

Yo Daddy 311

Chapter 311

Her lack of response elicited a frown on Zachary's face.

"Do you not believe me?" he asked.

"I do," she replied.

"Really?" Zachary repeated his question in a helpless tone, for he was unconvinced by her answer.

"If you really had something to do with it, Thea wouldn't have been the only one I took away," Natasha replied.

She was speaking the truth, and yet, it was also a veiled threat.

Furthermore, she didn't sound as if she was bragging when the words rolled off her mouth. Instead, it felt as if she was just relating the facts of the situation.

As for Zachary, he stared at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes.

Without him noticing, Natasha had become someone different from the person he knew. The young and vibrant aura he felt from her was now replaced by a mysterious air that seemed to be hiding something.

A short while later, Zachary finally nodded. "I'm glad that you believe me. That's all I'm concerned about."

Just when Natasha narrowed her eyes to speak, Zachary beat her to it. "I saw the news about Thea. From the looks of it, Kenneth is probably the one who did it. I still can't believe how cruel he can be to his ex."

Natasha looked up at him the moment she heard his words. "Zachary, since when have you become so despicable as to sow discord?"

Zachary knitted his brows. "I was just stating the truth—"

"The truth is he has nothing to do with what happened to Thea," Natasha cut him off, shocking him in the process.

"Also, let's set aside the topic of who's responsible. Zachary, if your ex harmed your child, are you still going to turn a blind eye to it for old times' sake?" Natasha questioned him.

The question was obviously a trap.

“That's not what I meant—”

Natasha sneered, “I don't know what you will do in that situation, but as an outsider, you will always choose to criticize the actions of others.”

Zachary's face turned grim, for Natasha's words struck him like a forceful slap.

By then, Natasha, who was not in the mood to continue the conversation, got to her feet. “If there's nothing else, I'm leaving.”

“Nat!” Zachary called out suddenly. Looking at her silhouette, he asked in a hesitant tone, “Is there really no going back for us?”

Pursing her lips at him, Natasha paused briefly before replying, “I can look past what happened between your parents and me, but are you capable of doing so?” Natasha asked.

As he gazed into her eyes, a hesitant look flashed across his face.

“Despite the fact that you disagree with them and are aware that they wronged me first, you, Zachary, still hate me for it.” Natasha laid out the facts word by word.

“I don't...” Zachary replied.

Natasha's lips curled into a smirk. “You should really ask yourself that question.”

Staring at Natasha, Zachary felt as if the gulf between them had reached proportions that could never be surmounted.

“Also, regardless of what you're planning with Thea, let me give you a final warning as a friend. Stop it before you lose everything.”

Natasha had barely finished and was about to leave when Zachary burst into sudden laughter. “Lose everything? Hasn't that already happened? My family, my parents, and you... I have lost everything a long time ago. What else do I have to fear?”

“She was never yours to lose.” Out of nowhere, a deep voice interrupted their conversation.

When Zachary looked up, he was greeted by the sight of Kenneth standing two meters away. With his hands in his pockets, Kenneth was giving him a curious look and seemed to have been standing there for some time.

The sight of him ignited the hatred in Zachary's eyes.

When Natasha saw him too, she frowned. “Why are you here?”

Kenneth shifted his gaze from Zachary to Natasha as he walked to her side, wearing a grin. "I came because I was missing you, but little did I expect that my timing was perfect."

"Your timing has always been uncanny," Natasha teased.

In reality, nothing could be further from the truth. Someone in the company had called to inform Kenneth of Zachary's visit.

Kenneth didn't deny her words. Instead, he looked at her and asked, "So, are you done here?"

Natasha nodded.

"Let's go then." Kenneth had barely spoken when he held her hand and wheeled around to leave, as if Zachary was a stranger to them.

Natasha, without saying a word, allowed Kenneth to lead her away.

From her perspective, dousing all of Zachary's hopes was for his own good.

As he stood there watching their leaving silhouettes, gloominess further enshrouded Zachary's eyes.

Kenneth, one of these days, you will pay for what you have done!

Amidst the hatred that filled his mind, his phone suddenly rang.

When he saw that it was a call from an unknown number, Zachary hesitated before finally answering it.

"Hello?"

"It's me."

Zachary frowned at the voice. "Thea?"

"I want to see you." Her voice rang out softly over the phone.

Zachary, who viewed Thea's methods with disdain, sneered, "Is it still necessary?"

"What do you mean?"

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Inside the restaurant, Natasha watched as Kenneth ate leisurely. Every single movement of his exuded elegance and poise, which she couldn't deny was pleasing to her eyes.

As for the three children's habits, they had mostly taken after Kenneth. No matter the time or place, the way they carried themselves while eating was extremely similar to his.

Natasha couldn't help but curl her lips.

When Kenneth caught the look on her face, he teased, "Does looking at me bring you so much joy?"

Natasha regained her senses. "Don't flatter yourself!"

"What's wrong? Are you harboring some special agenda toward me?" Kenneth inquired, narrowing his eyes.

"I just enjoy watching you eat," Natasha answered candidly.

With a slight furrow of his brows, Kenneth sniggered. "Why do I get the feeling that you're flirting with me?"

Natasha cocked her brow. "That only goes to show that there's something wrong with the way you think!"

At that moment, Kenneth leaned in and whispered, "That's my lust talking."

As she threw him a glare, he continued, "If you are harboring any desires for me, please let me know and I'll fulfill them without reservation."

He burst into smug yet unrestrained laughter while looking at her speechless face.

Natasha, despite barely feeling embarrassed, still blushed especially when she recalled how they kissed each other the night before.

As she thought of the previous night, she realized that she had been pretty intoxicated.

"I'm going to the ladies." Natasha got up to leave.

As he looked in the direction of where she had gone, Kenneth broke into a vibrant smile.

After all, it was rare to see her blush like that in front of him.

In that particular instance, Kenneth felt the food he was eating tasted especially delicious.

Inside the restroom, Natasha looked herself in the mirror as images of her being together with Kenneth flooded her mind.

Although they had too much to drink the night before, now that she thought about it, she didn't feel uneasy. Truth be told, it was precisely because she was with Kenneth that she gave herself the liberty to do so. If it were anyone else, she wouldn't have done the same.

After spacing out for a moment, she regained her senses only when someone entered. She then leaned in to wash her hand before finally leaving.

The moment she stepped out, her phone suddenly rang. Just when she tried to reach for it, someone suddenly walked past and bumped into her, causing her phone to drop on the floor.

She bent over to pick her phone up but the person who ran into her beat her to it.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to," the person apologized in fluent Ustranian.

As he handed her the phone, Natasha took it back. While checking through it, she replied, "It's all right."

"Please see if your phone is broken. If it is, I'm happy to compensate you for it." While the man was speaking, he looked right into Natasha's eyes with a seemingly conflicted gaze.

"It's fine," Natasha reassured him. Just as she was about to leave, the man suggested, "Why don't we do this? Let's exchange numbers, and you can call me anytime if there are any problems."

"It's really not necessary," Natasha declined.

"Come on. What's the harm?" the man insisted.

Natasha stared at him hesitantly before nodding in agreement. "You can just give me your number."

"But I don't have a name card on me. Why don't I give you a call instead?" he asked.

Natasha pondered for a moment before giving him her number. The next moment, he proceeded to miss call her.

The moment her phone rang, Natasha informed him, "I got it."

"In that case, if there's any damage, do let me know and I'll pay for it," the man offered with a tone that was filled with sincerity.

Natasha gave him a cursory nod before walking off.

However, after taking a few steps, she stopped in her tracks and turned around to look at him.

At the same moment, the man returned her gaze while cracking a smile.

Staring into his amber-colored eyes, she knitted her brows and narrowed her eyes before leaving.

As the man watched her leave, a weird glint flickered in his amber-colored eyes, and he curled his lips slightly.

At the same moment, a voice came from his earpiece. "Boss, how did it go?"

"Everything went according to plan."

"We have also discovered the identity of the person she's with. I'm afraid it might pose some problems."

"I know. Let's head over at once."

When Natasha finally returned, Kenneth looked at her. "What took you so long?"

"It was nothing," Natasha answered without informing him of the earlier incident.

"By the way, Nat, there's something I would like to discuss with you," Kenneth said.

"What is it?"

"Previously, Grandpa and Old Mr. Watson bought a manor together. Do you know about it?"

Natasha nodded. "I remember Grandpa mentioning it once."

"Now that both of them are advancing in age and have no one to care for them, I was thinking about having them move into the manor together. That way, they can be cared for along with the three children," Kenneth elaborated.

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The next second, he turned toward Natasha. "Nat, did something happen just now?"

Kenneth's reaction caused Natasha to also notice that something was amiss. She responded with a shake of her head before asking, "What is it? Is something wrong?"

When Kenneth raised his gaze to look again, the man had already disappeared.

His brows were tightly furrowed as an ominous feeling began to swell within him.

"Kenneth!" At that moment, Natasha called out to him.

Only then did he regain his senses.

"What happened?" Natasha asked again.

Kenneth ruminated on the matter. That person is either targeting me or Natasha, for there's no other possibility.

Nonetheless, he didn't want to alarm Natasha until he obtained a clearer picture.

Getting a grip of himself, he explained, "It's nothing. I just saw someone familiar."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "That person who just walked past?"

She's really sharp, and here I was thinking that she didn't notice.

"You spotted him too?"

Natasha nodded. "We met briefly just now, and that's why I have a deeper impression of him."

"Met briefly?" Kenneth caught the essence of her words.

Natasha related what happened just now, "We bumped into each other outside the restroom. As I dropped my phone from the impact, he insisted on getting my contact so that he could compensate me." Despite describing the incident casually, Natasha was looking at Kenneth with intrigue.

Kenneth's expression drastically changed at her words.

In fact, he no longer harbored any doubt that she was the target of that man.

But how did he find Natasha so quickly? Or have they already learned of her identity? Also, considering that they have come so far, getting Natasha's phone number isn't difficult. So why does he need to personally pretend to knock into her? This doesn't make sense at all. What is that man thinking?

With that thought in mind, Kenneth looked at her and asked, "Nat, your phone has an anti-tracking device installed, am I right?"

Natasha nodded. "Mmm-hmm."

"For an ordinary hacker, what are the chances of them hacking into your phone?" Kenneth inquired.

"Their chances... will depend on whether I allow them to or not."

Kenneth swiftly understood it to be impossible.

Learning of that fact put his mind at ease. He instructed her, "Nat, listen to me. If that man shows up again, don't interact or speak to him at all. Just walk away and give me a call."

“Why?” Natasha asked.

“He's trouble. By asking for your number, he obviously has an ulterior motive. I just don't want him to hound you, that's all,” Kenneth explained.

That excuse sounds absurd.

Nonetheless, Natasha pressed on. “Is that all there is to it?”

“Mmm-hmm.” Kenneth nodded. “Don't underestimate your charm. You truly are that desirable.”

Natasha was speechless.

Even though she was cognizant that it was just an excuse, she didn't expose Kenneth for it.

Given how nervous he looked the moment he saw the man, Natasha understood that there was more to the matter than met the eye.

On top of that, she was also certain that his anxious reaction had something to do with her.

Since he refused to divulge anything further, she didn't press on for answers.

Also, that person would definitely call her since he had obtained her number.

As a result, all she needed to do was wait.

With that, she gave Kenneth a gentle smile. “Are you done with your food? If you are, let's go.”

Meanwhile, upon leaving the restaurant, the man entered a black MPV directly.

From where it was parked, he had a clear view of Kenneth and Natasha inside the restaurant.

As he stared intently at Natasha, a mysterious glint flashed in his amber eyes.

Right then, someone handed him an iPad from behind. “Boss, here are the man's details.”

The man called Boss took the tablet and skimmed through the data.

“Kenneth Hamilton?”

“Read further down.”

“J? He's J?” Boss exclaimed in astonishment.

“Yes!” the man behind him confirmed in a fearful tone.

Boss was stunned.

Ten years ago, the code name J was famous throughout the world. Back then, Boss had already heard of it when he was a low-level leader in Vermillion Base. J has single-handedly wiped out two organizations before going on to establish DX Group. After living gloriously for a while, he, at the peak of his fame, disappeared without a trace.

Little did Boss expect to run into J that day.

“What a small world this is,” Boss commented with a nostalgic tone.

“Previously, someone speculated that he had met an accident. No one expected him to retire and go into business. In spite of that, his power is still not to be underestimated,” the subordinate reported.

Boss narrowed his eyes. “The plot thickens indeed!”

“Boss, we had better not get on his nerves here.”

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After leaving the restaurant, the two entered the car together.

Looking at Natasha, Kenneth said, “Shall we head back to the Hamilton residence tonight? I might need you if we're going to convince Old Mr. Watson to move.”

Hearing that, Natasha said, “To be honest, this matter is simple.”

“What do you mean?”

“As long as you're not staying there, I doubt Grandpa has anything against moving,” Natasha said as she looked at him.

Kenneth raised a brow in response before bobbing his head. “That sounds true.”

Then, he started the engine. “Say, when will Old Mr. Watson stop looking at me with prejudice?”

“Perhaps he'll never stop.”

“So you mean to tell me that, no matter how hard I try, my efforts will be for naught?” Kenneth asked.

“Having prejudice against you and your efforts being for naught should be two separate matters,” Natasha told him.

Kenneth's eyes flicked toward her. "So that means that, even if Old Mr. Watson isn't too satisfied with me, it doesn't mean that I won't get good results?"

Natasha froze when she caught sight of Kenneth's inquisitive gaze. "That's what I mean."

A dotting smile broke out on Kenneth's face. "I got it, Nat."

"What did you get?" Natasha queried.

Kenneth continued to smile gently at her. "What you meant, of course."

Natasha fell silent.

After seeing the smile on his face, she only froze for a second but did not explain further about it.

It'll be good if he really understands what I mean, but it doesn't matter if he misunderstands me. There are some things I simply don't want to explain anymore.

Right then, Kenneth's phone rang.

When Natasha realized it was his work phone that was ringing, she lowered her eyes and took out her own phone.

At that moment, the memory of how that person made her drop her phone in the restaurant and the way he spoke to her in an Ustranian accent resurfaced in her mind.

All of a sudden, Natasha recalled something.

She had received a mysterious phone call when she was back in the hospital, and the person on the other end of the line had the same accent. Though she dared not assume that the voice was the same, the way they talked and the accent they had were identical.

It's him! That's him! But if he has my number, why did he have to bump into me today?

Right as Natasha was wondering about that, Kenneth uttered, "Nat?"

She regained her senses when she heard his voice. "Yeah?"

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking about work."

Nevertheless, Kenneth looked at the phone in her hand and warily asked, "Did that person send you a

message?”

Natasha's eyes flitted toward the phone before she shook her head. “No.”

When she saw his look of disbelief, she chuckled. “Why, do you want to check it?”

Upon seeing that Natasha was serious, he said, “There's no need for that. I trust you.”

Thus, Natasha kept her phone away before asking, “Why did you call my name?”

“I have to go to the company to deal with some things, and it'll take about an hour. Can we go back to the Hamilton residence together after I'm done?” he asked.

Natasha nodded. “Sure!”

Once Kenneth received Natasha's agreement, he drove straight to the company.

Ever since the Hamilton Corporation had its anniversary banquet, the employees of Hamilton Corporation learned more about Natasha. Even though news of their marriage had yet to go public, Kenneth was already so protective of Natasha, and they already had children. Was there truly a need to clarify who she was?

Therefore, many people greeted both Kenneth and Natasha when they saw them.

“Greetings, Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton!”

At that form of address, Natasha looked upward at Kenneth. “Mrs. Hamilton? When did I become Mrs. Hamilton?”

Kenneth arched a brow and explained, “I think they've been thinking that you're Mrs. Hamilton since the last anniversary banquet.”

Natasha hummed in understanding.

“Did you not clarify things with them?”

“How am I supposed to do that? Should I hold a meeting to clarify this, or should I tell everyone I come across that you're not Mrs. Hamilton?” Kenneth returned the question.

Huh, both don't sound like a good plan.

Right then, Kenneth leaned closer to her ear and whispered, “Although you're not Mrs. Hamilton right now, you used to be. Also, you can be one anytime you want. I've been waiting for you to give the okay sign.”

There was something charming about his elegant features. Natasha stared at him and was about to say something to him when Fabian rushed over. "Mr. Hamilton, you're here! They have all arrived, and they're currently in the conference room."

Kenneth instantly put on a serious expression and inclined his head at Fabian. "Okay."

Then, he turned to Natasha and said, "Wait for me in the office. I'll be back soon. If you need anything, make an internal call and get them to assist you."

Natasha nodded.

"Wait for me, all right?" After one last longing look at her, Kenneth stood up and went to the conference room.

Natasha watched his retreating figure for a while before turning to head toward his office.

She did not ask for anything to drink, but a secretary soon came with a cup of coffee. "Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton has asked me to send you coffee."

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A few minutes later, Natasha finally stopped.

The computer screen, which had been showing a black background and green words, returned to its normal interface.

Natasha lazily leaned backward, seemingly lost in her thoughts.

Kenneth asked, "What's the matter?"

"I don't think they have any malicious intentions," she said.

Fabian blurted out, "No malicious intentions? Why are they hacking into someone else's computer if they don't have any malicious intentions? There are plenty of corporate secrets on Mr. Hamilton's computer!"

In contrast, Kenneth was calm as he asked Natasha, "Then what were they trying to do?"

Natasha tapped the computer screen and replied, "I intercepted something they tried to send over. I think this might be intended for you."

Then, a huge white letter J appeared on the black screen. There was nothing else other than that.

"J?" Fabian furrowed his brows and turned toward Kenneth.

At that moment, Kenneth was clenching his teeth and staring at the letter on the screen as he narrowed his eyes.

“They haven't done anything destructive, and they hadn't retrieved any files from your computer. Perhaps they were only saying hello to you.” Natasha then turned to Kenneth and asked, “Does this letter mean anything special to you?”

“J... is me,” Kenneth whispered.

Natasha arched a brow. “A nickname?”

“In a way,” was Kenneth's vague answer.

Hearing that, Natasha turned to look at the computer again. “Then evidently, the other party is taunting and warning you.”

Despite her words, Kenneth seemed unfazed. “Do you know where they are?”

Natasha nodded. “Spaunia in the region of Zaewora.”

A glint flashed past Kenneth's eyes when he heard her response.

So it's them.

Right then, Natasha said, “It's the people from Vermillion Base, isn't it?”

Kenneth knew that he could not hide it from her, so he inclined his head and said, “From where they're at, it seems like it.”

Natasha pursed her lips. “So, do they now have a grudge against you?”

And it's because of me.

Kenneth closed his eyes for a moment before he curled his lips. “Do you think that they're doing this for revenge?”

“This time, no. But that doesn't mean they won't do it in the future. They didn't succeed this time, so they're definitely going to attack again.”

“The ones who should be worried are them, not me,” Kenneth uttered.

After all, they were still in Glenport City.

Natasha tilted her head and contemplated for a moment. "Kenneth..."

"Nat, I know what you're worried about, but don't worry. If they're doing this to taunt me, that means they can't do anything else but this."

"They can hack into your company anytime."

Kenneth chuckled. "Nat, aren't you underestimating me a little too much? Do you really think that the technicians in my company are useless?"

"If they aren't, why did these people manage to hack into your computer?"

"That's because I don't have any defenses for this computer."

Natasha frowned. "Then the files on your computer..."

"If I dare to put these in the computer, that means they're not important. What's important is here!" With that, Kenneth tapped himself on the head.

Although Kenneth's words had convinced her that things were fine, she still could not help but feel worried.

Furthermore, she remembered that those people were bloodthirsty killers who thrived in destruction. How can Kenneth be a match for them?

When Kenneth saw that she was still worried, he continued, "Moreover, don't I have you? You won't sit on your hands if something happens to the company, right?" Kenneth asked with a smile.

He sounded confident about her lending him a hand.

For a moment, Natasha did not know what she should say to him.

A long while later, she told him, "I've set up defenses for your computer, so they won't hack into it anymore."

Kenneth's smile grew more evident when he heard that. "Okay, got it!"

"What are you smiling for?"

"I just think that it feels good to be protected." There was a tender look in Kenneth's eyes.

In contrast, Natasha wondered why he could still act like this despite the dire situation.

"I'll check your company's equipment and technology in a while to make sure nothing will actually

happen," Natasha went on.

Kenneth bobbed his head. "Okay!"

To Kenneth, what Natasha said went.

Even if she wanted to play around with the company, he would hand it over to her without a hint of hesitation, let alone the company's equipment.

By then, Fabian came back to his senses and asked in surprise, "M-Ms. Watson, what you did earlier, you..."

Chapter 316

When they returned to the Hamilton residence, the three children were watching Terence and Liam playing a round of chess.

"Liam, can you be any slower?" Terence urged.

"Why are you in such a rush? You're already so old, but you're still so impatient!"

"You've already stared at it for five whole minutes!"

"So what if I do stare at it for ten minutes? Chess is a meditative game. If you keep being this impatient, your heart's going to give out!" Liam retorted.

"My heart's fine, thank you!"

"I didn't say that your heart's not fine; I'm just scared that your heart won't be fine."

"I'd say you're hoping for my heart to not be fine."

"Terence, be reasonable. That's not what I'm saying," Liam said.

"So you're telling me that I'm being unreasonable?"

"I..." Liam had run out of words to say, so he turned to Anthony. "Anthony, what do you think? Did I mean to say that?"

"Um..." Anthony never imagined that they would suddenly get him involved in the fight.

Right then, Terence uttered, "Tell me, Benjamin. Does he mean that?"

Benjamin was about to laugh at Anthony's misery when he, too, was dragged into the fight in the next second. Benjamin then turned to look at his brother with a half-smile, unsure of what they should say.

Right then, Kenneth and Natasha came in.

“Daddy, Nat, you're back?” Denise exclaimed and lunged toward them.

Hearing that, both Anthony and Benjamin turned their heads toward the source of the voice. When they saw that it was indeed Kenneth and Natasha, they exchanged delighted looks with each other.

“Nat's back!”

“She's back!” With that, the brothers spun around and ran toward Kenneth and Natasha as well.

“Well...” Liam was about to say something else when his gaze met Terence's.

“Forget it. I'm not going to play anymore,” he said.

“If you don't, that means you're admitting defeat!”

“You—” Liam was about to say something else, but he finally decided not to after a while of staring at Terence. “If that's what it is, then it is what it is. It's just a game of chess. I'm not going to play with you anymore; I'm going to talk to Nat.” Upon saying that, he got up and went toward the living room as well.

Denise threw herself into Natasha's arms and cried out sweetly, “Mommy!”

“Nat!”

“Nat!”

Both Anthony and Benjamin walked over happily, too.

Kenneth, on the other hand, was getting ignored.

Natasha hugged Denise for a while before putting the girl down. “Go to Daddy now.”

Hence, Denise launched herself at Kenneth.

In the meantime, Natasha walked toward Benjamin. “How are you feeling today?”

“I'm feeling much better!” Benjamin told her with a chuckle.

“Regardless of everything, it's no minor injury, so you have to rest more,” Natasha reminded.

“Got it, Nat. Don't worry. I'll definitely make sure I'll rest until I'm at the peak of my health!” Benjamin reassured her.

Natasha smiled upon hearing his words.

Right then, Anthony lowered his voice and said, "Nat, you came back at the right time."

That made Natasha lift her head to glance in the direction of Terence and Liam. She then whispered back to Anthony, "What's wrong? Were you forced to pick a side again?"

Anthony nodded with a bitter frown.

"You must have had it tough," Natasha commented.

Just then, Liam walked over. "Nat, you're back. Have you had your dinner yet? Do you want to get the kitchen staff to make something for you?"

"I'm fine, Old Mr. Hamilton. I've already had my meal in the afternoon," Natasha answered.

"What about some tea?" Liam offered.

Natasha nodded. "Sure!"

Hence, the family gathered in the living room to enjoy some tea.

Kenneth turned to glance at Natasha before saying, "By the way, Grandpa, didn't you say that you wanted to renovate the Hamilton residence? Have you thought about where you're going to move to?"

Liam froze.

Denise then asked, "Great-grandpa, didn't this house just get a renovation? Why are you renovating it again?"

"Um... This house... This house is going to be for your daddy's wedding, so we have to renovate it first," Liam lied.

However, the girl's eyes promptly lit up.

Wedding?

In the next instance, the girl's eyes began flicking between Kenneth and Natasha. Is this day finally going to come?

As Denise beamed, she asked, "Daddy, are you going to get married with Mommy?"

Kenneth's eyes flitted toward Natasha, who had lowered her eyes and pretended as if she had heard nothing.

Chapter 317

At the side, Terence stared at Natasha with pursed lips. He hesitated for a long while before asking, "Tell me the truth, Nat. Did you and Kenneth—"

"No!" she cut him off before he could finish his sentence.

Of course, he knew she wouldn't lie to him, but after giving it some thought, he still said, "I don't think Kenneth's interest in you has gone down. If you really have no interest in him, you should tell him that."

"I was saying we haven't reconciled yet, Grandpa!"

"What do you mean?"

"It means what you think it means!" She smiled.

He understood instantly. "You made up your mind already?"

"Not yet, but you know me, Grandpa. I haven't changed. I'm still the same person as the little girl back then."

He knew, of course. The children of the Watson family are all cut from the same stubborn cloth. Once they make a decision, it'll be difficult to change their minds. Even after Kenneth did that horrible thing, she could only default to not talking to him and wanting nothing to do with him. Nevertheless, it's difficult for her to change how she feels deep down.

And so he nodded at her. "I hope Kenneth will understand and won't disappoint you again."

"If I don't have high hopes, I won't get disappointed, Grandpa!"

"If you don't have high hopes, then why do you want to get married?" Terence didn't agree with that point of view.

Natasha smiled. "Grandpa, in every romantic relationship, everyone has the right to end it whenever they want. No one can predict or restrict it. What anyone can do is prepare for it. If that day comes, they'll be able to accept it with grace. Maybe that day will never come, which is yet another option. Regardless, as long as we don't have expectations, we won't be disappointed."

His eyebrows furrowed as he listened. He didn't like what he was hearing, but he couldn't deny it was wise.

Humans were unpredictable.

Even if someone made a rock-solid promise, so what? People could still change their minds one day, and there would be nothing anyone could do.

While Natasha's perspective was a little pessimistic, he was still glad to hear it because it meant she wouldn't fall into despair when that day did come.

Terence stared at her. "Nat, I have been holding on to this belief that one day, I wouldn't be able to take care of you anymore. It's why I want to find someone to take care of you. However, I understand now. In reality, no matter who I hand you to, I won't ever feel at ease. So, I won't force you anymore. I believe you know what to do. Feel free to do what you want if you want to!"

"If you're worried about me, you can take care of me for the rest of your life!" Natasha sniffled a little.

"I want to, but I'm old now!"

"Grandpa!"

"All right, all right, I'm not old. I'll take care of you for the rest of my life!" he uttered lovingly.

That managed to make her smile.

"Is it Kenneth's idea to move?" Terence suddenly asked.

That stunned her for a moment.

Terence added, "Liam and that grandson of his sure work well with each other. Do they think I can't tell? They're probably having some ideas about you."

"I've considered it thoroughly, Grandpa. I hope you can stay with Old Mr. Hamilton. This way, both of you can take care of each other."

"What? You think the two of us can't take care of each other while living together?"

"I still need to work and occasionally go on business trips, so I can't always stay by your side. If you live with Old Mr. Hamilton and Dan, I'll feel more at ease!"

Terence sighed resignedly. "Fine. If it makes you feel better, I'll do what you want."

Natasha smiled. "Don't worry; I'll stay there every now and then."

That prompted him to sneer. "If you live there, you'll be fulfilling Kenneth's wish."

She simply listened with a raised eyebrow instead of saying anything.

Once their conversation concluded, they returned to where they came from.

Liam stared at them, waiting to hear their decision.

It was then Natasha spoke. "When do you plan to move, Old Mr. Hamilton?"

"I can leave whenever possible!"

"Then feel free to pick a good day and move in with Grandpa!"

He immediately asked, "You agreed to it, Terence?"

"Of course I did. I can't risk you ruining the house if you move in alone," Terence replied.

Liam wasn't going to be petty about it. As long as Terence was willing to move in, he would be happy.

"You're right. If you don't move in, I may tear the place apart!"

Terence smiled, but not genuinely.

Nonetheless, at that moment, Liam didn't care. He turned to face Dan. "Quickly, go and pick a good day for me to move in!"

Dan responded swiftly, "I'll go and do that right now!"

"Just choose the most recent date!"

Chapter 318

When that was brought up, Boss' expression changed slightly. The look in his eyes grew colder.

The man continued, "Boss, we still have two shipments. Once the transit is completed, you can do whatever you want. However, if the shipments are compromised, we'll all die!"

He didn't want to admit it, but that was the truth.

Boss frowned. Of course, he didn't feel great that he had to give up.

"Boss..."

"I know!" Boss cut the man off. His yellow pupils were directed at the man, his eyes filled with hostility.

"Then let the matter go first. We'll wait until the shipment's transferred before making our next move."

That put the man's worries to rest. "Yes, Boss!"

“Go and make the necessary calls!”

The man nodded before leaving the room.

With that, Boss was the only person left in the room. He put away his army knife and headed to the balcony. As he stared outside, the hostility in his eyes remained. After a while, he muttered, “One day, I’ll kill you with my own hands!”

Terence, Natasha, and the triplets stayed at the Hamilton residence until it was pretty late into the night before they returned home.

Because they were about to move, the triplets had to go back to pack their things.

Just as they reached home, Natasha’s phone rang. She glanced at the phone and said, “It’s getting late. You three should rest early and start packing tomorrow!”

The triplets nodded.

“I’ll go back to my room to rest now, Grandpa!” she informed.

Terence nodded. “Okay, rest early!”

With that, she returned to her room.

It was then he turned to the triplets. “It’s getting late, so you three should return to your rooms now and rest early! The packing can wait.”

“Okay! Goodnight, Gramps!”

“Goodnight!”

The children strolled back to their own rooms.

Before Terence returned to his room to rest, he quickly packed his things up.

Inside Natasha’s room, exhaustion was written all over her face as she approached her desk and turned on the computer.

Kyle: You’re fast.

Shadow Seeker: You got news?

Kyle: Mm-hmm!

Shadow Seeker: What news?

Kyle: Can't I chat a little bit before getting into the main topic?

Shadow Seeker: A man shouldn't blabber.

Kyle: Oh...

Shadow Seeker: So, what's the news?

Kyle: I'm now certain the tattoo you're looking for is one that's only granted to members of Vermillion Base.

Shadow Seeker: I've seen their tattoo before. It's similar to the image, but it's not the same.

Kyle: That's because the leader of Vermillion Base has changed. It's why the tattoos are different.

Shadow Seeker: So you're saying the tattoos change when the leader is replaced?

Kyle: Yes.

Natasha narrowed her eyes. I see.

Kyle: Whatever information you're looking for, you'll probably find some answers if you question the people who have that tattoo.

In other words, she finally knew where to look.

As long as she found someone who shared the same tattoo as her father, she might learn the truth.

Shadow Seeker: Got it. Thank you.

Kyle: You're welcome.

Shadow Seeker: If there's nothing else, I'll be leaving now.

Kyle: Wait.

Shadow Seeker: What's the matter?

Kyle: You promised me I could ask for three things. I've thought about the first thing I want.

Shadow Seeker: Shoot.

Kyle: Someone in Darknetz wants to learn from you...

Shadow Seeker: Sure.

Kyle didn't expect her to agree so readily, which was why it made him excited.

Kyle: Wait a second. I'll ask him to come online.

Shadow Seeker: Okay.

Soon, he left to summon Anthony.

Anthony was about to lie down when he saw an emergency call.

The emergency call was a system in Darknetz. It was used only when there was an emergency.

He swiftly went online when he saw that.

Anthony: What's wrong? What happened?

Kyle: I've sent it to you. Come quickly.

Anthony: To do what?

Kyle: Someone's challenging you.

When Anthony heard that, he went online with suspicion.

The moment he logged in and saw Shadow Seeker, he was stunned.

It was then he recalled Kyle mentioned Shadow Seeker agreed to fulfill three requests, the first one being a challenge between him and Shadow Seeker.

He wasn't sure he could put up a good fight.

Kyle: What do you think? Are you surprised? Happy?

Anthony was speechless. Can I still go offline at this point?

Kyle: No need to thank me!

Anthony typed his message with fury: Scram!

Kyle didn't mind and went back to talk with Shadow Seeker: I look forward to this glorious battle!

Shadow Seeker: How are we going to fight?

Anthony: I suddenly remembered I still have things to do. How about another day?

That made Kyle panic as he typed: Don't leave, Anthony! If you leave, you're a coward!

Anthony: I am a coward!

He rather be a coward than to be discovered by his mother.

Kyle was rendered speechless. Why is he being such a chicken today?

Just as he was about to say something, Shadow Seeker typed: You're called Anthony?

Anthony wasn't sure what to say. His name in Darknetz's chatroom was Anthony, but his hacker name wasn't.

After thinking for a while, he replied: Uhm, it's just a nickname I randomly gave myself.

Kyle added: Isn't that name lame? Like, who calls themselves that nowadays?

Shadow Seeker: My son is also called Anthony.

Chapter 319

A winner remained undecided even after an extended period of battle.

Kyle was nervous and excited. Based on the time alone, Anthony had broken Shadow Seeker's record.

No one had managed to survive an attack from Shadow Seeker for more than five minutes.

Anthony was the first to achieve that.

Kyle: Steady, Anthony! If you win against Shadow Seeker, you'll be the number one hacker in the world!

Before Anthony continued his counterattack, he replied: Shut up!

Natasha was fast, but Anthony wasn't slow either. Both of them attacked each other while defending themselves.

The admiration in her eyes was beginning to change.

It was because she felt the person she was facing wasn't any worse than her in terms of speed and skill. Most importantly, his skills were extremely similar to hers.

It was as though there was a copy of her in the world.

Suddenly, her movements stopped. As she stared at the screen, a serious look appeared in her eyes. It was also then Anthony suddenly attacked as though he had gained an advantage. Concurrently, Natasha found a hole in his defense and infiltrated his computer.

When she saw her opponent's IP address, her eyebrows furrowed.

It was different from what she expected.

Still, a thought began taking root in her mind.

At that moment, she got up and exited her room. When she arrived in front of Anthony's room, she paused. However, as the possibility popped into her mind again, she couldn't hold herself back and entered the room.

Anthony was preparing to shut down his computer and go to sleep.

The moment he saw her walking in, he was stunned.

Thankfully, he reacted quickly by smiling at her. "Why aren't you asleep yet, Nat? It's getting pretty late."

An intrigued look colored her expression as she stared at him. "Yeah, I'm not sleeping yet."

"What's the matter, then?" Anthony asked while looking incredibly innocent.

Natasha's gaze swept past his computer before returning to him. "What were you doing just now?"

"I was just... playing a game! I'm about to head to sleep."

"Oh, a game, is it?" She intentionally dragged out the pronunciation for "game" whilst appearing to be deep in thought.

"Is there anything else, Nat?"

There was a brief silence as she thought about what to do before she walked into the room. "My computer's broken, so I want to use yours for a second."

Anthony was speechless.

If it were anyone else, they wouldn't discover anything should they turn on the computer. However, nothing could be hidden from Natasha when it came to computers.

Seeing how she was about to turn it on, he spoke. "Even if it is an urgent matter, can't you use the computer tomorrow? I'm very tired right now. I want to sleep."

"Go sleep then. I'll be quick, and I won't disturb you."

There was no way he could sleep.

Right as the computer was getting turned on, he uttered, "I was wrong, Nat!"

Natasha glanced at Anthony. "What did you do wrong?"

He pursed his lips. "I—"

"You were the person from earlier, weren't you?" A question leaped out of her mouth abruptly.

He raised his eyes and met with hers.

It stunned him as he realized there was no way he could hide the secret.

Silence filled the air briefly before he nodded. "It was me..."

It was her turn to be rendered speechless as she stared at her son with a complicated look.

"When did it happen?" she asked.

"It was two years ago. Kyle recruited me—"

"I'm asking you how is it that you know how to do this."

She knew he was smart, but he was still just a child. Earlier, as they fought each other, she could tell his abilities were no worse than hers. He's only a kid, yet he's so capable! It's hard to imagine how skilled he'll be when he grows up.

Surprise filled her eyes as she stared at Anthony.

It was then he spoke up. "Back when we lived overseas, I watched you do some hacking a few times and remembered how to do it..."

Her eyebrows furrowed. Indeed, she did do that a few times to search for information regarding her father when they were overseas.

"You were just a little kid back then..." she said.

“When those numbers and codes flashed past my eyes, it was as if it was carved into my brain. I don't know how I remembered them too...” Anthony spoke innocently.

Natasha was speechless. No wonder I could see a shadow of myself in the way he hacked. So this is the reason. When I found out I had the gift for hacking, I was a teenager. Have our family's genes become so powerful that he could reach my level as a child?

Even though she was astonished, she was able to accept the reality of things quickly.

It didn't matter if it was because of natural talent or genes. After all, she had the ability to accept new truths and adapt to them easily. Even seemingly impossible things happening to her family were a common sight to her.

She took in a deep breath and stared at Anthony. “Who else knows about this?”

“Benjamin and Denise!” The boy thought about it and added, “And also Thalia!”

Chapter 320

Natasha gradually calmed down as she thought things through. I would be lying if I said I'm not proud. I thought my father's genes would end in my generation, but it turns out it only got even better in Anthony's generation! I'm happy about it, but I'm also a little worried. In the age of the internet, a hacker is an existence that goes hand-in-hand with danger. He's not just any hacker; he's a really skillful one. I'm worried he won't lead a safe life in the future.

When her train of thought ended there, she asked, “Have you thought about what you want to do in the future, Anthony?”

Sensing her attitude was relaxing, Anthony pulled a nearby chair closer. “How about you sit first before we chat further?”

She glanced at him and nodded.

Both of them sat close to each other as he spoke. “Truth be told, I thought about it, but I'm still not sure what I will do in the future. However, I know what I like doing right now, and I love everything related to computers. So, I'm willing to work hard and pay the price for it.”

The look in Natasha's eyes turned gloomy when she heard that. “You know this profession is a dangerous one, right?”

He nodded. “I know, and I know many people are looking for you, Nat. They're willing to pay a high price to buy any information about you. I'm aware some people who are willing to pay that price want to recruit you while others want to eliminate you. I know all that, and if I continue down this path, I'll face the same dangers as you.”

Her eyes narrowed. "Aren't you afraid?"

"I am, but if I have to choose between my fear and passion, I rather hold on to my passion!"
Determination could be heard in the boy's voice.

Natasha was aware Anthony was someone who knew what he was doing. If he was willing to say such a thing, it must mean he really loved what he was doing.

It was probably why he decided to hide his activities from her.

She felt it would be too cruel to tell him to stop if he had already fallen so deeply in love with that profession.

It was then he abruptly asked, "Was Granddad a skilled hacker too, Nat?"

The mention of her father by her son surprised her. It stunned her for a while. Her thin eyelashes trembled as she gazed at him.

"Granddad was awesome, so you inherited his genes, while I inherited your genes, Nat!" he uttered calmly.

It had been many years since Natasha talked about her father with someone else calmly. At that moment, she felt strangely calm.

With a nod, she agreed, "Yes, he was someone awesome."

Anthony's voice suddenly became deeper as he assured, "I know you've been looking for the truth behind Granddad's death, Nat. I don't know if he died because he was a hacker, but don't worry, the same tragedy won't happen twice, Nat!"

She was suddenly at a loss for words.

Worries about Anthony's safety were present in her mind, but she wasn't going to restrict him because of them.

If it was possible, she wanted to support him and let him indulge in his passion as much as he wanted.

The tragedy of her parents was something that only she needed to bear. She simply hoped that her children could be whoever they wanted to be and do whatever made them happy. That alone would be enough for her.

As her train of thought ended there, Natasha nodded. "Yeah, I believe the same tragedy won't happen again!"

Anthony's eyebrow was raised when he heard that. "So you're agreeing to let me continue hacking?"

"Are you going to stop if I say no?"

His expression darkened before he nodded. "If it makes you unhappy, I won't do it again..."

Her serious expression vanished, and she suddenly smiled. "What, are you going to show me unconditional filial piety? You'll do whatever I say?"

"Nothing else is more important than your happiness!" he replied seriously.

His response touched her.

She always knew how much he loved her.

He was her child, but only one of three. While she loved him dearly, her love was split between him and his siblings.

However, for Anthony, she was all he had and the only one he wanted to give his love to.

He genuinely wished she could be happy.

It was hard to tell if parents loved their children more or if the children loved their parents more.

Natasha had no answer to that, but she still smiled and said, "I don't always make the correct decision, Anthony. I know you care about what I think, but I want you to become someone with a clear conscience and someone who has their own opinions. All I wish is that you'll take good care of yourself."

Hearing that made him feel touched. With a nod, he promised, "I will, Nat."

"All right, that's enough of the melodrama. Now it's time for serious business." She stared solemnly.

His jolly smile froze when he heard that. "What serious business?"

"How long have you known Kyle?"

"I think it has been less than two years?"

"Does he know about your identity?"