

Yo Daddy 551

Chapter 551

Outside, Benjamin and Denise went straight to Natasha's room.

Coincidentally, they ran into Kenneth outside the room.

"Daddy."

"Daddy."

The kids greeted him.

He looked at them and asked, "Why are you two up so early today?"

They exchanged glances before Denise chirped, "That's because we want to keep Nat company!"

Kenneth nodded. "Okay. Go inside, then. I'm going out for a while."

Denise nodded.

Seeing that Kenneth was about to leave, Benjamin and Denise had a silent conversation using their eyes. Then, they ran up to Kenneth. "Daddy, are you busy today?"

He turned his head around to gaze at them while continuing to walk ahead. "What's the matter?"

"I heard Mr. Dave has an armory. Can you bring us there for a visit?" Benjamin asked.

Kenneth halted upon hearing that. "Why do you want to visit an armory?"

"That's because I'm interested, so I want to take a look."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes and sized up his son.

Sensing his father's silence, Benjamin said, "It's fine if we can't go. Never mind."

The boy's manner of speech merely caused Kenneth to feel more indecisive.

After all, it was rare for Benjamin to request anything from him. Moreover, their relationship was just starting to show some improvements, so Kenneth didn't want to deny Benjamin either.

"We'll need to seek Mr. Dave's permission regarding this matter," Kenneth said.

Benjamin's eyes shone as he nodded while gazing at his father.

"Let's go," Kenneth uttered.

Thus, the father and son went downstairs together.

Dave was engaged in a call at that moment, so Kenneth and Benjamin exchanged glances and didn't interrupt him.

By the time he finished talking on the phone and turned around, Dave noticed the duo staring at him.

"What's the matter?"

Kenneth explained, "Dave, what's the status of your armory?"

Hearing that, Dave narrowed his eyes. "Why? What are you planning to do?" He walked up to them as he spoke. "Tell me. What do you want?"

"Do you think I care about those things?" Kenneth asked.

"Why are you asking about my armory if you don't care?" Dave retorted.

"It's me. I want to visit that place," Benjamin piped up while regarding Dave with gleaming eyes.

"You?" Dave looked at the boy.

Benjamin nodded. "That's right! Me."

Dave chuckled. "Why does a kid like you want to see the armory?"

"That's because I'm interested! I have liked these things since I was little, but I've never seen the real deal, so I want to get some exposure."

Dave sized up Benjamin doubtfully. Although he knew the latter was a brilliant child, he figured no kid would fancy such items.

Taking in the way Dave scrutinized him in silence, Benjamin uttered, "Mr. Dave, do you not believe me?"

"Under normal circumstances, should I believe you?"

"Of course. It is every child's dream to own a gun!"

"Children are fond of the gun toys. Do any of them like genuine firearms?"

"Me. I like the authentic ones!"

"That's why I asked if you're normal."

Benjamin arched his brow. Then, he shifted his gaze onto Kenneth, standing at one side. "I'm my daddy's son, so it is only normal for me to be extraordinary."

His remark successfully pleased Kenneth.

Upon hearing that, Kenneth raised his brow at Dave. "Get to the point. Are you letting him visit the armory or not?"

Dave stared at them. "Do I have a choice, now that you ask?"

Kenneth smirked in response.

"Let's go," Dave uttered.

Then, the trio departed.

They sat inside the car for an unknown period.

When the vehicle halted, they had arrived at a basement.

Someone came to open the car door right after the vehicle stopped.

"Dave," that person greeted Dave when he saw the latter.

Dave nodded in response.

Then, that man led them inside, and they took the elevator to the sixteenth floor.

Inside the elevator, Benjamin glanced up at Kenneth. Both of them said nothing.

When the elevator door opened on the sixteenth floor, they were met with a view featuring over ten people standing in the corridor.

They all addressed Dave in unison when they saw him, "Dave."

Dave strode forward. Witnessing that scene, Benjamin couldn't help but be impressed.

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It did not seem like he had never seen a gun before.

Dave looked at him and narrowed his eyes.

"Benjamin? Do you know what kind of gun this is?"

"It's a P1A907 made in," Benjamin responded.

Dave stared at him in surprise. "Didn't you say that you've never seen one before?"

"Mr. Dave, although this gun looks small, it has a strong recoil. It's easy to hurt yourself when using it, so the gun manufacturers stopped producing it. This gun is a limited edition. How could I have seen this before?"

"Then, how do you know about it?"

Benjamin smiled. "I told you before. I like guns, so I specially researched them. I can tell you the names of all the guns here."

Dave turned around to look at Kenneth before looking at Benjamin again. Without saying a word, he stood up and took a gun near him. "Then, what's this?"

Benjamin glanced at the gun. "It's a PA903 gun. It's also manufactured in Granatano, but its shooting range isn't good enough, so they manufactured less of these guns."

Dave picked up another firearm near him. "What about this?"

"This is a ZB-93 gun manufactured in Jetroina."

"What about this?"

"A 7.62 mm BM65 rifle."

Dave was astounded by Benjamin's ability to answer his questions fluently. He picked up a plain-looking gun and asked Benjamin, "What about this?"

Benjamin narrowed his eyes and stared at it.

He walked over and took it from Dave before inspecting it.

"Why can't you answer me?" Dave asked.

Benjamin raised his head and stared at Dave. "Mr. Dave, this gun looks like it has been modified. Although there's some wear and tear on it, I can tell that it's an Irushean gun. Am I right?"

Dave was stunned.

Benjamin stared at the silent Dave for a moment before pressing for a reply. "Am I correct, Mr. Dave?"

Dave scrutinized him for a moment before nodding his head. "You're right."

The corner of Benjamin's lips curved up, and a trace of pride appeared on his face.

"However, Mr. Dave, this gun's modifications are subpar. It is not precise and can't be used in short-range distances. Yet when shot from a distance, it can be dangerous," Benjamin said.

Dave narrowed his eyes again. He looked at Kenneth. There was an indescribable emotion in Kenneth's eyes.

A moment later, Kenneth murmured, "You even noticed that?"

"Yes!"

"How?"

"Well, I don't know how to explain, but I can demonstrate," Benjamin said.

Demonstrate?

Dave passed the gun to him.

Benjamin stared at him and asked, "Do you want me to modify this?"

"Go ahead and try," Dave replied.

Benjamin grinned and walked to a table. He took a quick look at the gun before dismantling it.

Kenneth and Dave stood in a corner staring at him. They did not speak, but the same expression was on their faces.

After Benjamin had dismantled the gun, he examined it for a moment before taking some tools. He tightened a few bolts and tidied up some loose ends, looking like a child who was playing make-pretend.

A while later, Benjamin smiled with satisfaction before putting the gun together again. After inspecting it, he nodded, satisfied, and looked at Dave. "Mr. Dave, it's done. Please try it."

Dave glanced at Kenneth before walking to the shooting range.

He aimed at a target that was a distance away before shooting twice. Each shot landed in the middle of the target.

"Mr. Dave, you have great gun skills!" Benjamin exclaimed as he smiled.

Dave looked at Benjamin, and a meaningful smile appeared on his face.

"What's wrong, Mr. Dave?" Benjamin asked.

Dave stared at him. "Do you remember the time when I told you about your daddy's injury?"

Benjamin nodded. "Yes, I remember!"

"Your father got injured because of this gun. If he did not use it, he would not have been injured by others."

When Benjamin heard his words, his gaze landed on his father.

Kenneth walked over and took the gun from Dave. He looked at it and said, "If you didn't mention it, I would have forgotten about it."

"You've forgotten about it, but I remember this clearly. I remember the person who modified this gun. When I meet him again, I'll kill him," Dave vowed.

Kenneth did not appear to care. He looked at Benjamin with a peculiar glint in his eyes. "When did you pick up these skills?"

"I..." Benjamin looked at him and hesitated for a moment before continuing to speak. "Daddy, if I told you that it's a natural talent, will y-you believe me?"

"Yes," Kenneth replied.

How can I not believe you when things have come to this?

Dave snapped out of his daze and stared at Kenneth before glancing at Benjamin. He said sincerely, "Kenneth, your son has an extraordinary talent!"

Kenneth glanced at him and appeared to be calm. "There's nothing I can do about it. The effects of genetics are too strong."

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Dave turned around and stared at Benjamin's target with raised eyebrows.

When he looked at Kenneth, he noticed that the latter's expression was peculiar as well.

Finally, the two of them looked at Benjamin.

The boy noticed their gazes on him and asked, "What's wrong?"

"What do you think?" Kenneth threw the question back at him.

Benjamin stared at the target. "Isn't it okay? Although I did not hit the middle of the target, this is my first time..."

Dave walked toward him and contemplated for a moment before saying, "Benjamin, have you truly never learned how to use a gun before?"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?" Benjamin asked.

Dave raised his head and looked at Kenneth. He nodded. "It's confirmed. He's definitely your son!"

Kenneth glanced at him and said in a low voice, "Do you think I need you to confirm this?"

He then walked to Benjamin and said, "Here. I will continue to teach you."

Benjamin raised his head and stared at them. "Daddy, what does Mr. Dave mean?"

"There's no need to care about him," Kenneth replied.

Dave piped up, "I mean that your dad is an extraordinary sharpshooter. The only time he made a mistake was when he used the gun that you modified earlier. Apart from that, he has never missed a shot."

Benjamin raised his head and looked at Kenneth, "Is that true, Daddy?"

"Yes," Kenneth replied.

Benjamin said sincerely, "Daddy, you're amazing!"

Kenneth's lips curved into an uncontrollable smile. He looked at Benjamin and replied, "You're amazing too."

The father and son praised each other happily.

Dave observed them and smiled.

At that moment, his phone rang. He went to a corner to pick up the call.

Meanwhile, Kenneth continued teaching Benjamin how to use the gun.

Elsewhere, Denise was chatting with Natasha in the room.

“Nat, is it true that you have visited Vermillion Base before?”

Natasha nodded and hummed in acknowledgment.

“Then, what's it like there?” Denise asked while staring at her.

Natasha did not realize anything unusual at that moment and responded, “There's nothing special there. There are people, cars, and weapons.”

“Is it like the military camps shown in shows?” Denise probed.

“No. The conditions there are worse. Furthermore, there is no discipline and order. It's a chaotic place,” Natasha explained.

Denise pondered for a moment before muttering to herself, “I wonder what it's like over there?”

Natasha turned to look at her. “Why are you curious about that?”

“Well... I'm just curious because I haven't seen it before,” Denise replied.

Natasha looked at her and said, “Don't you like romance dramas a lot? A place like Vermillion Base won't attract you.”

“Well, I'm interested in the movie and television industry. I can't only like romance dramas. I must see more, learn more, and broaden my knowledge. That will help me in my career in the future.”

“It seems like people do change.” Natasha smiled and looked away.

Denise pursed her lips as her big eyes glittered. A moment later, she asked, “Nat, do you still draw?”

“Why?”

Denise immediately handed her a sketchbook. “I haven't seen you draw for a long time, Nat. Please draw something.” She then sat next to Natasha.

The latter's gaze landed on her before she looked away. “Well, what do you want me to draw?”

“Hmm... Why don't you draw Vermillion Base?”

Natasha spun the pencil in her hand. Just as she was about to start drawing, she turned and looked at Denise.

She did not speak but continued staring at her. Her pair of eyes appeared to see through the girl.

Denise felt sheepish. Natasha had never lectured her children before, as a look from her would easily instill fear in their hearts, just like what she was doing presently.

Denise's heart trembled as she looked at Natasha. "What's wrong, Nat? Is there something on my face?"

"There's nothing on your face, but there's something in your eyes!" Natasha replied.

"Eyes? What is it?" Denise pulled out a mirror from her bag and inspected her reflection.

"There's nothing!" Denise said before her gaze met Natasha's gaze. She grew more sheepish.

"Tell me about it," Natasha said.

"About what?" Denise's voice grew softer and softer.

Natasha scrutinized her. "You've been asking me about Vermillion Base today and even wanted a map of it. Well, do you think I'm dumb?"

"I'm just curious..."

"Anthony and Benjamin may be curious about such things, but you won't," Natasha said firmly.

Denise was rendered speechless as she stared at Natasha innocently.

She knew that she would be unable to hide things from Natasha.

"Well, are you going to keep pretending?" Natasha asked.

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Denise was furiously shooting Anthony meaningful glances behind Natasha's back.

Anthony could understand what she meant even though she did not say anything. He looked at Natasha with an obedient expression on his face.

Natasha glanced at him. "Move!"

Anthony instinctively moved aside.

Natasha walked over and sat in front of the computer.

Miguel looked on in confusion.

What's going on?

Natasha placed a hand on the computer and suddenly started typing furiously. After the internet battle ended, the opponent was talking to Anthony. However, after Natasha typed a few keys, the opponent went offline.

Natasha continued typing on the keyboard silently.

A few minutes later, Natasha typed a string of words.

It read: Boss is a son of a b*tch!

Thereafter she stood up.

Everyone was shocked by her actions.

Natasha glanced at Anthony and said, "Come out with me."

Anthony did not utter a single word and obediently trailed after her.

Miguel was astounded by the scene in front of him.

"What just happened?" he asked his friends.

"N-No idea."

"Although I don't understand what she's doing, why does it seem pretty awesome?"

"Is she a hacker?" Miguel's friends asked.

"How would I know?" Miguel retorted.

At that moment, someone suddenly said, "Look!"

Thereafter, he showed his phone screen to his friends. At that moment, a reporter was reporting that every television channel and billboard in Dellmoor displayed the words: Boss is a son of a b*tch.

They stared at each other.

"She did it. I saw her typing those words earlier on!"

"B-But that was just a few moments ago! How did she manage to do that so quickly?"

Many people were shocked.

"If I were to do it, I'd need a really long time..." Miguel mused aloud. It appeared that Natasha's skills were significantly better than his.

More specifically, her skills are better than Master's.

Miguel grew more shocked when he stared at the door that she exited from earlier.

At that moment, he found it strange and confusing. Where have I seen her before?

As he pondered about it, he suddenly recalled something. "Doesn't she look like t-that lady in the video that other day?" he asked his friends.

"Now that you've mentioned it... She does look like that lady."

"She is the lady in the video!"

Everyone turned to look at the door with stunned expressions on their faces.

What kind of people is this family made up of?

Outside the door, Natasha walked to a relatively quieter place.

Anthony and Denise followed her.

Natasha found a clean spot and sat down.

She looked up and saw the two children standing next to each other obediently. They had guilty looks on their faces.

Natasha asked, "Why are your heads lowered? Raise your heads."

"Nat, it's my fault! Don't blame Denise!"

"It's my fault too! It's not completely Tony's fault!" Denise interjected.

The two siblings attempted to defend each other.

Natasha asked, "Why are you at fault?"

"W-We should not have kept things from you, and we should not have investigated the thing regarding Vermillion Base?" Denise asked.

Anthony said, "We should not have done things without telling you. Whatever it is, we are at fault."

Natasha inhaled deeply. "You did all this for me. Why are you at fault?"

The two children looked at her with confusion on their faces.

Had they misheard?

Natasha looked at them as a hint of guilt flashed across her face. "It's my fault. I'm sorry. I have caused all of you to worry for me."

The two children were confused as they had expected a scolding from Natasha.

"Are you serious, Nat?" Anthony asked in disbelief.

"What do you think?" Natasha blinked.

Anthony and Denise could tell that she was serious from her expression.

Denise instantly heaved a sigh of relief and walked to Natasha. "You scared me, Nat. I thought that I was going to be scolded today..."

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Benjamin played in the weapons storage area for a long time before leaving unwillingly.

As he was making his way out, he touched the weapons and looked around. He even took many pictures and intended to take a good look at them when he returned home.

On the way home, the car drove onto a road. When Dave looked at the words displayed in black against a red background, he frowned.

"Kenneth," Dave said and motioned for him to look outside.

Kenneth raised his head and narrowed his eyes when he saw the words on the billboard.

His intuition told him that the matter had something to do with either Anthony or Natasha.

Did something happen today?

Just as Kenneth was thinking about it, Benjamin looked outside. He froze when he saw the words on the screen.

Uh... Isn't this a little too bold?

Kenneth did not miss the expression on Benjamin's face. He felt that Benjamin's behavior was too peculiar that day. Now, he finally understood something.

As he stared at him, he asked, "Benjamin, who do you think did this?"

Benjamin froze before looking at Kenneth. He hesitated and said, "Uh, how would I know?"

Kenneth remained silent and smiled mysteriously.

At that moment, Dave's phone rang. He stared at the number displayed on the screen and picked up the call.

"Yes?"

Thereafter, Dave looked at Benjamin. It was as if he had found out something. However, he did not speak and only waited till the end to say, "Okay, I got it."

He then hung up the phone and looked away.

"What do you think happened, Kenneth?" Dave asked as he turned around.

Kenneth looked at him lazily. He did not speak, but his glance conveyed many things.

"Hurry back," Dave instructed the driver.

"Yes," the driver responded.

The car sped up, and a peculiar silence descended in the car.

Benjamin looked at him and hesitated before asking, "Mr. Dave, what happened?"

Dave looked at him and smirked mysteriously. "What do you think?"

"How would I know? If I knew, I wouldn't have asked you," Benjamin replied.

Dave looked at him and smiled wholeheartedly. "When you return, you'll know."

Benjamin fell silent.

I might as well not ask!

The curiosity in his heart increased.

However, he felt a little guilty and did not dare to continue probing.

Hence, he smiled innocently and stopped talking.

Instead, he looked outside the window. On every screen and billboard they passed, there were the words, Boss is a son of a b*tch, displayed on them.

It had to be either Anthony or Natasha who did it.

Benjamin picked up his phone and searched the news.

As expected, the news reported that an unknown hacker had hacked into the country's systems. Officials were trying their best to salvage the situation.

Thereafter, Benjamin quickly opened his chat with his two other siblings. "What's going on? We're on our way back."

The chatroom was silent.

Benjamin felt increasingly curious and confused.

When he noticed that no one replied to him, he kept his phone.

Denise only sent him a message when the car arrived at the house. She texted: It's difficult to explain. I'll tell you when you get back home.

The car came to a stop.

Dave said, "I'll go to the hidden room first."

Kenneth nodded. "I'll be there later."

Benjamin stared at Dave's retreating figure and said, "Daddy, I'll go and find Nat now."

"Let's go together," Kenneth suggested.

Benjamin could do nothing but maintain a polite smile and walk with Kenneth.

As they entered the house, Benjamin felt ill at ease. His current emotions were a far cry from when he was at the shooting range.

Benjamin finally spoke when they walked to the corridor. "Daddy, I'll go to my room and wash up first before meeting Nat."

Kenneth's gaze swept over him as he replied, "Sure."

Benjamin then went into the room.

As Kenneth stared at his back view, a complicated expression flashed past his eyes. He then turned and walked to Natasha's room.

As expected, Anthony and Denise were in her room.

They were laughing and chatting with Natasha.

"Nat," Kenneth called out.

When they heard his voice, the trio turned to look at him. Denise smiled and said, "Daddy, you're back?"

Kenneth's grim look disappeared as he smiled. "Yes."

The little girl walked over and hugged Kenneth.

At that moment, Anthony's eyes darted about as he said, "Nat, since Daddy is here and you probably have something to tell him, we'll return to our room first!"

Natasha nodded.

Anthony proceeded to hold Denise's hand. "Let's go!"

Although Denise was unwilling to leave, she knew that she should not remain in the room.

Hence, she said, "Daddy, Nat, have a good chat. We won't disturb you!" Then, she went out with Anthony.

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Kenneth frowned at her. "Nat..."

"Please." Natasha looked up at him and pleaded, "I miss Grandpa and Old Mr. Hamilton. I want to go home."

With her pleading gaze and tone, Kenneth would've given in if her request was for anything else. Instead, he tightened his balled-up fists when the thought of that video flashed across his mind.

He couldn't let it go.

Most importantly, it wasn't just that incident, as there were others.

“Nat, you know I would've agreed to your request if it was for anything else, but only this I can't,” Kenneth rejected.

Natasha's brows furrowed as she looked at him. “Kenneth, I wasn't disadvantaged, nor did I suffer any loss in this incident.”

“That is not the whole point, Nat! With numbers on their side, they wanted your demise. I can't just let this matter slide!” Kenneth raised his voice.

“Kenneth!” Natasha gazed at him in disbelief.

Yet Kenneth was adamant.

Natasha inhaled deeply, dropped her smile, and kept her gaze on Kenneth. “What are you planning to do then?”

“I'll kill him!”

“Okay!” Natasha nodded with agreement.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at her in suspicion. “We'll do it together,” Natasha said.

“Nat!” Kenneth looked at her with resignation in his eyes.

“I should avenge myself. Even you can't stop me,” Natasha replied.

“Do you know how dangerous it is, Nat?” Kenneth asked with a solemn look.

“Then do you think it won't be as dangerous if you went instead?” Natasha questioned. “Kenneth, have you thought about what would happen to me if something happened to you? Have you thought about the kids or Old Mr. Hamilton?”

She paused briefly before continuing, “I already told you I didn't suffer any loss in this matter, so why can't we just let it slide?”

Kenneth stared at her, worried she would find out his reason for doing so if he persisted with his decision.

At that thought, he said, “I just felt bad for you.”

Natasha looked at him with sincerity. “Kenneth, I understand your intention. I promise to tell you if I was wronged in any way, but I wasn't.”

His dark gaze searched her eyes and face for any sign that she was lying. After a while, he finally nodded

and compromised. "Fine."

Natasha was taken aback by his sudden agreement. Surprise filled her impassive eyes. "Does that mean you agree?"

Kenneth looked at her with resignation. "Do I have any other choice but to agree?"

Natasha laughed at his answer, then tipped her toes, lifting herself to embrace him by wrapping her arms around his neck. "Kenneth, I know you want to do it for me, but please trust my decision. This is the best outcome possible."

Kenneth wrapped his arms around her and muttered an acknowledgment.

With a smile, Natasha asked, "When can I return?"

"It's up to you."

"Perfect! I'll make the arrangement immediately."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, the three kids were gathered together in a close huddle.

"What was the situation today?" Benjamin asked.

"My plan failed," Denise said straightforwardly.

"Does Nat know about it?" Benjamin questioned.

"She not only found out, but she even cussed them out. Have you seen the largest mega screen in the city center today? That's Nat's doing," Denise explained.

Benjamin scrunched his brows at Denise's explanation. "What's going on? Nat exposed herself?"

"Nat didn't use hers nor Tony's account. She used Miguel's, but she definitely revealed her identity as a hacker," Denise clarified.

Benjamin was still confused. "What went down today exactly?"

Anthony sighed. "What went down wasn't the crucial part. All in all, Nat found out about our motive and plan and asked me to put it on halt."

The crease on Benjamin's forehead deepened. "And then?"

"There's no then!"

"Did you agree?"

"I didn't want to, but Nat used the carrot and stick approach to persuade me." Anthony's eyebrows drew together.

"So, are we giving up?" Benjamin asked.

After contemplating it shortly, Anthony answered, "Vermillion Base repeatedly target Nat, so I think even if we give up, they won't. This matter won't just slip away."

"Your promise won't be significant when that time comes. If we let them take the lead, we won't be going against Nat's instruction. Is that what you're saying?" Benjamin asked.

Anthony nodded. "You're right on point."

Benjamin laughed. "As I expect, you're not the type who gives up easily."

Anthony turned to Benjamin. "What about you? How was it today?"

Benjamin let out a sigh and flopped onto the couch. "Everything went smoothly at first. I went to Mr. Dave's armory and saw so much stuff!" Excitement filled his eyes as he recalled his memories. "Mr. Dave even has many prized collections. It was a feast for my eyes. Also, Daddy taught me how to shoot!"

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"Did you guys spill the beans?" asked Anthony.

"No, but there's a secret surveillance camera in the hidden room. I also just discovered that myself..." came Miguel's confession.

Anthony was utterly speechless.

"Master, I'll talk to you later. Dave's back again!" Miguel hung up the phone as soon as he dropped the sentence.

Just then, Benjamin looked Anthony in the eye and questioned, "What's the matter?"

"Miguel said that Mr. Dave knew it already!"

Benjamin was stumped for a second before blurting out, "How did Mr. Dave find out?"

"Through the surveillance camera, that's how."

“Adults can be so shrewd and cunning!”

At that point in time, Denise put forward a naive inquiry. “But does that mean Mr. Dave saw what you did in the hidden room? Or did he learn those true identities of yours and Nat?”

Upon hearing those words, Anthony and Benjamin shifted their lines of sight to Denise in unison.

That's right!

The children had never used their own IDs, so even if Dave were to pick up anything, he would know nothing more than what they had been up to. Considering that they were simply trying to keep the hackers at bay, they figured they wouldn't be told off for anything.

The corner of Anthony's lips curled upward. “You're so smart, Denise!”

Huh? What did I do?

Right at that moment, Anthony went on, “I'm going out to see Mr. Dave for a bit.” After announcing his decision, he leaped up straightaway and headed outside.

A crease appeared between Denise's brows. “What are you trying to do?”

Alas, Anthony had already left without even looking back.

All Denise could do was turn back. The frown on her face didn't abate as her gaze landed on Benjamin.

The latter piped up, “Obviously, he's going to negotiate with Mr. Dave. What else could he be doing?”

Then came Denise's speculation, “By stopping Mr. Dave from telling on him?”

Benjamin bobbed his head in exasperation.

“Wouldn't that be a little unnecessary, though?” added Denise.

“Since he wishes to go against Daddy, we'll simply let them battle each other!”

Nodding, Denise agreed, “We'll watch from the sidelines and enjoy the drama, then!”

“Yes, let's do that!”

The two looked at each other and grinned.

Meanwhile, Anthony was bolting toward the hidden room in a flurry.

As chance would have it, he bumped into Dave the second he arrived at the door.

Anthony pretended to stay collected and flashed Dave a smile so bright, greeting, "Hello, Mr. Dave!"

Dave, in turn, sneaked a peek at the boy, and the former, too, chose to put on an act. "Here to play?"

"No, no. I'm not here to play. I'm here to see you, Mr. Dave," replied Anthony as he shook his head.

"See me?" Dave walked up to Anthony and continued, "What's up?"

After deliberating momentarily, Anthony parted his lips and reported, "Mr. Dave, there seems to be a new batch of hackers at Vermillion Base, and they're quite good."

"So?" Dave's eyes never left Anthony.

"So, I'm actually struggling to fend them off."

With a smirk playing about Dave's lips, he stated, "Okay, now. What are you hinting at? Just tell me what you have in mind."

Anthony wasn't sure what he should say.

Is Mr. Dave already doing away with our pleasantries? Since it's come to this, I suppose I should quit playing dumb.

The next second, he spoke. "About that, Mr. Dave, have you told my daddy yet?"

An unfathomable glint flickered across Dave's eyes. The man kept mum for quite some time before revealing, "I might've brought up a thing or two."

"How far did you go?"

"Not much. I only briefly described to him how you fared in the uninhabited zone."

Listening to that, Anthony was at a loss for words.

That means... Daddy must've some rough idea of what's been going on.

At the thought of that, he hurled Dave a question. "For the time being, can you not mention a word about what happened today to my daddy?"

"Why?" Dave sounded so casual as he responded with yet another inquiry.

"I'd like to come clean with him personally."

Dave narrowed his eyes to slits, seemingly considering the boy's request.

Right then, Anthony looked the man in the eye and pressed on. "Pretty please, Mr. Dave?"

"All right, all right. But you have to answer me one thing."

As expected, nothing would come for free without an equivalent exchange.

Anthony inclined his head in acknowledgment. "Ask away."

A broad grin then appeared on Dave's face. "You're not the disciple of Anonymous, correct?"

Once again, Anthony was bereft of speech on the spot.

Oh, dear! Adults are indeed intelligent. Come to think of it; they must've all gone through a lot to be where they are today. Of course, they wouldn't fall for my tricks that easily.

He reckoned that the adults must have lowered their guards solely because he was a kid. Deep down, he knew very well that his secret would come to light someday.

Thinking of that, Anthony shook his head and denied it. "No, I'm not."

Dave's lips curved at the boy's words. It was as though the former had long known the answer himself. "Okay, got it," replied Dave, nodding at the same time.

Anthony, on the other hand, was baffled.

"I won't tell on you. I promise," reassured Dave in a deep voice.

At first, Anthony thought that Dave would pursue further by bombarding him with gazillions of interrogations. He wasn't anticipating the whole exchange to conclude in that manner.

Following that, a smile finally bloomed on Anthony's face. "Thank you, Mr. Dave."

Without a word, Dave spun on his heels.

Anthony eventually heaved a sigh of relief as he watched Dave's leaving silhouette.

It was then he started to wonder how he could ever bring himself to confess to his father.

At that juncture, Miguel sneaked out of the hidden room. "Master, does that mean you owned up already?"

Anthony's brows knitted to a tight knot. "Were you eavesdropping on our conversation?"

"N-No. I was following Dave out and wanted to ask him some questions. I didn't expect to hear you two talking. I really tried hard not to listen, but I still accidentally overheard everything..."

Chapter 558

Night soon arrived.

Wielding the phone in his hand, Anthony stared at the chat room with Kenneth, brimming with hesitation and not knowing how to confess the whole truth.

Ultimately, he couldn't sleep a wink that night. Thus, he decided to head out and spend some time wandering on the streets.

Be that as it might, the moment he set foot downstairs, he caught Kenneth talking on the phone.

"At long last, the renowned Anonymous is willing to make an appearance!" was the latter's statement.

Anonymous? Anthony's eyes narrowed.

Despite hearing that, the boy continued to keep a weather eye on his father.

"Okay, I'll see you there," uttered Kenneth. He hung up the phone immediately afterward.

He was clad in a black suit as if he had long been prepared to step out of the house.

Seeing Kenneth moving toward the exit, Anthony spoke out loud at once. "Daddy, it's so late now. Are you going somewhere?"

The former turned around toward the source, only to find Anthony's presence. He narrowed his eyes slightly. "Hmm? Why are you not in bed yet?"

"I must've eaten too much, so I thought a stroll might help with digestion." Anthony didn't avert his gaze as he continued to inquire, "Where are you going, Daddy?"

"I'm meeting somebody."

"Who?" probed Anthony.

Kenneth looked at his son but said nothing.

Right then, Anthony approached the former and pressed on. "Daddy, I heard you mention the name Anonymous, right?"

The man still wouldn't give an answer.

Seeing that, Anthony threw yet another query out. "Are you meeting up with Anonymous?"

"Is there a problem?"

"Yes, of course, there is."

"And what would that be?"

"Because—" Anthony froze as words remained at the tip of his tongue, refusing to go past his lips. After a short while, he blinked and remarked, "Anonymous will never show up. Even if he does, he'll let us know beforehand. So, I bet the one that you're going to meet is an impostor."

"I'll find out once I see him."

"He's just a fake! Daddy, I guess someone's trying to set you up. Don't fall for it," advised Anthony.

"Oh, really? Are you sure about it?"

"Absolutely."

"You think? Why?"

Anthony peered at his father while trying to reason it out. "Because... Because Anonymous told me before that if he's coming, I'll be the first to know."

Without uttering anything more, Kenneth wheeled around and marched outside.

"I'm serious, Daddy. You've got to believe me!" the boy pleaded.

At that very moment, Kenneth turned to clap eyes on his son, suggesting, "Why don't you come with me and have a look?"

Anthony was slightly taken aback at that invitation. "M-Me?"

"Yes. Didn't you claim that you know him? It'd be perfect if you could help me check that person out."

Anthony fell into a light trance. He, too, was eager to know who in the world was impersonating him.

After giving it some thought, he bobbed his head. "Okay."

"Let's hit the road!" prompted Kenneth.

With that, the father-and-son duo set off in the car.

Very soon, they were out of the castle. Anthony sat in the backseat, contemplating as his father maneuvered the car in the driver's seat. "Is it only the two of us, Daddy?" he asked.

Kenneth glanced at the boy through the rearview mirror. "What's wrong? Are you scared?"

"It's not that, but since the impostor has planned to deceive you, he'll definitely come at you fully prepared. Wouldn't we be sorely outnumbered if we showed up like this? Plus, I'm not at all powerful or intimidating. I'm worried that I might end up burdening you."

With a hand grabbing the steering wheel, Kenneth unwittingly flashed a smirk. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you."

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

Even though he was fairly concerned about the matter at hand, his heart was pounding with excitement. After all, it was his first time being on a journey with his father alone, and that inundated him with an indescribable emotion.

As the car sped down the road, Anthony posed a question once more.

"Daddy, was Anonymous the one who initiated contact with you?"

"Mm."

"Did he touch on anything else?"

"Nothing at all."

Anthony pursed his lips while staring at his father. He had made up his mind to bring to light nothing but the truth once the meeting that very night was all over.

For the nonce, he would like to see who would be foolish enough to even have the audacity to put on a pretense like that.

As his train of thought stopped there, Anthony gazed outside the car window; his eyes overwhelmed with exhilaration. Even so, there seemed to be a tinge of worry flitting across those eyes of his.

After half an hour on the road, the car finally came to a halt in a remote location.

There seemed to be an enormous array of commercial buildings under construction around the area. The entire surroundings were a total mess. Still and all, only a place like that would be appropriate for a meeting like theirs.

The night was already getting darker.

After turning off the car engine, Kenneth alighted from the car. Upon witnessing that act, Anthony rapidly followed suit.

To be honest, being at a site like that alone was hair-raising enough for anyone.

“Daddy...”

“Follow me closely,” instructed Kenneth.

Anthony inclined his head, his gaze fixated on his father.

With that, he trailed Kenneth's footsteps and gradually ascended the stairs of an unfinished tower.

Just when they were halfway there, Kenneth turned and eyed his son all of a sudden. “Are you afraid?”

Chapter 559

“Of course, I looked for you to negotiate a deal,” the Anonymous imposter said. The voice coming out from the voice changer made people feel very uncomfortable.

“A deal? What is it?” Kenneth asked.

Just then, the imposter threw something at Kenneth. However, it was too dark, so Anthony wasn't sure what it was. Also, he could hardly hear their conversation.

Anthony could only stare in their direction as hard as he could, not letting go of any details.

Suddenly, Kenneth said as he looked at the thing he was holding in his hand, “What if I don't agree?”

“Do you think you have a choice here?” the imposter asked.

“Is this a threat?” Kenneth asked. “No one has succeeded in threatening me up until now,” he said flatly.

“Is that so?” the fake Anonymous asked.

Kenneth said nothing more and threw the thing back to the imposter. “What you promised me last time didn't happen, so why should I agree to your deal?” With that, he turned to leave.

The whole time, Anthony was watching them. Suddenly, he saw the imposter aiming at Kenneth's back with a gun when he felt something was odd.

Without hesitation, Anthony dashed out. "Daddy, be careful!"

He rushed over, wanting to shield Kenneth.

Bang!

A loud gunshot echoed in the air. Just when Anthony thought they were going to die, Kenneth suddenly turned around and grabbed him. Together, they rolled over and landed safely elsewhere.

Anthony then looked at him and said, "Daddy, don't trust him. He's a fake."

To that, Kenneth narrowed his eyes.

Enraged, Anthony glared at the imposter. "Who are you? Why are you pretending to be me?"

"You? Where did you come from, kid?" the fake Anonymous asked.

Looking into his eyes, Anthony asked bravely, "You don't even know me, and you dare to impersonate me?"

"I did?" The man asked, followed by a mocking smile.

With his eyes fixated on the imposter, Anthony said, "You know it yourself if you are impersonating me. What is your motive?"

"Stop your nonsense. Otherwise, I'll put a bullet straight through your head," the man said.

"Let me ask you something. Since you are Anonymous, do you know who Shadow Seeker is?" Anthony asked.

The imposter froze. Albeit unable to see his expression, Anthony could feel he was thrown off guard under his mask.

"Another question. What does Darknetz's core network rely on?" he asked again.

The imposter said nothing in response.

"Answer me. Didn't you say you are Anonymous? You should know all these if you were him." Anthony articulated each word clearly.

Seconds later, the man finally broke his silence. "These are secrets. Do you think I'll let you know just like that?" he said.

"Haha!" Anthony chuckled after listening to his response. "That's clever. All right then, since you can't

disclose this information, let me ask you something simple. How many core members are there in Darknetz? I'm sure you can at least disclose this," Anthony said.

Once again, the imposter looked at him in silence.

"Why are you keeping quiet?" Anthony asked. "Did you forget how to speak, or do you have no idea?"

The man remained mute.

"Fine, let me tell you. Darknetz has countless members. However, there are only five core members, with me, Anonymous, being one of them," Anthony enunciated.

The fake Anonymous continued to stay quiet. Just then, Anthony looked at him. "How dare you pretend to be me to deceive my daddy? You must have a death wish!"

"Kid, you're insolent. Aren't you afraid I'll kill you this instant?" the man said threateningly while looking at Anthony.

"Go ahead," the boy responded while staring at him fearlessly.

The imposter remained silent as he looked at Anthony.

The two stood still for a long while.

"Aren't you curious who I am?" the fake Anonymous asked.

"There's no need to rush. I'll know once you're dead," Anthony responded.

"Kenneth, your son is fearless!" the imposter suddenly said with a smile.

Just then, Kenneth stood up and said with a low voice, "Indeed. I didn't know my son was this impressive."

Sensing something was odd, Anthony turned around, "Daddy..."

Kenneth was looking at him with a conflicted look.

"Daddy, I'll explain to you later," said Anthony.

"What's more to explain? The truth is revealed." As he spoke, the fake Anonymous took off his mask. "That should be enough. Shouldn't it, Kenneth?"

Anthony turned to look at the imposter after the latter took off his mask. With furrowed brows, he exclaimed, "Mr. Dave?"

With lips curled into a smile, Dave looked at him. "Not bad. You're a brave one."

Anthony was at a loss for words.

He turned to look at Kenneth again but saw that the man was not saying a word while wearing a complicated expression.

At that moment, it dawned on Anthony that this was a trap.

Chapter 560

Anthony felt his heart soften when he saw the dejected expression on his father's face. "No, I tried to tell you before. When we were in the uninhabited zone, you mocked me just when I tried to come clean about it. I got mad and decided to hold back..." he mumbled.

"Even so, you still had many opportunities to tell me," Kenneth replied.

Sheer exasperation inundated Anthony as he spoke. "Daddy, think about it. I hesitated to tell you the truth several times before, haven't I? I want to be honest with you. Alas, I didn't have the chance to do so!"

Narrowing his eyes, Kenneth asked, "Is that so?"

"Yes! Besides, you were acting so jealous. Have you forgotten about that?" Anthony questioned, arching his eyebrows.

Kenneth pondered for a moment. Well, he has a point. Despite that, he remained unperturbed. "I was not being jealous."

"What was it if not jealousy?" Anthony asked, chuckling.

Kenneth took a deep breath before answering, "I was just worried about you."

Anthony could not hold back his laughter and nodded vigorously. "Yes, of course, you were worried. It was all my fault. I shouldn't have kept you in the dark. When you mocked me back then, I should've mustered up the courage and told you that the person you ridiculed was your biological son instead of your love rival..."

Since Anthony was in the wrong, he would do anything to get on Kenneth's good side.

However, Kenneth narrowed his eyes at those remarks. "Why do I detect a hint of dissatisfaction in your tone?"

Shaking his head, Anthony answered with a serious expression, "No! I'm not feeling displeased, Daddy. If

anything, I'm impressed by your whole act."

Kenneth stared at Anthony. Even though the latter was buttering him up, his expression was sincere. Hence, he decided to let the matter go.

Looking at his son, Kenneth said, "I was curious about something in the past. I wonder how a child of your age got recruited by Darknetz even though you're quite intelligent. I finally got my answer today."

Hearing that, Anthony broke into a grin. "Be honest, Daddy. Aren't you feeling proud deep down in your heart?"

Kenneth looked at him and sneered. "Proud?"

Anthony nodded immediately. "That's right. Don't you feel proud to have a child as smart as me?"

"Well, it's all because of my genes. What's there to be proud of?" Kenneth asked, his eyes shining with dignity.

Anthony paused for a moment before retorting, "Apart from resembling your looks, I took after Nat when it comes to other aspects!"

"Dare I say you learned how to use a computer from Nat?" Kenneth probed.

Anthony nodded. "What do you think?"

"Does that mean none of you three siblings took after me?" Kenneth inquired.

"Well, you can't put it that way. I think Denise is a lot like you," Anthony answered with a smile.

"In what aspects?"

"Just look at how good she is at acting. Don't you think she took after you in this regard?" Anthony teased.

The moment Anthony finished speaking, he saw Kenneth grinning sinisterly.

He immediately smiled like an obedient child. "I-I was joking."

"Anthony Watson, it seems that I've been too lenient as your father. That's why you've become so audacious!" Kenneth stated, his gaze still on his son.

Anthony looked at him in alarm. "W-What are you trying to do?"

"What do you think?"

Looking at his father, Anthony said in a trembling voice, "You aren't thinking of hitting me, are you? Daddy, this is child abuse..."

Without replying, Kenneth grabbed his son and started tickling him.

Anthony burst into a fit of giggles.

"I'm sorry, Daddy. It's my fault."

"No, you're right. I'm the one who was in the wrong. I shouldn't get involved in this," Kenneth replied.

"N-No! I was talking nonsense. Daddy, I'm so sorry!" Anthony continued to beg for mercy.

"Okay. Then tell me, what have you done wrong?"

"Everything! I've made so many mistakes. Daddy, you're right about everything! Please, stop..."

Anthony's fits of laughter rang out in the dark of the night as the father-and-son duo continued to play with each other.

They eventually quieted down after a long time. Anthony turned to look at Kenneth and said jokingly, "Ha! You're obviously proud of me, but you don't want to admit it. It isn't something to be ashamed of."

Kenneth side-eyed him. "What a narcissist!"

"Nat was also shocked when she found out back then. However, I could tell that she was very proud. Daddy, you must be feeling the same, right?" Anthony probed. At that moment, he looked like a child of his age.

Kenneth sized up his son for a while before nodding. "Yes, I'm proud of you. But at the end of the day, I'm still worried."

"Worried? What are you worried about?"

Kenneth took a deep breath before answering, "I'm worried about my gifted children. How am I going to protect all of you?"

"Daddy, you only need to protect Nat and Denise. Benjamin and I can take care of ourselves. When we become stronger in the future, we will also protect you all!" Anthony stated.

At those confident remarks, Kenneth curled his lips into a smile.

He looked at Anthony tenderly and said, "All right. I'll leave it to you guys."

"Of course!" Anthony exclaimed.

Kenneth reached out to caress the boy's head before pulling him into his arms. "Let's go."

Then, the two of them chatted while walking downstairs.