

## **Yo Daddy 541**

### **Chapter 541**

Just as Kenneth expected, Boss fell silent upon hearing that.

He could even hear Boss gritting his teeth. It was undeniably a satisfying feeling for the former.

Shortly after, Boss chuckled. "J, what's the point of such meaningless banters? You should do something more practical if you're a man."

"Oh? What do you have in mind?" Kenneth questioned in his irritating tone as usual.

"Are you up for a game?" asked Boss.

"A game?" Kenneth repeated with a snicker. "Why not? But what are you going to bet with? What else do you still have?" Kenneth asked.

Boss was clearly prepared, for he responded confidently, "That reminds me. Have you heard the news about your woman eliminating people in Vermillion Base? She dealt with the entire army alone. Boy, she's more powerful than a man. To be honest with you, I was shocked myself."

Kenneth felt his heart sink when he heard that. He stared into the distance as his dark eyes narrowed. "What did you say?" he uttered word by word.

Feigning nonchalance, Boss asked, "Huh? You don't know about it? Did she not tell you or did you not notice her covered in wounds?"

Right then, the image of Natasha's wounds flashed through Kenneth's mind.

His hand around the phone tightened immediately.

Regardless, Kenneth was a rational and calm person. He knew he must not be led blindly by his emotions.

Swallowing his fury, he gritted, "Is that so?"

"Come on. You don't believe me? It's okay. Someone recorded a video of it. Here, let me send it to you," offered Boss.

Soon after, Kenneth's phone dinged with a notification. He unlocked the phone and tapped on the notification to find the video Boss had sent. In the video, Natasha looked as if she had lost her rationality from all the killings.

With her hair in a mess and her body covered in bloodstains, she stood on the ground littered with bodies and pools of blood.

Even though Natasha managed to kill the opponents that lunged at her, the scene still worried Kenneth.

Even his knuckles turned white from gripping the phone too tightly.

After a long time, Kenneth brought the phone back to his ear and asked, "What do you want?"

"What's wrong? Are you worried already? That's only the beginning. I haven't even said what I wanted to say yet," sneered Boss.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and tightened his grip on his phone without saying anything.

"Once that was over, I found a bracelet at the scene. At first, I wanted to get it repaired and return it to Ms. Watson, but guess what I found inside?" asked Boss.

"If you have something to say just spit it out!" growled Kenneth.

Nonetheless, Boss was unbothered by Kenneth's tone. After all, he had the upper hand. "The bracelet had a chip. I sent someone to look into it, and apparently, only hackers use this kind of thing. So, tell me. What does this mean?"

It was at that moment that Kenneth understood what Boss was getting at. The man was suspicious of Natasha's identity.

Kenneth knew revealing her identity would set off a chain reaction, and many would express their interest in collaborating with her. Most importantly, she would be in grave danger if she refused them.

Therefore, her identity could never be revealed.

Kenneth knew Boss was merely testing the waters. Even if the latter figured out Natasha was a hacker, he would never think she was Shadow Seeker. Kenneth's only fear was that Boss would continue probing into the matter.

At that thought, Kenneth asked, "Are you talking about the bracelet I gave her? What about it? Do you, perhaps, like it? I can give you two if that's the case."

"Her bracelet was a gift from you?"

"Is there a problem with that? How else will she be able to send me messages if she doesn't wear it?" responded Kenneth with a question.

Boss was taken aback. "That's a great question. I don't know what to say to that."

"Listen here. Stop targeting a woman and just go for me if you're truly a man," Kenneth gritted out.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll keep looking into this matter. Of course, I won't let you off, either," declared Boss.

Tightening his grip on the phone, Kenneth interrogated, "You were the one who killed Natasha's parents, weren't you?"

Kenneth heard a significant pause from the other end of the call.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Boss refuted immediately.

"Hah... When I was younger, I saw you in front of their door on the day her parents died."

"You were that boy who passed by?" Boss asked.

The corners of Kenneth's lips curled into a smirk. "Looks like you still remember me."

After a moment of silence, Boss asked, "How did you recognize me?"

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Kenneth stared back at her. However, as soon as he met her eyes, he could not help but step forward and pull her into his embrace, hugging her tightly.

Natasha's long eyelashes fluttered, for she was taken aback by his sudden actions. Even so, she could feel him shaking with anxiousness.

"What's wrong? What happened?" asked Natasha.

Only after a long time did Kenneth answer, "Nothing. I just wanted to hug you."

Upon hearing that, Natasha smiled and let him continue hugging her instead of pushing him away.

Nonetheless, he seemed to have no intention of letting her go even as the seconds ticked by. It didn't take long for them to attract the passersby's attention, making them turn their heads to look at the couple.

Natasha did not mind their gazes, but she did not think they should hug each other like that for the rest of the night.

"Kenneth, more people are going to stare if you don't let me go," said Natasha.

"I don't care," responded Kenneth nonchalantly.

"But it's getting hard for me to breathe, too."

When Kenneth heard that, he finally came to a realization and slowly let her go.

His gaze was filled with guilt as he stared at her.

At the same time, Natasha sensed his odd behavior, albeit not knowing what had happened to him.

"What happened exactly?"

Kenneth noticed her gaze and knew it would be hard to fool her if he did not come up with something soon.

After pondering for some time, he finally spoke. "It's nothing. I just remembered the past and felt that I've failed you."

Eyeing him, Natasha queried, "Didn't you say you regained your memories already?"

"Most of it, yes, but I just remembered some details."

Upon hearing that, Natasha nodded thoughtfully while gazing at him. "Kenneth, you don't owe me anything. You lost your memory because of me, so I didn't blame you for anything."

"But I do. I blame myself for forgetting you, hurting you, and not being by your side when you encountered all that," said Kenneth.

"Says who? Weren't you with me when I was in danger at the hospital? You even took several stabs on my behalf. I remember that moment very clearly. During that time, I felt your presence with me all the time, as if you never left."

At the mention of that, Kenneth leaned closer and held her face. "Really?"

Natasha nodded, which put a smile on his face. However, his gaze darkened as he continued boring into hers.

Natasha returned his gaze as well. For some unknown reason, she found Kenneth's behavior odd that night.

"Are you planning to stand here like this all night? Those three kiddos are still waiting for us, you know?" she reminded.

Kenneth immediately looked up. Sure enough, the three children were staring right at them.

The sight of them put a smile on his face.

"Let's go," prompted Natasha.

Kenneth nodded, and they walked over, naturally slipping their hands into each other's as if they had practiced that a million times.

Even when the duo returned to their seats, the children's cheeky gaze never left them.

The next moment, Kenneth turned to them and asked, "What is it? Just speak your mind."

Denise was the first to raise her hand. "I'll go first."

Hearing that, Kenneth shifted his gaze and gestured for her to speak.

"Daddy, you took advantage of Nat in front of a crowd. Don't you think you should take responsibility for it?" questioned Denise.

Kenneth nodded after hearing that. "I should."

"How are you planning to do that?" Denise interrogated.

"What about marrying her?"

"Deal!" Denise accepted the answer in a heartbeat.

Meanwhile, Natasha was dumbfounded. "Does my opinion not matter?"

"Nat, it's hard to find someone as handsome as Daddy. Besides, having someone like him at home will be a treat for your eyes. So why don't you just take him?" Denise suggested, grinning mischievously.

When Kenneth heard that, he nodded in agreement, whispering, "I don't eat much, I'm good at making money, and I work hard. So why don't you think about it?"

Natasha frowned. Why do I have a feeling he meant something else when he said he'll work hard?

In the meantime, the three children's gazes darted from Kenneth to Natasha.

After pondering for a moment, Natasha gazed at him and nodded. "Okay. I accept."

Her answer was out of Kenneth's expectations.

He gawked at her. "Do you mean it?"

Nodding nonchalantly, Natasha answered, "Yes."

Yet, Kenneth still could not bring himself to believe her words.

After all, he had asked her the question many times, and she never gave him a definite answer. Now that she had given him one, Kenneth merely thought she was joking.

Despite so, he still felt excited.

“Stop joking. I might think you're for real,” Kenneth said, looking into her eyes.

Natasha chuckled. “Take it for real, then.”

Kenneth's dark eyes narrowed as he stared at her inquisitively.

“Anthony, Benjamin, Denise...” Kenneth spoke.

“Huh?”

“Close your eyes,” instructed Kenneth.

The children froze momentarily, but they quickly closed their eyes as if knowing what Kenneth was about to do.

Natasha glanced at them and was about to say something when Kenneth suddenly leaned forward and kissed her, leaving her stunned.

## **Chapter 543**

It was already late by the time they arrived home.

Denise had fallen asleep during the long journey back, so Kenneth held onto her while Natasha chatted away with Anthony and Benjamin. They looked exactly like how a warm, perfect family should be.

As soon as they walked in, Anthony glanced around before turning to them. “It's getting late, Nat, so we'll be going to sleep.”

“Okay.” Natasha nodded. It was late, indeed.

“Good night, Nat!” said Benjamin.

“Good night.”

After watching the boys return to their respective rooms, Kenneth headed upstairs with Denise in his arms with Natasha following behind.

"Let her sleep in my room. I'll accompany her tonight," Natasha offered the moment they arrived upstairs. She hadn't seen Denise for so long and truly missed her.

Yet, Kenneth pondered for a moment before responding, "She hasn't had any proper sleep the whole time, so why don't we let her sleep in her own room tonight?" With that, he walked into the room next to Anthony's.

Natasha didn't think much of it and followed him in, assuming he just wanted the best for Denise.

The little girl didn't even stir when being tucked into bed, although perhaps the hot weather had resulted in some hair being stuck to her cheeks. With her smooth skin and long eyelashes, she looked just like a porcelain doll.

Natasha smiled with contentment as she gazed at Denise.

She gently tucked the girl's hair behind her ear. Then, the latter rolled over and continued sleeping soundly.

She's just a little girl, but she keeps acting like an adult.

Kenneth's lips curled similarly as he adjusted his daughter's blanket before turning to Natasha. "Let's go."

Natasha nodded and left reluctantly.

She turned to him after closing the door. "I can tell how happy they were today."

Kenneth nodded in agreement.

"It's late, so I'll be hitting the sack too," Natasha concluded.

"Good night." Kenneth looked at her.

"Good night." She grinned at him before turning and walking to her room.

"Nat!" Kenneth suddenly called out to her.

She turned her head in puzzlement. "What is it?"

Kenneth took two steps forward and gazed at her deeply, his eyes filled with affection and a faint sparkle that one might easily overlook. "What you said to me earlier tonight..."

"What?" Natasha raised an eyebrow.

He pursed his thin lips while continuing to stare at her for a brief moment of silence. "Whatever you told me, I'm going to take your word for it."

"I meant exactly what I said in the first place," Natasha replied as soon as his words fell.

Kenneth froze as a wave of emotions swirled within his darkened gaze. "Do you know what I'm talking about, Nat? I'm referring to—"

"I know what you mean," Natasha cut him off while glancing at him tenderly. "Didn't you keep asking me if I wanted to be with you? My answer is yes. I'm serious."

A look of complication surfaced in Kenneth's narrowed eyes as a devilish aura emanated from his divinely handsome face.

"Really?" he asked in disbelief after a long pause.

"Yes." She nodded. "Now that you're mine, you'd better work hard and earn lots of money."

His eyes lit up with excitement, Kenneth grabbed her by the hand and inched closer to her. "Did I hear you wrongly, Nat? Or did you have a bit too much to drink today?"

In response, Natasha let out a chuckle and eyed him mischievously. "Have your ears gone bad, Mr. Hamilton? But you're still so young! Or are you saying you don't want to be mine?"

Kenneth pinned her against the wall immediately, staring down at her. "Say that again, Nat," he requested in a hoarse voice.

She blinked and slowly opened her mouth. "I said my answer is yes—mmph!"

Before she could even finish, Kenneth pressed his lips against hers all of a sudden, and a passionate kiss ensued.

This time, though, she didn't push him away. Instead, she responded by slowly reaching for his waist.

The two held onto each other in the hallway.

After God knows how long, Kenneth dragged her in the direction of his room.

He then shut the door and continued to kiss her, his lips touching every inch of Natasha's body like raindrops.

The woman closed her eyes. Perhaps due to the alcohol, there was an indescribable feeling surging



within her as Kenneth touched her. Still, there was no denying that he was good. He made her feel at ease and left an unforgettable impression on her.

#### **Chapter 544**

Dave was in the middle of breakfast when Kenneth made his way downstairs the next day.

“Why are you up so early today?” the former teased while dining elegantly.

Kenneth walked over and sat across from him. “No reason in particular.”

Dave shot him a glance that turned into a stare. “What’s up with you? You don’t look so good!”

The latter coughed lightly. “Nothing much. Maybe I’ve caught a slight cold.”

“A cold?” Dave furrowed his brows at that. “But the weather’s been perfect. How did you catch a cold?”

Kenneth picked up the glass of water in front of him and took a sip. “It must’ve been the cold shower I took last night.”

Dave froze. “You took a cold shower?”

Kenneth remained silent.

As though realizing something, Dave eyed him playfully. “Did you take a cold shower, or did you take many cold showers?”

He knew how resilient Kenneth’s body was, after all.

There was no way the latter would catch a cold just from one cold shower.

As expected, Kenneth glanced up at him right away.

“I took many,” he enunciated.

Dave laughed and nodded. “I get what you mean now!”

Kenneth merely ate and stopped entertaining him.

Dave continued to smile with a hint of jest in his eyes.

Then, Kenneth spoke again. “Boss called me yesterday.”

Dave stilled briefly before composing himself. “He still has the nerve to contact you? What did he say?”

Kenneth paused for a long while upon recalling the video clip he had received. "He still hasn't given up."

"That's not unusual. Not many people will give up when it comes to you."

"That's why he's definitely up to something. If he can't find me, he'll be sure to cause DX trouble. So be careful," Kenneth advised.

Dave smiled at that. "Vermillion base might be different from us in nature, but we have the upper hand whether it comes to funds or weapons. Do you really think he'd come after DX just like that?"

Kenneth nodded in response. "You may be right, but it wouldn't hurt to be extra cautious."

"Don't worry. Preparations have been made long ago," Dave assured. He had managed to remain as DX's person-in-charge all this while precisely because he handled all affairs well and never underestimated his foes, after all.

Kenneth nodded. "By the way," he added after some deliberation, "I want the word spread in a few days' time. I may need your help when that happens."

Dave turned to him. "That's not a problem, but will she believe it?"

"She will," Kenneth guaranteed. "As long as it looks credible enough."

There was nothing else Dave could say at this point. "Okay."

As they were about done talking, Kenneth took another two bites of his food before pulling the two plates of breakfast on the table over to his side.

"What are you doing?" Dave asked in confusion.

"Nat hasn't woken up yet, so I'm bringing these upstairs for her."

"But what about me?"

"You should eat less, or you'll be obese by the time you're fifty."

Me? Obese?

Dave was bereft of words. My body's in perfect form, okay?

Still, a hopeless smile played on his lips.

At that very moment, his phone rang, and he answered it after glancing at the screen.

“Hello.”

“Dave! This is bad,” Miguel exclaimed in a panic over the phone.

Dave frowned as he heard that.

Meanwhile, Anthony's phone wouldn't stop vibrating on the table.

With narrowed eyes, the boy reached for the device and took the call.

“Miguel, if you ever call me incessantly like this again, I'll— What?” All his sleepiness vanished in a flash as soon as he heard what Miguel had to say. “Okay, got it. I'll be right there!”

He got up, grabbed his clothes, and headed out in an instant.

A grim-looking Miguel was seated in front of a computer by the time Anthony arrived inside the hidden room.

“What's going on now?” the latter asked while walking over.

A video clip popped up on Miguel's computer screen at that very moment.

Seeing that, Miguel hastily tried to get rid of the clip, only for Anthony to reach out and stop him. “Wait!”

The video was a little dark, but its contents could still be seen clearly.

### **You're Out Daddy**

#### **Chapter 545**

As he sat in front of the computer, Anthony's hands danced across the keyboard as quickly as a flash. Following his movements, the computer interface began to change.

When he made his move, so did the other party. As a result, the computer interface returned to the video clip once again.

Miguel watched from the side; his brows knitted into a tight knot. “I can't believe they haven't left! They're still waiting here. Aren't they way too full of themselves? Teach them a lesson, Master!” he said, looking over at Anthony.

Despite his boyish face, there was a hint of maturity and hostility in Anthony's expression, making him look beyond his years.

His movements were steady and smooth. They were neither too fast nor too slow. Soon enough, there were changes in the computer interface. Seeing this, Miguel couldn't contain his excitement and

clapped his hands together, exclaiming, "Awesome! They fell for it! Master, you're really amazing!"

Meanwhile, Dave stood at the back, observing them. When he heard Miguel's voice, he furrowed his brows slightly. "Keep it down, Miguel. Don't disrupt his focus."

Miguel instantly shut his mouth and resumed staring intently at the screen.

Anthony continued to deal with the hacker. He noticed that the person on the other end seemed to have fallen for his traps, but they would always evade them at the tensest moment.

Looking at the computer screen, Anthony narrowed his eyes. "How interesting..."

Besides Natasha, Anthony had never encountered another person who was evenly matched with him. At that moment, his desire to win grew stronger, and he resumed typing away on the computer. Just then, Anthony had repaired the foundation, so he was no longer using the same strategy of going slow and steady. It was as if he did a one-eighty, becoming fast and accurate.

The hacker seemed to notice something was amiss and questioned directly: Who are you? You're not the person from before.

Anthony gave a calm and cool response: I'm your master, of course.

Miguel couldn't help chuckling upon seeing the little boy's response. Just as he was about to say something, he noticed the warning glance Dave was sending his way. Hence, he swallowed his words and held in his laughter as he continued looking at the screen.

Hacker: You're impressive. Much more impressive compared to the one before you.

Anthony: You too. You've managed to survive against me for five minutes.

The other party was rendered speechless, and once again, Miguel burst out laughing at Anthony's witty remark.

Is that a compliment? It sounds more like an extreme insult for a hacker!

Hacker: I came unprepared today, but I'll definitely return. I hope that the next time I'm here, you'll face me as your true self!

Anthony: You won't have a chance to come back.

Hacker: You're arrogant.

Anthony: To you, it may be arrogance, but to me, it's confidence.

Hacker: Do you believe I'll be back again?

Anthony: No need. Next time, I'll find you.

Evidently, the hacker was dubious about Anthony's declaration and wrote: You'll find me?

Anthony: What's the matter? Do you have a problem with that?

Hacker: Do you have the ability to do so?

Anthony: Why don't we give it a try and find out?

Hacker: All right. You have two days. I'll be waiting, and if you don't show up by then, I'll come and find you.

Anthony: Scram!

In response, the hacker sent a middle finger before retreating.

After that, the computers in the hidden room returned to normal.

Miguel stared at the screen with a puzzled expression on his face. "That's it? He ran away just like that?"

"What else do you want from him, then?" Dave retorted.

"I..." Miguel's words remained at the tip of his tongue, refusing to go past his lips. In the end, he merely murmured something to himself.

Meanwhile, Anthony was still seated in front of the computer, his fingers dancing across the keyboard. Ten minutes later, he finally rose to his feet and swept his gaze across the people behind him. "I've strengthened the firewall. You guys should be able to hold out for a while if he manages to hack into the system again. Just give me a call if anything arises."

Miguel was impressed by the little boy's leadership and swiftly bobbed his head in response. "Got it!"

"If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave now."

"Ma—" Miguel was about to pipe up when he was stopped by Dave.

"Let him have some quiet time to himself."

"Is there anything weird with the video clip, Dave?"

At that, Dave's gaze landed on Miguel, scrutinizing the latter. "What do you think?"

Miguel frowned at his words.

A helpless sigh escaped Dave's lips as he shook his head. "How did you become a hacker with those observation skills of yours?"

He left after saying that, leaving Miguel baffled.

Miguel returned to his seat with unanswered questions that piqued his curiosity. He eyed the people around him and questioned, "Do anyone of you have a copy of the video clip earlier?"

"I do. I saved it," said someone.

"You... How are you so good at saving things!" Miguel complimented.

"It's a habit at this point."

"Let me have a look at it!"

## **You're Out Daddy**

### **Chapter 546**

Hearing this, Anthony approached Dave and sat across from him.

"So, you were waiting for me, huh, Mr. Dave?" said Anthony, behaving as if the two of them were having a heart-to-heart talk.

"What do you think? Sounds pretty enticing, doesn't it?" Dave teased.

"Would you actually hire me if I were to join DX?"

"Why wouldn't I? Moreover, I believe you'd do a great job!"

"But you know I won't join DX."

Dave nodded but continued to persuade the boy, "You can still give it a try. What if you do well?"

Anthony laughed. "Besides... I don't have time to be a kid."

Dave gazed at Anthony upon hearing that. Narrowing his eyes into slits, he queried, "What do you mean?"

Anthony remarked with determination, "What I mean is... I want to destroy Vermillion Base and everything they have, and I'm going to do it right now!"

“Right now?”

“Yes!”

Fixing his eyes on the boy, Dave deliberated for a moment before stating, “Anthony, I know you're extremely intelligent, but... even if I exhaust all of DX's resources, it would still be difficult to get rid of Vermillion Base.”

Anthony looked up, meeting Dave's gaze as he said, “Mr. Dave, just because you can't do it doesn't mean I can't.”

His words were bold and daring.

Dave couldn't help taking note of the striking similarities between Kenneth and Anthony. However, the father and son duo had every right to be full of themselves, and Dave respected people like them.

The future was limitless.

Thinking back to when he joined the organization, Dave was only seventeen or eighteen years old. Anthony, on the other hand, had yet to turn ten when he became a valuable asset to Darknetz.

Dave fixed his eyes on the boy once more and attempted to dissuade him from acting rashly. “Anthony, I know you've made up your mind, but even Darknetz may not be able to escape unscathed. You must know that even a mighty dragon finds it hard to control a snake in its old haunt, let alone Darknetz.”

Anthony mulled over Dave's words. A moment later, an idea crossed his mind. “What if DX and Darknetz joined forces with one another?”

Hearing this, Dave stilled and continued glancing at the boy. A smile played at the corner of his lips as he said, “I'm afraid that's harder than getting rid of Vermillion Base.”

“Anything is possible, Mr. Dave!”

Dave quirked a brow. “You have one conundrum to solve right now, but if you proceed down that road, you'll have two conundrums in your hands. Do you know what two difficult conundrums make?” he asked.

Anthony knew what he was trying to say, but after giving it a thought, he retorted, “Perhaps two negatives make a positive.”

Amused by the boy's analogy, Dave chuckled. “Anthony, you're much more optimistic than your daddy.”

“I know you don't believe me, and I have no way to convince you either, but these are my thoughts and

the goal I wish to achieve. I'll annihilate Vermillion Base no matter the cost!" declared Anthony.

Just then, Kenneth's voice sounded behind them. "You sure know how to talk big!"

Anthony turned around to see Kenneth approaching them. Every movement of his was gracious and elegant.

The sight of his father made Anthony pursed his lips as a complicated gleam flashed in his eyes.

"Indeed. He's even worse than you were!" said Dave.

Kenneth cast the man a glance as he remarked, "One must be capable enough in order to back up their confidence. Anthony is more than capable."

Anthony was quite surprised to see his father defending him.

Dave's gaze lingered on the father-and-son duo. As a smile spread across his lips, he said, "You're right. Since you're here, why don't you two have a chat? I'll take my leave first." He rose to his feet as soon as the words left his lips. When he walked past Kenneth, Dave patted the latter on the shoulder. "He's a promising young talent. You should train him well."

After Dave left, Kenneth's ebony eyes fell on Anthony.

Adamance was written all over Anthony's little face as he met his father's gaze.

Kenneth sat where Dave was seated earlier.

Looking at the boy in front of him, he asked in a low voice, "So, you know already?"

Taken aback, Anthony looked at his father with a hint of disbelief in his eyes. "What?"

"Are you trying to play dumb in front of me?"

"Does that mean you know as well?"

"That's right." Kenneth's response came swiftly. He had no intentions of keeping secrets from his son.

Anthony furrowed his brows upon hearing the man's answer. "Since you know already, why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't find out much earlier than you did," explained Kenneth.

"Are you saying that yesterday night..."



Kenneth nodded, confirming the boy's guess.

Anthony pursed his lips. At that moment, it felt as if the pieces of the puzzle were all falling into place. "No wonder you were acting strange after getting off the phone call."

"I know how you feel right now because I was the same last night. At that time, I wanted nothing more than to kill someone and destroy everything."

Anthony glanced at his father without uttering a word.

"But, Anthony, this has nothing to do with you."

### **Chapter 547**

Kenneth lowered his eyes. "I don't have any plans. I'm just going to do whatever works!"

Frowning, Anthony looked at him with a suspicious gaze. "Daddy, are you serious? Or are you kidding me?"

Instead of answering the question, Kenneth looked at the boy and asked, "What do you think?"

"Daddy!" Anthony's gaze remained fixated on his father.

"I'm serious!" Kenneth replied.

The young boy was still in disbelief. "You really don't have any plans?"

"Plans are just plans. I prefer to tackle things head-on. Your enemy won't find out about your plan if you don't have one!" Kenneth stared at his son and enunciated each word slowly.

Suspiciously, Anthony looked at Kenneth. Although his eyes were filled with doubt, he felt that the latter's words made sense.

Pursing his lips, he mulled over it for a while before he asked, "Daddy, aren't you worried unforeseen circumstances will happen?"

"I am worried!" Kenneth replied. "But am I guaranteed not to encounter those circumstances if I have a plan?"

"You must have some ideas, right? For example, what are you going to do?" Anthony questioned, eyeing his father.

"I have some ideas."

"What is it?"

"To have your Nat leave first!"

"You want to keep Nat in the dark?" Anthony inquired.

"Nat said nothing about these matters. Do you think she'll allow us to do them?" Kenneth responded with a question.

Anthony agreed after thinking about it for a while.

"But Nat can't be fooled easily. What if she finds out?" he then asked.

"The only people who knew about this are you, me, and Dave. How will she know if the three of us say nothing?" Kenneth replied.

Immediately, Anthony sat upright. "I will never tell her."

Kenneth glanced at his son. "I believe you."

Just then, Anthony looked at him and contemplated for a second before saying, "Actually, when Anonymous posted a bounty list on Hacker Community a while ago, he had already angered Vermillion Base. Previously, their hackers attacked Darknetz. Now, they've become sworn enemies with Darknetz."

Hearing how calmly Anthony mentioned the name "Anonymous," Kenneth merely raised one brow and did not show any expression. "So what?"

"Given the chance, I want to—"

"There's no need to!" Kenneth interrupted Anthony instantly.

The boy's gaze fell on him. "Daddy..."

"I don't need Darknetz to take revenge on my behalf!" Kenneth declared.

"Daddy, you're not the only one who wants revenge. I want it, too. She's my Nat!" Anthony retorted.

"She's my woman!" Kenneth said promptly after that.

The father and son locked their eyes, both staring at each other.

"I came out of her womb, so I'm closer to her than you!" Anthony said.

At the mention of that, Kenneth sneered. "If it wasn't for me, you won't even be born. Although I'm not as close to her as you are, you're not as tight-knitted to her as me."

Hearing that, Anthony was at a loss for words.

They continued staring each other down. It seemed like neither of them would admit defeat.

“Daddy, if you must put it that way, does this mean we can't come to an agreement?” Anthony asked.

“I'm just telling you that I can seek my own revenge!” Kenneth exclaimed.

“So, you're saying that I can't get involved in this matter?”

“If you can do this without getting Darknetz involved, I won't stop you!” Kenneth riposted.

“Daddy, you're deliberately making things difficult for me!” replied Anthony.

“So be it!”

The young boy nodded. “Fine. If that's the case, then don't blame me for what I'm about to do!”

Kenneth gazed at Anthony. “What do you mean?”

The latter smiled. “If you don't allow me to participate, then I have no choice but to tell Nat about this matter.”

“No, you won't!” Kenneth declared.

“You don't believe me?” Anthony raised his brow.

The only response the boy received from his father was a look. Indeed, the latter did not believe him.

“Let's go, then!” With that, Anthony got up and left.

Seeing that, Kenneth stood up and followed him.

Throughout the journey, Anthony walked without saying a word. Kenneth looked at him while following behind him slowly and quietly.

After they entered the castle and went upstairs, Anthony walked straight to Natasha's room.

Kenneth watched him with a complicated gleam in his eyes.

The whole time, the father and son seemed to be on a secret showdown. It was as though whoever spoke first would be the loser.

However, they remained silent even until they arrived at Natasha's doorstep.

Anthony glanced at Kenneth and was thoroughly enraged when he noticed the latter was still shooting him a doubtful look.

Okay! If that's the case, don't blame me!

After pushing the door open, Anthony exclaimed, "Nat! Daddy said he wants to avenge you!"

Kenneth was too stunned to speak.

The development of events was beyond his expectations. He thought Anthony would at least have a warm-up conversation first. Yet, the latter was so upfront about the situation.

As soon as Kenneth walked into the room, he opened his mouth to explain himself urgently. However, no one was there after he entered the room.

Both of them looked around and asked at the same time, "Where is she?"

At that moment, the sound of water flowing came from the bathroom. Soon after, Natasha came out. Upon seeing them, she studied them from head to toe and asked, "Why are you two here?"

"Nat, I have something to tell you," said Anthony.

Natasha's gaze fell on him. "What is it?"

## **Chapter 548**

The two of them were the only ones left in the room.

They looked at each other. After a long time, Natasha finally spoke up. "Is this what Anthony wanted to talk about at first?"

Kenneth glanced at her. He hesitated momentarily, then walked over and brushed his slender fingers through her hair. While cupping her face, he asked, "Would you be disappointed if I said no?"

"If that's the case, it would be a more fitting explanation of the earlier situation," Natasha replied flatly. She knew that much.

Kenneth was aware that she was extremely bright. It would only make things look worse if he kept trying to hide it from her.

As he pondered, his gaze remained fixated on her face. "It's true that what he said is something I've secretly been deliberating over, though."

That single sentence had Natasha a little stunned. She stared at him without saying a word.

"I'll compensate you for everything I've owed you over the years. I won't skimp on a single thing," Kenneth promised while looking at her.

"There's no need for that. I don't care about such things," she answered.

"How can I say that I love you if I don't even pay you back?" he countered.

"You know I don't mind," she insisted.

"But I do," Kenneth argued. Gazing at her, he promised, "I've already owed you once. I don't want to owe you a second time. I'll carry out every promise I make to you, Nat."

Natasha stared back at him, her lips quirking into a small smile. "Okay."

Kenneth gently brought her in front of him and planted a peck on her forehead.

The woman smiled, then said, "Your injury's almost completely healed, Kenneth. Let's go back in another two days. I miss home, and I miss Grandpa."

For a moment, Kenneth was dazed. Something peculiar flashed across his gaze, but he casually concealed it. Glancing at her, he answered, "Okay!"

"I'll give Grandpa a call, then, and tell him that we'll be going back together. I don't want him to worry," Natasha explained.

In response, he nodded. "All right."

"Give me your phone." She stretched her hand out instantly.

Without hesitation, Kenneth took out his phone and placed it on her palm.

After getting it, Natasha turned around to make the call.

He observed her for a moment, then slowly retracted his gaze and headed outside.

Meanwhile, Anthony was lazily leaning against the wall beside the door.

From time to time, he would check his fingernails and clothes. The boy seemed so relaxed and carefree.

Right then, he looked up and saw Kenneth walking out of the room. "Out so fast?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

Kenneth stared back at him. This kid is a lot more ruthless than I thought, though I have to admit that he's also a lot like me.

Without moving his gaze away from his son, Kenneth replied, "I knew you were waiting for me. Of course, I had to come out and have a chat with you."

At that moment, Anthony eyed him. There was a grin on his face. "Daddy, if you're having second thoughts, I can run into the room now and tell Nat."

"You're threatening me," Kenneth stated, his gaze still on his son.

Anthony nodded in a nonchalant manner. "That's right."

In response, Kenneth narrowed his eyes.

"Even a vicious tiger will not eat its own cubs, Daddy. I'm your son, so you won't do anything to me. What's the point of this, then? Even if you look at me like that, I'm not scared," Anthony taunted while shaking his head.

The boy had obviously thought it through and planned it all out in detail.

However, Kenneth would never let himself be under someone else's thumb.

At that point, he grabbed Anthony with one hand and stared him down. "Indeed, I can't do anything to you."

The latter looked back at him with a smug smirk on his face. "Good that you know."

"I heard that you're ticklish?" Kenneth raised his eyebrows.

When Anthony heard that, his eyes widened immediately. "W-Who told you that?"

"It doesn't matter who told me. What matters is whether it's true or not," Kenneth stated. His large hand then slid down to Anthony's waist.

The thought of it alone already made Anthony feel ticklish. He immediately blurted, "If you do that, I'm going to scream for Nat, Daddy."

"It's not like I'm beating you up. So what if you scream for Nat?" Kenneth pointed out.

Just as he was about to start tickling him, Anthony quickly got out of his grip while giggling.

When he turned to look back, he was both angry and indignant. "How can you be so unreasonable,

Daddy? I'm helping you, yet you want to bite the hand that feeds you?"

"What are you helping me with?" Kenneth asked.

"Getting together with Nat, obviously. With the words I said earlier, I'd helped resolve the crisis and also aided you. Your relationship with Nat will progress naturally, am I right?" Anthony elaborated.

Kenneth eyed him. "So, you're saying that I should be thanking you?"

Anthony was silent for a moment. "Well, it doesn't matter if you thank me or not. However, you still can't bite the hand that feeds you."

Kenneth chuckled. "Well, since you said it, I suppose I'm going to do just that."

Upon hearing that, Anthony placed a huge distance between the two of them. "How could you say that, Daddy? As an adult, you should be setting a good example for us, right?"

That baffled Kenneth. A good example? Since when do I have to do that?

He continued staring at Anthony. In a calm voice, he replied, "You didn't grow up under my care all these years, yet it seems to me that you share many similarities with me. Obviously, it isn't because of the example I've set. It's the work of genetic inheritance!"

## **Chapter 549**

The floor of the room was a mess.

Natasha was using one hand to support herself on the table. Judging by her expression, she seemed to be in great pain.

"Nat!" The look in Kenneth's eyes changed. He instantly went over to support her. "What happened, Nat?"

The woman did not say a word. With her eyes shut and brows furrowed, it looked as though she was trying to endure something.

"Nat!" Kenneth's eyes were completely focused on her. At that moment, he noticed the phone on the table and reached out to grab it. Just as he was about to make a call, Natasha put her hand on his.

At that, he looked over and saw her shaking her head at him. "I'm fine."

"You don't look fine," he protested sternly.

The pain subsided. It went as fast as it had come. Right then, Natasha seemed to be completely okay.

"I'm fine, really. I merely had a headache just now. I'm all right now," she reassured, flashing him a smile.

Kenneth frowned. There was still worry in his eyes as he looked at her.

"I promise I'm fine. Maybe I just haven't been resting well lately. I'll be fine once I get some sleep later," she added.

His deep eyes bored into hers. A while later, he picked her up bridal style and walked toward the bed.

After laying her down gently, he eyed her and said, "It's my fault for being too rough with you yesterday. You should have a good rest."

Natasha gave him a smile. "You didn't sleep well last night either, did you?"

He once again stared at her with an unfathomable look in his eyes. After a long time, he murmured in a hoarse voice, "I didn't. I spent half of the night taking a cold shower."

Even though it sounded like a joke, his expression was much more somber than his words.

"Why don't you sleep for a bit, too?" she offered.

The concern on his face was impossible to deny. "If you say that, I'm going to misunderstand and think that you're inviting me to bed with you."

"You're not misunderstanding. It is an invitation," she affirmed.

Kenneth felt his heart skipping a beat.

Natasha did not say anything more. She simply continued looking at him.

A second later, Kenneth got up and turned around to leave.

While she observed him, her brows furrowed gradually.

What's going on?

When Kenneth got to the door, however, he shut it and locked it.

He swiveled his head around to glance at Natasha. There was indescribable darkness in his gaze.

Then, he returned to the bed and lay down right next to her.

Once they were covered by the quilt, his hand began wandering around her body. Images of the night



before flashed across her mind.

“Kenneth... I'm still not...” Natasha did not finish her sentence. Instead, she stared at him, for she assumed that he knew what she was talking about.

Kenneth lowered his eyes which carried profound feelings. “I know.”

“Then, you—”

“Don't worry. I'm not that much of a savage. I just want to hug you.” As he spoke, he pulled Natasha into his tight embrace. His chin rested on the top of her head, and he gently rubbed it against her hair. It was like he wanted to absorb her into his body.

Natasha could sense his intense feelings. Leaning against his chest, she muttered, “Why did you lock the door, then?”

“I don't want them to disturb your sleep,” Kenneth murmured.

The joy on the corner of her lips spread to her whole face. She adjusted into a comfortable position in his arms before closing her eyes.

Natasha had always loved to sleep. It was no exaggeration to say that it was the most important thing to her. Because of that, she fell asleep in no time.

When Kenneth heard her steady breathing, his eyes shot open.

Tilting his head to look at her, he pursed his thin lips. Complicated emotions surfaced in his typically indifferent eyes.

Once Denise woke up, she went looking for Natasha.

When she got to the door, it was locked. Even after she knocked on it, there was no response.

It was then that Anthony and Benjamin emerged from their rooms. Upon seeing Denise, they made their way over to her.

“What's going on?”

“Nat's door is locked. I can't go in,” she complained.

Benjamin stepped forward and tried to open the door. Unsurprisingly, he, too, failed. “It really is locked. I can't open it,” he said, looking at his siblings.

Anthony observed them and narrowed his eyes as he pondered. “Daddy's probably—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Denise's phone rang.

She took it out and saw that it was a text from Kenneth.

It read: Your Nat is asleep. Keep it down.

Denise immediately showed the text to Anthony and Benjamin after seeing it.

The three of them stared at the door once they read the text.

"They're sleeping..."

"With the door locked..."

"In the middle of the day?"

The three of them spoke one after another, then looked at each other.

"Let's go," Anthony said.

The three of them had no choice but to leave.

As they were walking, Denise asked, "The fact that Daddy's also inside there can only mean one thing, right?"

Anthony nodded. "Exactly."

She frowned and clicked her tongue. "Why is Daddy so unrestrained?"

"Did you not expect this to happen?" Benjamin questioned.

## **Chapter 550**

Twenty minutes later, Anthony looked at them and asked, "What do you think?"

Upon listening to his plan, Benjamin and Denise exchanged glances. "There's no problem with your plan. But does Daddy know about it?" asked Benjamin.

Anthony picked up the cup of water in front of him, took a sip, and shook his head.

"So, you are planning to hide it from Daddy, aren't you?" Benjamin questioned.

"I'm not hiding it from Daddy. It's just that he disagreed with using the power of Darknetz. But we can't get rid of Vermillion Base on our own. This is the only way I can think of."

"That's true." Benjamin nodded after listening to Anthony's explanation.

"Just tell me if you two want to do it," Anthony said.

"Let's do it!" Denise slapped the table before Benjamin could say anything,

The two boys stared at her, surprised.

"Look at how they bullied Nat. We must get this done!" she said furiously.

Amused by their sister's reaction, the boys burst into laughter.

However, she looked at them with a trace of anger on her delicate face. "What are you guys laughing at? I'm serious. Before this, I only knew from you guys that Nat came here to find the truth. I never know this place is so dangerous, let alone know what she has experienced...." A tinge of self-blame and sadness flashed across her eyes.

The boys looked at her. "Well, it's all in the past, and now isn't the time to recall those times."

"That's why I'm joining this time," said Denise, staring at her brothers.

"Denise, if you're not going to receive training from Darknetz, my suggestion is that you should not get involved in this." Anthony frowned at her.

"Why?" The girl was confused.

"It's for your future," he answered solemnly.

Upon hearing that, Benjamin chimed in, "Yeah. Don't get yourself involved if possible. We'll take care of this matter and avenge Nat."

Denise pondered for a moment before shifting her gaze to her brothers. "Even if I only play a minimal role in this, I still want to do it. Otherwise, I can't feel at ease."

She seemed very determined.

Looking at their sister, the boys knew she was persistent and would not change her mind once she had made the decision.

As such, they did not continue to persuade her. Anthony parted his lips and said, "All right, then. No matter what happens, do bear in mind that the most important thing is to protect yourself well."

Denise nodded. "Don't worry. We're doing this for the sake of revenge, not to put ourselves in danger and make Nat sad."

"Yeah, that's right," Benjamin agreed.

Suddenly, Anthony looked at his siblings, slightly quirking the corner of his lips. "I still have to deal with one more person before we do this."

Benjamin and Denise stared straight at him as he continued, "Benjamin, Miguel told me that Mr. Dave has an armory here. Don't you like that very much? I think we can get Daddy and Mr. Dave to take you there to have a look."

Benjamin was indeed interested in the armory, but he could tell there was another meaning behind Anthony's words.

"Just say what you have in mind," he stated.

"Help me keep Daddy and Mr. Dave busy tomorrow," said Anthony.

"Got it." Benjamin lifted the corner of his lips into a smile.

"What about me?" asked Denise.

"Keep Nat company and see if you can get her to draw a topographic map of Vermillion Base," Anthony replied.

Denise frowned as she heard that. "I guess mine is the hardest task, huh?"

"You can do it." Anthony was full of confidence.

"All right, then," she agreed with her lips pursed.

As soon as her words fell, a flash of hostility crossed Anthony's gaze. The plan has just begun!

The following day, the three children arrived at the hidden room.

As soon as Anthony made his appearance, Miguel noticed him and got up from his seat. "Master, you're here."

He had never trifled with Anthony just because the latter was a child. On the contrary, he had an indescribable admiration for the little boy, thinking that the latter was a genius for being so capable at such a young age.

Meanwhile, Anthony walked over and sat down without saying anything.

Seeing that, Miguel hurriedly picked up a lollipop from the side, unwrapped it, and handed it over to him.

After sweeping a glance over it, Anthony took the lollipop and popped it into his mouth.

Denise, who followed behind him, could not help but feel confused by what she saw. She turned to Benjamin and asked, "When did Tony take in disciples?"

Benjamin raised his brows languidly, saying nothing.

Denise lowered her voice and inquired, "Did he expose his identity?"

"I'm not sure either," Benjamin answered.

The two of them then looked ahead.

At that time, Miguel was standing behind Anthony, massaging the latter's shoulders and back. "Relax, Master. We must get him today."

Anthony stared at the computer and whispered, "Stop bootlicking me. Just sit aside and watch."

Miguel naturally knew that Anthony was actually teaching him.

Without uttering a word, he took a stool and sat on the side.

Benjamin and Denise went up upon seeing that. "We'll go first."

"Keep in touch at all times." Anthony nodded at them.

Benjamin and Denise inclined their heads in response and strode away.

Once Denise left, Miguel asked, "Who's that little girl? She's so pretty!"

"My younger sister."

Anthony's words stunned the man. "Do you mean your biological sister?"

"What else can it be?" Anthony retorted.

"I don't mean anything else. I just think both of you don't look alike," Miguel said after a moment of silence.

"Well, she inherited all the good traits of Daddy and my mommy," Anthony explained calmly.

Miguel nodded as he listened. "Now that I think about it, she does look a bit like Kenneth..."

Anthony did not speak again but had his eyes on the monitor. Soon, he began to type on the keyboard.