

Yo Daddy 481

Chapter 481

When the car started shaking, the driver immediately grasped the steering wheel, attempting to halt the vehicle.

Boss looked at the driver and asked, "What happened?"

"Someone ambushed our car. I think the tire burst," the driver replied solemnly.

At that moment, the man sitting in the passenger seat opened the window and held out his gun. He scanned the surroundings, seemingly trying to locate the sniper on the high ground.

Right then, another gunshot rang out, and the car suddenly shook again. The man in the passenger seat grabbed the side of the vehicle tightly and returned fire at the surroundings. After firing a few shots, he returned to his senses and realized the car was about to collide with the wall ahead.

"Stop the car. Hold on tight. We're f*cking crashing into the wall. Stop the car!"

The driver tightened his grip on the steering wheel, but it was difficult to control the drifting car. In the end, the vehicle smashed into the wall uncontrollably.

At that instant, Boss moved forward and shielded Natasha behind him without hesitation.

Bang!

The car slammed into the wall, causing the vehicle bonnet to bend out of shape and smoke to billow from the car engine.

Everyone in the car felt dizzy following the collision. Even the airbag in the front seats popped out because of the impact.

The driver and the man in the passenger seat raised their heads, and blood was trickling down their foreheads.

The people in the back seat suffered similarly.

The wound on Boss' chest seemed to have ruptured as he clutched his chest and grunted.

"F*ck!" the man in the passenger seat cursed. Then, recalling something, he hastily looked behind him.

"Boss, are you all right?"

A few seconds later, Boss replied in an undertone, "I'm fine."

Boss gazed at the person in front of him. "How are you? Are you all right?"

Natasha met his eyes with a complicated look on her face. She did not anticipate Boss to protect her at that crucial moment. However, she was indeed fine, except for a bump on her head after she knocked against the glass.

"I'm fine," she said.

Boss nodded. He pushed himself up, revealing his bloodstained chest where his wound had ruptured.

Natasha looked at him. "Your wound opened up."

Boss glanced downward at his chest nonchalantly before saying to her, "Stay still inside the car. I'm getting out of the vehicle to check out the situation. They are here to kill me, so you will be fine as long as you stay inside here."

Natasha nodded in response.

At that moment, the people inside the car behind them began to open fire.

There appeared to be a few snipers at multiple positions, so Boss' subordinates in the other vehicle were merely blindly firing shots.

Boss glanced at her with his yellow eyes gleaming. "If I survive this, I will provide an answer to your question earlier!" With that, he withdrew a gun from a drawer beneath the car seat and got out of the vehicle.

Boss stuck his back to the vehicle right after he got out of the car.

At that moment, a loud bang sounded as another shot was fired at the vehicle. Boss quickly bent down and crouched on the floor.

According to the trajectory of the bullet, Boss adjusted the angle of his gun. Then he stood up and fired multiple shots in that direction.

As Boss fired over ten shots, the man in the passenger seat also seized the chaotic moment to get out of the vehicle.

"How are you? Are you all right?" Boss asked while looking sideways at that man.

"Just some minor injuries," that man replied before loading his gun with ammunition.

Gunshots were still being fired as they spoke.

The man in the passenger seat said, "Boss, our opponent has quite a number of people on their side. It looks like today's battle will be tough."

Boss smiled. "I've never thought of my life as so valuable." He shifted his gaze to that man before looking behind him. "If we survive today, all of you will be greatly rewarded."

His words managed to lift the spirits of his men at once.

A fierce battle ensued.

Until that moment, Boss and his subordinates were still ignorant of the number of their opponents. Moreover, their ammunitions were limited. After the gunfight dragged on for some time, the man in the passenger seat said, "Boss, we must leave this place. Otherwise, they will kill us sooner or later."

Boss was also aware of the severity of the circumstances. He swept his eyes across the surroundings and stared at somewhere nearby. "There! Let's go over there."

"I'll cover you!"

Boss nodded. He got up and looked at Natasha, who was sitting inside the car. Her hair was slightly disheveled, but she appeared calm as usual.

What a beauty. She's always mesmerizing and captivating regardless of the situation.

He said to her, "Get out of the car and follow me."

Notosho stared at him in silence.

"If you don't get out of the car, they will blow up the vehicle sooner or later."

Notosho contemplated briefly before bending down and getting out of the vehicle.

"Follow behind me later. If I ask you to run, you run," Boss said.

"Actually, they are only targeting you," Notosho uttered.

Boss looked at her.

Notosho looked at the car behind them. "Look. The people inside that vehicle are not suffering from severe injuries. The bullet holes on the car are also significantly lesser than your car."

"How are you still in the mood to analyze this observation at a time like this?"

"There is no further need to remain collected and analyze the situation the more dangerous the

circumstances are.”

Boss was about to say something when Notosho suddenly strode to the open.

He wanted to reach out to stop her, but it was too late as she had already walked out.

Bong!

A shot was fired at the ground. Notosho merely flinched but did not stop moving forward.

Subsequently, no shots were fired at her as she expected.

Notosho stood under the sun, turned around to glance at Boss, and smirked as if she was proving her hypothesis to him.

Driven by an unknown impulse, Boss got to his feet the next second and dashed toward Notosho. He grabbed her and bolted ahead.

A few gunshots sounded at once.

“Cover Boss!” someone behind them shouted.

Leading Notosho, Boss ran toward the location he had in mind amidst the intense gunfight.

Notosho let go of his hand when they finally found a shelter.

She turned her head around and glared coldly at him. “With this, I’ve returned your favor for shielding me inside the car earlier, so the score is settled.”

Boss bore his eyes into hers and frowned. “Do you have to set such a clear-cut boundary between us?”

“Of course. If I am not mistaken, you nearly caused me to die alongside you earlier.”

“Wouldn’t it be less boring for us to keep each other company in the afterlife?”

“If you wish to die, do it on your own. I’m definitely not going to die!”

Boss curled his lips into a smile while staring at her.

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Sensing Boss’ unusual reaction, Natasha turned to look behind her.

She saw a car approach them and come to a halt when they turned their heads around.

After the car door was opened, a man in his forties, dressed in a seemingly unorthodox military uniform, strode over.

That man walked up to them and smiled. "Boss, it has been a long time since we last met."

Boss clenched his fists when he saw that man. Despite the stiff and unnatural expression on his face, he forced a reply. "Is General Will doing fine?"

"Of course." With that, that man glanced at Natasha before resting his gaze on Boss again. "The mission ended so many days ago. General Will sent me here to inform you to meet with him because he has yet to receive any response from you after so long."

"I wanted to meet with General Will today, but something urgent came up. I will go and meet with him a couple of days later," Boss said.

"That's not needed. You can head over there now in my car. General Will is already waiting for you," that man replied.

"But—"

"What's the matter? Are you trying to defy General Will's order?" that man questioned Boss.

Boss stared at that man. He had no choice but to suppress his anger regardless of how furious he was at that moment. "I wouldn't dare!"

"Good." That man grinned. Then, he looked at Natasha and spoke in Ustranian. "Please, join us, Miss."

After listening to their conversation, Natasha could deduce that man to be General Will's subordinate.

Being able to visit Vermillion Base to find out the truth had always been her wish. Naturally, she would not say anything to refuse that man's offer at that moment.

When that man gestured for Natasha and Boss to get into the car, she strode toward the vehicle at once.

He shifted his gaze to Boss, and when their eyes met, Boss had no choice but to follow Natasha into the car.

In the car, that man, dressed in military uniform, sat in the passenger seat while Natasha and Boss sat in the middle seats with two more of that man's subordinates sitting in the backseat.

Natasha said in Chanaean, "So, General Will's busy schedule has been fictitious all along? It was you who had been delaying my meeting with him, right?"

Boss hesitated for a few seconds before uttering, "That's right."

Instead of questioning the rationale behind his action, Natasha merely chuckled in response.

She had met up with Boss for him to lead her to Vermillion Base in the first place. Unexpectedly, he had become her greatest hindrance.

Natasha said nothing.

Suddenly, Boss uttered, "Do you trust me?"

"Do you think I will trust someone who caused my life to be threatened just a few moments ago?"

Boss gazed at her and was about to speak further when that man sitting in front suddenly asked, "What are you two talking about?"

Boss was taken aback. He looked up at that man. "It's nothing. She was asking me what General Will likes."

That man glanced at Natasha and fell silent afterward.

Boss shifted his gaze back to Natasha and whispered, "You will understand how much kindness I've been showing you when the time comes."

Natasha did not reply. She closed her eyes and proceeded to get some rest as the car sped along the road.

As Boss stared out the window, a complex and unfathomable look glinted in his yellow eyes.

Meanwhile, in the room where the surveillance footage was monitored, Dave spoke into the walkie-talkie while watching the car they were following. "We are moving into a more isolated area now. Be extra careful so that you won't be discovered. Immediately retreat after you find out the location of the headquarters, and do not linger!"

"We got it, Dave."

Dave turned around and noticed the similar expressions on the faces of the three people behind him. "She's fine. You all don't have to look so worried."

Kenneth did not respond.

Just then, Anthony looked at Dave. "Mr. Dave, did you assign those snipers to be there?"

Dave narrowed his eyes at Anthony. "How did you figure that out?"

"It's so obvious judging by the trajectories of the bullets."

Dave frowned. "You came up with the conclusion based on that observation alone?"

"Of course not!" Anthony glanced at Kenneth. "Most importantly, it was because I could not think of any other reason Daddy would remain calm and idle when the car Nat was in was ambushed."

Upon hearing that, Dave looked at Kenneth. "J, he's a great talent worth cultivating. It seems that you've found yourself an heir to succeed DX."

Kenneth merely swept his eyes across Anthony and Benjamin and curled his lips in silence.

Evidently, Anthony was uninterested in that topic as he probed further, "Still, why did you do that, Mr. Dave? Even with your meticulous arrangements, what if Nat was accidentally injured in the process?" Anthony had to ask because of the possibility that something might go wrong.

Dave turned to Kenneth. "I think you should be the one to explain this. I'm going to drink some water to calm my nerves." With that, he walked away.

Anthony and Benjamin focused their attention on Kenneth.

Kenneth looked down at them and said, "Boss is an untrusting man. He must be harboring suspicion since he instructed his man to find out the surveillance footage from that shop the other day. If we don't make this arrangement, how can we successfully let him guide us to Vermillion Base?"

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Kenneth's lips quirked upward when he lowered his gaze and saw Anthony and Benjamin staring at him. Feigning nonchalance, he said, "I should recover my lost memories to complete the picture, shouldn't I?"

Anthony smiled at that. Without giving it much thought, he looked at his father and said teasingly, "Daddy, you want to remember your feelings for Nat back then, don't you?"

"It's what I owe Nat."

"If that's the case, all right, then. I hope you'll be able to remember soon, Daddy," Anthony said.

Kenneth reached out to pat the boy's head.

Anthony flashed a smile at him, then turned to look for Benjamin, only to find that he was using his phone secretly in the corner.

"What are you doing, Benjamin?"

"Texting Thalia to tell her that Spencer is back," Benjamin replied.

Anthony and Kenneth exchanged glances and grinned.

"We'll head back to our room first, Daddy. I'll keep an eye on Nat and notify you immediately if there's any news."

"All right," Kenneth said with a nod.

Anthony walked over to Benjamin and dragged him away. "Let's go."

"Where to?"

"Our room."

Anthony dragged Benjamin back to their room while the latter was still busy texting.

"Is Thalia in the room?" Anthony asked, looking at his brother after closing the door.

Benjamin shook his head. "No."

"Where did she go?"

"She didn't say anything."

Upon deliberation, Anthony looked at his brother and said, "Benjamin, I have an idea."

Benjamin looked up at him. "What is it?"

"What do you say if I drag those people on the list into a group using my Anonymous identity?"

Benjamin raised his head to look at his brother when he heard that. "What do you have in mind?"

Anthony frowned. "I was inspired by today's events. At first, I thought those snipers were the ones on the list. To be honest, I was quite worried, but when I noticed that Daddy was so calm, I suddenly thought of it in another way. The most important thing is that I have this feeling that something will happen in the future. I'm sure you're aware of the situation at Vermillion Base. It'll be difficult for Nat to leave there unscathed, so we must plan ahead."

Benjamin pondered for a while. "So you're thinking of issuing instructions directly inside the group?"

Anthony nodded. "Exactly."

"It's not a bad idea. If there's a sudden turn of events, you can post it directly in the group, which is much more convenient than posting a bounty list!"

Anthony's eyes sparkled when he heard his brother's response. "You think so too?"

Benjamin bobbed his head. "I think it's okay, but you must be careful when recruiting them to prevent spies from sneaking in."

"It doesn't matter if there are spies as long as I can command most of them. This is the appeal of money!"

Benjamin thought it made sense. "I suppose using them temporarily won't do any harm."

The more they talked about it, the more Anthony felt that the matter had to be carried out immediately. "By the way, we must ask Thalia to come back. We should tell her about it so that she'll be more careful. Besides, if we truly go ahead with the plan, I'll need someone to step in for me, and I want her to manage it."

"I'll give her a call, then." With that, Benjamin went off to make the call.

Anthony walked to the table and stared at the blank screen of the computer in a daze, thinking about the possibilities of that matter. The more he thought about it, the brighter the gleam in his eyes.

As he contemplated further, a bolder idea flashed across his mind.

Thalia hurried back upon receiving Benjamin's call.

She had just reached the corridor when she bumped into Spencer.

This time, in that narrow space, Thalia did not run away. Instead, she looked at him before averting her eyes nonchalantly as though she had just bumped into a stranger and promptly walked past him.

Spencer merely stood there and watched her walk past him. He felt as if something had stabbed him in his heart.

Just as Thalia stepped into the room, he suddenly uttered, "Have you been doing well?"

Thalia froze in her tracks.

Spencer turned to face her. "My question seems quite pointless. You do look like you're doing well."

Thalia looked at him expressionlessly. "As you can tell."

"That's good." Spencer nodded.

Thalia's hand tightened on the door handle. "Do you have anything else to say?"

Spencer gazed at her and shook his head.

Thalia gripped the handle of the door. The moment he finished speaking, she pushed the door open and walked in before slamming it shut with a bang.

Spencer was left standing in the corridor, staring in the direction of the door as the look in his eyes gradually darkened. Finally, he looked away, turned, and left.

In the room, Anthony and Benjamin were staring at Thalia in shock. She was leaning against the door, looking furious.

"W-What's wrong?" Benjamin asked.

"Nothing!" Thalia snapped.

However, her expression said otherwise.

"I'm guessing you met Spencer outside?" Anthony took a guess, and the look Thalia shot him in return stunned him. "I was right?"

"Never mention this person in front of me in the future!"

Anthony immediately zipped his mouth.

Benjamin, too, nodded furiously. I won't ever mention him again.

They were not stupid. Thalia had always been easy to coax when she was mad previously, but now that she was truly angry, none of them dared to provoke her.

Seeing them being so obedient this time, Thalia calmed down a little and approached them. "Why did you ask me to come back?" she asked, staring at the boys.

"We want to discuss something with you!" Anthony answered.

As Thalia shifted her attention to him, he told her his plan. Thalia furrowed her brows after hearing it. "Have you thought it through?"

Chapter 484

Natasha was blindfolded halfway through the car ride to Vermillion Base.

The car drove around the windy road for more than twenty minutes before finally arriving at its destination.

After the car stopped and the door opened, someone spoke. "You can get out of the car now, Miss."

Natasha did not speak and groped her way out of the car.

As soon as she got out, the person beside her uttered, "Miss, you may also take off the blindfold."

Only then did Natasha reach out and pull it off.

Blinding sunlight did not hit her eyes as she had expected. All she saw before her eyes was an ordinary concrete room that was huge and empty.

The car had driven in directly, so she could not see what was happening outside. However, she could clearly tell what was going on inside.

Looking around, she noticed that many people were walking around, all busy with their own affairs. Some people were carrying firearms. When they spotted her, they merely threw her a glance without much emotion as if her appearance was a normal thing. The extra glance they spared her was only because she was a foreigner.

"Wait here. I'll go and ask General Will to come out," the man who brought them over said before turning around and preparing to leave.

Just then, Boss suddenly called out, "Gavin."

The person who brought them over looked back.

Boss stepped forward and looked at him. After a brief hesitation, he asked, "How is General Will's mood?"

Gavin broke into a sarcastic grin when he heard that. "What do you think, Boss?"

"I'm sure you know why the general called me over. Can you give me a little advice?"

"Boss, are you not aware of what you did?"

Boss pursed his lips and mulled over it for a few seconds before responding, "Gavin, I've done my best for the—"

"Boss!" Gavin cut him off mid-sentence before he could finish speaking. "You should save the explanation for General Will!"

Just as Boss was about to say something, Will stepped out of the door.

He was a middle-aged man in his forties, tall and strong with a stern look on his face, and wearing a dark green military uniform.

Everyone bowed their heads in unison when they saw him. "General Will."

Boss followed suit, greeting him with a bow and a salute.

Will walked over and swept his gaze over them before raising his hand.

Only then did everyone lift their heads.

Will first cast a glance at Natasha. He said nothing but shifted his attention to Boss. "So you've finally shown up."

Boss' expression stiffened as he looked at the general. "It's my fault that I couldn't complete the mission, General Will. But I've already tried my—"

"This is not what I want to hear." Will raised his hand to interrupt him. He had no interest in listening to his explanation at all. "The mission failed, so you must be punished!"

Boss' gaze darkened by the second, but there were no signs of shock in his eyes as if he had known for a long time that this would happen.

Seeing that the other man was silent, Will ordered, "Bring the knife over."

Someone immediately stepped forward and handed him a knife.

Will gave Boss an indifferent look as he asked, "You said it yourself back then that if you failed to complete the mission, you'd cut your hand off. So? Are you going to do it yourself? Or shall I do it?"

An unfathomable glint appeared in Boss' eyes as he looked at the general with his fists tightly clenched.

"Okay, looks like you want me to do it!" Will said.

At that moment, someone came forward and held Boss down while another brought over a stool and forced him to extend a hand.

Natasha merely watched from the side, not saying anything.

While looking at the outstretched hand, Will casually walked over as though he was merely going to slice a watermelon. "Don't worry. I won't let you be in pain for a long time!"

There was a thin layer of sweat on Boss' forehead, and he looked as if he was debating something as he kept his eyes on the other man.

Will raised his head and brought the knife down.

Just then, Boss suddenly spoke. "What if I could get you ten times the benefits in return, General Will?"

The knife fell right next to his hand, just a few centimeters away.

A hint of surprise flashed across Will's eyes. "Ten times?"

Boss' face was pale, but he still maintained his composure. "Yes. Although I've failed the mission, I can get back ten times the profit."

Hearing that, Will narrowed his eyes before letting out a chuckle. "Are you crazy? Do you know what you're talking about?"

"Of course I do."

"If you dare to lie to me, I'll kill you."

"Should I fail, you can take my life."

Will narrowed his eyes when he heard the other man speak with such conviction. "Why should I believe you?"

Boss contemplated for a while, then lifted his gaze and looked at Natasha beside him.

The moment he looked at her, Natasha was filled with a sense of dread.

Their gazes met, and she narrowed her eyes in response.

Upon noticing that the other man was staring at a woman at that moment, the general laughed. "How are you still in the mood to look at a woman at this time?"

Chapter 485

As if he knew what Natasha was going to say, Boss shifted his gaze to her. "Ms. Watson, General Will is not someone you can provoke by just saying anything!"

Natasha merely glanced at him. "I don't talk to cowards!"

Boss was utterly speechless.

Will did not look back and continued walking forward. At that moment, Natasha spoke to him in Capstone. "Don't you want to know my other identity, General Will?"

Will froze in his tracks and turned to face the only woman there. "You speak Capstone?"

Natasha looked at him and answered with a smile, "A little."

Her pronunciation was very accurate. She did not sound like someone who only knew the language a little.

Will looked at her with interest. Since she understands Capstone, it also means that she heard our conversation just now, but I'm surprised that she can still stand here so calmly after hearing everything.

Will curled his lips into a smile at that thought and turned back to look at her. "You mentioned your other identity. What is it?" he asked curiously.

"General Will, don't listen to this woman's—"

Before Boss could finish his words, Will shot him a look. "Say another word and I'll cut off your hand right now!"

Boss could only purse his lips and step back.

Seeing that, Will turned his attention to Natasha again and put on an amiable expression. "Go on."

"I wonder if you still remember Theodore Watson?" Natasha asked straightforwardly.

Theodore Watson...

Will narrowed his eyes when he heard that name.

"This name sounds familiar..." However, he could not recall where he had heard it before.

Just then, Gavin's expression changed subtly. He approached Will and whispered something into his ear.

Will's eyes instantly lit up. "Oh! It's that extremely talented hacker!"

Gavin nodded.

"But isn't he dead?" Will asked.

Gavin did not respond, so Will turned to look at Natasha. "You know Theodore?"

Natasha fixed her eyes on him. "How do you know he's dead?"

Looking at the hostility in her eyes, Will seemed to have guessed something. "I don't have to tell you exactly how I know about it. You, on the other hand, what is your relationship with Theodore?"

"He's my father!"

Will froze and looked at her incredulously. "Did you just say Theodore is your father?"

"That's right."

Will eyed her from head to toe. The look of surprise in his eyes also carried a hint of disbelief.

Beside him, Gavin also froze briefly upon hearing her words.

In the end, Will smiled at her and said, "Since you're still alive, you should live well. What are you doing here?"

Natasha could discern something from his words.

"What do you mean, since I'm still alive?" she asked, looking at him. Even though she had a vague suspicion, she was determined to get an answer since she was already there.

Will narrowed his eyes at her.

At that moment, Gavin interjected, "Miss, please mind your tone when you speak to the—"

"I'm not talking to you!" Natasha cut him off before he could finish his sentence. After glaring at him, she shifted her gaze back to Will with a look that made it clear that she would not rest until she received an explanation.

Will looked at her and chuckled. "Do you know what happens to people who talk to me like that here?"

"Since you won't kill me now, why can't I talk to you like this?" Natasha retorted.

"Who says I won't kill you?"

"If you kill me, you won't get a single cent!" Natasha uttered with certainty.

"I have ways to make you suffer a fate worse than death!"

"Let me make this clear. You won't get the money if you hurt me. Not only that, but you won't have it easy either!"

Will wondered where her confidence came from.

Seeing his puzzled expression, Natasha went on, "Oh! Perhaps he didn't make it clear to you just now. My man is indeed the richest person in Glenport City, but he has another identity."

"What is it?"

Natasha merely looked at him and smiled.

Will felt a little intimidated by her smile. Turning to Boss beside him, he asked, "What other identity does that man have?"

Boss realized he could no longer hide it after hearing Will's question.

After giving it some thought, he revealed, "He used to be the founder of DX Group with the codename J!"

"DX..." Will murmured. Suddenly, a thought popped into his mind. "The largest local underground organization in the area?"

Chapter 486

Right then, Boss appeared to have regained his confidence.

He looked at Will. Even though he appeared to be at a disadvantage, he was unfazed.

"General Will, that was then and this is now. Just because you couldn't do it in the past doesn't mean that you cannot do it right now," Boss replied.

Will looked at him and said, "What is it that you want to say?"

"That man is the founder of DX Group. Even though he retired in the early stages, his influence over the group is not to be taken lightly. Besides, he still has a good rapport with the current person in charge of DX Group."

"So?"

"As long as we have the woman in our hands, they will listen to us. You need only request whatever it is you're looking for, be it money or influence over DX Group."

"She's just a woman. Does she really wield such influence over him?" Will asked. He was still skeptical of Boss' idea.

"General Will, those at DX are all sentimental folks, especially J. He grabbed my goods because of this

woman and even hit me back then. Now, he's come all the way here for this woman. Aren't these enough to tell you something?"

Will contemplated his words.

Then, he looked at Gavin, who was standing aside, and asked, "What do you think?"

Gavin glanced at Boss and narrowed his eyes before replying to the general, "Since Boss is quite confident about the matter, I think he should be tasked with this. After all, he has risked his life to be here. You will not incur any losses whether this succeeds or not."

Will nodded in agreement.

Boss stood there and said nothing.

"Okay. I'm going to hand this over to you, then," Will said. "Boss, I believe I don't need to reiterate myself about what happens if you fail again this time."

"Of course," Boss replied with a determined look.

"I shall await your good news, then."

"General Will, how about the woman?"

Will contemplated for a moment before he said, "I didn't expect Theodore to keep such a big secret from all of us. I can't believe he has a daughter..." Then, he turned to look at Boss. "If I remember correctly, you took part as well when we got rid of him."

Boss clenched his jaw and tightened his fists. "I was still young..."

Will let out a chortle. "Yes, indeed. That says a lot about you being a vicious person even from such a tender age, whether it is to someone else or even yourself."

Boss remained silent.

"Does the woman know?" Will asked.

Again, Boss kept quiet.

Will was hit by a pang of realization right then. "If I'm right, she's here to seek revenge, is she not?"

Reluctant as he was to admit to that, Boss nodded and said, "Yes."

"Ah, this is getting interesting..." Will glanced at Boss yet again. "You killed her parents so many years

ago, and now you're trying to use her as a pawn. My, my. Fate really has its way of bringing the two of you together."

Boss straightened his back. Even though his wound had split open and the blood seeping from it had stained his clothes, he was still standing strong.

Seeing that Boss was unfazed when he mocked him, Will said, "Go get ready, then. Let her stay on the base while we uncover the truth."

"But what if J requests to meet her in person?" Boss asked.

"By then, I'll send someone over myself."

Boss knew it would be futile to say anything further, so he pursed his lips and nodded. "Okay."

Will glanced at him and got up to leave.

Boss stood there in the empty room for quite some time.

He only turned around to leave after everyone else had left to tend to their own business.

When he was about to step out the door, he thought for a moment and looked at someone beside him. "Where did you send the woman just now?"

"In the small house over there."

Boss headed over right away.

When he reached the entrance and saw the people guarding the door, he thought for a moment before walking up to them.

He handed some cash to the guards and managed to enter the place without another word.

In the small room, Natasha was sitting on a chair and staring out the window as if she was waiting for something.

When she heard someone knocking on her door, she closed her eyes.

"Why? Have you guys finished discussing the matter?" Natasha asked as she slowly opened her eyes.

"You know it's me?"

Natasha let out a soft chuckle. "It's not difficult to pick up a b*stard's scent that has spread everywhere."

"I'm only doing it for your own good."

Natasha turned around and looked at him. "Really?"

The hint of derision in her eyes made Boss furrow his brows. "Yes. I admit that my intention in the beginning was to protect myself. I can only go after what I want in life when I'm alive, you see."

Chapter 487

Silence hung in the air for some time.

Natasha's lips curled into a slight smile when he went silent. "You knew who it was from the beginning, but you didn't want to tell me, all so you could lure me here. You've been waiting for today, haven't you?"

Boss might appear to have been forced into the situation that day. However, one only needed to pay a little more attention to notice his role in the matter.

Right then, Natasha realized that the man did not appear as ordinary and harmless as he had presented himself to be. On the contrary, he was a cunning and manipulative man.

Boss looked at her, his eyes dark. He was still reluctant to admit it. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Natasha's lips quirked into a mocking smile. "It doesn't matter whether you understand what I'm trying to say. Even though I don't know what you're getting at, I just want to make it clear that we are even now. If you dare to use me as a pawn again, don't blame me for being ruthless."

Boss scanned the surroundings and said, "You're in such a dire situation yourself. How are you a threat to me?"

"Just wait and see."

Boss was puzzled as to what made her so confident about the matter. However, he was certain that there were a few more tricks up her sleeves that he did not know about. Hence, before he found out about her plans, he would not divulge the truth to her.

"I admit I wanted to use you in the beginning. However, it was never my intention to harm you," Boss said.

Natasha found his words amusing.

"It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not, but that is the truth," Boss added. "General Will wants you to stay here for the time being. I'm going to find a way to get you out of here."

"Are you saving me, or are you trying to use me as a means to accomplish your ends again?"

"I know it doesn't matter what I say now, but I still would like to advise you that you're here in Vermillion Base, a place where you will pay the price of your life when you say the wrong thing. So, please treasure your own life."

"Treasure my own life? Maybe staying alive means a lot to some people. But for me, if I can't find out the truth, it is a fate worse than death!"

"A fate worse than death... I think you have no idea what it's like to suffer a fate worse than death. Natasha, do you know what I loathe the most? People who have never truly known any suffering, and yet they speak of it as though they have gone through it all..." Boss' temper sparked as he shot a spiteful look at Natasha. "Wait until you've had a taste of true suffering before you say such things!"

Before Natasha could say anything, Boss turned around to leave.

Natasha stood there and narrowed her eyes as she watched him leave.

She was unfazed by his words.

Nobody truly knew what any other person had gone through. Similarly, nobody knew the nightmare that haunted Natasha's dreams every night. She had been reliving the moments when her parents met their demise, tormented by the despair of losing them every single night. In the seemingly unending fire, she had to confront the heartbreaking moments again and again and learned to accept the fate that befell her. Despite it all, she knew it was only a nightmare. She also knew that the torment would not cease until the day she found out about the truth.

So, who had the right to judge anyone else, really?

A determined look filled Natasha's eyes as she looked in Boss' direction. She had not changed her perspective on the matter.

She retracted her gaze after everyone left and recomposed herself.

She knew that Boss would never say things on a whim.

Even though she had no idea what he was getting at, it was not his first time saying that he wanted to punish Kenneth. Hence, she was certain that he would do something.

Natasha wanted to send them a message at the thought. She lifted her head and looked at her surroundings and noticed a surveillance camera above her head.

After giving it a moment of thought, Natasha headed toward the door and said, "I want to go to the

restroom.”

The men guarding the room turned around to look at her and said, “Just relieve yourself in the room. We won't look at you!” The two men gave a chortle.

“I am not a prisoner. I believe General Will did not ask the two of you to mistreat me, no?”

“We are not mistreating you in any way. However, we are at an army camp right now, and we only have male restrooms here. Why? Do you want to go to a male restroom?” One of the guards turned around and eyed Natasha as he replied to her.

Natasha did not expect that answer.

“Don't you have any female restroom?” she asked.

“Yes, right in the bushes!” one of the guards said.

Natasha took out some cash. “I wonder if these are enough.”

The guards' eyes glinted when they saw the cash.

One of them approached her and said, “Well, we do have a vacant restroom that nobody uses...”

“Lead the way, please.” Natasha smiled.

The guard stretched out his hand.

“I will give it to you when I reach the restroom,” Natasha said.

The guard glanced at Natasha and begrudgingly opened the door.

Chapter 488

When Natasha was heading inside, one of the guards grumbled, “Why don't we just knock her out and snatch the money?”

“General Will specifically ordered us to keep tabs on her. What if something happens to her? Besides, Boss also asked us to take good care of her. We can't just defy him right after he leaves, right? Let's just wait and see.”

The other guard nodded. Casting a glance at Natasha's back, he said, “That wench's clothes look expensive. I bet she's rich.”

“So, let's extort money from her while we're the ones guarding her these two days! Just don't let anyone

else know about this.”

“That's a great idea!”

They did not care to lower their voices as they discussed their extortion plan, and they were being so loud that even Natasha could hear them clearly from afar. Perhaps they did not care if she could hear them anyway.

Sure enough, Natasha could not care less about what they were talking about. Her lips merely quirked into half a smile. She was initially worried as she saw no way out of the situation. However, if all they were after were money, then she could bribe her way out of the situation.

Natasha regretted that she did not bring much cash on her.

She would have brought more if she had known she was going to be trapped in her current circumstances.

Natasha slowly walked inside and went behind the house. It was a dead end, and there was nowhere else she could run to. Hence, the two guards were not worried that she would run off.

After there was some distance between them, Natasha turned around and noticed that the guards were engaged in a conversation. She kept glancing over her shoulders, and when she noticed that they did not have any intention to catch up to her, Natasha heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, she removed the watch on her wrist, her ring, earrings, and finally, her bracelet.

Soon, a small computer was assembled with its screen projected on the wall.

Natasha's lips quirked into a smile as she looked at the virtual keyboard in front of her. Then, she quickly set things up.

Again, she transmitted her message to Anthony through Morse code.

Anthony, please tell Kenneth to watch out for Boss. Even though he is not on good terms with General Will, they have established some sort of agreement. Boss will target Kenneth for sure. Oh, and they need a lot of money here.

Unexpectedly, Anthony replied right away: Nat?

He had sent over a bunch of numbers, but Natasha could decipher them immediately as they were used to communicating that way.

She sent: You're there?

On the other end, Anthony was excited to have received news from Natasha and hurriedly replied: I've been waiting for your news.

I'm at Vermillion Base right now, so I can't keep sending you messages. You need to protect yourself and tell your daddy the things that I just told you.

The worry was evident in his next words: Okay, Nat. Are you hurt?

No, I'm going to be all right for the time being. Don't worry.

Anthony: Nat, when can we come get you?

Natasha: I think that I'll be able to find out the truth soon.

Anthony: Okay. Then we'll wait for you.

Natasha: Be careful! There were a thousand other words that she wanted to say, but in the end, she thought it best to ask them to be careful.

Anthony: Got it.

Right then, a man's voice rang out behind her. "Are you done?"

Glancing back for a moment, Natasha quickly sent off one last message: I'm going offline now!

Then, she disassembled the computer back into her watch, ring, earrings, and bracelet.

After she was done, she headed out of the house.

The two guards did not seem to have noticed anything odd, as their minds were preoccupied with the money that they were about to receive.

"Thank you," Natasha said as she walked over to their side.

They did not pay heed to her thanks, merely rubbing their fingers and reaching out their hands in a self-explanatory gesture.

Natasha smiled and handed them the promised cash.

The two guards finally flashed a satisfied smile at her and said, "Let's go."

Meanwhile, after Natasha went offline, Anthony looked at her message before he got up to head out of his room.

Benjamin was heading inside at that moment and bumped right into him.

"Where are you going?" Benjamin asked.

"Nat sent me a few messages. I'm going to pass them on to Daddy!" Anthony replied.

"I'm going with you," Benjamin said.

The two of them noticed that Kenneth was on his phone when they went into his room. Dave, who was standing aside, gestured for them to keep quiet.

Anthony looked at Kenneth and furrowed his brows.

"How can I believe you?" Kenneth said on the phone. "I don't care about the amount of money, but I want her to be handed over once I pay you."

After a brief pause, Kenneth said, "What right do I have? Why do you care? We do not share the same goal here. I'm just saving a damsel in distress, and you're after the money. I can choose to call off the deal at any time, but you're not going to be able to find another buyer who can offer you such a good deal. I'm only going to give you half an hour to consider my offer. Forget it if you don't agree to my terms."

Then, Kenneth hung up the call right away.

He was seething with fury as he tightened the grip on his phone.

"Daddy, was that Boss?" Anthony asked.

Kenneth toned down his hostility a little at the sight of Anthony and nodded. "Yes."

Anthony thought for a moment and said, "Daddy, Nat sent me a few messages just now."

In an instant, Kenneth fixed his gaze on his son and asked, "So? How is she doing?"

"She's all right," Anthony said. Then, he glanced at Kenneth's phone and said, "But I think you've already heard what she wanted to tell you from Boss himself. In addition, Nat has mentioned that Boss and General Will have reached an agreement of some sort and will brazenly demand a huge sum of money. Also, it seems like Vermillion Base lacks funding."

Chapter 489

Once they returned to the room, Anthony looked at Thalia and asked, "What is it?"

"I've completed what you wanted me to do. However, I've specially created a mini app where you can log on with a fake number. That way, you won't have to change your number, and it won't reveal any

information about you,” she replied as she turned toward him.

“Are you referring to what I previously mentioned about a group chat?” he asked.

Thalia nodded casually, then took out her phone. “The people from the uninhabited zone are all in a group chat on this mini app. You should log on for a while. They're waiting for you.”

Surprise flashed across Anthony's eyes. He pulled out his phone while asking, “That fast?”

After sending him the link, she fixed her gaze on him. “Are you complaining now?”

“Who says I'm complaining? I'm clearly amazed. Your speed and efficiency are simply incredible!” he responded. Once he got his phone out, he saw the invitation link she had sent him.

“All you have to do is click on it. I've assigned you the administrator rights, so you have full rein over how you want to manage things,” Thalia told him.

Anthony did not say anything as he tapped on the link. There were less than two hundred people in the group.

He frowned. “Are there only so few people?”

She scoffed disdainfully. “Are you seriously dissatisfied? Do you have any idea how invaluable this two-hundred-strong group is worth? No one in this group is just an average person, and any single one of them is worth a hundred people.”

As Anthony held his phone, his brows furrowed after hearing what she said. “Aren't you exaggerating?”

Thalia sneered. “Exaggerating? Let's not talk about the others and just take this guy in this group who goes by WildHugo, for example. He was part of the top team for international counter-terrorism. However, he was dismissed due to a minor transgression. He wandered around in various countries after what happened. Now, people pay him to do their dirty work. Isn't that wild?”

Anthony could not help swallowing hard after hearing that.

“Are you scared now?” she asked, gazing at him.

He shook his head. “It has piqued my interest.”

Thalia stared at him wordlessly.

He continued, “How great would it be to have someone like that at my disposal?”

“How ambitious of you,” she remarked, putting on a mocking tone.

"Only the ambitious make progress," he responded. Then, he looked at Thalia and asked, "You mentioned he used to be on a team for counter-terrorism. Didn't anyone track him down to seek revenge after that?"

"Of course! Many did. However, he faked his death and changed his identity to avoid trouble. Otherwise, incidents like that would still plague him," she explained.

Anthony pondered for a moment before glancing at Thalia. "How do you know all that if he has changed his identity?"

She arched an eyebrow smugly, and a gloating look glinted in her eyes. "I just do. And that's not all I know. I know a lot more..."

He did not press further. Naturally, Thalia must have her ways, or she wouldn't be able to maintain a firm foothold until now. I'm not interested in digging up another's "trade secrets" for earning a living.

Then, he asked, "So, those in this group basically operate independently?"

"There are also a few small organizations, but most of them are only doing this for the money," she answered.

Anthony nodded thoughtfully after hearing that.

She looked at him and said, "In any case, what you're doing will be quite a feat. It'll just depend on whether you can keep a hand on them."

"It'll be fine if I just don't say too much, right?" he asked.

"That sounds like a plan. You could maintain your mysterious persona." After expressing her approval of his plan, she remembered something. "Oh, by the way, it's inevitable that there'll be parties who don't get along. Things may appear fine now, but that doesn't mean they'll be fine in the future. You need to show your authority right off the bat to avoid any untoward incidents. Otherwise, you'd only be giving both parties a space to open fire at each other."

"Okay, got it. I'll watch myself," he said.

Thalia nodded. "In that case, I'll be leaving then."

She was almost at the door when a thought suddenly occurred to him. "Oh, right. One other thing."

"Yes?" she asked, turning back toward him.

"Could you compile the information on everyone in this group for me?"

"What do you need that for?"

"I have my reasons," Anthony replied.

Knowing he was always full of tricks and ideas, she did not probe further. "I could, but there are many of them whom I don't know much about."

"That's all right. Just include as much as you know," he said.

Thalia pondered his request for a while and finally nodded. "Okay."

He shot her a brief smile at once. "Thank you."

"That was such an insincere smile that you should just save it," she responded with a snort. Then, she opened the door and walked off.

He raised his brows as he watched her leave and could not refrain from musing, "Her temper is still as bad as before."

Benjamin, who had been scrolling through his phone in a corner, piped up, "She hasn't been herself since Spencer returned. She says she's fine when she's actually miserable."

"Honestly, what's with Spencer? It's clear he cares about Thalia, but he's so stubborn. What do you think is going on in his mind?" Anthony asked.

"How would I know?" Benjamin replied, cocking a brow.

Chapter 490

Anthony waited until Benjamin had answered the call before fishing out his phone and accessing the mini app Thalia sent.

He had not texted anything after logging on earlier. However, when he opened the group chat that time, it was flooded with messages.

Someone wrote: Is it really Anonymous?

It should be. It's not like just anyone can pull off pretending to be Anonymous. Otherwise, someone could just come along and expose him easily.

Who would step forward using Anonymous' name at a time like this anyway? That person would have to be someone who truly has nothing better to do.

One of the people in the group chat said: You have a point.

Why doesn't Anonymous come out and say something?

Isn't that how he always is?

Another person asked: So, what's all this? Why has he added us to this group?

There's probably a mission of some sort.

What kind of mission requires so many people?

After accessing the group chat, Anthony saw that a heated discussion was underway. Some of them were even sniping at each other already.

He recalled Thalia's advice that if he did not take a firm stance now, he would have no way of keeping a leash on this group of people.

Hence, he immediately sent a message: It goes without saying that I gathered everyone here for a reason. However, don't blame me for being rude to anyone who stirs up trouble here.

After he sent that, the group chat was silent for almost half a minute.

Anthony frowned when he saw no one reply and thought that the network was lagging.

He stared at his phone for a long time. The connection is fine, but why isn't anyone saying anything?

Just then, someone typed: What's the reason?

As soon as that question popped up, the others resumed chatting like before.

Will we get paid?

Things will be easy if the remuneration is satisfactory!

Anthony chatted with them for a while before finally saying: I never ask someone to work for nothing.

Somebody responded: In that case, tell us what's the deal.

Well, Thalia was right about one thing. These people are outlaws who're willing to do anything for money. With that thought in mind, he continued replying to the messages.

Anthony: It's still the same matter as before. I know everyone is gathered in the uninhabited zone now, and my previous promise still stands. I'll reward anyone who kills Boss.

Somebody sent: Then what's going on today?

Anthony: I may have a confrontation with Boss in two days, so I hope everyone can lend their support when the time comes. Of course, there'll be a separate remuneration for this that has nothing to do with the previous one.

Another person wrote: This place is Vermillion Base's headquarters, so you might not be able to win in a direct confrontation.

Anthony: The outcome isn't dependent on whose turf we're on but on technology and brains. However, after pondering for a moment, he added: Of course, if everyone agrees to help, I believe that victory is in the bag.

He felt that his response reflected his arrogance while showing the others enough respect at the same time.

One of them replied immediately: Done. As long as I get paid, I'll do anything.

If I have the chance to partner with Anonymous to go up against Vermillion Base, I won't have lived in vain.

Someone else said: I agree. It'll be a legendary feat to boast about in the future!

Another responded: I'm going to retire from all this once this is over. And if this is where I fall, perhaps it's the best resting place.

Gratitude flashed across Anthony's eyes when he saw most of them express similar sentiments.

Suddenly, someone sent: It wouldn't be impossible to stay where we are and fight. However, there's a shortage of food and water here. Over the past few days, the food in the uninhabited zone has almost all been taken. I'm afraid we won't have anything to eat if this situation persists.

Once that topic was mentioned, everyone else immediately started talking about it.

That's right. There won't be a need to go up against them then because we won't even have the strength to do so. They'll win without a fight.

As soon as they said that, Anthony also noticed the issue.

It's the sudden influx of people into the uninhabited zone. There weren't many people staying in that area initially, so there's no way there'd be enough food and water with the drastic increase of residents. It's the same when I go out to buy fruits. Even if a fresh shipment arrives, it gets snapped up in the blink of an eye.

Observing more and more people in the group chat discussing their concerns on that matter, he told them after some thought: I'll take care of this. You don't have to worry. Also, from now on, I'll cover the food, clothing, accommodation, and transportation for everyone in the uninhabited zone.

Everyone was stunned at that.

They asked: Really?

Anthony: Of course!

Another person pressed: You're not playing us, right?

Anthony: You'll know whether I'm kidding or not when you wake up tomorrow, right?

Since you've said that, what else is there to say? I'm staying here!

Okay! Because of what you just said, I'll wait right here.

Me too!

As long as there's money, I've no problems with going without eating or drinking for three days!

Anthony saw that and was about to respond when his phone suddenly rang. When he saw that it was Thalia calling him, he hesitated briefly before answering it.

"You're spouting hot air again, aren't you?" she asked bluntly.

"Um, what's going on?"

"You tell me! You're even covering their food, accommodation, clothing, and transportation now? If you're such a saint, why don't you just die and go to heaven?" she retorted.

"How do you know that?" he demanded. Suddenly, a thought popped into his mind. "You're in the group chat too?"

"What do you think? Who do you suppose defused the tension for you after that thirty seconds of radio silence?"