make up for all the time I missed.

He then continued eating breakfast. Despite the average taste, his elegant movements perfected the ambience of the breakfast.

Right then, Anthony was scrolling through his phone. When he glimpsed a piece of news, his eyes abruptly widened. In the next second, he snagged the remote control and turned on the television.

A piece of news with a video was being broadcasted on television.

"Yesterday afternoon, two people were found at the center of the river, with their hands bound. They seemed to have been in the water for a long time. At present, they are still unconscious. As for further details, we'll only know after they regain consciousness..."

In the video, the rescue team fished Hans and Thea out of the river. Both of them had passed out. There was even an ambulance at the scene. After they were rescued, they were taken to the hospital right away.

The entire family watched that scene as they enjoyed breakfast.

"How lucky of them that they're still alive!" Benjamin muttered, his eyes brimming with hatred and resentment.

"They can only be punished and atone for their sins better when they're still alive!" Kenneth asserted, his gaze turning solemn.

Anthony cast Kenneth a sidelong glance, but the man averted his gaze directly and continued eating with his eyes lowered. However, everyone could sense that the temperature around him had plummeted drastically.

Natasha, on the other hand, merely spared the news a glance without saying anything.

She wouldn't comment further after doing some things. That was her temperament and character.

After breakfast, Natasha got ready to go to work. Unexpectedly, Kenneth approached her after taking a call.

"Nat, how about sending the kids to the Hamilton residence for a few days? Grandpa is at home, so he'll be able to take better care of them. It'll also be more convenient for Old Mr. Watson over there," Kenneth proposed.

Upon hearing that, Natasha nodded. "Sure!"

Thus, Kenneth turned and looked at the three children. All three of them said nothing and went straight into their rooms to pack.

A few minutes later, they had all packed a small bag each and stood in a line orderly.

It was evident that they were eager to go to the Hamilton residence.

Well, this is a good thing.

Natasha pinned her eyes on them. "Let's go!"

The three children followed them downstairs.

In the car, Kenneth drove while Natasha scrolled through her phone beside him. Meanwhile, the three children sat in the back seat.

Denise studied the two people in front with perceptive eyes.

Why don't I sense any awkwardness between Mommy and Daddy? Shouldn't there be a charged tension between them when they'd finally reconciled after so long?

Countless questions lingered within her.

In no time, they arrived at the entrance of Natasha's office.

Before alighting from the car, Natasha turned to the three children behind her. "Behave while you're at the Hamilton residence, okay? Don't anger your great-grandpa."

The three children nodded in unison.

"Got it!"

Natasha wanted to say something else, but as she gazed at them, she ultimately suppressed that urge.

"I'll be going in, then," Natasha remarked.

With his gaze trained on her, Kenneth murmured, "There are quite a lot of things to be settled in the office today, so I can't come over at noon to eat with you. I'll come and pick you up after work tonight."

Natasha nodded in acquiescence.

After getting out of the car, Natasha pivoted and walked toward the building.

Kenneth waited for her to enter the building, still spacing out even when her figure had disappeared from sight.

At that precise moment, Denise, who was behind him, asked, "Don't you think that Nat is really pretty?"

Jolting back to reality, Kenneth looked over his shoulder at his daughter, only to see her beaming from ear to ear.

He smiled as he started the car. "Yeah, she's pretty."

Whoa! Look how suggestive that sounded!

Leaning forward, Denise whispered into his ear, "Daddy, did you share a room with Nat yesterday when you stayed?"

In response, Kenneth nodded nonchalantly. "Didn't you see it this morning?"

At his reply, Denise grew inexplicably thrilled. "So, did you and Nat... do it last night?" Denise tapped her index fingers together, her meaning clear as day.

Meanwhile, Anthony and Benjamin had both perked up their ears as well.

"What do you mean?" Kenneth feigned ignorance.

Chapter 308

After sending the three children back to the Hamilton residence, Kenneth went upstairs to take a quick bath and get a change of clothes.

When he came downstairs and was about to leave, Liam was there waiting for him.

“Grandpa, I'm going out now,” Kenneth remarked casually before leaving without even turning back.

“Wait!” Liam called out to him.

As Kenneth stopped in his tracks and turned around, Liam sauntered up to him with the help of his walking stick.

“Is there anything else, Grandpa?” Kenneth asked.

Leaning closer, Liam lowered his voice and asked in a mysterious tone, “Did you spend the night at Nat's place yesterday?”

The stunned Kenneth swept his gaze toward the three children in the living room. Obviously, this is their doing.

Accepting that it was pointless to deny, Kenneth nodded in resignation. “Yes.”

A delighted Liam continued to ask, “Did you sleep in the same room as she did?”

Cognizant of what Liam had in mind, Kenneth nodded again. “Yes.”

“In that case, is the deed done?” Liam sniggered.

After giving it some thought, Kenneth explained. “Grandpa, both of us had a lot to drink last night—”

“Stop. I don't need the details,” Liam cut him off at once.

Kenneth was at a loss of words.

“Since Nat has finally accepted you, you have to work doubly hard to marry her. Given that both of you didn't even hold a wedding the last time you got married, you have to organize a grand one for her this time.”

A wedding?

Kenneth's eyes narrowed, as he had previously not given the matter much thought.

Now that Liam had brought it up, he was filled with a sudden sense of anticipation for it.

At that moment, the image of Natasha in a wedding dress flashed across his mind.

I'm sure she'll amaze everyone with her beauty when she puts on a wedding dress.

The thought itself brought a subconscious smile onto Kenneth's face.

Just when he was spacing out, Liam interrupted his thoughts, "Did you hear what I just said?"

Kenneth, upon regaining his senses, looked at Liam with a smile. "I understand."

At the sight of Kenneth's smile, Liam, too, broke into a grin. "Nevertheless, don't get ahead of yourself. Let me warn you. If you make another mistake and disappoint Nat again, even I will sever my ties with you, let alone the three children. There's no question your family will turn its back on you!"

Faced with Liam's threats, Kenneth responded, "Grandpa, you have already repeated this countless times!"

"So what? Are you sick of hearing it already?"

"No, I just want to let you know that I, better than anyone else, know what the consequences are. Therefore, whatever you're worried about will not come to pass."

"It had better be that way!"

"If there's nothing else, I'm heading out now."

"Wait!" Liam stopped him again.

When Kenneth turned around, Liam pondered a moment before inquiring, "I saw the news today. Were you the one who did it?"

Kenneth shook his head. "It was Nat."

Liam was briefly stunned before bursting out in laughter. "I expect no less from a member of the Hamilton family. Given how bold she is, I can rest assured that I'm leaving the Hamilton family in good hands."

His words elicited a smile from Kenneth.

At that moment, Liam looked at Kenneth. "Nat did it so that you do not have to make the difficult choice. Nevertheless, we have to be considerate of her feelings and not allow her noble act to go unnoticed."

"I understand, Grandpa."

"I know that you have known Thea for a long time. If you can't bring yourself to do it—"

"Grandpa!" Kenneth interrupted and stared at him with a darkened gaze. "Grandpa, I will deal with it myself."

When he saw the conviction in Kenneth's eyes, Liam nodded. "All right."

"If there's nothing else, I'm heading out now."

Liam nodded.

With that, Kenneth got to his feet and left.

He first went to his office to deal with some matters.

When afternoon came, Fabian walked in right after Kenneth had finished a meeting.

"Mr. Hamilton, I found something!"

Kenneth looked at him.

"They were taken to the hospital. After receiving emergency treatment, both of their lives were no longer in danger," Fabian explained.

Kenneth's eyes narrowed upon hearing the report.

"Also, I learned that both of them denied everything and claimed they didn't know anything when the police tried to take a statement from them," Fabian continued.

Fabian's words caused a cold glint to flash in Kenneth's eyes as a smirk broke out on his face. "Of course they're feigning ignorance. As long as they mention Nat or confess to their crimes, there would be no escape for them."

Nodding in acknowledgment, Fabian stared at Kenneth. "In that case, what are your plans?"

An insidious look flashed across Kenneth's eyes. "It's been a long time since I've seen that old friend of mine. It's time I pay her a visit!"

Fabian added, "I'll go with you."

Kenneth threw him a glance to scrutinize him. "Has your arm recovered?"

"Mmm-hmm. It won't get in my way," Fabian replied with a grin.

Chapter 309

Inside the hospital, Thea sat on the bed, staring blankly into space. Her face was so pale there wasn't any color left on it.

Caroline was both worried and anxious when she saw Thea's condition. "Thea, what happened? How did you end up being trapped in the river?"

Thea remained silent, her face blank.

"Say something!" Caroline urged in desperation.

Nonetheless, Thea continued to keep mum and just sat there in a daze.

Just when Caroline was feeling helpless, she heard a knock on the door.

After opening it, she was shocked to see who it was. "M-Mr. Hamilton?"

It was only when Thea heard her mother's words that she raised her gaze to look at the door.

Caroline was overjoyed at the sight of Kenneth. "Mr. Hamilton, are you here to see Thea?" As she spoke, she turned to the figure sitting on the bed. "Thea, look who's here to visit you."

Thea stared intently at the entrance, her eyes filled with anticipation.

"Mr. Hamilton, please come in," Caroline invited.

Kenneth gave her a look before stepping into the ward.

"Mr. Hamilton—" Just when Caroline was about to say something, Fabian cut her off. "Mdm. Mason, Mr. Hamilton wants to speak to Ms. Jarman in private."

The surprised Caroline scrutinized Kenneth before turning around to give Thea a look. Even though she was oblivious to his intentions, she knew that men were naturally inclined to covet something which they didn't possess. Therefore, the last woman standing definitely had to be someone who could tolerate such behavior.

As it was understandable for extraordinary men to attract women of the same caliber, Caroline didn't mind at all. All that mattered to her was that her daughter occupied the most important position.

With that thought in mind, Caroline nodded. "Fine." She then turned toward Thea. "Darling, I'm going out to get you something to eat and will be back soon."

Thea continued to stay silent.

Caroline, after acknowledging Kenneth with a look, turned around and left.

Subsequently, Fabian, too, walked out and closed the door behind him, leaving Kenneth and Thea alone in the room.

As she stared at Kenneth, her listless gaze finally showed a gentle ripple.

She was cognizant that Kenneth wasn't just there to show his concern.

After all, she had tried to harm his daughter.

It was just that the sight of him still triggered fantasies in her mind.

"Kenneth." With her eyes fixed on him, Thea forced a smile. "It's been a while."

With an aloof look in his eyes, Kenneth stared at her with a piercing gaze.

While walking up to her, he remarked in a solemn tone, "Thea, I'm sure you know I'm not here for idle chit-chat."

Thea's expression froze. "Kenneth, have we reached the stage where you don't even bother to pretend to be cordial?"

Kenneth retorted, "Is that necessary?"

Tears began to gather swiftly in Thea's eyes. "Kenneth, regardless of whether you believe me or not, I really had no intention of killing your daughter. I just wanted to teach her a lesson—"

"Lesson?" Kenneth's eyes burned with rage when he heard her. "I can't even bring myself to reprimand her, and yet, you think it's your place to teach her a lesson?"

"It was she who spoke rudely to me first."

Kenneth's eyes darkened. "Why doesn't she do that with anyone else?"

"I—"

"Thea, it's not like I have just gotten to know you," Kenneth remarked.

His words caused Thea's heart to sink. "Kenneth, what are you trying to insinuate?"

"After all that you have done behind my back, I've no illusions about who you really are. You can't tolerate anyone challenging you and must exact revenge on whoever poses a threat. Even then, I still can't believe that you're capable of doing something so despicable to a child," Kenneth asserted word by word.

Thea stared at him, stunned.

Looks like he knows.

After regaining her senses, she replied, "All this while, the girls who come to the office are there to covet you and not to work. I obviously had to get rid of them given how they were harboring agendas toward you."

"You could've sacked them, but why did you have to use unscrupulous methods instead? Is ruining someone's reputation all that you know?" Kenneth questioned her.

After a momentary hesitation, Thea defended herself vehemently, "Only by doing so can I stop them from coveting you. Otherwise, they will keep throwing themselves at you and try to get intimate with you."

"I'm not as perfect as you're making me out to be," Kenneth remarked.

"But in my eyes, you're that perfect." No sooner had Thea spoken than tears pitter-pattered down her eyes.

He's so perfect that I'm willing to do anything for him. In fact, I'm ready to discard my dignity just so that I can be with him. Even then, I still failed to win his heart.

Thea looked aggrieved, just like a child who had lost something dear to her.

Meanwhile, Kenneth was staring daggers at her.

Chapter 310

Thea, watching his leaving silhouette, felt a chill down her spine.

"Kenneth, stop!" Thea screamed all of a sudden, her voice filled with indignant rage.

"At the end of the day, what does she have that I don't? Why do you have to treat me this way? I'm the one who loves you the most, while she doesn't even care about you, let alone love you!" Thea bellowed in tears.

Upon hearing her words, Kenneth stopped in his tracks and turned around. "Whether she loves me or not isn't important. What really matters is that I love her! Also, don't you dare compare yourself to her.

You're sullyng her good name by doing that!"

Before giving her a chance to reply, Kenneth stormed out of the ward.

His leaving figure left her momentarily stunned, and she yelled, "You will regret this! You definitely will!"

Her piercing scream echoed through the room and could be clearly heard along the corridor outside.

Fabian, who was waiting by the door, walked up to Kenneth upon seeing the latter emerge from the ward. "Mr. Hamilton."

"Let's go," Kenneth instructed.

Fabian nodded before following closely behind him.

They had barely taken a few steps when they ran into Caroline on her way back.

At the sight of them, Caroline asked, "Mr. Hamilton, are you leaving already?"

As if he didn't see her, Kenneth walked past her without responding, leaving Caroline stunned.

Following his boss' example, Fabian snubbed Caroline by striding past her with his chest puffed and nose in the air.

Caroline, knitting her brows, watched them leave while a sense of dread began to swell within her.

She then returned to the ward with a solemn expression on her face.

Inside, Thea was pressing a dagger to her wrist.

Caroline screamed Thea's name the moment she saw the scene. No sooner had she spoken than she lunged forward and wrested the dagger out of Thea's hands.

"What are you doing?" Caroline shouted as she threw the dagger aside.

Closing her eyes, Thea simply responded with a pained look on her face.

"What did Kenneth say to you?" Caroline asked, but her question was met with silence.

"I assumed that he came to visit you because he misses you... Wait here, I'm going to talk to him right now!" The moment she finished, Caroline turned to leave.

"Don't go!" Thea stopped her.

Caroline turned around to look at her daughter. "But you were already going to—"

Thea's eyes opened gradually. "It has nothing to do with him!"

"How is it possible he's not connected—"

"Mom, can you stop with this?" Thea shrieked all of a sudden, leaving Caroline shaken.

She had never heard her daughter speak to her in such a tone before.

Nonetheless, taking into account Thea's unstable mental condition, Caroline had no choice but to bear with it. "Fine, Fine. I won't comment any further. You should just get some rest."

Without another word, Thea lay back down in bed and hid underneath her blanket.

As her eyes closed, she felt tears streaming down her cheeks.

Meanwhile, Fabian asked Kenneth outside, "Mr. Hamilton, do you think Ms. Jarman will turn herself in?"

"It's no longer her choice," Kenneth promptly replied.

"What if... she flees?" Fabian wondered out loud.

Kenneth swept a cold gaze over to him. "If that happens, you'll have to answer for it."

Fabian froze as he was opening the car door for Kenneth. "Mr. Hamilton, I..."

What has it got anything to do with me?

Paying no heed to Fabian, Kenneth got into the car.

After a brief hesitation, Fabian closed the door and circled over to the driver's seat. Looking at Kenneth with a sheepish smile, he remarked, "Mr. Hamilton, I'm sure you must have already made preparations for the eventuality that Ms. Jarman doesn't turn herself in."

Kenneth looked at his phone in silence.

"Mr. Hamilton, do you really want to send her to prison?" Fabian reconfirmed in a concerned tone.

"Why? Do you think I've gone overboard?" Kenneth asked with a cocked brow.

Fabian shook his head at once. "No, she deserves to be punished for what she has done. It's just that if the matter goes public, it will spark another controversy. After all, Ms. Jarman has always declared herself to be your fiancée in public. Those who are unaware of the truth will definitely start unfounded

rumors which will consequently affect the company's reputation," Fabian explained.

"So?" Kenneth retorted.

"Erm, I'm just worried—"

"It's good that you're concerned. Therefore, you had better prepare for the fallout to avoid being caught with your pants down then," Kenneth asserted.

Fabian was rendered speechless.

Evidently, he doesn't seem to be concerned about it. After all, this isn't the first time he has thrown in the kitchen sink in order to save a damsel in distress. Even if he has to lose some money, it's not going to bother him at all.

With that thought in mind, Fabian felt like slapping himself for speaking unnecessarily.

After glancing at Kenneth through the rearview mirror, he started the car engine in resignation.

"Mr. Hamilton, where are we going?"

Kenneth checked the time before replying, "Prosper Technologies."