

## **Yo Daddy 501**

### **Chapter 501**

However, just as Anthony exited the room, Dave turned back. Upon seeing no one else but Benjamin there, he frowned.

“Where's Anthony?”

Benjamin never thought that Dave would be so quick to ask that, and after a second of rumination, he smiled and said, “Uh, he said his stomach feels weird, so he went to the bathroom.”

Dave glanced at him before rising to his feet to head toward the bathroom. Benjamin instantly told him “He went to the bathroom in our room!”

Dave narrowed his eyes. Hmm... Clearly, something is amiss.

“What's the matter? He can't use this bathroom?” Dave asked.

“He's a picky one. He prefers to use a bathroom he is familiar with,” Benjamin explained.

However, the more Benjamin explained, the more uneasy Dave became.

After all, Kenneth had instructed him to keep a close eye on the two boys.

If they could sneak their way here from Glenport City, it would not be a surprise if they could discreetly tail Kenneth.

With that thought in mind, Dave wasted no time spinning on his heels to head outside.

“Mr. Dave, where are you going?” Benjamin asked.

“He's feeling unwell, so I'm going to check on him.” With that, Dave left.

Benjamin furrowed his brows. He never thought Dave would be keeping such a close eye on them.

Thus, he quickly fished out his phone to message Anthony. Once he sent out the message, he hurried after Dave.

“Mr. Dave, I can go and look for Anthony instead. Things are about to start on the other side, and you have to stay to oversee it!” Benjamin cried out.

“It's fine. Miguel and the others know what to do.” With that, he continued striding forward.

Benjamin followed him, but he did not know what else he could say to the older man.

Forget it. I guess I have to steel myself and go with the flow.

Soon, Dave came to a stop in front of the room.

Right then, Benjamin lifted his head to look at Dave.

With a frown and a confused look on his face, Benjamin asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Dave?"

Dave glanced at him. "Open the door."

It was only then Benjamin came back to his senses. "Oh!"

Benjamin put his hand in his pocket. I wonder if Anthony has gotten my message.

However, when his fingers touched the keycard, he said, "I don't think I brought my keycard out..."

Dave narrowed his eyes.

The longer he stared at Benjamin, the more suspicious he became.

Then, he took out his phone to make a call. Soon, someone ran over to open the door for them.

Dave pushed the door open and entered.

Benjamin followed suit, his heart racing.

However, no one was in the room. When Benjamin swept his gaze across the closed laptop on the table, he quietly let out a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Dave scanned the area after stepping into the room.

When he realized that no one was around, he turned to Benjamin and asked, "Where is he?"

"Uh..."

Just as Benjamin was about to say something, the sounds of running water came from the bathroom. Immediately, both of them whipped their head toward it. In the next second, the bathroom door opened, and Anthony stepped out.

The moment Anthony saw them, a look of bewilderment crossed his face. "Mr. Dave? Benjamin? Why are you here?"

Dave's eyes were grim when he turned to look at Anthony, but the moment he saw the boy, his tense

expression seemed to relax.

"We're here to look for you," Dave said.

"What for? My stomach felt uncomfortable, so I came back to use the bathroom," Anthony replied, doing his best to put on an innocent look.

"Your dad instructed me to protect you before you left. He's afraid that the people from Vermillion Base will come after you."

Both Anthony and Benjamin were rendered speechless.

There's no one who isn't acting, huh?

Anthony then nodded. "Okay, I got it."

"Let's go," Dave uttered.

Anthony blinked. All of a sudden, he wrapped his arm around his stomach and squeezed out, "Uh, Mr. Dave, I think I've eaten something that's making my stomach upset. Can I stay in my room and rest instead?"

Dave lowered his gaze for a while before saying, "There's a spot to rest there too. Come on, I'll get a doctor to check you over as well."

"No, it's fine, Mr. Dave. I just need to rest," Anthony said in a sweet tone, hoping to make Dave let him go.

Dave mulled over his response. He then answered, "Okay, I'll get someone to keep an eye on you here instead."

Anthony nearly dropped his jaw at that.

"That way, we'll know if you're feeling unwell in time."

Anthony pursed his lips.

In the next second, he put his hand down and muttered, "Hm? It doesn't hurt as much anymore. Mr. Dave, let's go."

Dave curled his lips as he watched the boy lead the way before following him.

Benjamin could only sigh in resignation.

After entering the conference room, Dave looked at Anthony and asked, "Are you sure you don't want a doctor to check you over?"

Anthony gave him a small smile. "It's fine. I'm okay now."

Dave nodded. "Rest here, then." With that, he turned to the people at the side and gave them a look.

Anthony narrowed his eyes.

## **Chapter 502**

As time ticked away, the tension in the atmosphere became more and more palpable.

Dave was looking at the computer once in a while. "Has Anonymous gone online?"

Miguel shook his head.

Dave's expression darkened.

Right then, Miguel asked, "Could it be that he remembered it wrongly? Should we call Kenneth to ask him about this?"

"No need. He's in an even more tense situation than we're in so don't distract him," Dave said. "We'll follow our initial plan and just buy time."

As Miguel stared at Dave, he asked, "Dave, are you worried that Anonymous has set Kenneth up?"

"If that's the case, I'll find him and kill him," Dave gritted out.

Anthony sneaked a glance at Dave at that.

Miguel continued, "Dave, I think something might have happened, and that's why he's late. He has never broken any of his promises."

However, Dave sneered. "I hope that's the case."

Miguel did not know what else to say to Dave.

In the meantime, Anthony was still staring at them.

My reputation! My reputation's gone!

No one saw the lamenting look on his face.

It was almost time. Shortly after, Miguel's voice came out of the speakers. "Dave, it's time."

The first thing Dave asked was, "Is Anonymous online?"

Miguel slowly shook his head.

Dave said nothing else after that. "Our original plan didn't include him anyway. We'll just assume that this is an accident, and we'll have to do our best. It'll be two birds with one stone if we win—our success will be known to others, but if we lose... It's fine too. Even if you lose, others might not win. However, we might need to retreat right away if that happens."

Dave's last sentence was the most important thing they needed to know.

If they lost, the other party would track down where they were, and that would be extremely dangerous for them.

Miguel's expression turned serious after he registered Dave's words.

"Don't worry, Dave. We'll do our best."

Dave nodded. "Let's start."

Miguel then turned to the people beside him and said, "If you want to achieve something, today's the day!"

"Let's do this!" the people responded in unison. They were not fazed by the potential danger at all.

Perhaps it was because they had put aside their fear of death when they entered their line of work.

Anyway, all of them looked lively and confident at that moment.

Without further ado, they began their attack.

"Nick, hurry up! Let's try to take them down in minutes."

"Hayden, get them from the other end!"

"I'm almost done. Give me a little more time," Miguel said as he stared at the computer and directed them.

The bunch of young people was swiftly typing away on their keyboards.

Meanwhile, Dave was watching from the side, his eyes fixated on the large display monitor. His brows were furrowed, and his features were schooled into a grim expression.

Anthony and Benjamin were looking at them as well.

It was a tense scene.

“Miguel, they've discovered us!”

“Miguel, hurry up! We're going to go up against them after getting it!”

“I need a little more time!”

“Sh\*t, they've set up an alarm that alerts them of any invasion!”

“They've started counterattacking!”

Miguel was swift, but just as they were about to get what they wanted, they were intercepted.

“F\*ck, we were so close!” one of them cursed in anger.

Miguel managed to keep his graceful demeanor as he uttered, “In that case, we'll have to confront them directly. Well, I wanted to find out how impressive the hackers of Vermillion Base are anyway.”

Hence, both sides entered a battle.

One attacked, and the other defended.

Anthony and Benjamin could not help but inch closer to the screen.

Benjamin said, “Why am I feeling even more nervous than the times I'm actually doing it myself?”

“That's because you know your limits when you're doing it yourself,” Anthony pointed out.

Benjamin fell silent and continued watching.

By then, the situation had already changed.

“Miguel, they're tracking us down now!”

“Stop them! Stop them by all means!” Miguel yelled.

“They must have gotten more people to help them out. Miguel, be faster!”

“Give me a moment!” Miguel cried out and his eyes never leave his computer. His lively expression earlier was now nowhere to be found, and he looked much more solemn.

Dave was still watching from the side with his fists clenched and his brows furrowed.

"My, the hackers of Vermillion Base are quite impressive."

"Impressive, my foot! It's just tough because they have the numbers!"

"There's no point wasting your breath. Regardless of how many people they have, we are lousier comparatively." Miguel continued directing their actions after that. "Don't get distracted and keep up with your job. Nick, stop them. I don't care what you do to achieve that, but you can't let us lose!"

"Got it!"

Then, Miguel continued, "Hayden, help him out. Leave the rest to me."

"All right."

Thus, they started another round of battle.

It was a nerve-wracking situation. Miguel was going up against several hackers alone, and not only did he have to keep attacking, but he also had to find new points to enter the system.

### **Chapter 503**

As Hayden gaped at the little boy in front of him, he couldn't help asking, "What are you doing?"

Ignoring him, Anthony kept his eyes fixed on the screen, his fingers flying across the keyboard. The expression on his young face was so solemn that it was as though he had become someone else entirely.

"What..." Hayden was going to speak further when he abruptly glimpsed the image on the interface change all of a sudden. At once, his eyes went wide.

H-How is this possible?

At that precise moment, Miguel beside him crowed excitedly, "Incredible, Hayden! Great job!"

Just a heartbeat before the other party broke past our firewalls, he suddenly fixed the final loophole and tossed out another dummy location in a flash while successfully trapping them in. It was simply mind-blowing! He blew my mind!

Thrilled to the core, he snapped his head over to look at Hayden, only to be greeted by the sight of Anthony sitting before the computer with his fingers flying across the keyboard.

Huh? Bewilderment swamped him.

Meanwhile, Hayden was rooted at the side blankly with surprise written all over his face. He didn't quite

know what to say.

“What's going on here?” Miguel questioned.

Just then, Anthony ordered, “Miguel, listen to my directives from this moment onward. Back me up while I attack.”

Miguel was wholly baffled. “What?” I didn't mishear him, did I?

In the brief second when he hesitated, the other party launched a counterattack once more. Again, Anthony went on the defense and thwarted it. This time, the few people at the side witnessed it.

They gawked at Anthony as though he was an alien.

Even then, Anthony didn't take his eyes off the computer. Without even turning to them, he reprimanded, “Continue spacing out if you want to lose!”

Miguel had no retort left then, for Anthony was the one who saved the day both times during the critical juncture.

Even if I'm dreaming at this instant, I've got to continue playing along with this dream!

Instantly snapping back to his senses, he declared, “Okay, I'll back you up!”

At the side, Nick chimed in, “Count me in!”

Thus, a new round of attack began.

Staring at the screen, Anthony said to the man beside him, “Are you sure you don't want to switch places?”

Hayden promptly gathered his wits about him and shot to his feet to give his place to Anthony. Then, he even thoughtfully pushed the chair behind the latter.

Sitting down with his eyes pinned on the screen, Anthony continued, “Buy me a minute, Miguel. If you can hold out, I'll have you shoot to stardom today!”

By then, Miguel had already regained his composure. “Okay. I'll hold out no matter what!” he vowed.

Anthony said nothing further. He fixated his eyes on the screen, line after line of green codes flashing past like lightning.

Beside him, Hayden merely watched at first. Subsequently, something occurred to him, and he whipped out his phone to record the scene. At that exact moment, Benjamin walked over without warning and



shook his head at him.

In the past, he merely regarded Benjamin as a child.

But at that very moment, his confidence inexplicably faltered significantly. "I-I just want to learn from him."

Still, Benjamin shook his head. "You may watch, but you can't record it!"

Say, he's just a kid, so why am I feeling so guilty? This is downright incredulous.

After pondering for a while, Hayden ultimately put his phone away.

And so, they continued looking at the screen.

In that one minute of defense, Anthony successfully fixed their loopholes and even established a dummy location to mislead the other party.

In an instant, the tables were turned. Compared to the situation earlier, it was night and day.

As Miguel watched from the side, his brain couldn't quite digest things, but the upturn of his lips brimmed with pride.

"Awesome!" he exclaimed.

Anthony studied the computer, the corners of his mouth lifted a fraction even as a flash of disdain flittered across his eyes. "The show has just begun!"

Miguel gazed at him, his eyes shining brightly.

"Listen to my orders. I'm going to start attacking right now. You're with me, Miguel. As for the rest, continue backing us up. Notify me immediately if there are any problems!" Anthony announced.

"Even if they decode that location of yours, it'll take them some time!" Miguel crowed with delight as though he was the one who accomplished that.

Anthony didn't bother responding to that. His eyes were trained on the computer with an expression that was calm and unruffled. "We're starting now!"

Jolted back to reality, Miguel turned back to the computer and swiftly started attacking by following his lead.

This time, things went far smoother than expected. Besides, such an attack felt very much as though they were gaming, with one of them attacking and the other supporting. The only difference was that

his role as support seemed pretty dispensable, for the matter would have been resolved whenever he wanted to do something to assist.

Verily, it boggled the mind.

Out of the blue, someone interjected, "They seem to have realized that the location is bogus and have started attacking again!"

Hearing that, Miguel queried, "So fast?"

"They've even got quite a lot of people on their side!"

Immediately, Miguel swung his gaze at Anthony. "So, what should we do now?"

His ability to lead was stellar prior to Anthony's appearance, but at that instant, he turned into an insecure lad in search of reassurance.

"I didn't expect you guys to be able to hold them back for long anyway. I was merely testing Vermillion Base's hackers' capabilities earlier."

"What?" Miguel exclaimed.

He was testing them? Although there's nothing wrong with his strategy, I can't shake off the feeling that his remark seems a tad inappropriate.

Still, he inquired weakly, "What should we do next, then?"

#### **Chapter 504**

He has studied IT for a bit? Does he think that I'm blind?

Dave said nothing, merely staring right ahead. No matter what's going on, the most important thing is to win this tough battle at the end of the day!

Not only were his lips pressed into a thin line, but his brows were also creased deeply. It was as though he was likewise worried that something would go wrong, his hands balling into fists as he looked at the screen.

Anthony led everyone in attacking and defending at the same time.

It always seemed to be a life-and-death situation, but there would be a sudden turning point every time during the critical juncture. Admittedly, it was very much unexpected.

When the same thing happened several times, everyone could tell it was definitely not a fluke or sheer luck. Instead, it was true capabilities.

Only someone with true capabilities could easily change the course of events and turn the tide.

Yet, Anthony was still playing the role of an actor, enthusiastically putting on a show for them.

He manipulated the situation, deliberately appearing to be inadequate, but managing to turn the tables every time by "luck."

Haha, not only does he think that we're blind, but he even takes us as idiots!

Even as Benjamin watched from behind Anthony, he couldn't help reaching out and cradling his forehead every so often. Gosh, his acting skills are really below par!

The tug of war went on for a long time.

All of a sudden, Dave's phone rang. Taking out his phone, he glanced at it before whirling around and going out to take the call.

"Hello, Kenneth."

"How are things?" Kenneth queried.

"Everything is going according to plan!" Dave answered.

"Dave, the bigger the show, the better!"

"I understand what you mean." Dave nodded.

"How are the two kids? Did they give you trouble?" Kenneth inquired.

Speaking of the two children, Dave cast a glance into the room. He wanted to tell Kenneth about the matter, but he was afraid that the man would be distracted. In the end, he fibbed, "Nope. They're behaving perfectly!"

"Great! All right, I'll be hanging up, then!"

"Okay."

With that, the phone call ended.

Putting his phone away, Dave headed back into the room.

He strode right up to Anthony. "Stop playing tug of war. Hack into their system as soon as possible, and make it conspicuous!"

Anthony lifted his eyes. Upon laying eyes on Dave, he was stunned for a second. Just when he was going to get up, the man placed a hand on his shoulder.

That kept him immobile.

"It has to do with your daddy's safety!" Dave enunciated.

Since he had said as much, Anthony couldn't argue anymore.

Having no other choice, he could only unleash his capabilities.

"I'll leave it to you!" Dave asserted. Then, he backed away and returned the stage to him.

Anthony deliberated for a while as he stared at the computer. Things have come to this anyway, and I'll have to give an explanation no matter what, so I'd be better off being myself.

At that thought, he turned to Miguel. "Come on, Miguel. Let's launch a large-scale attack!"

By then, Miguel was already at the top of the world under his leadership.

Truly, he was over the moon.

Anticipation flooded him. Looking at Anthony, he bobbed his head. "Sure!"

Just then, something seemingly occurred to him. He turned to Dave and asked, "Is there a time limit, Dave?"

"As soon as possible," Dave replied.

"Ten minutes?" Miguel quirked a brow.

"Okay!" Dave assented.

Anthony merely listened without chiming in.

Subsequently, Miguel turned to Anthony. "Can you manage within ten minutes?"

However, Anthony didn't feel like answering that. Sometimes, action speaks louder than words.

"Everyone, follow my lead and attack!" he instructed with his eyes fixated on the computer.

Thus, they all started to launch a collective attack, following his order.

Anthony went ahead and cleared the way, eliminating all obstacles and obliterating the enemy.

Consequently, they successfully hacked into the other party's system in just a few minutes.

What was more, Anthony even deliberately left a message on their website after hacking into the system.

It went along the lines of Vermillion Base being a traitor.

Anyone who accessed the website would be able to see those words.

In an instant, the system went down and couldn't be repaired.

When Miguel saw that they had successfully hacked into the system, he removed his earphones. They all jumped for joy.

"Amazing! It was utterly incredible!"

"Exactly! It didn't even take ten minutes but merely below three minutes! Is this for real?" someone questioned at the side.

"You're asking whether it's real when we've already hacked in? Are you an idiot?"

"I just find it unbelievable!"

"It was simply a miracle!"

"Anthony had everything in the palm of his hand!"

"Hear, hear! Anthony played them for a fool! He can easily take them on alone!"

Miguel was also excited beyond words. He jerked his head around and directed his gaze at Anthony, who was still sitting on the chair. The height of the chair didn't suit him, and his feet couldn't even touch the ground. Nevertheless, he sat there lazily with his gaze trained on the computer screen and the corners of his mouth curved upward imperceptibly. The look in his eyes seemingly indicated that he had long since anticipated that outcome.

On the whole, it was the posture of a bigshot.

For some inexplicable reason, Miguel found it rather familiar, yet he couldn't put his finger on it.

Walking over, he pinned his eyes on Anthony, inexorably gushing, "You were simply incredible, Anthony! How impressive! But how did you manage it?"

That was incredulous!

## **Chapter 505**

“What do you think?” Eyeing Benjamin, Dave mimicked him and flashed him a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

Benjamin went silent.

Gosh, adults are really troublesome. He imitated my tactic in such a short time that I don't quite know what to say right now.

Pursing his lips, he started, “Mr. Dave, I think you should ask Anthony directly if you've got any questions instead of dragging bystanders into the mess. Isn't that so?”

Dave studied him for a moment before drawling, “I merely want to remind you to stay in the room and not to wander around.”

“Oh...” Benjamin murmured.

When the man said nothing further, he whirled around and left.

He's not asking me anything? He didn't ask me a single question!

With skepticism lingering within him, Benjamin returned to the room.

In the room, Benjamin swept his gaze around the space the instant he stepped in the door.

But then, no one was there.

Hence, he walked over to the bathroom door and knocked on the door.

Anthony's agonized voice drifted out from within. “My stomach is acting up...”

At that, Benjamin heaved a sigh. “Cut the act! I'm alone!”

In the next second, the door swung open. Anthony poked his head out and darted his eyes around.

Only after he had ascertained that Benjamin was alone did he breathe a sigh of relief. Then, he strutted out boldly.

Benjamin shot him a look. “You should've known better.”

In response, Anthony swept a gaze over him. “The situation then was special. I couldn't just do nothing

and watch them lose when it had to do with whether we could save Nat. Besides, Mr. Dave was helping us. I would be an ingrate if I were to allow his team to lose. Therefore, it stood to reason that I should have acted."

Benjamin nodded in agreement. "Well, if you had remained passive any longer, even I would've acted!"

"Then, I should've restrained myself a while longer at that time!" Anthony groaned.

Benjamin rolled his eyes at him. Does he even have a conscience?

In the next heartbeat, however, he asked, "Have you decided how to explain things later?"

Anthony regarded him dubiously. "You've already found an excuse for me, no? I'll just go with that!"

At present, that excuse is the most ideal!

"But you didn't seem as though you only learned a bit. You acted as though you weren't afraid that you'd be identified!" Benjamin teased.

"Was I that obvious?" Anthony queried.

"What do you think?"

After pondering for some time, Anthony clarified in slight embarrassment, "Mainly, it was because the situation then was urgent, so I had no time to consider so much. Oh well, I'm just too outstanding that it ultimately can't be concealed!"

Benjamin was rendered speechless.

Hah! As if!

He glowered at his brother, gripped by the urge to riposte him.

Right away, he rolled his eyes at Anthony.

Nevertheless, Anthony wasn't at all bothered.

No matter what others say and how they regard me, it's because they're jealous!

Benjamin trained his eyes on him. "It's still fine with Mr. Dave since we can still somewhat convince him. But what about Daddy? Do you think he won't learn about the matter today? Will you be able to brush things off?" he questioned.

"Why not? At worse, I'll just tell him that Nat taught me. She'll definitely back me up on this!" Anthony

declared confidently.

Benjamin contemplated for a moment. "Just tell him the truth. He won't betray you!"

Following that, Anthony mulled it over. "Let me think about it when this matter has passed."

"A single lie will require countless lies to keep the truth under wraps. Consider it carefully yourself," Benjamin warned.

A frown marred Anthony's brows. "Who asked Daddy to talk ill about me? I should keep him in the dark. When he finds out one day... Hmph! His reaction will definitely be intriguing!"

"I don't know about that, but I do know that the scene of you both together then will definitely be intriguing!" Benjamin quipped.

The furrow of Anthony's brows deepened. "If you dare betray me again, I'll do the same!"

"I had no choice!"

"It was the same with me!"

Benjamin went silent.

He then narrowed his eyes at his brother. "I find that you're really vengeful, Anthony!"

"Such is the personality of those from the Watson family!" Anthony sounded all nonchalant. Besides, he wasn't ashamed of that but felt proud instead.

Shaking his head in exasperation, Benjamin flashed his brother a thumbs-up. He didn't say anything else but pivoted and walked to the side.

Anthony merely watched it all. Abruptly recalling some things, he instantly headed toward the computer and dealt with some remaining problems.

Meanwhile, after Anthony and Benjamin left, the initially excited crowd in the room slowly turned solemn.

They were fully aware that their victory that day was all thanks to Anthony.

While they could deny it as much as they wanted, they knew the truth well.

## **Chapter 506**

Miguel dug out a video he once recorded from his computer. Clicking it open, he watched it repeatedly.



As he did so, the crease of his brows deepened.

This was exactly what Anthony did just now...

Right that moment, he was somewhat stumped as he stared at the computer.

Even if Anonymous taught him, their coding can't be so similar, right? Besides, those in this field have their own quirks that are evident through meticulous observation. I've scrutinized this video thousands of times. In the end, I noticed that Anonymous has a habit of leaving a node when each line of code is about to end. I seemingly saw the same quirk today...

But right then, he was a touch uncertain.

It is my preconception or a trick of the light?

As he was spacing out, Nick beside him ventured, "What's wrong with you, Miguel?"

Snapping back to his senses, Miguel turned to him and shook his head. "Nothing."

"Is it something Dave said?" Nick queried.

"Nope!"

"Although the victory of our match today wasn't all that bona fide, the other party wasn't all that glorious either. He won't be angry because of this, right?" Nick inquired.

Miguel looked him in the eye. "He really didn't say anything."

"Really?"

In response, Miguel nodded.

"What's wrong with you, then?"

"I was just thinking about Anthony's coding..."

At the mention of that, Nick gushed, "He was exceedingly cool, wasn't he? It's really rare to see such exquisite coding. Earlier, I couldn't help myself and even recorded part of it."

Miguel's eyes promptly lit up. "You recorded it?"

Nick nodded.

Indescribable joy deluded Miguel. "Let me have a look!"

Thus, Nick tapped the video on his computer. By then, everyone had gathered around him.

They were all wholly absorbed as they watched the recording on the computer. It was as though they were experiencing it all over again. In fact, Nick even cheered at the sight of the incredible coding.

"It was truly exquisite!" he praised sincerely.

Miguel rewound the video and replayed it once more.

He was entirely stunned when he noticed the same quirks in the video as the one on his computer.

But how is this possible? It's impossible!

Beside him, Hayden noticed him zoning out and asked, "What's wrong with you, Miguel?"

Jolted out of his thoughts, Miguel turned his gaze to them. He hesitated for a moment before uttering, "Say, is there a mentee who'd have the exact same habit and quirk as his mentor in this world?"

"What do you mean?" someone questioned.

"For instance, we all have our own quirks when we do something. Say, will someone acquire them when they learn from us?" Miguel clarified.

Speaking of that, Hayden answered, "That's possible. I once read a psychology book claiming that when someone admires or misses another person greatly, he will imitate everything distinctive of the person, even his living habits. It's because he considers himself that person deep within him and does so as a remembrance."

Upon hearing that, Miguel frowned. "What if that person is still alive?"

"Uh... Then, I'm not too sure about that, but the possibility probably exists. Anyhow, there'll still be fundamental differences no matter how closely someone imitates the other person. After all, even twins have slight differences. Therefore, it all hinges on whether you can spot them!" Hayden replied.

"Are you saying that there must be differences if they aren't the same person? Is that what you meant?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I meant," Hayden concurred.

Miguel thought for a moment before he bobbed his head. "Got it!"

Then, he lowered his eyes and looked down at the man in front of the computer. "Send this video to me, Nick!"

Nick had no idea why he wanted the video, but still, he nodded in assent.

Thereafter, Miguel swiftly went back to his computer.

Following that, Hayden remarked, "How smart of you! At that time, I found the coding amazing and wanted to record it, but no sooner had I taken out my phone than the other kid stopped me from recording!"

"Was he afraid that you'd imitate the coding?" Nick teased.

"Perhaps," Hayden bantered.

Regretfully, Miguel paid no mind to their conversation. He studied the two videos on his computer, searching for differences.

Meanwhile, in the ruins of the uninhabited zone, a black jeep kicked up clouds of dust on the road.

Only tumbledown old houses could be seen all around due to the war, and there wasn't even a place for shelter.

After driving for over twenty minutes, the jeep came to a stop at an open area.

## **Chapter 507**

Undeniably, Kenneth had a sharp tongue.

His words were so ruthless that he could trample someone else's dignity beneath his feet with merely a few words.

It was clear as day that Boss was at a disadvantage in that aspect.

Shooting daggers at him, Boss was so livid that veins popped up on his neck. A glimmer of murder flashed across his yellow eyes.

To him, Kenneth's existence was a constant reminder of his humiliation that night.

I'm definitely going to settle this score with him, and with his life to boot!

A moment later, a sneer bloomed on his face. "All things aside, J, your tongue is truly impressive. But I wonder whether the same can be said of your capabilities."

Still, Kenneth appeared unfazed. "You'll know after trying them out, no?"

Seeing that he was still acting high and mighty, Boss was utterly infuriated. He hissed through gritted

teeth, "Are you still ignorant about your situation and predicament? If you submit to me or say something nice right now, I might spare you!"

At that, Kenneth gave a sudden bark of laughter. The look in his eyes as he gazed at the man brimmed with mockery. "Really? How are you going to spare me? Leave me an intact body?"

"That can be arranged!"

"Since you've already said as much, do you think I should still give you the money?" While saying that, Kenneth lifted his eyes and looked straight at him. Similarly, his eyes glinted with hostility.

Boss eyed him. "Do you think you've still got a choice?"

"Am I truly without a choice when I'm already on the verge of death?" Kenneth chuckled, his eyes teeming with scorn.

"Why, do you not want your woman anymore?" Boss asked all of a sudden.

"Yes, of course, I want her. But I can only want her on the condition that I'm alive. Say, how can I still do that if I'm dead?" Kenneth countered.

At once, Boss was stumped. He narrowed his eyes at the man.

He isn't going by the book at all.

At his silence, Kenneth regarded him derisively. "What's the matter? Don't tell me you thought that those heroes in TV shows saying they'd rather sacrifice themselves for the heroines are also true in real life?" he scoffed.

Nonetheless, Boss remained silent.

Once again, Kenneth sneered, "I didn't expect you to be such a sentimental person and believe all that. Indeed, I can't rule out the possibility that someone like that exists. But do you think I'm such a person? I don't mind forking out money since I've got loads of it. But if you want me to compensate you with my life..." As he spoke, he shook his head. "You think too much!"

"Really?" Boss pressed.

"What do you think?"

Finally, Boss snickered. "It looks like you're just as cruel to the mother of your children!"

When that came up, the smile hovering over Kenneth's lips abruptly froze.

Needless to say, Boss noticed that. He started guffawing. "Why, are you surprised that I know that? J, I really wish to know whether you're truly as heartless as you claim!"

Putting his smile away, Kenneth jerked his eyes up at him. "Say, you watched so many TV shows. How could you be ignorant to the practice of wealthy families keeping the child while giving the mother up?"

As though narrating a story, he continued, "Since you've already investigated me, why didn't you look into our divorce back then? At that time, I had no qualms about allowing her to leave even when she was pregnant. Do you think I'd really care? Let me put it this way—she claimed to have given birth to my children today, but someone else might appear and claim the same tomorrow. Am I supposed to give my life for them all?"

His words were unquestionably shameless.

However, it also corresponded with human nature.

Indeed, Boss doubted it for a brief second.

True enough, Natasha mentioned their divorce to me, but I still don't believe that he's really as apathetic as she said. How could he possibly have no feelings toward someone he didn't mind paying a ransom with a fortune?

"So, you don't have any feelings for her?" he questioned.

"That isn't exactly true. She's very beautiful and feisty, unique from the women I've seen in the past. As such, I like her quite a bit. And for that reason, I don't mind spending a fortune in exchange for her," Kenneth drawled.

At that moment, he portrayed a scumbag perfectly.

Boss scrutinized him, finding it rather difficult to distinguish whether he was speaking the truth then.

He glanced over his shoulder at the woman a near distance away. "Are you serious?"

Kenneth arched an eyebrow, appearing to be a total rich jerk.

"Bear in mind that she's listening," Boss reminded. Tossing a look behind him, he signaled for his men to bring Natasha over.

When Kenneth saw Natasha, his expression changed imperceptibly. Subsequently, he glared at the man and roared, "You're simply despicable!"

Boss swept a gaze over him. "How so? Isn't it nice to have her listen in?"

Kenneth's eyes narrowed a fraction. As he gazed at Natasha, a glimmer of apprehension flittered across his face.

Boss, on the other hand, turned to Natasha at the side, whose face was devoid of expression. "Did you hear it all?"

## **Chapter 508**

The second the gunshot rang out, Kenneth dashed forward and pulled Natasha into his arms, shielding her from the bullet.

Bang!

A bullet penetrated his flesh.

The next moment, everyone else whipped out their guns and entered a standoff.

When Boss saw Kenneth's actions, a complicated look fleeted across his eyes. He had found the answer he had been looking for.

Meanwhile, Natasha raised her head and looked at the man behind her upon realizing something. The cold look on her face was totally gone now.

"Kenneth..." she mumbled with dazed eyes.

Kenneth met her gaze with an earnest look. "I didn't mean what I said earlier. I swear," he said hoarsely.

Natasha could not bother to think about that. "Are you... Are you okay?" she asked, her voice trembling.

At the sight of her worried expression, Kenneth felt relieved. "I'm fine as long as you're not mad," he responded with a smile.

Just as Natasha was about to say something, she felt something sticky on her hand. Upon looking down and seeing the blood staining her hand, she panicked. "Kenneth, a-are you okay? Hang in there. I'll take you to a doctor."

Kenneth smiled again when he saw her red-rimmed eyes. "Are you worried about me?"

"Can you stop this nonsense?" Natasha was so agitated that her voice cracked as she spoke. She tried to help him up, but Kenneth grabbed her hand and stopped her.

"I'm fine."

"But—"

Natasha was cut off by Boss' furious roar. "Are you done?"

Nevertheless, Kenneth glanced at Natasha first before getting up and turning to look at Boss.

The latter was clearly incensed about being fooled.

"I didn't expect you to have such great acting skills on top of your sharp tongue," he said through gritted teeth. He simply wanted to test it out by firing that shot, but to his surprise, the outcome was something he hated to see the most.

Kenneth stared at him and curled his lips up. "I can't believe you got fooled by my terrible acting. Boss, your intelligence is worrisome."

Provoked by his insulting words, Boss howled, "Kenneth Hamilton!"

He looked hysterical.

Even so, Kenneth was not afraid. He continued to look at Boss mockingly.

"Kenneth, I'm going to kill you."

With that, Boss raised his gun and pulled the trigger twice in Kenneth's direction.

This time, Kenneth seemed to be prepared as he hid behind the car while holding Natasha in his arms.

Chaos ensued as the two sides engaged in a shoot-out.

Kenneth also took out his gun and fired at Boss.

"Let's retreat as we fight. We shouldn't stay here for too long," he told the man beside him.

"Got it."

Unfortunately, it seemed like the opposing party noticed their intentions. They closed in on Kenneth's group oppressively as if they were set on getting rid of everyone.

Just then, Kenneth looked at Natasha and voiced, "Nat, I'll cover you. Get on that last car at the back. They'll take you away first!"

Natasha only gazed at him calmly without showing any intention to leave.

"Go!" Kenneth yelled.

"We will go together."

“Nat!”

“Don't try to persuade me. I won't go!” Natasha uttered with determination.

Kenneth knew that Natasha was a stubborn character. She believed she wasn't the kind of woman who had to hide behind a man. She was someone he could move forward with, hand in hand.

At that thought, Kenneth smiled. “All right. Stay with me, then.”

Natasha nodded.

“Are you scared?”

“I am,” said Natasha, though there was no trace of fear on her face.

“Me too.”

Kenneth was afraid that they would not have enough time to spend with each other in the future.

For the first time, he was afraid that time would run out.

Although Natasha stayed quiet, he could seemingly feel her response from the look in her eyes.

Suddenly, a bullet landed beside their feet.

“Mr. Hamilton, we're in a disadvantageous spot. If this goes on, we'll be in danger. We have to leave now!” the man beside Kenneth urged.

Kenneth studied their surroundings before replying, “I'll cover you while you drive.”

“But—”

“Hurry.”

The man could only nod.

Instantly, Kenneth started firing rapidly so the man could get in the car.

As if knowing they would do that, the opposing party started shooting in the car's direction.

Right when the man opened the car door, he got shot.

Their first attempt to get in the car ended in failure.



The man collapsed to the side and told Kenneth, "This won't do, Mr. Hamilton. I'll cover for you instead. Whoever can leave should leave first!"

Kenneth looked at him grimly and stated, "I've never left my men behind."

## **Chapter 509**

Right then, Kenneth suddenly said, "Get out of the car!"

After saying that, he opened the car door and wrapped his arms around Natasha before pulling her out with him, whereas the person sitting in front also opened the door and jumped out of the car.

Before they landed, a loud noise was heard, and the car exploded in front of them.

Since they were not too far from the car, the three were covered in dust and mud when they crashed heavily to the ground.

At that moment, aside from the explosion, it was as if everything around them had quietened down.

Natasha sprawled on the ground, feeling like the world around her was spinning. A moment later, when she felt the weight of another person pressing on top of her, she finally realized Kenneth had put her under him and shielded her tightly.

"Kenneth..." Natasha called out with difficulty.

However, he did not move an inch.

Natasha tried to get up, but no matter how much strength she exerted, she could not push Kenneth off her.

"Kenneth..." Natasha called out his name repeatedly, moving her body bit by bit until she could roll over to see his face.

Seeing that his head was hung over her with his eyes closed, Natasha instantly felt her heart clenching.

Her tears rolled down from the corner of her eyes, but she did not seem to notice. She continued staring at him, nudging him. "Kenneth, Kenneth, wake up..."

Still, his eyes remained shut. Aside from the scars on his face, there was no extra emotion in his expression.

Natasha panicked for a moment. Seeing that he still did not react to her, she reached out her hand under his nose, trying to see if he was still breathing.

Then, Natasha was stunned. She even felt that her mind went blank for a moment.

Just when Natasha's mind started running wild with all possibilities, Kenneth suddenly coughed and opened his eyes.

At that moment, it was as though Natasha's heart was lifted again from the dark abyss. She stared at him and asked, "Kenneth, are you okay?"

Kenneth looked at her and curled his lips. "Natasha, I am yet to get even with you, and I won't rest in peace until that's done!"

She had no idea what he intended to get even with her, but that did not matter as long as he was fine.

Natasha's eyes reddened. She remained silent but reached out her hands to hug him.

It was then that Kenneth felt it was worth going through the deathly experience he had just had.

Then, his lips curled without him knowing.

Boss watched them from a distance not too far away.

He was surprised that Kenneth was not killed in the explosion. An inconspicuous jealousy flickered across his eyes when he saw Natasha hugging Kenneth.

"You almost died, yet you are still in the mood to be all lovey-dovey!" Boss uttered as he looked at Kenneth.

Hearing that, Kenneth looked up in Boss' direction and said teasingly, "I can see that you're jealous!"

Boss narrowed his eyes and said to the person next to him, "Kill him!"

"Yes, sir!" the person answered and immediately pointed his pistol at Kenneth.

"Are you afraid?" Kenneth asked.

His question was clearly directed to the woman under him.

Natasha looked at him and curled her lips. "I am."

Kenneth glanced at her. "Close your eyes if you're afraid."

"I am worried you will get into danger." Natasha stared at him.

Kenneth tugged his lips. "Don't worry. Didn't I tell you I'll not rest in peace until we're even?"

"Shoot him!" Boss yelled angrily.

As if he could predict the timing of the subordinate firing his pistol, Kenneth immediately stood up and pointed his pistol at that guy. The second he fired a shot, it was as if a third gun had fired a shot too, and that guy collapsed to the ground immediately.

Kenneth was startled.

Boss was also startled. He looked up in the direction the bullet was fired and saw many cars heading toward them. Those bullets were like raindrops, firing at them densely.

"Boss, watch out!" someone shouted and pulled him to a covered corner.

Boss refused to admit defeat and questioned, "What's going on?"

"Boss, those people seem to come from different backgrounds. I guess they're doing this for the bounty!" his subordinate explained.

Hearing that, Boss was so angry that his eyes were bloodshot. "They came just in time. I'll kill all of them today!"

"Boss!" His subordinates pulled and stopped him. "There are many of them, and if we fight them heads-on, we will only suffer more losses!"

Boss pondered for a moment and asked, "Where is General Will? Didn't he say he would dispatch a team over?"

"That's true, but the current situation-"

"Shut up," Boss lashed out.

His subordinate did not know what to say.

"Anyone who can kill all of them today will be rewarded one million!" Boss declared.

Hearing that, his subordinates had their eyes reddened with greed.

"Remember what you say, Boss!" Someone immediately rushed outside.

Then, a gunfight ensued outside.

Seizing the opportunity, Kenneth and Natasha quickly moved to a secluded spot.

Looking at the group of men fighting out there, Natasha frowned and asked, "Did you send these people?"

## **Chapter 510**

Boss looked like he would never be at ease until he killed Kenneth.

Sensing that, Kenneth shoved Natasha to the other person and told her, "Get inside the car first!"

Then, he rushed toward Boss. They tossed away their guns and started fighting each other with bare hands.

Natasha frowned at the scene.

"You should get inside the car first. We will take care of this!" said the person who came to pick them up.

Natasha did not get inside the car. Instead, she stood by the door and watched Kenneth and Boss fight.

The two fought so hard that they seemed like they would only stop until one of them collapsed. Punches and kicks were thrown at each other, with each attack more violent than the previous, showing that they were determined to kill each other.

At that moment, the gunfire was still going on violently.

The group that came was ferocious, fighting Boss' subordinates so hard that the latter kept retreating.

"Boss, we must leave now!" shouted a subordinate.

Boss was unfazed and continued fighting Kenneth. His eyes were filled with hatred for Kenneth as if he could only release his pent-up anger after killing Kenneth that day.

However, the angrier Boss was, the fiercer Kenneth fought back.

The two continued their physical fight and soon crashed into a car aside.

Kenneth grabbed Boss by the collar and suddenly spotted a mark behind his ear.

Kenneth was startled for a moment. The mark was similar to the little boy he saw in his dreams.

When he was deep in his thoughts, Boss suddenly reached out and hit him at his wound.

"Ugh!" Kenneth snapped back to his senses and stared at Boss, suddenly raising his leg to kick him.

Caught off guard, Boss flew backward until he landed on the ground.

Seeing that, Boss' subordinates immediately rushed over to help him and were about to leave the scene.

"Let go of me! I must kill him!" Boss said, still unwilling to give up.

"Boss, we must leave now, or we will suffer more losses!"

Hearing that, Boss glanced around and saw that many men had collapsed. He was startled and looked at his subordinates. "Where is General Will's reinforcement?"

"We can't reach General Will. I heard the corporate website is under attack by hackers, and General Will is dealing with that..." a subordinate explained.

Boss was stunned after hearing that.

He clenched his fists.

"Boss, let's leave now! We have achieved our goal anyway!" a subordinate suggested.

Glancing around, Boss was aware that they had suffered many casualties. If he insisted on fighting the enemy, he and his subordinates might be killed here.

He was a wise man who could suss the situation, and he knew he could only have a chance to strike back if he could stay alive.

Thus, he glanced at Kenneth and said, "J, just you wait. I will kill you one day."

Kenneth met his gaze and smirked at him. "I hope you won't keep me waiting for too long."

Boss' eyes were filled with resentment, but he knew he had to retreat now.

In the end, he and his subordinates retreated.

"Go after them," someone said.

Hearing that, Kenneth said, "Don't bother."

"It's best for us to chase after them when they're in that state," someone else said.

"We are still in the Vermillion Base, and he must have his reasons for choosing this place. So, chasing after him might not be advantageous to us!" Kenneth explained.

"We got them outnumbered, so why should we be afraid of them?" someone asked.

Hearing that, Kenneth turned around and looked at the group. "I only advised you not to chase after them since Anonymous sent you here. However, if you refuse to believe my words, go ahead!" With that, Kenneth refused to say anything else and walked in Natasha's direction.

When he reached her, Natasha asked, "Are you okay? Is everything fine?"

Although Kenneth was covered in bruises and looked a little disheveled, his aura was still as powerful and authoritative as ever.

He looked at her and smiled as he shook his head. "I'm fine."

"Let's go!" Natasha said.

Kenneth nodded.

Just when Natasha was about to get inside the car, Kenneth suddenly blocked her path.

"What's wrong?" Natasha asked.

"Our car is over there," said Kenneth.

Natasha looked confused when she saw the car parked on the other side.

Then, Kenneth said to the person who came to pick them up, "Thank you for helping us out. Please tell Anonymous that I will never forget what he's done for me. I'll not hesitate to return the favor when the time comes."

That person looked at him for some time before nodding in response.

Without saying anything else, Kenneth took Natasha's hand and walked away.

Natasha did not say anything, but her lips curled as she stared at him.

In the car, Kenneth and Natasha sat in the backseat.

Natasha was about to ask him about his condition, but Kenneth suddenly snapped his fingers at the person sitting in the driver's seat. That person immediately took the laptop from the passenger seat and handed it to Kenneth.

Kenneth took over the laptop and gave it to Natasha.

Staring at him, Natasha asked, "What do you want me to do?"

Kenneth gestured outside the car.