

Yo Daddy 331

Chapter 331

The next day arrived.

After a few days of packing, the day to move finally rolled by.

Nevertheless, they did not have many things to bring along, for Natasha was not moving. Hence, the three children and Terence only packed their clothes and the essentials.

Downstairs, when Anthony saw that everything was in the truck, he turned to Natasha and said, "Nat, are you really not going to move with us?"

Natasha gave the children a smile upon seeing their worried looks. "I'm closer to work here. If I move with you, I'll have to wake up an hour earlier. Do you think that I'll be able to wake in time?"

"But I'm worried to leave you here alone..." Anthony started.

Benjamin nodded as well. "That's right. Nat, why don't you move with us?"

"Yes, Nat, if you stay here, what am I going to do when I miss you?" Denise whined softly.

Natasha felt bad to see the children reluctant to leave. After all, it was their first time leaving her side. How could she possibly be all right with letting them move away from her?

However, settling them down in a good spot was something she had to do.

Therefore, she recomposed herself and flashed them another smile. "Haven't you moved some of my things there? I'll come and stay for a while whenever I'm free."

"But I've never left you for so long before!" Denise cried out.

"That's why it's time for you to learn to be independent and grow up," Natasha told her.

As Denise looked at her, she said, "Nat, have you made a mistake? It's not that we're not independent, but that we're worried about you. What are you going to do without us taking care of you?"

Her words rendered Natasha speechless.

Huh, she's actually making sense.

"Still, it's not as if I can't take care of myself at all, so don't worry."

"Nat..."

“All right, the things are in the car already. The movers are waiting for you,” Natasha urged.

It was only then the children clamped their mouths shut.

“All right, all right. You're just moving. It's not as if you'll never see each other again,” Terence interrupted.

He then looked at Natasha. Although he, too, was filled with worry, he knew that Natasha had the ability to take care of herself. After all, she did that when she was overseas for those few years.

What he should be doing was share some of the weight on her shoulders and take care of the three children.

Right then, Terence called out, “Nat.”

Natasha turned to him. “Grandpa.”

“It's the moving day today, so come to the manor for a celebratory dinner tonight and stay there for the night. That way, the kids will be at ease,” he continued.

Upon hearing that, the three children fervently nodded and looked at Natasha, thrilled.

It seemed like they were not going to give up on persuading her to move until she actually stayed for a few nights with them.

Thus, Natasha inclined her head. “Okay. I'll come over after work tonight.”

The three little ones let out simultaneous sighs of relief. “Nat, we'll be waiting for you then!”

“Of course. See you tonight!”

After a while of bidding reluctant farewells, the children went into the car and headed to the manor.

Once they were gone, Natasha readied herself to hail a cab to head to work. However, when she turned around, she was greeted by the sight of Thalia.

The moment she saw Thalia, she said, “It's been a while.”

“Are you about to go to work?”

Natasha nodded.

“Great timing. It's on the way, so I'll give you a ride,” Thalia offered.

Natasha took up the offer and nodded in response.

On their way there, Thalia said, "I heard from Anthony that Thea turned herself in."

Natasha inclined her head in response.

"Good to see the evil getting punished," Thalia remarked.

Natasha did not think much about it. However, she glanced at the driving woman and said, "Anthony moved to the manor. What about you? Are you planning to keep staying here?"

Thalia tensed up for a moment. She never thought that Natasha would be so straightforward.

Just as she was ruminating about how she should reply to Natasha, the latter said, "To be honest, you can move to the manor too."

That made Thalia stiffen again before she whipped her head toward Natasha. "Me?"

"Yes, you." Natasha nodded.

"That... isn't too appropriate, is it?"

"What's inappropriate about it? Won't it be more convenient for you to communicate? After all, you're staying here because of the three of them," Natasha pointed out directly.

Thalia blinked at Natasha for a moment. Somehow, she felt that Natasha was trying to tell her something else—it was as if Natasha had found out about something.

A long beat later, she muttered, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Is that so?" Natasha arched a brow. "Pretend that I said nothing, then."

Thalia pursed her lips in silence.

She was a fearless woman, but for some reason, looking into Natasha's gaze made her feel as if she had become naked in front of the other woman—as if Natasha could see through every facade she had.

Thalia could not wrap her mind around that sensation. She's a pretty woman, but somehow, she makes others tremble in her presence. How strange.

After taking a glimpse at Natasha, Thalia finally said, "Have you know... Spencer for a long time?"

Natasha bobbed her head. "Yes. It's been over a decade."

“Does he like you?” Thalia asked point-blank. That was a question she had been mulling over for eons.

Natasha was taken aback for a moment before she raised a brow at the other woman. “Was that what he told you?”

“I guessed it myself.”

Natasha narrowed her eyes.

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Natasha had nothing much to do during work, but she was still sitting in front of the computer, looking at something.

Right then, Ross walked over and placed a cup of coffee in front of her.

“For you, Ms. Watson,” he said.

Natasha lifted her head to study his expression. “What is it?” she asked as she picked up the cup and drank from it.

“Nothing. I'm just treating you to a cup of coffee. Don't think the worst of me,” Ross said to her.

After giving him another once-over, Natasha nodded and said nothing else.

“By the way, how is Denise? Is she fine?” he asked.

“Yes, she's fine,” Natasha replied.

“I wanted to visit her in the hospital, but there was too much work to be done in the office, so I'm still stumped about when I can visit her. Why don't I visit her after work today?” he suggested.

“It's fine,” Natasha told him.

“Why?”

“They moved today, so I'm afraid that they won't have the time to entertain you.” Then, Natasha turned to him and continued, “Most importantly, the place they moved to is quite far from the office.”

Upon hearing that, Ross said, “Moved? Ms. Watson, you've bought a house?”

“It has nothing to do with me. It's a manor that my grandpa and Kenneth's grandpa bought. They've all moved there now,” she briefly explained.

Ross' jaw dropped at that. "So that means the kids have been taken into the family? Does that mean they're the future heirs to Hamilton Corporation?"

Natasha drew her brows together. "Regardless of whether or not they're taken in by the family, they have the Hamilton family's blood in them. Whether or not they'll be the heirs to the Hamilton residence will depend on whether or not they want to take over the company." Natasha then cast Ross a look that seemed to suggest that the children were unwilling to take over the company.

"What's the matter? Do they think nothing about the company?" Ross asked.

"Perhaps." Natasha raised a brow.

Natasha could see that Anthony's interest did not lie with the company during their chat the other night. Perhaps what was superior to others was nothing to the children.

Natasha was glad to know that; she was glad to learn that her children were excellent individuals.

Ross fell silent in contemplation for a while. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I doubt the kids will be lousy with Natasha's and Kenneth's genes. Denise is about to become a star, and her two brothers look like extraordinary kids.

With that thought in mind, Ross wistfully said, "Fate is truly everything. Some people are born to be better than others."

Natasha raised her head to stare at him at that. "What's the matter? Thinking of reincarnating to another life now?"

"Well, not to that extent. Although I'm not too satisfied with my current life, I still have to try my best to live life until the end." Ross chuckled.

Natasha smiled and said nothing else.

Right then, Ross noticed what was on her screen. "Ms. Watson, why are you checking plane tickets?" Then, he leaned closer to the screen and added, "You're going to Zaewora?"

It was already too late for Natasha to swap windows, so she switched off her screen with deliberate nonchalance. "I'm just taking a look."

Ross narrowed his eyes. "You're not planning to go on a holiday with Mr. Hamilton, right? Even if you are, shouldn't you be going to cities that are more romantic? It's a little dangerous at Zaewora."

Natasha's eyes flitted to the man. "Ross."

“Hm?”

“Let me ask you a question.”

“What is it?”

“Kenneth knows everything I do in the company. Say, who do you think is reporting to him?”

Ross was taken aback for a second. “I— How am I supposed to know that?”

“You don't?”

Ross shook his head vigorously.

Natasha raised her brows. “Okay.”

“No, wait. For you to ask me that... Are you suspecting that it's me?” Ross asked.

“No. It was just a passing thought of a question.”

“Why don't you ask Thomas and Xavier?”

“They're not here right now.”

“No, no. I still think there's something amiss about this,” Ross persisted, feeling wronged.

“Why don't you let me check your phone to make sure that you're really innocent?” Natasha then extended her hand to him.

Ross tensed up before blinking. “I... It's not that I don't want to let you take a look at it, but that won't I have no privacy if I give you my phone? Moreover, I should give the girls who are courting me some privacy, too, right?”

Natasha arched a brow at him, a look that silently said, Keep bluffing.

“Hey now, you can't doubt your friend! You're hurting my feelings!” Ross righteously cried out. “Still, I'm a big-hearted man who won't stoop to your level. Don't do this again, got it?” Then, before Natasha could say anything else, he turned and left.

Natasha curled her lips as she watched him retreat.

Frankly, all she wanted to do was change the topic. To her surprise, she learned something new.

Even though Natasha did not know whether or not Ross was truly the one reporting to Kenneth, she

knew for sure that Ross was in contact with Kenneth.

Natasha did not mind that. At the very end of the day, she trusted the three of them. They knew well what to say and what not to say.

With that thought in mind, Natasha refocused on the computer. As she stared at the plane ticket on the screen, she narrowed her eyes.

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The young woman at the side could not do anything but stare at the gentlemanly man.

Moreover, the two were like a match made in heaven—the man was noble, and the woman was beautiful. They looked as if they had walked out of a painting, and no one could pry their eyes away from the couple.

After closing the door, Kenneth turned around and quietly said, “Sorry, please move aside.”

The young woman snapped back to her senses and quickly took a step back. Kenneth did not even spare her another glance before he walked over to the other side of the car to get to the driver's seat and drove off.

There was no hesitation on his end at all.

Natasha sat in the front passenger seat and watched the young woman's figure get smaller and smaller. She noticed that even after Kenneth drove far from the office, the young woman remained rooted to her spot.

Natasha finally looked away and fixed her gaze on Kenneth instead. “She looks upset.”

Kenneth, however, smiled and dismissively said, “How can she be upset if she hasn't invested any feelings in this?”

Right. This is how he is when he's ruthless.

For a brief moment, Natasha could see what he was like when they first met.

That thought made her feel a little irked, and she could not stop herself from saying, “Kenneth, the girl mustered the courage to ask for your contact details, but you didn't even bother looking at her for more than a second. Cruel.”

Kenneth's eyes flicked toward her. “What's the matter? Are you unhappy with the way I dealt with it?”

Natasha narrowed her eyes. “No. I'm just pointing it out.”

“Natasha, do you realize what this is? She's competing for a man with you. It's one thing for you not to step forward and claim that he's yours, but you're even standing so far away, looking like you're about to enjoy the show. I can dismiss all of these, but shouldn't you show a little jealousy and fight with me a little now?” Kenneth asked. Otherwise, I would feel like a failure of a man!

Natasha blinked before saying, “We're all women. Why should we make life difficult for each other?”

“You're big-hearted, aren't you?”

“Moreover, is there a point for me to assert dominance? Thea kept asserting her dominance over you around me, but you're still with me,” Natasha said as she looked at him. Although the look in her eyes was an indifferent one, there was something alluring about it.

It was almost as if she was the hunter instead of the hunted.

Just as Kenneth was about to reply to her, Natasha continued, “Also, it's men. If this one doesn't work, there's always the next. In fact, the next might be better.” Natasha's eyes were crescent from her glee, and it was clear that she was teasing him.

Kenneth was at a loss for words at that.

After a moment of contemplation, he said, “So you're letting someone else steal your man away?”

“She's not stealing, is she?”

Kenneth sneered, “Putting aside the fact that I always wait for you by the entrance of your office and whether or not she has seen me before, what happened between us is all over the news. Can she not know about it? Moreover, even if she has just arrived in this place and doesn't use the internet to read up on gossip news like this, it's the time when people get off work. How can she not know who a man is waiting for at a time like this?”

“Huh?” Now, it was Natasha's turn to be at a loss for words. She never thought that Kenneth would think so deeply into it.

Right then, Kenneth turned to look at her and quietly said, “Natasha, I'm afraid you're the only one with such a big heart when it comes to love.”

Natasha pursed her lips for a while before replying, “I don't have a big heart. I'm just worried that you'll hurt an innocent girl.”

“Innocent?” Kenneth raised a brow as a glint flashed past his eyes. He then continued, “Maybe. At least she'll understand how a man loves a woman from now on.”

“Which is?”

“He sees no one else in front of him,” Kenneth enunciated. That was what he wanted to make clear to her from the very start.

Kenneth gazed at her with his ocean-like eyes, and the sight of them made time seem to stand still for Natasha.

By the time she came back to her senses, Kenneth was already smiling and looking forward with one hand on the steering wheel.

Natasha closed her eyes. Once she recomposed herself, she said, “So you were putting on a show for her just now.”

At that moment, Kenneth was sure Natasha meant to give him a heart attack.

His devotion seemed to mean nothing to Natasha at all.

With that thought in mind, Kenneth spun his steering wheel until the car stopped in the right-most lane. He then turned on the hazard lights, pulled off his safety belt, and turned to Natasha.

Natasha blinked at him in confusion at his swift actions. “What are you doing?”

A tinge of fury appeared on Kenneth's elegant features, and Kenneth curled his lips coldly. “I want to find out how stubborn a woman can be.” With that said, he reached out to grab the back of her head and forcibly kissed her.

His kiss was an aggressive one that left no chance for her to breathe. Initially, he wanted just to give her a punishment, but he realized that he was also tormenting himself, for the moment he came into contact with her, he found himself losing control. He wanted more and more.

Love was in the air within the car.

After some time, knocking sounds abruptly came from the outside of the car. Those sounds were what pulled them back to reality.

Kenneth then turned around to look at the person outside before winding down the window.

The traffic police officer first saluted at Kenneth before greeting, “Hello.”

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It was Natasha's first visit to the manor. She thought it was going to be a simple house but realized she was too naive after she saw the actual building when she arrived.

There was a massive yard close to six miles surrounding the building. The entire structure was Chanaean style with a mix of modern aesthetics and living concept. It had three main entrances—the front gate, the courtyard gate, and the front door. The whole layout was imposing.

Doors and alleyways surrounded the courtyard forming an independent area in the middle like a quadrangle structure. The wealthy and influential Chanaeans commonly employed the design to display their status in the olden days. It was comfortable and gave the resident sufficient privacy.

After the car pulled to a stop at the front gate, Natasha turned to Kenneth. “Have you been here before?”

Kenneth shook his head. “No.”

“It's more imposing and comfortable than I imagine. It looks like Grandpa and Old Mr. Hamilton have good taste,” Natasha praised.

It was rare to hear praises from Natasha. Kenneth looked at her. “You like this style?”

“I'm just admiring,” Natasha said.

I do like it but staying in a place like this is cumbersome. It isn't convenient to enter or leave the house. Also, it feels too restrictive for a person that prefers to sleep in like me.

Meanwhile, Kenneth narrowed his eyes as though the wheels of his mind were spinning.

“Let's go.” Natasha took the lead and entered the house. Kenneth followed behind her in long strides.

The manor had three sections—a foreyard, a side yard, and a back yard. The view inside was even more spectacular. One could feel the beauty of all seasons underneath one roof.

Natasha glanced at her surroundings and felt an indescribable feeling surge within her.

“I didn't think the inside would be so neat despite the emptiness.”

Kenneth clasped his hands behind his back as he strolled. “Of course. They hire some staff to maintain and clean periodically to keep the place neat. Hence, it definitely won't be messy here. Especially these few days after they heard we were moving in. Grandpa surely would've asked for a few rounds of cleaning.”

The corners of Natasha's lips curved into a smile.

I'm more reassured after moving in together.

They soon reached the main hall. As they stepped through the threshold, they spotted Anthony and Denise learning how to make tea. With the injuries on his hands, Benjamin could only watch from the sides and occasionally chime in as though he was a professional.

I feel as though they are more well-behaved in such an environment and look like sons and daughters of the wealthy.

Coincidentally, Dan was coming out of the hall. He greeted them when he saw the two. "Mr. Kenneth, Ms. Watson."

Kenneth nodded. "Where's Grandpa?"

"He's inside, playing chess with Old Mr. Watson," Dan answered. "They have been arguing the entire afternoon," Dan added with a chuckle in a low voice.

Kenneth smiled at his answer.

"I notice Old Mr. Hamilton is doing much better than before, both physically and mentally. The doctor said the same when he came to examine Old Mr. Hamilton today. The doctor even said Old Mr. Hamilton could reduce his medication intake if his condition continued to improve," Dan said in a cheerful tone.

Kenneth felt immense relief. "That's great, but don't let your guard down. He still has to keep to his doctor's appointments."

"Yes, sir."

"One more thing. Inform the doctor about Old Mr. Watson's condition too. Both the elders need regular checkups as a preventive measure."

Dan replied, "Since Old Mr. Hamilton already had one today, he forced Old Mr. Watson to get one too. It ended up with another round of argument. However, he couldn't win against Ms. Denise's plea and conceded to an examination in the end. Old Mr. Watson is doing well. All of his stats are in the normal range."

"That's good."

Natasha nodded. "Thank you, Dan. I'll have to trouble you too in the future. Please continue to look after him."

"Please don't say that, Ms. Watson. It is part of my job."

"Um... I brought wine with me." Natasha took out the bottle she had brought with hesitation.

Kenneth's brow arched and instantly reached for it. "Not bad. You know your stuff," Kenneth teased after checking the label.

"I just randomly picked one from the shelf."

"You randomly picked one that costs hundreds of thousands?" Kenneth asked with a raised brow.

Dan's eyes glinted with wariness after he heard about the price.

Natasha didn't say anything. Kenneth passed the bottle to Dan with a smile. "Send it to the kitchen, Dan. We'll be having this tonight."

Dan carefully took the bottle from Kenneth. "Yes, sir."

He then cautiously carried it to the kitchen.

Kenneth swung his gaze to Natasha. "Should we head inside and have a look?"

Natasha nodded.

They proceeded further toward the inside of the house.

Anthony and Denise focused intently on the tea set in front of them.

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Kenneth walked toward Anthony's seat and sat. After rolling up his sleeves, he started to brew tea.

Everyone immediately circled him when they saw what he was doing.

Kenneth lifted his gaze to look at them briefly before dropping his gaze back to his hands with a smile. Each movement he made was elegant yet had the grace of nobility.

He poured boiling water into the teapot and swiftly drained it. He repeated the process with the skill of a professional.

Then, he slid the lid over the opening of the pot and poured the content into the cups. His slim fingers were like a work of art throughout the entire process.

Everyone stared at the teacups in front of them with shock.

"Take a sip," Kenneth invited.

Natasha looked at it for a while before lifting the cup to her mouth.

Following their mother, the children lifted the cups to their mouths. Denise stared at Kenneth with admiration after a sip. "Daddy, I can't believe you know how to make tea too. Moreover, your movements are more elegant than the teacher's."

Kenneth smiled at the compliment. "I haven't brewed tea in a long time, so my skills are a bit rusty."

"That's not the case at all! You're amazing!" Denise was looking at her father like he was her idol.

Kenneth chuckled at her praise. "Tea making can cultivate oneself. Watch less tv series, Denise, and drink more tea."

"Daddy, I was praising you so much. Can't you compliment me a bit?"

"It's for your own good."

"Got it!" Denise said.

At that moment, Kenneth turned to glance at Anthony and Benjamin. They looked like the sons of noblemen as they sat there quietly.

"How about the two of you? How was it? Do you like it here?" Kenneth asked after another sip.

Anthony nodded. "It's okay."

"Meaning?"

"He meant everything's good here, but there's no Nat!" Benjamin shot an understanding glance at Anthony, then picked up his teacup and took a sip.

Kenneth's gaze shifted to Anthony. The little boy didn't object to Benjamin's explanation.

Kenneth started, "Adults need their own spaces too. You're all grown up now, so you should think about yourself more. As for your worries, rest assured, I'll take care of them for you."

Kenneth's shamelessness left Anthony, Benjamin, and Denise speechless.

Daddy, do you think everyone is oblivious to your ulterior motive? Why would you put yourself on a pedestal?

Anthony merely cast him a glance, then smiled elegantly, not saying anything.

Saying more will only hurt our relationship.

At that moment, Terence and Liam appeared from somewhere in the house, squabbling as they

approached.

“Since today is a good day, I'll let you go this once. I'm not going to fight with you.” Terence walked into the room with his hands clasped behind his back.

Liam was trudging beside him with a cane and refuted, “Wow, Terence, you finally know how to let others win for once. Did you finally find your conscience after all these years?”

“Liam, you—”

“You were the one who said you would let me win. Don't you remember?” Liam argued.

Terence was rendered speechless at the quip.

The others sat silently, watching the bickering duo. They exchanged amused glances as though the two's bickering was a common occurrence.

Natasha signaled Denise with a look, and Denise nodded.

“Great-grandpa, Gramps!”

The soft call stopped the duo's argument and drew their attention.

Liam had forgotten what he was arguing about when he saw Kenneth and Natasha. He hurriedly crossed the room toward them. “Nat is here.”

“Old Mr. Hamilton.” Natasha stood up to greet him.

“How is it? What do you think about the environment?” Liam asked.

“It's perfect. Very artistic!” Natasha replied.

“The first time I saw this place, I thought it was the perfect spot for retirement.” He looked over his shoulder at Terence. “My dream has come true now, it seems.”

Terence went up to them. “I was the one who saw this place first. This place would've only belonged to me if it weren't for your meddling.”

Liam instantly rebuked, “Terence, you're like a stick in the mud. I figured you might be too lonely, so I decided to stay with you. Doesn't it feel lively with so many people around?”

Terence laughed. “You're right! It is very lively!” he said perfunctorily with a hint of delight in his tone.

Everyone smiled at the heartwarming scene.

“Come on. Let's head over to the living room,” Terence said.

Everyone nodded and followed after him.

Arriving in the living room, everyone settled down in their seats, chatting away happily.

Dan walked into the room. “Old Mr. Hamilton, we have a few guests outside claiming they're here to congratulate you for moving in.”

Liam frowned with displeasure. “I'm not meeting them. Send them back on their way. Today is a family occasion. I'm not meeting any other guests.”

Dan nodded. “Understood.”

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In the corridor outside the manor, Kenneth scanned the surroundings to ensure nobody else was around before instructing solemnly, “Go on!”

“Apart from that, I've obtained some clues about the other person you instructed me to investigate previously. Reichen and his men are obviously their arch-enemies. Both parties have been at odds with each other for many years, and they are always clashing over goods. Coincidentally, Reichen's men are here in Glenport City now too. As for why they are here, I'm clueless about it. Anyway, he's not with them now,” Fabian elucidated respectfully.

Hearing that, Kenneth narrowed his eyes slightly. There were flickers of inexplicit emotions in his obsidian eyes. Could it be a mere coincidence?

He could scarcely believe there was such coincidence in this world.

“Mr. Hamilton, what are we supposed to do next? How about I bring along some of our people to intercept their goods tomorrow?” Fabian asked.

“Don't do that!” Kenneth stopped him at once.

“Then?” Fabian was puzzled.

“Tip Reichen's men off about it!” Kenneth stated authoritatively.

Perplexed, Fabian asked quizzically, “Mr. Hamilton, why are you doing that? I heard this batch of goods is worth a lot of money, and they'll be on our turf. We can even make a killing after reselling the intercepted goods. At the same time, we can make them pay the price for what they had done previously. But why do you let others benefit from it instead?”

Kenneth sounded sterner as he explained, "Since they are arch-enemies with Vermillion Base, there's a possibility they'll take our side. Who knows, they might be helpful to us sometime later. Just treat it as doing them a favor this round then."

"However, I don't think people who are used to risking their lives to earn a living like them will appreciate it!" Fabian pointed out warily.

"Even if that's the case, will we sustain any loss?" Kenneth questioned him.

"But isn't that money?" Fabian refuted. Good gracious! It's a large sum of money!

"Am I short of money?" Kenneth asked in return.

Fabian was utterly speechless. I shouldn't have acted smart! Mr. Hamilton definitely has a point.

No doubt, Kenneth's net worth was beyond assumption. Money was one of the things that he would never short. It was as though he was born to be a business elite. Others racked their brains on making money in the industry, but it was easy as snapping a finger for him. Hence, Fabian could not resist in awe of him.

As the thought occurred to Fabian, he could not refrain from commenting, "Mr. Hamilton, I'm afraid the others might be jealous of you because of your sheer confidence. I feel those men should target you instead of eyeing the goods!"

Narrowing his eyes, Kenneth snapped, "So what? You are even scheming on that now?"

Hearing that, Fabian could not help despising his slip of the tongue and almost slapped his mouth.

"Mr. Hamilton, I'm just kidding. You know that, don't you?" Fabian's flattering voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"Fabian, it's time to polish your sense of humor. Otherwise, you might end up as a security guard of Hamilton Corporation any day," Kenneth hinted to him.

Fabian responded sheepishly, "Ah! Mr. Hamilton, you are becoming more humorous now too!"

Even so, Kenneth did not utter any words.

At that very moment, a quick-witted Fabian switched the topic. "Anyway, Mr. Hamilton, are you doing so for the sake of the former Mrs. Hamilton?"

"It should be Mrs. Hamilton!" Kenneth emphasized.

Huh? Did I make another slip of the tongue? Fabian could barely restrain himself from beating his brains out. What the heck is going on? Could it be my IQ level had a drastic drop recently?

“Mr. Hamilton, I sense Reichen's men seem to be on the move again. I've to get going now. Call me at any moment if there's anything!” Fabian stated tactfully after much contemplation. He hung up on Kenneth before the latter was in time to say anything.

Still holding the phone, Fabian had his heart in his mouth for quite a while. My goodness! I even have the audacity to hang up on Mr. Hamilton now! Have I gone nuts? Argh! Whatever! If worse comes to worst, I can still earn a living alongside Ms. Watson! Once the idea popped into his mind, he was suddenly buoyed up again.

Meanwhile, Kenneth's lips curved into a smile as he looked at his phone.

After putting his phone away and preparing to leave, he turned and caught a glimpse of a figure not far away from him. Tilting his brows, he called out, “Anthony?”

Staring at him, Anthony flashed him a smile. Kenneth could not resist falling into a trance momentarily as he gazed at the former's face that bore a strong resemblance to his.

Soon, he regained his usual composure and queried, “When did you reach?”

“A while ago. Thalia has reached the main entrance. I'm here to wait for her,” Anthony explained.

Hearing that, Kenneth nodded without thinking much before walking toward Anthony. “Anthony.”

The boy gazed at him all the while.

“You have forgiven me, right?” Kenneth looked intently at him and cut the crap after pondering for a while. Instead of speaking solemnly like a stern father, he interacted casually like a friend with Anthony.

Stunned, Anthony asked, “Why do you ask me this?”

“What do you think?” Kenneth asked him in return.

A sharp-witted Anthony could wrap his head around Kenneth's stance at once. Instead of feigning ignorance, he decided to cut to the chase. After all, he was never one who played dumb.

“Are you referring to how I suddenly called you Daddy that day?” he asked right away; his lips curled into a smile.

Kenneth nodded in response.

After meditating for a while, Anthony did not deny it. “Frankly speaking, I'm not mad at you anymore.”

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Even though it was a family dinner, various dishes of the standard of a five-star hotel were served. In other words, those dishes looked and tasted exceptionally sumptuous.

The spacious dining hall was engulfed by liveliness as everyone gathered, chatting and laughing blissfully.

Catching sight of the housekeeper pouring the wine, Liam complimented, “This is a quality wine. Kenneth, did you bring it here?”

Savoring the wine, Kenneth cast a look in Natasha's direction. Smiling, he replied, “Nat's the one.”

In an instant, everyone locked their gazes on Natasha. Liam asked again, “Nat, did you bring this?”

“I bought it without thinking much!” Natasha chuckled.

“Nat, this is certainly not any ordinary wine you can easily buy elsewhere!” Liam threw her a meaningful glance.

She flashed him a smile. “Old Mr. Hamilton, if you like it, I'll bring a few bottles for you again.”

Liam's eyes lit up instantaneously. With that, he gladly nodded. “Okay! I'm looking forward to it!”

Natasha smiled again.

Right that instant, Kenneth kept his eyes glued to her.

Her hair cascaded down the back of her slender shoulders; her eyes looked exquisite on her dainty face.

Undoubtedly, she could gain success effortlessly with her stunning good looks. It would never cross anyone's mind that she possessed such a petrifying skill. Who could have related her to Shadow Seeker?

Ever since he knew about her identity, he was not the slightest bit astounded, regardless of what she did. It was as though those were her daily activities.

On top of that, he could not resist feeling a sense of inexplicable superiority whenever he recalled how she used to belong to him.

Natasha seemed to have sensed his gaze. When she turned to look in his direction, their eyes met.

Kenneth looked intently into her eyes without avoiding her. His lips contorted into a curve as he

admired her great charm.

On the other hand, Natasha whipped out her phone. The moment she put it down a few seconds later, the notification tone of his phone sounded.

Kenneth picked up his phone and noticed a message from Natasha: What are you looking at?

Kenneth replied at once: I suddenly feel like kissing your lips!

Natasha was at a loss for words.

When she turned to look at Kenneth again, he was smiling at her. There was frivolousness amid dignity in his smile. Looking idle and casual, he was extraordinarily charming.

Natasha cast her eyes down and sent another message: Go ahead if you have the cheek.

Right after reading the message, Kenneth looked up at her. The latter mimicked him by flashing him a challenging smile.

Unexpectedly, Kenneth put down his phone the next second before standing up and heading toward Natasha.

The others were oblivious to it as they were engaged in their conversations. Nonetheless, Natasha had her eyes on Kenneth all the time till he eventually stopped right behind her.

The napkin on the dining table somehow dropped to the ground when Kenneth walked past it.

Natasha did not even doubt if it was merely a coincidence. She bent down spontaneously to pick it up. At the same time, Kenneth bent down abruptly as well. The moment she picked up the napkin, he suddenly planted a kiss on her lips.

Caught off guard, Natasha was bereft of speech.

Even so, Kenneth held the back of her head deliberately to deepen the kiss.

Denise was the one sitting closest to Natasha. As her curiosity was piqued, she turned to look in their direction. In a split second, her eyes widened at the overwhelming scene.

What? There was indescribable excitement in her widely opened starlike eyes. Oh my! It's far more romantic than those moments in the drama series. Daddy is incredibly good at it!

No words could describe how she was whipped up by it.

At that very moment, Terence, seated alongside Denise, seemed to sense something awry. Staring at

her, he queried, "Denise, what's wrong?"

"Huh?" Denise came to her senses and looked at him. Beaming sweetly, she shook her head. "I'm fine!"

At the same time, Kenneth let go of Natasha. Even so, he still fastened his glittering eyes on her. It was as if he could not get enough of her.

Natasha only looked at him silently without moving. She could even hear her heart pounding rhythmically.

"Then what are you looking at?" Terence's voice sounded again.

Just as he cast a look in Natasha's direction, Kenneth suddenly rose to his feet with the napkin. Next, he handed it to Natasha in a dignified manner.

Since he behaved so naturally, others could scarcely sense anything, it seemed he only helped to pick the napkin up for her.

After staring at him for a while, Natasha still stretched out her hand to take the napkin from him. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it." The next moment, Kenneth walked toward the table a short distance away. After that, he poured a glass of water before turning and heading toward the table steadily. Wearing a look of pride, he exuded an imposing aura as usual.

Terence did not sense anything amiss after looking at him for quite a while. Shortly after, he retracted his gaze and gazed at Denise instead. "Dig in."

"Okay, Gramps," Denise smiled sweetly at him. Deep down, she gasped admiringly. I'm impressed! Daddy is awesome!

Back in his seat, Kenneth whipped out his phone and sent Natasha a message right away: How's it? Are you satisfied?

After shooting him a look, Natasha cast her eyes down and replied: Mr. Hamilton, I'm impressed by your outstanding acting skill.

Kenneth replied right away: Thanks for your compliment.

Natasha mocked him by replying: You not only have good acting skills but also have no sense of shame.

Kenneth refuted again by sending another message: Nat, when did you start hiding your feelings? From your response a while ago, I'm convinced that you like that very much.

Rolling her eyes, Natasha sent another message: What a narcissist!

Chapter 338

“All right. Jokes aside, there's something important I need to tell you...” Anthony spoke with a hushed voice while looking at Thalia.

Thalia turned around and said smugly, “I don't want to hear it.”

Anthony continued, “But it's something really important.”

Thalia looked at her from the corner of her eyes. “I'm not in a good mood to hear anything!”

Anthony went deep in thought for a moment before smiling at her. “Thalia, you're the most magnanimous among all the pretty women I've seen. You're also someone who looks at the big picture, and so I believe you wouldn't hold a grudge against me, right?”

Thalia arched her brows and looked up at him with a scowl. “Between me and Nat, who's the prettier? Who's more magnanimous? Who is more capable of looking at the bigger picture?”

Anthony was rendered speechless. “Is this comparison necessary?”

Thalia answered, “Of course!”

“You want to hear the truth?”

Words caught in Thalia's throat after she heard that question.

Based on Anthony's response, she knew what his answer would be. I guess he wouldn't go against his will to say nice things to coax me. After all, Nat is everything to him.

Thalia narrowed her eyes and responded with a faint grin. “Oh, forget it. You don't have to say anything anymore.”

“You're not mad at me anymore, right?” Anthony asked.

Thalia took in a deep breath. “Who says so?”

“You're the second prettiest woman I've ever seen! I swear!”

“Really?” Thalia asked.

Anthony nodded repeatedly. “Yes!”

“You mean what you said?”

“Of course! That's exactly what I have in my mind! You rank the second!”

Thalia was pleased to hear that. “Fine. So what do you want to tell me?”

Anthony glanced at the surroundings and whispered, “You stay here for the night. I'll tell you in the evening when I have a chance.”

Thalia knew something was amiss upon seeing that suspicious look on his face. She nodded and said, “All right.”

Meanwhile, all the guests at the banquet had a good time, and many of them had a few drinks.

When Liam was about to take another sip of wine, Kenneth stopped him. “You've drunk a lot tonight, Grandpa.”

Liam instantly knitted his brows upon hearing that. “What do you mean by I've drunk a lot? I've only had two glasses of wine!”

When Liam insisted on taking another sip, Kenneth covered the wineglass with his palm. “You've reached your limit, Grandpa. In fact, the doctor said you shouldn't drink at all.”

“Hey—”

Natasha came over to defuse the tension. “You must take care of your health, Old Mr. Hamilton.”

Upon hearing that, Liam responded, “All right. I'll listen to you, Nat!”

Natasha turned to Terence and said, “You should not drink too much as well, Grandpa.”

“My body is fine. I'm all right.”

Natasha glared at him without uttering a word.

Terence had no choice but to give in. “All right! All right! I won't drink much!”

He then put down his wineglass.

After a short pause, Terence looked at Liam. “It's time to take your medicine, isn't it?”

“Oh?” Liam looked over and met his eyes. He then nodded. “Oh, yes. I should take my medicine now!”

“Let's go! I'll come with you!”

“Wow. I'm surprised you remembered. Well then, I'll give you a chance to keep me company!” Liam then stood up and was ready to leave. Seeing that, Terence quickly followed right behind.

Everyone could tell they were putting up an act.

Meanwhile, Kenneth waved at Dan, gesturing for Dan to come over.

Kenneth muttered a few words in Dan's ear. Dan then nodded and replied, “Got it. I'll take care of it.” He then caught up with Liam and Terence.

Benjamin could not help but remark, “We don't always get to see Gramps and Great-grandpa getting along well, do we? What a rare sight.”

“But don't you think their acting seems awkward?” Denise said.

Anthony responded, “It doesn't matter. What matters the most is we get to leave now!”

Benjamin, Denise, and Anthony turned their attention to Natasha and Kenneth as if they were waiting for their command.

Kenneth looked at them and grinned. “All right. It's getting late. Let's go home and take a rest!”

Upon hearing that, everyone started leaving.

“Thalia, let's go for a walk!” Denise suggested.

After taking a glance at Natasha, Thalia nodded. “Sure!”

The triplets then took Thalia away.

The corners of Natasha's lips quirked up as she watched them leave.

There were now only two people sitting at the dining table.

Kenneth gazed into Natasha's eyes. “How do you feel? Are you tired?”

Natasha nodded. “Yeah. A little.”

“Let's go then. I'll walk you back to your room, and you should rest.” Kenneth then stood up and picked up his coat.

Natasha looked at the man and thought for a moment before leaving with him.

When they arrived at the room, Natasha turned around and looked at him. "Goodnight."

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Natasha sized him up but did not answer his question.

Kenneth smiled. "Don't look at me like this. I won't be able to do anything to you here."

"Are you also staying here tonight?" Natasha asked.

"Yes!" Kenneth nodded.

"I thought you didn't plan on staying here?"

"I've drunk a lot of wine tonight. I believe your grandpa and mine won't be cruel enough to see me leave in an intoxicated state," Kenneth mumbled.

Natasha knew this was going to happen.

She smiled and entered the room. "I'm going to take a shower now!" She then shut the door without hesitation.

Kenneth stood outside and stared blankly at the door.

The corners of his lips quirked up. He raised his wrist to check his watch. There's still time.

Chapter 339

Natasha responded with a grin. She did not reply to her question, but the answer was obvious.

Thalia looked at the wine before her, and she could not hide her curiosity. "How did you know I'd come and look for you?"

"I didn't. I was just trying my luck," Natasha said with a smile. She picked up the wineglass and gently swirled the wine before taking a sip.

Natasha exuded a languid yet casual vibe.

Thalia looked at her and could not quite believe what she said. Why would she get two wineglasses ready when she was just trying her luck?

Thalia had not had much interaction with Natasha, but she could roughly figure out what kind of person Natasha was after several encounters. Thalia thought Natasha was emotionally distant, mysterious, stand-offish, and fearsome-looking.

Thalia had always been fearless, but she always felt a tad uneasy whenever she was around Natasha.

It was as if Natasha could peer into her soul and read her mind.

Thalia could not help but ask, "Anthony asked me why you invited me to the manor today." She looked at Natasha and continued, "I didn't think too much about it, but now I would like to know why you invited me to your family dinner. I heard that it was you who suggested for me to stay overnight."

"Why do you think I did this, then?" Natasha asked while arching her brows and taking another sip of wine.

Thalia shook her head. "I can't read your mind..."

Natasha grinned. "What's wrong? You're Darknetz's top assassin. Don't tell me you're scared."

"I'm not scared, but I have this indescribable feeling in my heart. It's like you know me through and through," Thalia said.

Natasha did not utter a word in response to her remark.

All of a sudden, Thalia froze for a bit. She lifted her eyes and looked at Natasha.

"H-How did you find out..." Thalia asked before realization dawned upon her. "Anthony told you?"

Natasha nodded.

Thalia gazed at the woman. "What else did he tell you?"

"Everything. Everything I should know, and everything I shouldn't know," Natasha said.

Her reply rendered Thalia speechless.

After a short pause, she looked at Natasha. "What exactly do you want to talk to me about?"

"Anything," Natasha said.

She still looked casual and was unperturbed by Thalia's surprise reaction. It was as if she just wanted to have small talks with Thalia.

Thalia knew there was more to this than met the eye. She can't possibly wait here for me merely to have a casual chat with me.

Nonetheless, Thalia knew Natasha would not play tricks behind people's backs. She wouldn't have

invited me to stay had she had other hidden agendas in mind.

Thalia steadied herself and looked at the woman before her. "Sure. Let's chat."

Natasha poured herself another glass of wine and said, "Cheers."

Thalia's eyes darted from side to side. She then clinked her wineglass against Natasha's.

Two beauties enjoyed sipping their red wine underneath the moonlight.

Thalia glanced at Natasha. "You want to talk about the triplets, right?"

Natasha turned her attention to Thalia and nodded. "Yes."

"Y-You want them to quit?" Thalia asked. That was the only question she could think of.

"What if I say yes?" Natasha asked.

Thalia knitted her brows. "If that's the case, I'm afraid I don't have a say in this."

Upon noticing Natasha remain silent, Thalia continued, "Darknetz would never force anyone to stay or leave against their will. Do they know about it?"

"No, they don't."

"You should talk to them first," Thalia said.

"I wouldn't have to talk to you had I wanted them to quit the group!" Natasha said.

Thalia got even more confused. "So, you mean..."

"You should know what Anthony's talent is. He has achieved a lot at such a young age. I'm not sure if he'll become even more capable in the future, but if it happens, he'll make many enemies," Natasha said.

Thalia looked at her. "So, you're worried about his safety."

Natasha nodded while looking Thalia in the eyes. The former's expression turned solemn.

Chapter 340

Huh? I thought it'd be tricky to persuade Natasha. It never occurred to me that she'd suddenly agree and entrust them to me. I didn't bother much about it at first, but now, I have to admit that I feel the weight of responsibility. This is probably what she wants. She wants me to remember her warning clearly and

take this matter seriously.

With that thought in mind, Thalia looked at Natasha. "You're entrusting the triplets to me... Do you trust me that much?"

Natasha nodded.

"Why?" asked Thalia.

Natasha arched an eyebrow. "It's probably because... I know you well."

"Know me well... You're saying that you know me well?" Thalia repeated questioningly.

"Yeah." Natasha nodded.

"How can that be..." Thalia began with a laugh. Turning to Natasha, she noticed the latter's extraordinarily resolute gaze. It did not seem as though she was joking.

"We haven't spent much time together, so how could you know me well?" she queried.

Natasha looked at her, enunciating each word slowly and clearly as she replied, "That's because I know how to read minds."

Thalia stared at her blankly for several seconds.

"Read minds?" she echoed doubtfully.

Looking solemn, Natasha simply nodded.

"Are such things actually real?" Thalia did not sound convinced.

Natasha looked at her directly and responded, "Why not? Mind reading is also a type of psychology. It's just that it goes under a different name. Those with a higher plane of consciousness can read people through their minds."

Thalia stared at her for a long time, dumbfounded.

Perhaps because of Natasha's personality, she did not appear to be someone who would lie. Hence, Thalia actually started to believe her.

More importantly, if this is true, that'd explain why I always get chills in my heart whenever I see her. Every time she looks at me, it feels as though she can see right through me. Mind reading, eh? I see...

While those thoughts were running through Thalia's mind, Anthony walked over.

He leaned in and looked at the two ladies as he asked, "What are the two of you chatting about?"

Natasha smiled as she gazed at him. "Nothing. We're just talking about random stuff. Why haven't you gone to rest?"

"Oh, I wanted to talk to Thalia about something," he answered.

Natasha glanced at Thalia, then nodded. "Go on, then."

"What about you, Nat?"

"I'll go back to my room and turn in after I finish this glass," she replied, swirling her glass of wine.

Anthony nodded. "Goodnight, then. Sweet dreams."

"Okay."

With that, Anthony shot Thalia a look. The latter returned to her senses and left with him.

As they walked away, Thalia looked a little absent-minded.

"What's gotten into you?" Anthony enquired.

Thalia turned to him and frowned. "Anthony, why didn't you tell me earlier about your mother's ability to read minds?"

Anthony was stunned. "Read minds?"

"Yeah!" Thalia responded, then let out a long sigh. "And here I was, puzzling over why I always had an indescribable sense of guilt every time I saw her. Now, I finally understand why."

He paused for a moment before asking, "Did she tell you that?"

"That's right."

"What did the two of you talk about?"

At that, Thalia responded, "She's worried about your safety. She wanted me to guarantee and promise that I'd protect the three of you in the future."

Anthony was stunned upon hearing that. He turned back to gaze at Natasha, who was still sipping her red wine under the pavilion. She was lounging languidly, yet she exuded an indescribable air that reflected the beauty of solitude.

She doesn't say much, but she always arranges everything secretly. As a mother, that's perhaps the most genuine expression of care and concern she has toward her child.

Unbidden, a lump rose in Anthony's throat.

"What's wrong?" Thalia reached out a hand and waved it in front of his eyes.

Returning to his senses, Anthony composed himself and shook his head. "It's nothing. Did she say anything else after that?" he asked while looking at Thalia.

Thalia continued, "After that, I asked your mother why she trusts me so much. She said it's because she knows me well. Then, I got dragged here."

Anthony stared at her in silence.

What she probably meant by that was she thoroughly investigated Thalia's background. However, she couldn't say that, so she said it was because she could read minds...

Anthony could not refrain from sighing at that thought.

When did Nat become a big fool too? As expected, one is truly a product of one's environment. It must be a result of her spending too much time with Daddy. However, I can't blame Thalia for foolishly falling for it. With a face like Nat's, I'm afraid others will end up believing anything she says. Those who are reserved and not good with words look more trustworthy. Like Thalia, I would've also accepted that explanation if I didn't know Nat as well as I do...

While Anthony was deep in thought, Thalia asked, "What are you thinking about?"

He snapped back to his senses. "Nothing!"