

Yo Daddy 491

Chapter 491

Anthony was stunned as he turned to Benjamin. "What happened at home?"

"To be precise, nothing happened at home. It's Daddy's company," Benjamin explained.

"Hamilton Corporation?"

Benjamin nodded.

"What can happen to Daddy's company?"

"Gramps didn't tell me the specifics, but I think someone framed Hamilton Corporation. Someone is buying its shares as though they are acquiring the company."

Anthony frowned at his explanation. "Does Daddy know about this?"

"I think he does, but I'm not sure. Great-grandpa was forced to step up and take the reins, though."

Anthony let out a relieved sigh. "It should be fine with Great-grandpa holding down the fort."

Benjamin nodded. "I think so too. However, Great-grandpa should be enjoying his retired life instead of working again at his age. I'll teach the person who caused this a lesson."

The corners of Anthony's lips quirked. "All right. Let's go back and teach them a lesson after we're done here."

Benjamin nodded. "Of course!"

Anthony glanced at Benjamin. "Did Gramps say anything else?"

Benjamin shot Anthony a look. "What do you think? You already know the answer."

Anthony arched his brow.

"Gramps kept urging us to go home. I don't know what excuse to give him anymore." Benjamin continued, "You take his call the next time."

"I know this is hard on you. Despite the challenges, you've managed to delay it for a few days already."

"Anthony Watson! You don't have to beat around the bush. You just have to pick up his call the next time." Benjamin was dead set.

It's harder to fool Benjamin now. Pressing his lips into a line, Anthony said, "All right, let's talk about this next time."

"There's no talking about this next time. You'll take it!"

"Okay, I'll take it."

Benjamin cast him one final glance before turning around to leave.

"Where are you going?"

"To look for Daddy. I think I should give him a heads-up about the current situation," Benjamin explained without looking back.

Anthony nodded, then returned his focus to his phone.

Meanwhile, Kenneth was sitting on the recliner in the room with needles stuck all over his head.

Spencer sat beside him and slowly guided him. "You're passing through a dark tube as you inhale deeply. The tube is a time tunnel. You've returned to the time when you were younger. There was a huge fire that day. Why did you suddenly go in search of her? What happened?"

Spencer's voice was soft and deep. Kenneth's expression was still smooth as he lay on the recliner.

In his dreams, Kenneth's subconscious had returned to the time when he was younger.

He was playing with Natasha on a grassy field. His and Natasha's grandfathers were playing chess on the balcony not far away.

The weather was good, and the sun was bright. Everything seemed so perfect.

Suddenly, Natasha's watch vibrated.

Natasha glanced at her watch before a surprised look crossed her face.

"Nat, what's wrong?" Kenneth asked. They were both smiling, looking pure and innocent.

The young Natasha was already a beauty. She smiled at him, got up, and ran back toward her house without saying anything.

"Where are you going, Nat?"

"I have to find my mom and dad," she said, then ran off without sparing him another glance.

Kenneth was taken aback by her sudden departure. He looked over his shoulder at the two elders. After contemplating briefly, he decided to follow Natasha.

However, when he arrived at Natasha's house, he saw there was a fire. Realization finally dawned upon him when he heard people screaming her name at the gate.

"Nat!"

Without any hesitation, he rushed into the blazing structure.

Within one of the rooms, he saw the young Natasha kneeling beside two bodies. He raced over to her and yanked her up to leave.

However, Natasha refused to leave, her gaze fixed on the bodies.

"Let's go, Nat!"

"Nat!"

Panic started to engulf him as she continued to stay rooted in place. He forcibly pulled her to her feet and carried her on his back.

However, when he reached the front door, the cabinet suddenly toppled, having its hinges incinerated from the raging blaze.

Bang!

Kenneth's eyes snapped open.

His gaze focused on the ceiling as his chest heaved frantically and sweat dotted his forehead.

Spencer asked, "How is it? Did you remember something?"

Kenneth turned his head to look at him.

The heartache he felt at that moment was a testament to how important the memories he had forgotten were.

I didn't know the depth of the feeling I had for Natasha at that age but knew she was important to me.

At that moment, he finally understood why she always remained silent and tough when she was in front of him and realized how absurd he had been.

"Nat..." Kenneth clenched his fists. He felt a stab of pain in his heart at that instant.

Chapter 492

Seeing the determination on Kenneth's face, Spencer said, "Kenneth, don't disappoint Nat anymore, or I won't forgive you!"

Kenneth met his gaze and said, "You should be using that determination on your personal matters."

Spencer knew he was hinting about Thalia and averted his gaze. "Our situation is different from yours."

"Everyone's story is different, but to me, getting the outcome I want is more important than anything else," Kenneth said. "Don't use your narrow-mindedness to judge others, and don't assume things. Certain things must be said face-to-face as you'll only get the results you want after you're honest."

Something indescribable flashed across Spencer's eyes.

Right then, they were interrupted by knocking sounds from the door.

Spencer got up. "You don't get to lecture me using your philosophy. Talk to me only after you get Nat to agree to your proposal."

"Just wait. I'll ask you to be the bridesmaid for the wedding."

Spencer didn't know what to say to his remark.

Bridesmaid, my *ss!

Another round of knocking came from the door again. "Come in," Kenneth said.

Benjamin entered the room and saw Spencer was there too. "Should I come back later?"

Spencer said, "No, I'm done here. I'm leaving." He left the room to the father and son.

After Spencer left, Kenneth swung his gaze to Benjamin. "What's wrong?"

Benjamin snapped out of his thoughts and met Kenneth's gaze. "Oh, it's like this. Gramps called earlier today and said something had happened to the company. Have you heard about it, Daddy?"

Kenneth nodded. "I've heard about it."

"Then, you—"

Kenneth shrugged. "It's fine. You don't have to be worried about it with your Great-grandpa holding the

fort.”

Benjamin nodded. “It's fine as long as you know about it. I'm just here to give you a heads-up. I'll leave then if there's nothing else.”

“Benjamin!” Kenneth called when Benjamin whirled around to leave.

Benjamin looked over his shoulder. “Is there something else, Daddy?”

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at him. “Do you have some way to contact Anonymous?”

“Um...” Benjamin was stunned by his request as he didn't expect Kenneth would ask something like that. Besides, he already knows we have his number. His question is a no-brainer.

“Why?” Benjamin asked.

“Give it to me.”

“Um... I don't think that's wise.”

“Why?”

“Daddy, actually... I'm not that close to Anonymous. Why don't you ask Anthony?” Benjamin questioned.

Kenneth looked at him. “Is that necessary? I just have some questions for him.”

“But—”

“What's wrong? Is there something you can't tell me?”

“Well, it's not that.” After mulling over it, Benjamin recalled the mini app Thalia had created. He took out his phone and saw Thalia had sent it to the group with the three of them.

Benjamin's lips curved into a smile when he found it. “Sure, Daddy. I'll give it to you.”

Noticing how fast his expression changed, Kenneth frowned. Benjamin forwarded him a string of numbers.

“This is?”

“This is a fake number. Anonymous is slightly different from the others. You can reach him with this number while he gets to avoid exposing his identity. I think he won't be mad,” Benjamin said.

Not wanting to make things hard for his son, Kenneth nodded. "All right."

Benjamin smiled. "I'll leave if there's nothing else, Daddy."

Kenneth inclined his head.

With that, Benjamin dashed out the door as though something terrifying was chasing him.

Kenneth's brows furrowed as he studied the fake number Benjamin had forwarded to him.

Dave came into the room then. "Have you heard about it, J?"

"What?"

"You still don't know?" Dave questioned.

Kenneth shot him a puzzled look.

Dave sighed and shook his head at Kenneth. "You're so slow nowadays, J. Don't you remember how you preached 'know thy self, know thy enemy' before? Yet now you're oblivious that your love rival is already knocking on your doorstep."

"What do you mean by that? Spit it out!" Frustration crept up Kenneth's face.

"I just returned from a trip outside and heard Anonymous had ordered every personnel within the uninhabited zone to stay and fight against Vermillion Base."

The crease between Kenneth's brows deepened.

Dave continued, "This person acts so much like the old you. He creates such a ruckus without even showing his face. He's as arrogant as you!"

Kenneth scoffed and replied, "Don't compare everyone to me."

Dave raised his brow at the comment.

Kenneth is still the same old arrogant Kenneth.

"As far as I can tell, you're the only one who doesn't consider Anonymous a threat," Dave said.

Kenneth lowered his gaze and looked at the contact number on his phone, his eyes narrowing a fraction.

Chapter 493

Anthony had just agreed to the friend request when Kenneth sent him a message.

It read: I've heard a lot about you.

Although it seemed like a polite greeting, Anthony could feel a shiver running down his spine as he read the message. He could almost picture the regal pose that Kenneth had and the coldness flashing in his eyes as he typed out the message.

He's my daddy, all right. No matter what kind of situation or person he's facing, he always stays calm and elegant. Well, I have to deal with this sooner or later anyway.

Anthony thought about it and replied with: Likewise.

Soon, he received another message from Kenneth. It read: I heard that you gathered a lot of people in the uninhabited zone with the intention of fighting Vermillion Base because of Nat. For that, I'm thanking you on her behalf.

Anthony was at a loss for words.

I can't believe Daddy just went straight to the point like this. He just staked his claim on Natasha with a few words. Thank the stars I'm not his love rival. Otherwise, I reckon he'd piss me off to no end.

With that thought in mind, Anthony decided to continue with the act since everything had been set in place.

He typed: When it comes to me and her, there's no need for words of gratitude between us.

After sending out that message, he only waited for a few seconds before he got a reply that read: You're right. She's never been good at expressing her gratitude, so that's why I'm doing it for her.

Anthony was rendered speechless once again.

He realized that Kenneth could be particularly petty when it came to matters related to Natasha.

Knowing that they were going nowhere by continuing with this pointless banter, he decided to go straight to the point: If the only reason you're messaging me is to express your gratitude, I can tell you now that I have received it. If there's nothing else, let's end our conversation here.

Kenneth replied: I know you have done a lot for Nat. There's actually another reason why I was looking for you.

Anthony: What is it?

Kenneth: In two days' time, we'll be launching an attack against Vermillion Base's hackers. I'd like to

invite you to join us.

Anthony stared at the message. So this is the reason why he was looking for me.

Heaving a sigh of relief, he pondered over the matter for a moment before replying: Join you? I'm afraid it won't be a joint effort in taking down Vermillion Base if I join you. It'll be a solo mission with me doing all the work.

Although his words sounded arrogant, Anonymous was just so capable that he more than had the right to be so haughty.

Happy that he wouldn't need to spare too much effort nor time into this should Anonymous join him, Kenneth replied: Well, I don't mind if you want to do it alone.

With a frown between his brows, Anthony was left wordless for the umpteenth time.

What the hell is with that reply? Can we continue the conversation normally?

At that moment, Anthony felt like all his words were falling on deaf ears.

Still frowning, he replied: What if I don't agree to join you?

Kenneth: You will.

Anthony: What makes you so sure that I'll agree?

Kenneth: Because this matter has something to do with Nat.

Kenneth was sure that he would be able to enlist Anonymous' help since the latter had already willingly gathered so many people to fight against Vermillion Base.

Anonymous: You're right. I'd do anything for her. Are you jealous?

Kenneth: Nat's heart belongs to me and me only.

Anthony did not expect such a reply from him and was left speechless.

I'm amazed by his ability to turn every conversation into a negotiation.

At that moment, he was made aware of why Kenneth was so successful in his business.

He keeps avoiding topics that he deems unfavorable to him while using his own way to steer the conversation toward a conclusion he has decided on. Everything he does and says is so that he can achieve his own goals.

Staring at the message, the memory of how Kenneth had badmouthed Anonymous in front of him two days ago flashed across his mind. Hmm... Now's a good chance for me to take revenge.

Anonymous: Don't you think you're being too full of yourself?

Kenneth: Everything I've said thus far is simply facts.

Anonymous: Is that so?

Kenneth: Yes.

Anonymous: Then, perhaps you have no idea just how close me and Nat were in the past. Anthony was beyond satisfied when he sent that message.

As expected, Kenneth didn't send a reply over for a while. However, in the next moment, he replied: She was just looking for someone who could console her because she was unhappy. It doesn't mean anything.

Anonymous: So you're saying that you don't mind?

Kenneth: Not at all!

Anonymous: Is that so? But isn't it normal for guys to mind such a thing? Since you're saying you don't mind, does that mean you don't really value her that much?

Kenneth sneered and replied: Hah! This has never been my criteria for choosing a partner.

Anonymous: Really?

Kenneth: Based on what you said, does that mean you mind that Nat has given me children then?

Anthony halted.

I can't believe he just trapped me using my own words!

Anthony typed: No matter what she did or becomes, she will always be the most beautiful woman in my eyes.

Kenneth: I won't deny your words, but let me give you a piece of advice. You can admire her to your heart's content, but you'd better scrap any other designs you have on her.

Anthony: Don't be too cocky now, Kenneth!

Kenneth: I can't help it. I was born this way.

Anthony mulled over his reply and typed: Since that's the case, we'll see what she has to say once she's out.

Kenneth: Does that mean you agree to my request?

Anthony: Yes. Since it has something to do with Nat, I'd do anything.

Chapter 494

Kenneth was already on a phone call when Anthony and Benjamin arrived.

The mockery was obvious in Kenneth's voice when he said, "And here I thought you had hidden away with no intention of showing yourself ever again."

Boss' voice rang out from the other end of the line. "Kenneth, you're the one behind this, aren't you?"

"I wish it'd been me, but sadly, this is not a credit I can claim." Kenneth continued, "Anyway, I'm sure you're aware of how many people you've offended now, don't you? I advise you to stay hidden; otherwise, you might end up getting gunned down."

Boss chuckled coldly at that. "Is that so? Well, I'm looking forward to it then."

Kenneth clenched his teeth and gritted out, "Give me the time and location!"

"I'll send you the location, but I want ten times the money this time!"

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "Ten times? Aren't you afraid of stuffing yourself to the point of exploding?"

"Whether I'll explode or not is my business, so I won't bother you with it. That being said, if I see there's a dime less, I won't be able to guarantee that she won't get injured."

Narrowing his eyes, Kenneth snapped, "Don't you dare!"

Boss sniggered. "You'll find out soon enough whether I have the guts to do so or not."

Kenneth uttered, "I need more time."

"I'll give you a day."

Kenneth instantly agreed, "Okay."

"Kenneth, you'd better not be playing any tricks, you hear?" Boss threatened.

Kenneth said, "Don't worry. If money's all it takes to solve this problem, I won't do anything to jeopardize it. But if I don't see her, I'll make sure you won't get even a dime out of me."

"That's settled then. I'll send you the address later." With that, Boss ended the call.

Seeing this, Anthony walked over. "Daddy..."

Kenneth looked at him. "I'm afraid we're bringing forward the plan. By the way, did you receive any other message from Nat?"

Anthony shook his head.

"We can't wait any longer. We need to move the plan forward." After saying that, Kenneth turned to look at Dave. "Dave, we need to scrap the original plan. I have an idea. Later, when I'm making the trade with him, you'll commence an operation so that Vermillion Base will focus the majority of their forces on another place. This will give us the chance to retreat."

"I guess that's another way to go at it." Dave nodded. "All right, we'll go with your plan."

Anthony asked, "What about us?"

Kenneth looked at him. "I need you to try and contact Nat. Tell her we can't wait any longer, and that I'm getting ready to bring her back."

Benjamin cut in, "Daddy, when the time comes, I'm going with you!"

Hearing that, Anthony chimed in, "Me too!"

Kenneth gazed at the kids and said, "Anthony, Benjamin, didn't we agree that you guys will stay here? Just do as I say, okay?"

Benjamin frowned. "But, Daddy..."

Kenneth added, "If you guys tag along, I'll have to worry about you too. When that happens, I won't be able to give all my attention to saving Nat. So, I need you guys to stay and help from here. Be prepared to receive us at any time. Once I return with Nat, we'll need to evacuate from here at any moment."

Although Anthony and Benjamin were extremely reluctant to accept that, they knew the gravity of the situation. As such, they could only nod their heads. "Okay."

Looking at them, Kenneth reached out to tousle their hair. "Don't worry. I'll definitely bring Nat back to you."

With grim expressions on their faces, the two kids nodded.

Meanwhile, Natasha spent a day and a night in one of Vermillion Base's rooms.

At that moment, she knew that this was the only place where she could find out the truth.

The moment Boss and Kenneth make the trade-off, I'll be whisked away. I need to meet with General Will before that happens.

With that thought in mind, Natasha walked over to the entrance and looked at the guards stationed outside the threshold. She took out all the cash she had on her and stared at the two people. From the way they were ogling the stacks of cash, she could tell they were tempted.

Natasha started, "Do you want it?"

One of the guards nodded.

Natasha continued, "Then, I need you to pass a message to General Will. As long as he agrees to meet with me, I'll give you all the money I have."

The guard thought about it and nodded. "Okay."

Soon after Natasha talked to the guards, one of them went straight to see Will while she continued to stay in the room.

Just as she expected, the door was opened not long after, and the guard at the entrance said, "General Will would like to see you."

A smile tugged at the corners of Natasha's lips, and she got to her feet before walking out.

When she passed by the entrance, the two guards stared at her.

Still smiling, Natasha handed the cash to them.

The two guards led the way excitedly.

After walking for several minutes, they arrived at Will's room.

The man standing guard outside the room said, "Go on in. General Will's right inside."

Chapter 495

Fury boiled within Natasha, and with reddened eyes, she gritted out, "You're just playing God at this point, ending lives whenever you see fit!"

Unbothered by her remarks, Will said, "Lady, this is our rules, and according to it, you shouldn't even be alive right now. I gave you a chance at life, so you should be thanking me instead of saying all this cr*p."

Thank him? Hah, what a joke!

Natasha scoffed and glared at him coldly.

"You want me to thank you? Do you have any idea how much I want to raze Vermillion Base to the ground to avenge my father?" she spat.

When he heard that, Will guffawed and stared at her, saying, "I doubt even your father had the guts to say something like this. I can't believe a young lady like you has the audacity to say something so impudent."

Natasha glared at him with red-rimmed eyes, remaining silent.

Will added, "If it weren't for the fact that you're still useful, I would have shot you by now. I'm warning you, you'd better behave yourself and do what you can for Vermillion Base on behalf of your father. Otherwise, I have ways to make your life a living hell."

Natasha stared at him and narrowed her eyes.

Seeing that she no longer wanted to speak, Will walked over and stood looming over her from a few centimeters away. Smirking, he uttered, "Didn't you want to know who the killer is? Well, I can tell you now that it was the general from the previous term. He's dead now, and it's all because of me."

Upon hearing that, Natasha raised her head to look at him.

The disparity in height forced her to look up, and she hated that.

Just then, Will's gaze on her started to wander. His eyes swept over her curvaceous figure before they settled on her face. With a lecherous leer, he said, "You know, I technically indirectly avenged your father. Don't you think you should thank me?"

Natasha was well aware of what he was implying. Staring at him, she asked, "How do you want me to thank you?"

Will raised his hand and placed it on her shoulder. "As long as you serve me well, I'll listen to your every request."

Natasha cocked her head. "Really?"

Will nodded. "Yes."

“What if I say I want your life?”

Upon saying that, she whipped out a dagger from behind her before swinging it at the arm that was resting on her shoulder.

By the time Will reacted, it was already too late. Natasha's dagger had left a gash on his arm. He subconsciously retaliated, but Natasha flipped over and dodged his attack easily.

Will narrowed his eyes at her.

I didn't expect her to know how to fight.

His eyes blazing with fury, he spat, “You're trying to kill me?”

Natasha growled, “This is a dagger I specifically prepared to use on my father's killer. You should consider it an honor that I'm using it on you instead!

Will had never seen such a headstrong woman before. He chuckled coldly and said, “I wouldn't have expected anything less from Theodore's daughter!” He then grabbed the gun on the table and aimed it at Natasha.

He asked, “Do you think your blade's faster or my gun is?”

Natasha glared at him. “Shoot me if you dare.”

Will cocked the gun and pointed the muzzle at Natasha's head. “Do you really think I don't have the guts to shoot you?”

Still glaring at him, Natasha said, “Well, you'd better give a call to Boss first before you pull the trigger. You should ask to see whether you can still get a penny if I'm dead.”

Will halted instantly when he heard that.

Natasha continued, “To be precise, if I die, not only would you fail to get even a single penny, but Vermillion Base would also be wiped off the face of the earth in a few years.

Will narrowed his eyes. “Do you really think your words are going to scare me?”

“Scare you?” Natasha sniggered. “If you don't believe me, feel free to shoot me then. I wonder how long Vermillion Base can last if it's being attacked by DX, Darknetz, and the Hacker Community.”

Will stared at her, evidently hesitating.

He knew about how Boss was being offered a reward by Anonymous.

He also knew that the people gathered at the uninhabited zone were out for Boss' blood.

"They're all your people?"

Natasha did not reply to that and simply flashed him a smile.

Will fell into deep thought when he saw how composed Natasha was.

Regardless, I'm not that surprised she has it all planned out. She's Theodore's daughter, after all, so she's gotta be a smart woman.

Staring at her, a smirk soon spread across Will's face. "In that case, I can't let you die. However, I can make you wish you were dead!"

Natasha narrowed her eyes.

Before she realized what was going on, Will called out, "Men!"

Chapter 496

Several dozen men stood across the room from Natasha after the doors were shut in the military camp, gazing boldly at her with eyes filled with lust.

Natasha, on the other hand, held the item in her hand tightly as she returned their gaze with her expression taut.

Her ethereal quality was in sharp contrast with these men.

One of them broke the silence. "I have never had a foreign woman before. Looks like I'll get to try something new today."

"I haven't had one either!"

"That's good. You can go next."

"Me too!"

"All right. You'll go after."

"Not just you," someone exclaimed. "I don't think anybody here has ever had a foreign woman!"

"All right. We'll all get a go later. If that doesn't work, we'll all go together. However, General Will says not to leave a mark. So everybody, remember to be gentle."

The men cheered. "All right!"

Natasha gazed at them with her back against the door, a dangerous look in her eyes.

At that moment, one of the men approached her slowly with an indulgent smile. "Don't be afraid, girl. I'll be very gentle with you. Come, let me have my fun."

Natasha merely stood there. She did not beg for mercy or display any signs of fear.

The man thought Natasha was frightened out of her wits, so he lunged at her without putting up his guard. However, Natasha struck when he was close enough. First, she dodged aside, then found the opportunity to punch him in the neck while stabbing him with the item in her hand.

"Ah!" the man wailed before falling to the ground and, after a bout of violent thrashing, did not rise again.

The others behind him were stunned, not expecting her to possess martial abilities.

One of them came forth and held a finger under the fallen man's nose. "H-He's dead."

The color drained from the faces of the other men at those words.

Though the way they gazed at Natasha changed in an instant, some still did not fear death.

"What an idiot for being killed by a woman. Watch me."

As he spoke, another man rolled his shoulders before heading slowly toward Natasha, his eyes glinting with an unusual excitement as he regarded her.

"Go ahead, girl," he crooned when he arrived before Natasha. "I'll let you have the first strike."

Natasha did not bother with small talk. She started forward with the same move as before, but the man caught her easily.

He leered at her. "I'm not as stupid as him, missy."

Natasha gazed at him as a cold smile curled her lips. Her wrist suddenly twisted slightly before she plunged a needle-like object into his hand.

"You—" The man frowned and was about to say something when she extended her arm violently the next second to swipe the item in her hand across his throat.

Another body fell to the ground amidst a spray of blood.

Two in a row. And two formidable members of the patrol at that.

Natasha was stained with blood. It was in this manner that she gazed at the people standing not far away, looking cold and austere.

She knew she had to intimidate them to survive among these men. It was the only way.

Natasha held the needle in her hand tightly as she noticed the wariness in their eyes. It was a gift from Spencer, who touted its convenience to carry and how lethal of a weapon it could be at critical moments, remarking that it was much handier than a dagger.

Based on how things are looking, Spencer was right. It really is convenient, discrete, and capable of dealing a mortal blow. If I had known, I would have used the needle to end General Will's life earlier.

Another fearless man walked over to Natasha as she was lost in thought. "Let me. I refuse to believe I can't subdue a woman!"

He dashed toward Natasha with ferocity and brute strength, but Natasha's advantage lay in her speed and agility.

In addition, Spencer had once taught her the acupoint diagram. Though she did not know how to treat illnesses, she remembered the acupoints to immobilize targets.

Natasha dispatched the third person easily using what she had learned, and not long after, her needle swiped across his throat and sent blood spraying anew in every direction.

Her body and even her face were stained with blood, which dripped from her long hair over her shoulder onto her snow-white skin, making her look beautiful but cruel.

The men opposite Natasha were beginning to grow frightened.

The first person dying might have been an accident while the second was luck on her part, but neither can be said for the third.

Though they could not see what she did, they found it hard to believe as they gazed at the bodies on the ground. Those men had all met their end via a needle in their throat.

"I'll just shoot her!" somebody cried, unable to bear it any longer.

He raised his pistol, but somebody stopped him. "General Will gave orders for her to remain alive!"

Chapter 497

Meanwhile, the sound of breaking glass from the balcony shattered the tranquility of the night.

Kenneth looked down at the shattered mug on the ground, and his gaze turned ominous.

He bent down to pick it up but pricked his hand almost immediately. Blood soon began to flow from his cut.

Kenneth's eyes narrowed as he watched his blood drip. The uneasy feeling in his heart was growing heavier by the minute. He held the shard in his hand and clenched it, turning the drip into a stream.

Dave entered at that moment.

"Look outside, Kenneth." Right after he spoke, he frowned as he noticed the blood on the other's hand. "What happened?"

"Nothing." Kenneth stood up. He grabbed a piece of tissue and held it in his hand before asking, "What is it?"

Dave signaled him to look outside.

Kenneth turned and gazed down to see a convoy of large cars passing by the entrance.

His eyes narrowed. "What is this?"

Dave placed both hands on the balcony. "I asked around," he announced, a smirk forming on the corner of his lips. "They said it's Anonymous supplying materials to those coming to kill Boss in the uninhabited zone."

Kenneth watched the cars pass as his gaze darkened.

"Look at their service," Dave teased. "How thoughtful."

Kenneth turned around. "Why, are you jealous?"

"Especially so," Dave emphasized.

Kenneth considered for a moment before nodding. "I'm jealous too."

Dave was rendered speechless.

Kenneth is still the most shameless one out of all of us.

Dave watched the vehicles passing below. "Don't you think that Anonymous' style of doing things is similar to yours?"

"Similar in what way?"

“Being arrogant and shameless.”

It was Kenneth's turn to be rendered speechless.

“Are you worried about her?” Dave asked when Kenneth did not respond.

In response, Kenneth gazed into the distance. “I've been feeling uneasy the whole day.”

Dave said comfortingly, “Vermillion Base is a wolf's den, so it's normal to feel uneasy. Everything will be fine after tomorrow.”

Kenneth clenched his fists without taking his eyes off the distant horizon. “I hope so.”

When Boss rushed to Vermillion Base upon receiving the news, he was greeted by bodies littering the floor when he walked through the door.

Natasha was sitting on the ground, leaning against the wall. Her clothes were torn, and her body and face were covered with blood and injuries.

Several men stood not far away and were watching her as if looking at a demon. They appeared hesitant and did not dare move forward.

Boss then scanned around him. The blood all over the ground made it look like he was in hell.

At last, his gaze fell onto Natasha. Despite thousands of scenarios running through his head on his way there, he never imagined such a sight.

The woman looked disoriented and did not seem interested in the people around her as long as she was left alone. He did not expect her to be that vicious.

At the same time, a glint of joy flashed across his eyes.

Boss arrived before Natasha. “How are you? Are you all right?”

Natasha's gaze remained fixed ahead. Her eyes were red as though her soul had left her body. She did not move.

Boss reached out a hand and was about to call her when Natasha suddenly regained her senses and reached out to strike him. Fortunately, his reflexes were quick enough, which enabled him to dodge backward. At that instant, he saw the silver needle in Natasha's hand.

His eyes narrowed.

Has she been able to survive thus far with just a silver needle?

Boss caught her as she was about to strike again. "It's me!"

Natasha did not seem to recognize him. Her strike was fast and accurate as if to land a coup de grâce.

"It's me, Natasha," Boss repeated as he looked at her.

Natasha.

Her eyes narrowed at the sound of her name. It was then that she snapped back to her senses

Boss hastened to comfort her. "It's me, Natasha. It's me."

Natasha smiled coldly when she got a good look at the person before her. "It's you."

Boss gazed at her in concern. "How are you?"

"What do you think?" Natasha retorted.

"I'm taking you away," Boss declared.

"Don't touch me!" Natasha burst out at the sight of his extended hand.

Boss' hand froze in midair. However, he quickly raised both hands in a gesture of surrender at the hostility emanating from her. "All right. I won't touch you."

Natasha then turned to look at the men standing not far away. "Who else..." she muttered, as though attending to unfinished business.

Boss reached out the next second and struck Natasha on the back of her neck with the side of his hand, knocking her out instantly.

He reached out to catch her as she fell. After gazing at her for a moment, he walked toward the door with her in his arms.

The man standing guard frowned. "Boss..."

"Stand aside."

Chapter 498

Natasha lay on the bed in the room while the doctor gave her basic treatment for her wounds.

Boss entered right when her bandage was applied. "How is she?" he asked with his eyes on the

unconscious figure in the bed.

The doctor reported, "Though there are many wounds on her body, they are mostly surface injuries and are not very serious. Also, her dislocated ankle has been repositioned. There aren't any other problems beyond that."

Boss nodded.

The doctor looked at him. "However..."

"However what?"

"We can't remove the silver needle in the lady's hand, so we can't treat the injuries there."

Boss frowned. "Silver needle?"

"Yes. I've had the fortune to encounter a needle like this once. It's used to treat illnesses in some countries in the east."

"Treat illnesses?"

"Yes," the doctor affirmed with a nod. "They place the needle into the patient's body, which apparently helps with the acupoints within them."

Boss gazed at the person on the bed as a look of surprise flashed across his eyes.

However, he merely said, "I see."

"If there isn't anything else, I shall retire," the doctor said.

"She..." Boss suddenly recalled something but refrained from asking the question he had on the cusp of his lips and nodded instead. "Nothing. You may go."

The doctor nodded and rose to depart.

Boss walked over and sat on the chair by the bed.

He gazed at the person lying on the bed. Though she was exceptionally beautiful, her character seemed to be the polar opposite.

The scene from the base flashed across his mind's eye, sending a shudder down his spine despite having faced death on the battlefield for years.

I wonder how she did it.

Aside from the terror of the scene, which words could not adequately describe, it was also difficult to associate it with the woman before him.

Admittedly, she surprised and delighted him.

It was beginning to dawn on him that his acquaintance with her had been overly shallow.

From a different perspective, Boss suddenly realized that the person lying on the bed was just like him.

A smile rose unbidden to his lips at that thought.

The woman on the bed suddenly opened her eyes. "Are you done looking?" she snapped.

Boss was taken aback for a moment, but upon realizing she was cold like she always was, he smiled despite himself. "No," he said.

Natasha did not speak. She sat up abruptly and, despite the pain of the wounds on her body, did not betray a sliver of emotion on her face.

"What happened today?" Boss asked her.

Natasha looked up. "Didn't you see everything?"

"Did you anger General Will?" Boss asked, his tone brimming with certainty.

Natasha gazed at him. "I've wounded him."

Boss appeared surprised before a cold smile rose to his lips. "No wonder."

Natasha raised her hand to put the needle away. "Put that away lest you hurt yourself," Boss cautioned as he saw that.

Natasha glanced up at him placidly. "It's none of your business."

Boss laughed lightly, not seeming to mind her sharp tongue. "So, you killed half a camp of the general's men with a single needle?"

Turning to him, Natasha noted how collected he was, as if nothing escaped his eyes.

"So what if I did?" Natasha retorted.

Boss shrugged. "What can I do about it? I'm just curious. You know medicine?"

Stunned for a moment, Natasha merely gazed at him without answering.

"I've had the fortune to witness this type of treatment," Boss continued. "To some, the needle is used to save lives. But it became a weapon in your hands. General Will would never believe that half of his camp had fallen to a needle."

Natasha gazed at him, her gaze distant and cold as ever. "They did not fall to the needle. They fell to me."

Boss gazed at her. "You surprise me," he said after a pause.

Natasha scanned him and must have surmised his thoughts from his eyes. "There are plenty of things about me that will surprise you. Would you like to find out more?" she asked, her gaze full of hostility.

Boss knew very well what she meant. After a moment's consideration, he said to her, "I don't want to go against you."

"Too bad for you, the truth is that we're on opposing sides," Natasha growled, enunciating each word.

There was an indecipherable look in his eyes when he replied, "It doesn't have to be so if only you are willing."

"Fine. Then tell me, who is the person who killed my father?" Natasha asked. She held his gaze to probe and size him up.

Boss gazed at her, falling silent in an instant.

Chapter 499

At that moment, Natasha was no longer the type of person who would lose her temper and rationality upon receiving a piece of news like that.

She didn't miss the look of hatred that flashed past Boss' eyes. In fact, it seemed as though he hated Will more than her.

Staring at him, she smiled indifferently. "Is that so?"

Despite the coldness in her smile, her voice was pleasant, especially when she uttered the last word.

"You don't believe me?" he asked.

"Do you think your words still hold any value to me?" Natasha spat, her face clearly portraying her unwillingness to believe him.

After taking a deep breath, Boss spoke with a hoarse voice. "I admit, I wanted to use you, but I've never wanted to hurt you."

"Never?" Mockery was seen in her eyes.

Pursing his lips, he corrected, "After I met you."

Natasha sneered, "Yet you tried to use me as a meat shield to block bullets previously."

As Boss stared at her, he uttered one word at a time, "That's because those bullets wouldn't hit you."

Her gaze remained fixed on him as she pursed her lips.

He studied her. "If my guess is correct, that accident was perpetrated by someone."

It wasn't necessary for him to spell out who for Natasha to know who he was talking about.

She was still pursing her lips as she stared at him silently and alertly.

That suspicion had crossed her mind at the time, but she didn't expect him to think so, too. I never expected him to connect the dots. Even though he already has suspicions, he still never expressed them. He's definitely very shrewd.

The edges of Boss' mouth suddenly curved upward as he stared at the silent Natasha and tried to act casually. "Don't worry; I don't mean anything else by that. I just want to tell you I'm not going to deny the fact that I used you, but I've never had any intentions of hurting you."

"Why?" she blurted.

Why? That made him ponder for a moment before he answered, "I'm not sure why. Maybe because you're different from any other woman I've met before?"

"Is it really because I'm different from other women, or is it just because you can use me to help you deal with General Will?" Her eyes flickered as she suddenly asked.

Boss stared at her, stunned.

Natasha met his gaze unwaveringly. With a faint smile, she said in a certain tone, "You seem to hate him more than me."

It was his turn to stay silent.

Moments later, he confessed under her stare, "Yes, I do hate him. So much so that I wish I could kill him."

She remained silent as she stared at him slyly.

It was her turn to listen to a story.

Hatred flashed past Boss' eyes before he recounted slowly, "I had a sister a few years younger than me. When she was ten, I went on a mission. However, when I returned, I heard General Will had brought her out, and she was caught by the enemy. She was then killed by them."

As a mother, Natasha felt sorry for him when she heard that.

If it were her children who suffered that fate, she would've lost her mind.

To her surprise, Boss smiled nonchalantly. "Guess what happened next? One time, I accidentally overheard a conversation between someone and a person who went on that same mission with General Will. It turns out that General Will intentionally left my sister there before running away. He used a child to ensure he could escape successfully."

Even though he was smiling, the hatred in his eyes was bone-chilling.

"At first, I thought that just wasn't true. However, after I kidnapped everyone who went out on the same mission as General Will and interrogated them, they all gave me the same answer. So, do you understand why I hate him now?" he asked before uttering one word at a time. "Not only do I hate him, but I'll also definitely kill him!"

Staring at him, Natasha could sympathize with the hatred he felt. However, the only difference was that she didn't know whether it was true.

After all, he hadn't been entirely truthful in front of her before, all to achieve his own goals.

Seeing how she was staying silent, Boss said, "Haven't you always wanted to know what my goal is? Well, this is it. I will drag him down from the throne he sits on right now and let him have a taste of despair. Then I will kill him and cut up his body, one piece at a time, and use him to pay homage to my sister! So, technically, both of us are on the same side. We both have the same goal."

Natasha looked away. "How do I know what you're saying is true or not?"

"It doesn't matter if my story is true. All that matters is that yours is!" With that said, he pulled out his phone, tapped on the screen a few times, and stared at her.

A recording began to play. A conversation between him and Will was heard.

"She won't let this matter go if she learns you're the one who proposed to kill her parents, General Will."

"So what? Do you think I'm afraid of a woman?"

"But..."

"When we get the money, we'll kill her too, Boss. This loose end shouldn't have lived for this long," Will ordered coldly.

It was then the recording ended.

Boss stared at her. "You've seen General Will. This is what I recorded after you left that day. The proof you want has been lost to time, but maybe this will suffice?"

Chapter 500

The following morning, Boss was on the phone.

"Boss, you must bring that woman back after completing your task today. I must kill her with my own hands."

After remaining silent for a while, Boss responded, "Noted."

"Boss, don't think I can't read your mind. Let me remind you that failing at your job means a total betrayal. So, don't disappoint me." With that, the line was cut off.

Boss tightened his grip on his phone as his indifferent gaze earlier morphed into one of fury.

Right then, he noticed the person before him shooting him a meaningful look.

Subsequently, he turned and saw Natasha standing not too far behind him. She had changed her clothes. Her complexion still looked good despite not wearing any makeup. Besides appearing a bit sickly, the injuries on her face did not affect her beauty at all.

Boss lowered his gaze when he saw her. "You're awake?"

Natasha strode forward and stared right at him.

"Did you hear everything?"

"Isn't that obvious?" Natasha questioned him.

Boss did not explain himself. Instead, his gaze fell on the food on the table. "Do you want to eat something?"

Natasha shot him a look before sitting down at the table and beginning to eat.

Boss followed suit.

In the past, Natasha was always aloof and arrogant. She would split the bill whenever they ate together, never wanting to take advantage of him. Yet, she had not hesitated to accept his hospitality today.

However, Boss liked the change in her, thinking that she was now more pleasing to the eye.

An inexplicably complex range of emotions glinted in Boss' eyes as he stared at her.

“What's going to happen after eating? Are you planning to use me as an exchange?” Natasha queried.

Boss nodded. “Yup.”

Natasha kept her head down while eating. “Any other plans?”

“No,” answered Boss.

“If you don't bring me back, General Will won't let you get away.”

“If I bring you back, he won't let you off,” Boss stated.

Lifting her head, she glanced at him. “Hence, you're letting me go?”

“What do you think?” Boss asked her in return.

Natasha continued eating and did not reply.

After all, she knew that he would go back on his word.

Since he refused to divulge anything further, there was no point for her to keep asking.

With that, she could only go with the flow.

At the very least, Natasha had found out who the murderer was.

Meanwhile, Anthony and Benjamin woke up exceptionally early back at the hotel.

It was because they remembered the occasion.

After getting up, they went straight to the room and noticed that everything was ready.

Kenneth was putting something on while talking with Dave.

"I've already made the necessary arrangements. Everyone is downstairs, and you can give them orders anytime," reported Dave.

Kenneth nodded.

Just then, Anthony and Benjamin went up to him. "Daddy."

Kenneth turned and fixed his gaze on them. "You guys are up early!"

Anthony wanted to say something when he noticed the bandage on Kenneth's hand. Frowning, he asked, "Daddy, what happened to your hand?"

Kenneth responded indifferently, "Nothing. I had a small cut yesterday."

Before Anthony could pursue the matter, Kenneth added, "Stay here with Dave. Remember, don't roam around."

Anthony furrowed his brows. "Can't we go with you, Daddy? We promise to be good and won't take things into our own hands."

Kenneth looked them in the eyes and shook his head.

"Daddy!" Benjamin chimed in.

"I know what you both are thinking, but I can only do this in peace if the two of you are safe and sound," Kenneth explained.

The boys could not refute him.

They mulled over it for a while and nodded.

He looked at his sons and reminded them. "Remember to always follow Mr. Dave closely no matter what and take good care of yourselves."

"Okay!" Anthony and Benjamin said in unison.

"Don't worry. I'll risk my life to protect them and won't let anything untoward happen to them," Dave reassured him.

Kenneth stared at him and nodded his head solemnly.

At that moment, they did not need a further exchange of words to understand how each other felt when faced with a life-and-death matter. That was how in sync they were.

Then, Kenneth checked his watch and said, "It's time. I have to go."

With a nod, Dave said, "Be careful."

"I'm leaving them in your capable hands." Kenneth smiled.

Dave gave him another nod.

Without saying anything further, Kenneth turned and was ready to depart.

Seeing so, Anthony and Benjamin darted forward and called out, "Daddy!"

Kenneth turned back and was met with two anxious gazes.

"Come back in one piece, Daddy."

"We'll wait for you here, Daddy."

The corners of Kenneth's lips curled upward to form a smile. Then, he headed out without saying one more word.