

Yo Daddy 361

Chapter 361

Meanwhile, in a dimly lit room, the air reeked with the smell of blood and alcohol mixed together.

It was a dreadful sight as blood-soaked gauzes were strewn all over the table and a single, bloody bullet rested on a silver tray.

Just then, a voice broke the silence. "It's done, Boss!"

Boss was deathly pale, with beads of sweat trickling down his face as he bit down hard on a rag. When he saw that his wound had gotten bandaged, he pulled the rag out of his mouth, albeit weakly.

"Boss, what should we do next?" one of the subordinates asked.

Boss merely clenched his jaws with an evil glint in his eyes.

"Since we've lost the goods, I don't see any point in staying here. Who knows if those people would come after us?" the subordinate added. "Boss, should we leave overnight?"

"Wouldn't it attract even more attention if we leave now? Moreover, Boss has injured his leg!" another man chimed in.

"What should we do, then? We can't just stay here indefinitely, can we? Boss!"

"Shut up!" Boss suddenly shouted, silencing the two men.

A while later, he slowly lifted his gaze and glared at them. "Don't worry. Those guys won't come looking for us here."

"But, Boss, I'm sure Reichen's men won't let us off!" his subordinate insisted.

"Reichen?" Boss muttered with a frown. "What do you mean? What does he have to do with this?"

"The men who robbed our goods are Reichen's subordinates! Boss, did you not know that?"

Boss' gaze instantly darkened. "Are you saying those at the jetty were all Reichen's men?"

His subordinates nodded.

"Are you sure?" Boss asked coldly.

"We've sparred with them plenty of times, and the leader is none other than the younger brother of Reichen's assistant," the subordinates bellowed. "It's a shame we didn't get to finish him off this time!"

Upon hearing that, Boss narrowed his eyes, his expression even grimmer than before. "It looks like they've put in a lot of effort to deal with me, huh?" he scoffed.

His subordinates, on the other hand, were a bundle of nerves. "Boss, what should we do? Now that we've failed our mission, it'd be difficult to explain to the general too."

Boss grew steely-eyed and pondered for a moment before curling his lips into a sneer.

Since things have gotten to this point, I suppose it's time for me to play hardball. J, I'll make sure you lose everything that you cherish!

At the thought of that, he turned to his subordinates. "I want you guys to prepare for our return trip. Leave the rest to me!"

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"What about the general?"

"Don't worry. I have a plan!" Boss assured.

With that, the subordinates finally felt more relieved and nodded.

"All right, Boss. Have a good rest!" they said and filed out of the room.

With them gone, Boss stared at the phone on the table before picking it up to make a call.

"Hello."

When he heard the familiar voice on the other end, Boss' eyes promptly lit up with a devilish gleam.

"Ms. Watson, it's already so late. Why are you still up?"

"I'm sure you didn't call me at this hour just to ask some nonsense questions," Neteshe retorted bluntly.

Boss burst out laughing. "What's with that tone, Ms. Watson? You don't sound as friendly as you did when we met the other day."

"You, however, are still as long-winded as before."

"Ah, I see you've gotten to know me better, Ms. Watson," Boss answered with a smirk.

"I'm not interested in that. What I'm interested in is why you're looking for me."

"In that case, I shall cut to the chase. Ms. Wetson, Theodore Wetson is your father, isn't he?"

Neteshe suddenly froze in her tracks. Hearing her father's name from a stranger was undoubtedly exciting and encouraging, but she kept her composure. After all, she didn't want to be led around by the nose, nor did she want Boss to find and exploit her weakness.

"Do you know my father?"

"Yes, I do. We used to be very close too!" Boss replied.

"Is that so?"

"From your tone, you don't seem to believe me."

Alas, Neteshe didn't reply to that.

"Oh, I don't blame you," Boss added. "Despite being so close to your father, I never once knew he had a daughter. That's how well he protected you."

Even though Neteshe remained silent, she couldn't deny that those words had struck her.

Indeed, her father had protected her so well that he erased all traces of her from himself.

"If I'm not wrong, you're investigating the cause of his death, aren't you?" Boss asked.

Neteshe immediately caught on to what he was implying. "It sounds like you know how he died!"

For a moment, Boss was stunned. My, my. This woman is a lot smarter than I thought. I only asked a few questions, and she figured out what I was getting at.

At the thought of that, he turned to his subordinates. "I want you guys to prepare for our return trip. Leave the rest to me!"

"What about the general?"

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"Yes, I do. We used to be very close too!" Boss replied.

"Is that so?"

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"Why? Are you surprised?" Natasha asked with a tinge of coldness in her voice.

Boss laughed. "Yes, I am. As the saying goes, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Theodore's daughter does indeed stand out from the crowd!"

"Save your pleasantries," Natasha insisted. "We may not know each other well, but there's also no need for this show of courtesy!"

"Ms. Watson, you seem to be very good at rejecting the kindness of others!"

"I'll have you know that I never reject anyone's acts of kindness unless I feel they aren't being genuinely

kind.”

For a few seconds, Boss was silent. “If that's the case, let's skip everything else and just talk about how we can work together, shall we?”

“I'm all ears!”

“Given how big Zaewora is, tracking down the truth of your father's death will be like finding a needle in a haystack. Moreover, it has been more than two decades since he passed. To put it bluntly, your chances of finding the truth are zero to none if no one helps you.”

“So?”

“So, I can take you to Vermillion Base to search for the truth.”

“In other words, you're hinting that the murderer is in Vermillion Base, and I can only get in there with your help, yes?”

“Yes!”

A smile crept across Natasha's face. “What about you, then? Are you only interested in that document?”

“Yes!”

“Okay. I got it.”

“Well? Will you consider this deal, Ms. Watson?” Boss asked.

“There's no need for that.”

Naturally, that reply startled Boss. However, before he could say anything else, Natasha added, “Contact me again when you're back in Zaewora.”

With that, she ended the call.

Boss still had the phone in his hand as he looked out of the window, a dark glint flashing across his amber eyes.

Moments later, he curled his lips and turned to his subordinates standing outside. “Book the flight tickets immediately. I want to head back as soon as possible.”

It was four in the morning when a car pulled to a stop outside Natasha's residential block.

Kenneth glanced at one of the units upstairs before opening the door and stepping out of the car.

Seeing that, Fabian quickly turned off the engine and joined him.

However, to his surprise, Kenneth didn't make his way up. Instead, the latter leaned against the car and stared wistfully at the building.

Although he was utterly puzzled, Fabian, too, lifted his gaze.

After a while, he turned to the man behind him. "Mr. Hamilton, what are you looking at?"

Kenneth glanced at Fabian after snapping out of his trance. "Do you have a cigarette?"

Kenneth rarely smoked, and the only times he did were when he had something on his mind or when he had been through a lot.

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Even though Fabian was shocked, his lips quickly curled into a wry smile. "Oh, I sure do!" he said as he retrieved a packet of cigarettes from the car and handed it to Kenneth.

The latter twirled the packet around his slender fingers and raised his eyes lazily at Fabian after taking one cigarette out. "Are these imported?"

"Yes!" Fabian replied with a nod.

"Well, well, well. Your standard of living is getting better!" Kenneth mused as he put the cigarette into his mouth.

Without hesitation, Fabian went forward with his lighter and lit the cigarette.

Kenneth merely glanced at him, a smile tugging at his lips.

"The company that asked for my help during the bidding exercise gifted me these cigarettes," Fabian explained.

"Is that so?"

"Oh, yes. Have you forgotten? It's Mr. Smith, the southerner!"

Finding the name somewhat familiar, Kenneth nodded.

"He sent me a small box of these cigarettes," Fabian added. "I think there are more than twenty packets in it!"

Upon hearing that, Kenneth couldn't help but chuckle. "My goodness. That's really generous of him!"

"I can give you a few peckets if you like, Mr. Hemilton!"

Kenneth took a few puffs and lightly tapped out the ash. "No, it's fine. I'm not a big fan of it."

"So, why are you..." Fabien said before his voice trailed off.

Once again, Kenneth looked up at the building, his forehead creased with concern.

For some inexplicable reason, he had been restless the entire night, feeling as if something was about to happen.

Because of that, he decided to drop by Neteshe's place despite the late hour.

"I'm feeling vexed," Kenneth said softly.

"Did you argue with the soon-to-be Mrs. Hemilton?"

Just then, Kenneth retracted his gaze and gave Fabien the side eye. "Can't you say something more positive?"

"Oh, come on. I notice that sad, longing look you have, and it worries me," Fabien retorted.

"He! Worry about yourself instead," Kenneth scoffed. "You've never dated, yet you always act like a relationship expert!"

"W-Who said that?" Fabien stammered. "I've been in relationships before..."

"What? Are you talking about that little girl who kissed you when you were a kid?"

"Mr. Hemilton, that's a personal attack!" Fabien grumbled. "I may not have much real-world experience, but I have ample theoretical knowledge!"

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The next day, Thalia woke up early because of her hunger pangs.

She had slept late the night before, and she was now famished.

Oh, it's almost six. I remember Anthony mentioning before that breakfast in the manor is between half past five and seven. I'm in time for it!

With that, Thalia got up and went out in search of food.

September mornings always smelled so fresh and fragrant, yet when Thalia embarked on her ten-minute walk down the path, she couldn't help but realize something.

Hotels are so much better. I can do everything I need without venturing out of the room. But here, it takes forever to get from one point to another. It's so exhausting!

As soon as she got to the kitchen, Thalia rejected the housekeeper's help and grabbed some food before finding a place to sit.

To her surprise, she had just stepped into the dining room when she saw Kenneth.

He was sitting by the window in a black shirt, with the collar undone and his sleeves rolled up, revealing his smooth, slender wrist. He looked just like an aristocrat, especially since there was such a regal air about him.

Thalia narrowed her eyes at him. I must admit Kenneth is one of a kind with his good looks and demeanor. I'd even go to the extent of saying he's God's favorite child, but unfortunately...

Just as Thalia was getting lost in her thoughts, Kenneth looked up and fixed a piercing gaze on her. She instantly snapped out of her daze and strode into the room with as much feigned nonchalance as she could muster.

"Good morning!" she greeted with a half smile before settling into a chair not far from him and began tucking into her food.

Kenneth stared at her, his gaze darkening as he slowly ate his food. "I'm sure you must be tired after taking the three kids out yesterday."

Thalia stopped in her tracks. I know he's talking to me, but I wonder what he's getting at. One thing's for sure—he's anything but concerned about me!

After pondering for a moment, Thalia looked up and met Kenneth's gaze. "Oh, it's all right. I'm not too tired. The kids are well-behaved, and I'm happy to spend time with them."

Kenneth took a bite of his food slowly and gracefully before turning his attention back to Thalia. "Is that so? Where did you all go, then?"

His question might seem innocent and casual enough, but there was no mistaking the suspicion in his eyes.

Thalia seemed to have realized something as a glint flashed in her eyes. "Mr. Hamilton, is that all to your question, or is there more to it?"

"I'm just curious," Kenneth replied, still as patient as ever. "You were home rather late, so I'm wondering where you could've taken them to!"

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wondering where you could've taken them to!"

Thelie narrowed her eyes and sneered inwardly. What an obnoxious man. He puts on this constant act of elegance and indifference, but his questions are always full of skepticism and cynicism. So what if Kenneth looks good on the outside? Deep down, he's just petty and miserable. He's only asking these because he suspects me!

Even though Thelie had already fabricated a story with Anthony and the other kids, the rebellious nature in her refused to go with it. Instead, she looked at Kenneth and smiled. "Why don't you take a guess?"

The letter wasn't in any hurry as he continued eating calmly, as though he had fully anticipated Thelie's answer.

"Do you know about yesterday's gunfight at the jetty?" he suddenly asked.

Thelie pretended to look puzzled. "Gunfight? What happened?"

What a sneaky person. He asked me if I knew about it and not if I had heard about it. Gosh, talking to Kenneth is like walking on landmines.

Kenneth raised his head and shot her a look. "As a member of Derknetz, shouldn't you have already caught wind of the news?"

"I've come to Glenport City to take a break, so why would I be snooping around if I'm not on any mission?"

Kenneth merely picked up the glass beside him and took a sip, his expression still calm and serene, with no indication of whether he believed Thelie's words or not.

Since he wasn't saying anything, Thelie decided to find an opportunity to leave. Unfortunately, before she could think of an excuse, Kenneth suddenly spoke up again. "By the way, how did you get to know Anthony and the other kids?"

Thelie froze.

My goodness! What's with this man? Isn't he had enough?

After taking a deep breath, she stared at him and replied, "Mr. Hamilton, what's with these random questions so early in the morning? I can't help but wonder if there's more to them or if you're implying something else."

An indiscernible smile grew on Kenneth's lips. "What do you think?"

"We're the only ones having breakfast, so your barrage of questions might cause some misunderstandings. It may not matter to me, but if Ms. Watson got the wrong idea about us, it'd be difficult for you to explain things to her, Mr. Hamilton," Thelie said smilingly, her eyes glinting with the same sharpness as her words.

"I'm just curious," Kenneth replied, still as patient as ever. "You were home rather late, so I'm wondering where you could've taken them to!"

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I'm only pretending to be polite to Kenneth because he's Anthony's father. That doesn't mean I'm a pushover!

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It was clear that Thalia was frustrated.

"So, you're angry because of my face? My daddy made you angry?" Anthony queried.

"What do you think?" Thalia scoffed, narrowing her pretty eyes. "I say, why can't you look more like your mommy? Why do you have to look like Kenneth Hamilton? It's so annoying!"

Anthony was stumped. She's making personal attacks now. Looks like this is a serious matter.

"Come on. I can't decide what I look like. So, what's up? What did my daddy say?" Anthony asked, sitting in front of her.

The sight of Anthony's face that looked exactly like Kenneth's made Thalia lose all ability to think rationally.

Unable to hold it in, she stretched out her hand and pinched his pink cheeks.

His cheeks were so soft that Thalia had fun pinching them. She found it so amusing that she did not stop. This is more fun than kneading a ball of dough.

Anthony's face was scrunched up. "Thalia!"

He squirmed out of her hands and cast her a look of disbelief. "Thalia, you—"

"What?" Thalia asked, raising her brows at him.

Anthony took a deep breath and said, "Don't you know men and women should keep a distance from one another?"

Thalia could not help but chuckle. "Oh, please. You're just a child. What do you know? If I put in just a

little more effort, I might have a child as old as you now.”

Anthony was rendered speechless.

“Don't look at me like that. It's you and your daddy's fault for making me angry. One annoys me before I sleep, while the other annoys me right after I wake up. Since you resemble your daddy, then you'll need to bear the consequences on his behalf,” Thalia stated.

Anthony thought of a smart reply and glanced at her. “How about I address you as Ms. Jacoway in the future?”

Thalia froze, and she stared at him in astonishment. “What did you just say?”

“Didn't you say it yourself? You can have a child as old as I am if you put in a little more effort. If that's the case, I'll be disrespecting you if I don't address you as Ms. Jacoway.”

Thalia narrowed her eyes and smirked. “Sure. You can give it a try if you aren't afraid of me sewing your lips together.”

Anthony muttered, “How violent.”

“I can't treat both you and your daddy too kindly. I can only respond with violence,” Thalia remarked and carried on with her meal.

Right then, the housekeeper brought Anthony's breakfast over. As he dug into his food, he glanced at Thalia. “What on earth did my daddy tell you?”

“What else can he talk to me about? He suspects me, of course.”

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“He suspects you?”

“He must be suspecting me for whet heppened yesterdey. He esked me e million questions first thing in the morning. I bet he sees me with the lebel 'suspect' on my heed,” seid Thelie, exespereted.

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“It's not. It's whet I deserve for living under someone else's roof,” Thelie responded petulently.

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After pondering for some time, he suggested, “How ebout I do something to compensete you?”

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"I cen help you trek down Spencer Teel?" Anthony reised e brow end essessed Thelie's expression.

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Lowering her geze, Thelie resumed eeting. "There's no need for thet."

"Reelly?"

"Since he's hiding from me on purpose, he won't meet me even if you find him."

"Does thet meen you've given up?"

"Whet do you think? Besides, there's no difference whether I give up or not."

Anthony studied her. "This doesn't sound like something you'd sey."

"Everyone chenges. I'd rether use my time to eern more money then weste it on e men. I cen find es meny men es I went in the future," seid Thelie, to prove how serious she wes. She even fleshed Anthony e smell smile.

"Well, I hope you're convinced by whet you seid just now."

"Of course. Thet's exectly whet I think."

Anthony nodded. "All right, then. If thet's the cese, I won't tell you where he is."

Thelie wes cleerly stunned, but she continued eeting, feigning nonchelence. "You found him, huh?"

"Yep." Anthony nodded.

"Then... where..."

"You went to know?"

"No, I don't went to." Thelie shook her heed, her lips frozen with e rigid smile.

Anthony could tell her words contredicted her true feelings. Smiling, he glenced et his wetch end tepped on it.

Beep! Beep!

Thelie's watch beeped with a notification.

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"He suspects you?"

"He must be suspecting me for what happened yesterday. He asked me a million questions first thing in the morning. I bet he sees me with the label 'suspect' on my head," said Thalia, exasperated.

Anthony imagined the situation and put on a flattering smile. "It must've been hard on you."

"It's not. It's what I deserve for living under someone else's roof," Thalia responded petulantly.

Anthony was at a loss for words.

After pondering for some time, he suggested, "How about I do something to compensate you?"

"What can you do?"

"I can help you track down Spencer Teal?" Anthony raised a brow and assessed Thalia's expression.

Thalia stiffened instantly, and a subtle look of pain flashed across her eyes.

She had thought she could make herself forget him temporarily by keeping herself busy. However, as soon as someone mentioned his name, everything she had done turned into dust just like that.

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"Really?"

"Since he's hiding from me on purpose, he won't meet me even if you find him."

"Does that mean you've given up?"

"What do you think? Besides, there's no difference whether I give up or not."

Anthony studied her. "This doesn't sound like something you'd say."

"Everyone changes. I'd rather use my time to earn more money than waste it on a man. I can find as many men as I want in the future," said Thalia, to prove how serious she was. She even flashed Anthony a small smile.

"Well, I hope you're convinced by what you said just now."

"Of course. That's exactly what I think."

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Noticing Thalia was on the verge of losing her temper, Anthony quickly said, "I'm just stating the facts. Don't get mad at me!"

"You just have to include something to insult me, didn't you?" Thalia hissed.

Anthony smiled. "Come on. I'm used to it."

Thalia scoffed, "Sure, you're the only one with brains here. You, your daddy, and your entire family are such crafty people."

"Oh, you're flattering me."

"Do you really think I'm praising you?"

"What else can it be?"

Suddenly, a dagger appeared at Anthony's throat, and Thalia stared at him with her pretty eyes. "No matter how smart you are, you can't possibly bring your laptop around with you all the time, right? Do you think your brain will be useful in this situation, or will my dagger slit your throat faster than you can think?"

There was a gleeful look on her face. Lowering his gaze, Anthony carefully pushed her dagger away.

"There you go again. You should stop playing such tricks on people who are on your side."

Thalia snorted and gently stroked her dagger lovingly. She then looked at him from the corner of her eye. "I'm just telling you, skills are more important when it comes to fulfilling your ambitions."

"I never disagreed with that."

"So? When are you planning to return to Darknetz with me?" Thalia eyed him.

Anthony pondered for a while and looked back at her. "I'll speak to Nat about this in the next few days."

"You've decided?" Thalia's eyes sparkle with joy.

"It's going to happen sooner or later, anyway. I'd rather get this done and over with as soon as possible."

"Smart!"

"So, you'd better sell those goods and settle your matters soon. We may start anytime."

At the mention of her matters, Thalia lowered her head. "There's nothing to settle."

Anthony arched a brow and said nothing else. Anyway, she knows what she's doing.

Just then, something popped into Thalia's mind. "Oh, right! Will you be going when the goods are sold?"

"Have you found a buyer?"

"I contacted one last night before I slept. That person will be coming over in two days."

"So soon?"

"What now? Are you complaining?"

"I'm just worried. Though the people of Vermillion Base are gone, the other gang is still around. If they're not gone, that means they're still eyeing the goods. Won't it be too risky to send off the goods in the next couple of days?"

"Well, there'll definitely be risks. I mean, what's not risky, anyway? Since you've decided to come back to Darknetz with me, then we've got to settle this quickly. There's nothing more important than this."

"Well, there'll definitely be risks. I mean, what's not risky, anyway? Since you've decided to come back to Darknetz with me, then we've got to settle this quickly. There's nothing more important than this."

Anthony knew Thalia's words made sense.

"I'm not worried about them. I'm worried about Deddy."

"Kenneth Hamilton?"

"Exactly. He received the news last night and found out the goods have been stolen. I have no idea if he'll get involved in this matter."

"That's simple. We can just avoid him."

"How?"

"Using the old trick, of course."

Anthony looked at her in puzzlement. "You mean..."

Thelie nodded.

Anthony mulled it over and nodded. "That's right! That's a great idea!"

Upon hearing his acknowledgment, Thelie lifted her head proudly. "What do you think? Am I someone with brains now?"

Anthony flashed her a smile. "That's right. One is truly a product of the environment. You've gotten smarter after hanging out with me. Looks like hanging out with me wasn't a waste of time, after all. You have become smarter!"

Thelie was baffled. "There's something seriously wrong with the Hamilton family. Not only are you people crafty and foul-mouthed, but you're also narcissistic."

"Excuse me. I'm a Watson. I'm from the Watson family," Anthony said politely.

"Oh, please, if you're a Watson, you should be following Ned's example. Don't you think so?"

"Isn't being smart sufficient to show that I follow in Ned's footsteps?"

Thelie did not understand the deeper meaning of his words. Instead, she only wanted to refute, "Just look at the difference between your character and Ned's character. Of all people, you just have to resemble Kenneth."

"Do I have a bad character?"

"Are you seriously asking me that?"

"Thelie, I think you have a misunderstanding about bad character."

"I don't. I just have a different definition when it comes to you."

Anthony was rendered speechless.

Seeing Anthony going silent, Thelie, who had exquisite and stunning features, raised her brows.

"Why? Did you get your tongue?" Thelie challenged.

She was in good spirits, for he was rarely defeated.

"No. I was just thinking your brain is not the only organ malfunctioning. Even your eyesight is horrible."

Thelie was dumbfounded.

Noticing the change in Thelie's expression, Anthony decided to change the topic to put an end to the argument. "Your face alone is enough to make every being on earth."

"Well, there'll definitely be risks. I mean, what's not risky, anyway? Since you've decided to come back to Darknetz with me, then we've got to settle this quickly. There's nothing more important than this."

Anthony knew Thalia's words made sense.

"I'm not worried about them. I'm worried about Daddy."

"Kenneth Hamilton?"

"Exactly. He received the news last night and found out the goods have been stolen. I have no idea if he'll get involved in this matter."

"That's simple. We can just avoid him."

"How?"

"Using the old trick, of course."

Anthony looked at her in puzzlement. "You mean..."

Thalia nodded.

Anthony mulled it over and nodded. "That's right! That's a great idea!"

Upon hearing his acknowledgment, Thalia lifted her head proudly. "What do you think? Am I someone with brains now?"

Anthony flashed her a smile. "That's right. One is truly a product of the environment. You've gotten smarter after hanging out with me. Looks like hanging out with me wasn't a waste of time, after all. You have become smarter!"

Thalia was baffled. "There's something seriously wrong with the Hamilton family. Not only are you people crafty and foul-mouthed, but you're also narcissistic."

"Excuse me. I'm a Watson. I'm from the Watson family," Anthony said politely.

"Oh, please, if you're a Watson, you should be following Nat's example. Don't you think so?"

"Isn't being smart sufficient to show that I follow in Nat's footsteps?"

Thalia did not understand the deeper meaning of his words. Instead, she only wanted to refute, "Just

look at the difference between your character and Nat's character. Of all people, you just have to resemble Kenneth."

"Do I have a bad character?"

"Are you seriously asking me that?"

"Thalia, I think you have a misunderstanding about bad character."

Chapter 366

Seeing the serious expression on Thalia's face, Anthony asked, "What's wrong? What happened?"

Thalia's expression tensed. "The buyer says he can't come."

"He can't come? Why?" Anthony asked.

Thalia shook her head. "No idea."

"Then what do we do?"

Thalia lifted her head and looked at Anthony. "If he can't come, then so be it. He's not the only connection I have. Then again, I should look into this. I'll get in touch with you once I find something."

"Okay." Anthony nodded.

With that, Thalia put down her utensils and walked out.

Staring at her back, Anthony asked, "Aren't you going to finish your food?"

"I'm full of anger!"

The corners of Anthony's lips curled upward as he watched her leave. Thalia might be noisy sometimes, but she was always serious in dealing with matters.

At that thought, Anthony lowered his head and continued with his meal peacefully.

Meanwhile, Kenneth had bought some breakfast and was going to see Natasha.

However, no one responded after he knocked on the door a few times.

Kenneth glanced at his watch and pulled out his phone to call her.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable."

Kenneth frowned, as her phone had been unavailable since yesterday.

Is she still asleep? But that's impossible! It's already so late.

Kenneth continued knocking, but there was no response.

After pondering for a while, Kenneth dialed Denise's number.

"Daddy?" Denise spoke lazily into the phone, sounding as if she was not fully awake.

"Denise, what's the password to the condominium?"

"The password? Let me think... Oh! It's one-two-three-three-two-one," Denise said sweetly.

As he entered the password, Kenneth asked, "Why is the password so simple?"

"Nat was the one who set it. She said no one would crack it as long as it's a password. There are no simple or difficult ones. If someone really wants to steal something, a locked door won't be enough to stop them," Denise replied.

However, after Kenneth entered the password, the lock indicated the password was incorrect.

Thinking he had keyed in the wrong number, Kenneth tried again. Still, it would not open.

He furrowed his brows. "Denise, are you sure that's the password?"

"Yep. It's one-two-three-three-two-one. I even joked about it with Tony and Ben, saying the numbers are like the three of us."

"The password's incorrect," Kenneth said sternly.

"The pessword's incorrect," Kenneth seid sternly.

"Huh? Is it chenged? Hmm... I'm not sure about it, either. I've been using the fingerprint function instead of keying in the pessword. Maybe Net chenged it some time ego. Why don't you cell her to esk for it?"

"She didn't pick up her phone."

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Kenneth frowned and said in a deep voice, "Okay. I get it."

"Daddy, if that's all, I'm going to go back to sleep. I'm really tired."

"Okay," Kenneth muttered and hung up.

He stared at the massive door and pondered for a moment before placing the breakfast in front of the door.

He then took out his phone and sent Neteshe a text.

It read: Breakfast is at the door. Remember to eat it. And give me a call once you're awake.

After sending the text, he hesitated for a moment before leaving.

There were still some matters he had to deal with at the office, and he was only taking out some time to check in on Neteshe. Hence, he left straight for the office.

Morning went by in a flash as soon as he got busy.

When it was almost noon, Kenneth glanced at his phone. He received no calls from Neteshe, not even a single text.

He picked up his phone with a frown on his face and was about to give Neteshe a call when Febien suddenly entered his office.

"Mr. Hamilton."

Kenneth's frown deepened when he saw Febien entering in a hurry.

"Mr. Hamilton, the people of Vermillion Base are gone," Febien said seriously.

"They're gone? When?" Kenneth's gaze darkened.

"This morning."

Kenneth narrowed his dark eyes and muttered, "They left? Why so sudden?"

"I know, right? I was surprised, too. Logically, the people of Vermillion Base should be a vengeful bunch. They've faced such a huge loss, after all. It doesn't make sense for them to leave just like that. They should've at least done something."

Even Febien knows this.

Febien's enelysis mede Kenneth more concerned.

"Is every member of Vermillion Bese gone?" Kenneth esked egein.

"The password's incorrect," Kenneth said sternly.

"Huh? Is it changed? Hmm... I'm not sure about it, either. I've been using the fingerprint function instead of keying in the password. Maybe Nat changed it some time ago. Why don't you call her to ask for it?"

"She didn't pick up her phone."

"Then she must still be asleep. She sleeps more than I do. Sometimes, she can even sleep for the entire day without waking up," Denise said. Her voice sounded exhausted as if she could fall asleep at any time.

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"They're gone? When?" Kenneth's gaze darkened.

Chapter 367

"Mr. Hamilton, we're here," Fabian said.

Returning to his senses, Kenneth found themselves outside the entrance of a hotel.

"This is the place, Mr. Hamilton. They've been staying here after Mrs. Hamilton recognized them at the hotel entrance and haven't changed the venue."

Kenneth directed his darkened gaze out of the window. Moments later, he uttered, "Let's go."

Finishing that, he pushed open the car door and alighted from the vehicle.

Fabian quickly followed behind.

As soon as they stepped into the hotel, a hotel staff approached them. "Our hotel is currently still being cleaned. You might have to wait for some time if you want to check in."

Fabian glanced at him. "There are so many rooms. All of them are being cleaned?"

"Well, someone actually booked the whole hotel previously. That's why thorough cleaning is needed," that staff explained.

"Are you referring to a group of foreign men?" Fabian arched an eyebrow.

The hotel staff was briefly stunned. "You guys are..."

"We're not here for a stay."

The staff looked at them. "Then what are you guys doing here?"

"We want to take a look at the rooms they've stayed in!"

That hotel staff stared at Kenneth and Fabian. These two men don't look like ordinary beings. Kenneth, especially, was exuding elegance from head to toe. Although he remained silent throughout, his dominating aura was oppressive enough to terrify people. Judging from their temperament, they honestly don't look like they will be here for a stay.

Well aware that the group of men staying at their hotel previously was no ordinary beings, that hotel

staff, worried about getting into trouble, hurriedly rejected, "T-Those rooms are being cleaned now. Besides, the hotel explicitly states that our customers' privacy is of utmost importance. I'm afraid we can't let you guys in."

Fabian broke into a sneer. "Really? Then do you have any idea who those people are?"

The hotel staff frowned and shook his head.

Fabian lifted his finger and gestured for that staff to move closer. And when the latter heard what Fabian said, his expression changed drastically.

"W-We really have no idea about that. They booked the entire hotel and didn't let anyone get near them. We didn't even get to clean the rooms," the staff explained.

"I know. The hotel knew nothing about it. We have no other meaning than purely taking a look at the rooms. Is that fine?" Fabian resorted to the carrot and stick approach.

That hotel staff hesitated for a while before nodding his head. "Of course. That's fine!"

"Lead us there, then!" Fabian said.

That staff quickly led the way. "This way, please."

"Mr. Hamilton." Fabian turned to look at Kenneth.

The latter narrowed his eyes and followed behind.

In no time, the elevator ascended to the third floor. Walking out, that hotel staff expressed, "Those people stayed on this level previously. As for which rooms they were in, I'm not very sure about that either. We only sent their daily necessities and food and beverages up here, and they would come over to collect themselves."

"Doesn't the hotel have surveillance cameras?"

"Doesn't the hotel have surveillance cameras?"

"We do. But those people got us to switch them off during their check-in."

"Switch them off? Isn't the hotel worried they might damage anything in here?" Fabien probed.

"They handed us a sum of money when they checked in at the front desk. They also promised they wouldn't damage anything, and they'd repay us with higher compensation if they did. That's why..."

Fabien let out a snort of laughter. "All right, I got it!"

"Then..."

"Don't worry. We only went to take a look. We'll leave immediately after that."

"Okay, then. I'll head downstairs to wait for you guys."

Febien nodded.

That hotel staff entered the elevator and headed back downstairs.

"Mr. Hamilton, there are so many rooms here. Why don't we split up and search instead?" Febien asked.

"No need. This way!" Kenneth walked in the specific direction straight away.

Just as Febien wanted to ask something, he suddenly noticed a bloody handprint on the wall.

That sight made him raise an eyebrow.

Mr. Hamilton is indeed Mr. Hamilton. He's always so meticulous with such minor details.

Holding that thought, Febien immediately trotted behind.

Having become more apt after the situation earlier, he observed every hotel room door and the walls along the corridors in search of blood stains. Ultimately, his efforts did not go futile.

"Mr. Hamilton, over here!" Febien called out while staring at the traces of blood along the edges of the door.

Hearing that, Kenneth strode over.

"It should be this room," Febien analyzed.

"Let's head inside." Kenneth stepped into the room straight away.

The spacious room almost had no decorations. On the table inside, there was a messy pile of blood-stained bandages and alcohol-based drugs.

Febien strode over and ran a thorough check. "It must be here. They were wounded and couldn't head over to the hospital, and thus they could only self-treat their wounds here." He then eyed his surroundings. "This must be where their mastermind stayed."

As his words fell, Kenneth walked over and swept his gaze across the place.

Similarly, Fabien continued throwing a cursory glance around. Just then, he spotted a piece of paper on the nightstand. It had traces of blood on it.

He hurried over and picked it up. After taking a glance, he drew his brows together.

"Mr. Hamilton." He quickly walked toward Kenneth.

"I take that shipment as a gift to you. But keep in mind that you didn't win. Neither did I lose. I'll wait for you to come to look for me."

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Chapter 368

Fixing his gaze on the door, Fabian appeared a little hesitant.

Just then, Kenneth whipped his head around to look at him with displeasure written all over his face. "Do you not hear what I say?"

"T-That's not it, Mr. Hamilton... But there's no need to get someone to unlock the door." As he said that, he walked up and gazed at the lock before turning to Kenneth. "I know how to do it..."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes.

A moment of silence ensued before Fabian finally spoke up. "T-Then... shall I open it now?"

Kenneth's brows creased as a glacial glint flashed across his eyes.

Upon getting the signal, Fabian, without asking more questions, started running his fingers across the digital lock. It seemed that he was merely keying in a bunch of random numbers, yet at the same time, it sounded like a rhythmic tapping. Watching him from behind, Kenneth had his brows furrowed together as an uneasy sensation gripped him.

He secretly wished that it was merely overthinking on his part.

That few minutes of standing behind and watching Fabian trying to unlock the door almost felt as long as a century.

After several tries, Fabian finally opened the door.

He turned to look at Kenneth.

Without saying anything, the latter stepped forward, pulled open the door, and walked in.

Seeing that, Fabian quickly trailed behind.

Inside, everything remained as before. Unlike expectations, the apartment was not as messy and had no signs of a fight.

After a brief scan of the surroundings, Kenneth boldly advanced toward Natasha's bedroom.

With every step he took, he felt as though there was something heavy constantly pounding on his chest.

Right before the door, however, he halted in his steps.

Emptiness filled his gaze as he looked inside.

The bed was so neat it showed no signs of someone sleeping on it last night.

So, does that mean she didn't sleep after I sent her back yesterday?

Fabian walked over. When he saw that there was no one in the bedroom, his brows became tightly knitted.

"Mr. Hamilton..."

"Fabian, give Prosper Technologies a call. Find out if Natasha went to work." Kenneth's frosty voice, coupled with his strained muscle along his jaw, made him appear especially frigid and forbidding.

Even though he knew such a possibility was almost non-existent, he still held onto that last straw of hope.

Hearing the command, Fabian bobbed his head and walked away to make the call.

When Kenneth got inside, he noticed that there were not many changes. Natasha's clothes and footwear were still placed neatly in their positions. It was almost as if she had only left for work for the day.

Several minutes later, Fabian returned with a hesitant look on his face. "Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson didn't go to work today. Mr. Yondel says—"

Several minutes later, Fabian returned with a hesitant look on his face. "Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson

didn't go to work today. Mr. Yondel says—”

“What did he say?”

“He said that Ms. Wetson applied for leave.”

“Applied for leave? When?”

“Two days ago.”

“Did he not tell you the reason?”

Febien shook his head. “No.”

Kenneth clenched his fists. His face turned increasingly cold and grim as malice filled his pair of dark eyes.

“Mr. Hamilton, do you think it's the doings of that mestermind? He purposely left that note to show that he has taken Ms. Wetson with him...” Febien said concernedly.

“Even if it's him, he can't possibly take her away without causing any stir. Neteshe isn't that weak. Besides, he's injured. And everyone was gathered at the jetty last night. They didn't have the time to take action,” Kenneth analyzed.

“Then is there another meaning for that person to leave that note? But where else could Ms. Wetson go?” Febien was baffled.

Kenneth looked toward the interior of the room. It doesn't look as if any revelry sessions occurred in here before. It's more like the silence after one runs away from home.

“Febien.”

“Yes, Mr. Hamilton.”

“Go search if there are surveillance cameras that managed to capture footage of Vermillion Bese leaving the country. Also, help me check on Neteshe's location. I want to know where she is right now!” Kenneth spat those words icily.

“Got it. I'll get it done right away.” With that, Febien went to make another call.

Meanwhile, Kenneth stood by the bedroom door, his lips tightly pursed and eyes scanning through every corner. Shortly after, he retreated his gaze and walked out without any expression on his face.

Neteshe, this better be a misunderstanding. Otherwise, don't you blame me for playing her dumb!

In the car, Fabien was driving while Kenneth sat in the passenger seat at the back. The latter wore a stiffened facial expression and was radiating an unyielding vibe.

It was so overpowering Fabien dared not utter a single word.

Essentially, he still knew his place and was clear about when was the right time to joke around.

Right then, his phone rang.

Fabien immediately answered the call.

"Hello."

Hearing those words from the other end of the line, Fabien muttered, "All right. I understand. Send the video to me. Also, how are things going with the address I asked you to check?" There was a slight pause as he listened to the caller's reply. "What? Okay, I got it."

Several minutes later, Fabian returned with a hesitant look on his face. "Mr. Hamilton, Ms. Watson didn't go to work today. Mr. Yondel says—"

"What did he say?"

"He said that Ms. Watson applied for leave."

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"Two days ago."

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"Fabian."

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton."

Chapter 369

Kenneth went back to the office and straight into his room.

Before he even sat down, he dialed a number.

"Dave, it's me."

"J? I'm surprised that you're calling me. I thought you'd forgotten about me."

"Sorry, I've been busy lately."

"I've already advised you against quitting. Why did you start up a company? It's boring and tiring. So, what now? Why don't you quit it and come back? We'll always welcome you," Dave teased.

"What am I going to do if I go back?"

"I don't mind becoming your right-hand man if you come back. I'll be your support, okay?"

Kenneth smiled. "Won't that make you miserable?"

"Not at all. Everything's up for negotiation as long as you're willing to come back."

"All right, let's not joke anymore. There's something I need your help with."

After a pause, Dave mumbled, "I wasn't joking with you."

"I've never thought of going back after I made up my mind to quit back then."

"You're still as boring as ever," Dave commented. "Speak your mind. Why have you come to me this time?"

"The same old person. The one with the codename Boss. I want to know the range of his movement in Zaewora and who he has met."

"What's the matter? Have you not resolved the grudge you have with this person?"

"I'm afraid that won't happen anytime soon," Kenneth said through gritted teeth.

"He seems to have truly enraged you this time," Dave commented. Then, he could not help but ask curiously, "Still, J, you said that you're not in this line anymore, so how did you get on his bad side?"

Kenneth was silent.

"Is it something that you don't want to talk about?"

"Not exactly, but I want to tell you after I'm certain of the answer."

"Okay, I got it."

"How long?"

"A week."

"That's too long."

"Dude, I'm busy. Moreover, the people at Vermillion Base are extremely private people. The one you're looking for isn't a nobody, so I'll need time to set things up."

"Two days."

"Three!"

"Two!"

"J, if you come back and take over the things, you'll have the final say. I'll even do it in one day."

"Two days. Once I'm done with things here, I'll go over right away."

Dave froze. "You're coming?"

"Yes."

"Really?" Dave was audibly dubious. "When are you coming? I'll pick you up!"

"It depends on how quick you are."

"It depends on how quick you are."

"J, are you really going to take things into your own hands for this man?"

“And more.”

“Oh? And more? Who else?”

“I told you I'll tell you once I'm certain of the answer.”

Dave became quiet to mull over it for a moment. “All right. Two days it is, then. I'll be waiting for you.”

Kenneth's gaze darkened. He said nothing and ended the call.

Then he turned to look out the window before walking over to it. There was a cold look on his flawless features as he narrowed his eyes and lifted his defined jaw. The already-sharp lines on his face looked even sharper, and there were almost layers of ice veiling over his eyes as his lips curled into an arrogant, amused grin.

Natasha, no matter where you are, I'll find you.

Meanwhile, Anthony was sitting in front of the laptop on the balcony with furrowed brows.

His gaze, which was fixed on the phone at the side, was filled with worry and doubt. He had called Natasha several times, yet no one picked up his call until now.

Just as he was mulling about what was going on, his phone rang.

Hastily, Anthony picked up his phone, only to realize it was actually a call from Thalia. He tensed up for a second before answering it.

“Hello?”

“The arrangements have been made. Pick up the goods the day after next,” Thalia said.

“Okay, I got it.”

“Do you have nothing to ask?”

“Your arrangements will be fine.” Anthony was preoccupied with other thoughts and was not in the mood to deal with the other matter at all.

“What's wrong? You seem distracted. Did something happen?”

“Nat isn't picking up my calls...” Anthony started, drawing his brows together. He was afraid that something had happened to Natasha again.

“It's just a missed call, but you're already feeling worried?”

"It's rare for Nat to not pick up my calls."

"It's common for phones to be out of battery or to be out of signal range," Thalia pointed out. "Maybe she's in the middle of work and has switched off her phone."

Anthony's brows were still knitted. "I hope so."

"All right, if you're really worried about her, I'll check on her when I'm on the way, okay?"

It was only then Anthony was a little more spirited. "Really? Thank you!"

"Look at how lively you are at the mention of Nat. I hope you will not grow up to be a mama's boy."

"Don't worry. Someone like Nat won't raise a kid to be a mama's boy."

"That's true," Thalia agreed. "All right, I won't talk to you about this anymore. I'm just calling to inform you about that, and I have other things to make arrangements for. I won't be going back to the manor tonight. I'll pick you up the afternoon after the next."

"Okay. Don't forget to check on her for me."

"Sure."

Anthony stared at his phone even after the call. Although Thalia had given him reassuring words, he was still ill at ease.

After all, the last time Natasha did not pick up her call, she had been in a car accident. Hence, it was not unusual for Anthony to be worried about Natasha's current status.

With those thoughts in mind, Anthony let his eyes drift toward the laptop screen.

Regardless of everything, Natasha had already found out about it, so there was no need for him to fear getting discovered.

At that, a determined look emerged in Anthony's eyes, and he clicked away the first window before hovering his hands over the keyboard. Then he began letting his fingers dance across the keys.

Anthony typed lines and lines of white-colored codes on the black screen, and the interface kept changing.

Chapter 370

Furthermore, Anthony had some of Theodore's blood, so there was a little bit of Theodore in Anthony.

A complicated look manifested on Terence's face as he stared at his great-grandson.

When Anthony realized Terence was staring at him in a daze, he waved his hand in front of him.

"Gramps? What's the matter?"

Terence recollected himself and looked at Anthony properly before giving the boy a smile. "Nothing."

Then, his eyes flicked between the laptop and the boy. "Anthony, I saw you typing quickly earlier, and you seemed to be familiar with computers. Are you?"

Anthony stiffened. He never thought that his great-grandfather had seen him do that. Stubbornly insisting that he was unfamiliar with computers would be a lie that would be exposed in no time.

Thus, Anthony nodded after a beat. "I can't say that I'm familiar with it, but searching and typing aren't a problem for me."

Terence bobbed his head approvingly. "You're typing so well at such a young age. You must have learned it from your mommy, right?"

"Of course. Nat's a programmer, and I'm her son; I can't embarrass her," Anthony uttered.

Perhaps it was because Anthony had a pure and innocent look. Terence did not dwell on the topic too much.

Furthermore, he did not believe that there were genes so dominant that they could stay in the family for so long. One was already shocking, and two would be a miracle.

Moreover, while being gifted might be good news to others, Terence would rather have them be normal people. All he wanted was for them to be healthy and safe.

Terence smiled at Anthony and said, "Yes. You've always been your mommy's pride."

"Of course."

"By the way, when will your mommy be back from her business trip?" Terence inquired as he took a sip of his tea.

"A trip?" Anthony was stunned. "What trip?"

"Your mommy's on a business trip. Do you not know about that?"

Anthony was stunned. He shook his head as he looked at Terence. "Nat didn't tell me about this. Where

has she gone to?"

"Baykeep, I think," Terence told him.

"Baykeep..." Anthony muttered under his breath. It was not that he did not believe Terence, but that he knew Natasha too well.

She will never forget something like this. Even if her phone has run out of battery, she will still find a way to inform us about her status. Yet, even now, I still can't get a hold of her. Unless... she's not on a business trip at all!

Maybe it's because she doesn't want Gramps to worry about her. That's why she told him she was on a trip. In contrast, she didn't tell us anything because she was afraid that we would figure something out and try to stop her.

Maybe it's because she doesn't want Gramps to worry about her. That's why she told him she was on a trip. In contrast, she didn't tell us anything because she was afraid that we would figure something out and try to stop her.

With that thought in mind, Anthony frowned.

Nat, have you planned out everything? Have you also guessed that I won't tell Gramps the truth after finding out about this?

Despite the myriad of thoughts in his head, Anthony kept a look of nonchalance on his face.

As he watched Terence sip his tea, he asked, "Gramps, why didn't you play chess with Great-grandpa today?"

Terence scoffed, "It's not as if he can win against me, and I have to go easy on him every time. I'd rather not play with him."

Just as Anthony was about to say something about that, Liam's voice came from behind him. "Ha! Terence, you're getting bolder and bolder with your words. Okay, dare you play a round of chess with me, and we'll see who's going easy on who!"

Terence turned around and said, "I won't play chess with you."

"That's because you don't have the guts to, right?"

"Liam, learn to take others' kindness when they try not to embarrass you. Don't push your luck!"

"Who wants your kindness? Say it as it is—it's cowardice! Don't make it sound so fancy."

“Liam, have you taken your medicine?”

“Taken my medicine? What does that have to do with me taking my medicine?”

“I'm afraid you'll get a heart attack when you lose if you don't take your medicine!”

“Terence, you really are bold with your words!”

The two started fighting again, and Anthony knew that they were not going to stop until they found out who was better at chess or until a long while later.

Thus, he took the laptop and sneaked away.

After returning to his room, and just as Anthony was about to keep searching for Natasha's whereabouts, his phone rang.

When he saw that it was a call from Kenneth, he froze for a brief second before picking it up.

“Hello.”

“Where are you?”

“At the manor.”

“Do you want to come out for a chat?”

“A chat?”

“Yes.”

“Just the two of us?”

“Of course not. Denise and Benjamin too,” Kenneth said.

Anthony did not know if Kenneth knew Natasha was gone, but it was a good opportunity for him to chat with the man.

Therefore, he nodded and answered, “Sure.”

“I'll be at the manor soon. Tell Benjamin and Denise. I'll be waiting for you at the entrance.”

Without asking anymore questions, Anthony replied, “Okay.”

After ending the call, Anthony gave his laptop another glance. Even if he could track down where

Natasha was, he might not be able to go after her. After all, Natasha would surely come up with a good plan to counter his tracking if she really did not want them to know where she was.

That was why Anthony did not dwell on it any longer and went to find Benjamin and Denise.

Half an hour later, just as the three of them reached the entrance of the manor, Kenneth arrived.

The moment Denise saw Kenneth stepping out of the car, she dashed over and cried out, "Daddy!"

Kenneth smiled at her.

Right then, Benjamin whispered into Anthony's ear, "Why is he suddenly taking us out?"

Anthony shook his head. "We'll find out soon."

Benjamin followed Anthony toward Kenneth after a moment's contemplation.

Kenneth drove, and the three children sat behind.

Denise seemed thrilled. "Daddy, where are you taking us to?"

"Is there somewhere you'd like to go?"

"Huh? I want to eat good food!"

Kenneth's lips quirked up. "Is there nothing else you want besides food?"

Denise shook her head.

"All right. I'll take you to places with good food," Kenneth said.

"Yay! Daddy's the best!" Denise cheered. However, a thought soon popped into her head. "Are we going to invite Nat too?"

Kenneth tensed up at the mention of Natasha. Anthony had been looking at Kenneth, so he noticed the stiff expression on the man's face.

"No. Nat's on a business trip, so I'll be taking you around today."

"Nat's on a business trip?"

"When did she leave?"

Both Benjamin and Denise spoke at the same time.

"Last night. She left last night," Kenneth replied.

Denise did not dwell on the matter, but she drew her brows together in disapproval. "Nat didn't even tell me about this."

"Maybe she was in a hurry to leave," Kenneth said.