

Yo Daddy 561

Chapter 561

Dave glanced at the rearview mirror as the car sped down the road. An unfathomable glint flashed across his eyes.

The corners of his lips curled slightly as he looked aside and spoke. "Kenneth, how long has it been since we acted together?"

Upon hearing that, Kenneth swept his gaze across the vehicle following behind them. His cold voice was tinged with excitement. "It has been a long time."

"Are you interested in doing it again?"

"Oh? How should we go about it?" Kenneth asked.

Dave glanced at Anthony in the back seat. "I'm worried that it may frighten your boy."

Sensing something from the men's conversation, Anthony chimed in before Kenneth could part his lips, "I was raised in a fear-based environment, Mr. Dave. Nothing has scared me yet."

"Oh?"

"Mr. Dave, you may just show what you've got," Anthony added with a smile.

Dave shifted his gaze to Kenneth as though he was waiting for his opinion.

"In that case, please demonstrate to us what you are capable of, Dave," Kenneth uttered.

"As you wish, then." Dave chuckled. Without warning, he stomped on the gas pedal and accelerated forward.

Kenneth seemed to have expected that and raised his hand to grab the handle above the door. Anthony, however, was caught off guard and fell backward due to inertia.

"Fasten your seatbelt and grab the handle," Kenneth reminded.

Anthony reached out to grasp the handle above his head when he heard that. As it required strenuous effort, he held onto the door handle instead.

When their car sped forward, the other party seemed to notice something was off and accelerated to catch up with them.

Moments of speeding later, they feared they would lose Dave and the rest and followed the latter's car closely. Yet when they approached a traffic light intersection, Dave suddenly jerked the steering wheel and made a U-turn.

Seeing the vehicle behind them approaching, Dave curled his lips into a wicked smile and drove toward it—head-to-head.

It was as though he was not afraid of death.

Although Anthony was a little tense and excited at the sight, he still chose to believe in Dave and tightened his grip on the door handle.

Kenneth, however, looked rather calm. He stared at the vehicle before them and spoke. "I guess they'll definitely dodge us."

Dave said nothing and drove ahead, seemingly wanting to crash into them.

Never in a million years did the other party think Dave would be so crazy. Driving at such a high speed significantly increased the chance of a rollover accident, not to mention applying the brakes to stop the moving vehicle suddenly. There was nothing they could do besides watching the two cars collide. In the nick of time, the driver jerked the steering wheel and drove to the side.

As it was late at night and there was not much traffic, they directly hit the pillar on the side of the road.

A deafening sound reverberated through the air.

It was then Dave stopped the car. As the trio turned their heads toward the vehicle that hit the pillar, he remarked, "You've guessed it right."

Kenneth responded in a low voice, "That's the weakness of human nature."

Dave curled the corners of his lips. "Shall we interrogate them?"

"No. We already know who's behind this. Let's go," Kenneth replied.

Dave simply nodded in response and drove off.

Anthony, who sat in the back seat, couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Dave, are you not afraid if they crash into us?"

Dave smiled at his words. "Of course I'm afraid."

"Then why did you still do that?"

"This is how the world works. You've got to go all out to defeat your opponents."

"How did you know that the people in that car were not sacrificial soldiers? You're living at the top of society, which is different from those devoted followers," said Anthony.

"That's why this is a battle. We need to use psychological warfare and see who can last until the end. I have everything, but I can leave them behind at a critical moment. Those people have nothing. Still, there are things they can't let go of. Why do you think this is happening, then?" Dave asked.

Anthony pondered for some time and finally understood why Dave and Kenneth were able to secure their positions in society in the earliest days.

It was not because they were lucky, but they were able to go all out.

While Anthony was still immersed in his thoughts, Kenneth suddenly clarified, "Dave dared to do that because he had the certainty that he could avoid the other party at the very last minute."

Anthony was confused by his words.

Since Dave didn't deny it, the boy continued to ask, "Mr. Dave, are you a master of racing?"

"More or less."

"Even a master of racing will make a mistake. What if you made one?" the boy questioned.

Kenneth looked at him and explained, "Even if he made a mistake, it didn't matter. This car has been specially modified to protect its occupants if an accident happens."

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"How do you know there's something down there?" Dave asked.

"Isn't this a modified car? Since there's one underneath Daddy's passenger seat, there should be one under the back seat too," Anthony deduced.

Then, he took out a box and opened it. A few explosives immediately came into his sight.

"Oh, my gosh! Your car is loaded with good stuff, Mr. Dave!" Anthony exclaimed in surprise.

Once again, Dave cast a look at Anthony. His heart skipped a beat when he saw the things in the latter's arms. Oh, my. I wonder what it is like to have an intelligent child like this.

Having that thought in mind, he shifted his gaze to Kenneth. Seeing the man remain silent, he could not help but warn, "Anthony, that thing in your hand is dangerous. The three of us will be doomed if you're

not careful enough.”

Nevertheless, there was no hint of fear in the boy. He gently picked one of the explosives up and fiddled with it. Seeing that made Dave's heart jump to his throat. “Kenneth...”

After playing with the explosive for a short while, Anthony smirked. “Mr. Dave, are you scared?”

“What else can it be?” Dave retorted.

“But you said we've got to go all out to defeat our opponents. I thought you were fearless,” said Anthony.

“I'm afraid of dying in vain and being ridiculed by others,” Dave responded.

Anthony grinned upon hearing that. Only then did he put away the explosives. “Take it easy, Mr. Dave. I had used one when I was in a face-off with Daddy previously. Although it almost blew up the place, I already studied it carefully after the accident. Don't worry. That kind of accident will never happen again.”

Words eluded Dave.

He looked at Kenneth and saw the latter nod calmly. Okay! These two are indeed father and son. Since the father himself is so calm, what else can I say?

While Dave was speeding forward, the other party fired a few shots at them from behind. Since Dave's car was modified, no damage could be seen following the gunshots.

Seeing the trio having a discussion calmly made the other party anxious.

Meanwhile, Anthony put the things he had just found back in their original place.

A thought flashed across his mind as he stared at the sniper rifle. “Daddy, how about using this?” he asked.

Kenneth curled his lips into a smile. “Why should we break a butterfly upon a wheel?”

“It's indeed a waste,” Anthony agreed after thinking about it for a while.

He glanced at the vehicle behind them. Hmm... Its front hood has bent out of shape but doesn't seem to affect anything.

After pondering for a moment, he looked at Kenneth and said, “Daddy, I heard from Benjamin that you have great gun skills. I haven't seen it before!”

Upon hearing that, Kenneth could only give in. "I'll show you now."

"Thank you, Daddy," Anthony replied with a smile.

Once the car window opened, Kenneth poked his head a little out of it and aimed the sniper rifle at the vehicle behind them. He did not fire a shot, though.

Anthony wondered what he was waiting for.

Feeling nervous, he glanced at the back and saw a man poking half his body out of the window, preparing to shoot.

Bang!

Taking the lead, Kenneth fired and shot the man right between the eyebrows.

"Wow!" Anthony couldn't help but let out an exclamation. Gosh! This is truly the skill of a marksman. What's more, he did it in the dark!

When Kenneth sat down, Anthony couldn't help but ask, "Daddy, have you been waiting for the right time just now?"

"Nah! He was clearly showing off," Dave said nonchalantly.

To Dave's surprise, Kenneth retorted languidly, "My son wanted to see my skills. Shouldn't I grab the opportunity to show off?"

Anthony curled his lips up when he heard that. Ahh! Daddy is spoiling me!

"Daddy, how did you hit him right in the middle of the eyebrows? It's so dark outside," he asked.

"How did I do that..." Kenneth frowned. "Perhaps it's talent."

Anthony was rendered speechless.

On the other hand, Dave couldn't help but roll his eyes at Kenneth's words. Talent? The whole family of yours has great talent, then!

Somehow, Anthony was convinced by his father's statements. To him, his family was indeed talented.

Although the other party had lost one man, they seemed to have no intention of giving up and continued to chase after the trio.

Anthony glanced behind him and asked, "Daddy, let's capture one alive. What do you think?"

"Is that even necessary?" Kenneth threw the question back at the boy.

"Mm-hmm. There's something I want to do," Anthony answered.

Although Kenneth did not know what was on his boy's mind, he still fulfilled the latter's request. "All right, then."

He then looked at Dave and ordered, "Think of a way."

"Got it!" Upon saying that, Dave saw an intersection ahead and slightly turned the steering wheel, giving the other party the illusion of him making a turn. When the other party followed suit and turned, he drove in the other direction and left them behind.

There was a secluded path right in front, and he drove toward it.

After driving a few dozen meters, he stopped the car and looked at the father-son duo. "Come on. Get out of the car now."

There was no time for Anthony to clear his doubts, as Dave and Kenneth had already alighted from the car. Seeing that, he followed suit.

While the trio was hiding in the dark, the other party arrived not long later. They began to panic when they saw the trio's car remain unmoved.

Then, they stopped their vehicle twenty to thirty meters away from the trio's.

Once the car door opened, four men got out of the vehicle and approached the trio's car with their guns lifted.

Seeing that, Dave and Kenneth exchanged glances and grasped their guns.

As the four men surrounded their car, Dave suddenly pressed the car's remote control.

Beep! Beep!

Chapter 563

Following a series of wails, Anthony wiped off the blood on his hand with the man's body. He looked at the latter and said, "What are you screaming for? It's not like we're killing you. Compared to the rest, you should be glad you're still alive."

The man lowered his gaze and saw the words carved into the skin of his body. "What exactly did you write on me?"

“Stop looking at the words since you can't understand them. These are the characters in our language. Your master can read them, though. Go to him after this, and you will naturally know the meaning.” Anthony flashed him a smile.

The man grimaced in pain.

Anthony then turned around to look at Kenneth and Dave. “Daddy, Mr. Dave, is my message nice?” he asked.

Kenneth stared at the words on the man's torso and squinted his eyes. “Not bad. But the word 'dog' looks less vivid.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Maybe you should add an illustration of it,” Dave chimed in.

“Illustration?” Anthony looked at the man's torso and knitted his brows. “Hmm... Let me try.”

Since they communicated in Capstone, the man whose skin was being carved could understand it clearly.

When he heard that Anthony was going to add an illustration on his body, he was scared out of his wits.

“No! Please, I'm begging you.”

Anthony approached the man, ignoring him. Blood poured out constantly as he drew something on the man's torso with a dagger. He nodded in satisfaction when he was done and looked behind. “Is this better?”

“Uhm... Yeah.” Kenneth nodded his head.

“Are you kidding me?” Dave couldn't help but burst into laughter.

“I'm serious. It looks good to me.” Kenneth shot him a glare.

“Nah, it doesn't look like a dog, anyway.”

“Oh? Why don't you give it a try, then?” Kenneth quirked a brow as he spoke.

“Deal!” As soon as his words fell, Dave took the dagger from Anthony's hand and began to carve.

“Ahh!” the man wailed even louder.

Dave could not stand it and knitted his brows slightly. He glared at the man and warned, “If you scream

again, I'm likely to cut your third leg. Don't blame me if that happens.”

The man's pupils instantly dilated at Dave's words. The next second, he covered his mouth tightly and dared not make any sound.

Dave was happy with the man's response and nodded in satisfaction. Subsequently, he continued to draw on the man's torso with the dagger.

It was as though he was writing on the blackboard, constantly writing and wiping it off.

Seeing that, Anthony and Kenneth couldn't help but urge, “Is everything okay?”

“I'm almost done,” Dave replied.

Anthony heaved a sigh before stepping forward. It just so happened that Dave had finished his drawing. “Are you sure this is a dog?” Anthony asked when he saw Dave's artwork.

“Of course. Isn't that obvious?” Dave asked rhetorically.

“Mine is so much better,” Anthony said.

Dave frowned. “Obviously, mine is better.”

After the duo argued for some time, Anthony turned toward Kenneth and asked, “Daddy, which of us drew better?”

“You,” Kenneth answered without hesitation, not even bothering to check on it.

“I would be more convinced if you could take a look before answering,” said Dave.

Kenneth flashed him a smirk. “Do I still need to convince you? Aren't you aware of your own drawing skill?”

However, there was nothing else Dave could say to retort Kenneth.

The former looked at Anthony and said, “All right. Let's use your dog, then.” Then, he stepped forward to cross out his drawing with the dagger.

Once again, the dagger was back in Anthony's hand.

The trio looked at the words carved into the man's skin: Boss, son of the b*tch. Next to the message was a vivid sketch of a dog.

“Is that okay?” Anthony asked.

“Yes.” Kenneth and Dave nodded in unison.

The boy then stepped forward and stared at the man before cutting the rope bounding the latter's hands.

The man fell to his knees and whimpered in pain.

Anthony gazed at him and said in a low voice, “I'll spare you this time. Go back and show your master the message on your body. Tell him to stop hiding and doing wicked things like this. We dare him to come and face us in person.” He enunciated every word in a language the man could understand.

The man's face was full of horror as he stared at Anthony. He didn't expect that a child would be so ruthless. Grimacing in pain and fear, he nodded his head vigorously.

There's an indescribable ruthlessness in this child. It's as if he was born that way. Having that thought in mind, Dave commented, “I can see your shadow in both Anthony and Benjamin.”

“Well, strong genes do lead to mutation sometimes.” Kenneth was unperturbed and smirked.

Dave was rendered speechless. D*mn! I shouldn't have praised someone who's extremely narcissistic like him. Look at his smug face!

All of a sudden, Kenneth's phone rang. When he saw the number on the screen, his gaze instantly softened, and he walked to the side to answer the phone.

Dave could tell who the caller was from his expression and chuckled.

He walked up to Anthony and glared at the man. “Tell your master that this kid in front of you now is the future person in charge of DX group. If your master dares to do anything stupid, everyone in DX group will not spare him.”

The man stared at Anthony and dared not make a sound besides whimpering.

Chapter 564

Dave remained unfazed as he continued driving. “Well, there're other candidates. But in comparison, you're more suitable!”

Right then, Anthony wriggled himself to the front with a curious expression on his face. “From which point of view exactly do you think that I'm suitable?”

“From my eye!” Dave replied without any hesitation.

Anthony could not believe what he had heard. “Goodness, Mr. Dave, that wasn't funny at all!”

Dave flashed a smirk. "You're good at most things, except when it comes to humor!"

"Mr. Dave, there's a difference between being humorous and being a joker!" Anthony defended.

"Technically, they're the same! They both make people laugh!" Dave said.

Anthony could not accept his reasoning and questioned, "Mr. Dave, imagine that you're on a date with your girlfriend, and you say something funny. A humorous line will make you look witty, but a bad joke will only cause awkwardness. Which of the two do you think a woman will prefer?"

Dave paused for a moment and did not respond.

Just then, Kenneth blurted out, "Dave has never been in a relationship before!"

Anthony looked at Dave in huge disbelief and exclaimed, "What? Is that true?"

"However, there's no lack of women around him!" Kenneth added.

It took a while for Anthony to understand what Kenneth meant. "Ah, it's because of his looks and wealth, right?"

Dave knitted his brows slightly as he listened to their conversation. "What's going on now? Both father and son are ganging up to bully me, huh?"

"Says who? We're obviously giving credit to your good looks!" Kenneth rebutted.

Anthony nodded in agreement. "That's right!"

"Well then, let me make it clear. Those women were attracted to me because of my charm, not because of my money!" Dave emphasized.

At that moment, Anthony looked at Dave and quipped, "Mr. Dave, are you admitting that there are a lot of women around you?"

Dave knew that he had shot himself in the foot and hastily explained, "We're just acquaintances!"

Anthony looked at him in concern and advised, "Mr. Dave, after looking at what happened to my father and Nat, I suggest you quit your playboy lifestyle. Otherwise, if you meet the destined one in the future, you might be shunned by her because of your frivolous past."

Dave froze for a second when he heard that. Soon after, he murmured faintly, "I'm not as lucky as your father. I don't think I'll meet the right one in this lifetime..."

“Mr. Dave, don't be too quick to conclude. Just look at my father. Initially, he wasn't in the least interested in Nat. But now, he's hopelessly in love with her and paying the price for it. Am I right, Daddy?” Anthony turned to look at Kenneth and asked daringly.

Dave glanced over at Kenneth, who was nodding in agreement. “That's true. It took me so long to get things right, but it's better late than never!”

Dave grinned. “That's why I said you're lucky! You were given a second chance even though you committed a grave mistake. It wouldn't be an overstatement to say that God is showing favoritism to you!”

However, Kenneth closed his eyes and said, “This has nothing to do with God. I got to where I am with perseverance!”

Dave chuckled lightly and turned back to look at Anthony. “Your father has been like this since the day I knew him—living his life fearlessly!”

Anthony found it hard to refute. “Well, I got to admit he's a bit cocky...”

“A bit is an understatement. He's super cocky!” Dave asserted.

Anthony raised his brows and looked at Kenneth. It did not seem that way in the past, but Dave's words made him realize perhaps that was his father's true nature.

Kenneth rolled his eyes at the both of them. “Rather than focusing on me, why don't you both continue with what you were discussing earlier?”

A sudden realization hit Anthony, and he turned to look at Dave. “We've digressed too far!”

Dave could not help but sigh for he had failed to divert the topic.

With a curious expression, Anthony continued, “So tell me, Mr. Dave, how am I suitable for the role?”

Dave was about to reply when Anthony chirped again, “If you patronize me again, I'll not treat you seriously as well!”

Dave was rendered speechless.

All right, this lad knows how to talk back now.

Dave answered after pondering for a moment, “Leadership qualities and a bold spirit!”

“Leadership qualities?” Anthony wondered. “I can understand what you mean by a bold spirit, but please enlighten me on the part about leadership qualities.”

"Not only are you persuasive, but you are also bold and look at matters from a broad perspective. These are the qualities that I'm looking for, and you happen to possess all of them."

Anthony listened earnestly. "Mr. Dave, is DX Group really lacking talents?"

Dave replied, "There is no lack of talent in DX Group. However, everyone is only looking out for himself. Hence, they need someone like you to lead them. Otherwise, DX Group will become a tool to achieve personal gains!"

Hearing that, Anthony immediately said, "I'm not a saint; I love money too!"

"If you love money so much, why don't you inherit your father's company? Isn't that a faster way to get rich?" Dave shot back.

Anthony did not know how to reply as Dave had hit the nail on the head.

Seeing no response from Anthony, Dave continued, "Sure, DX Group is privatized and can be managed by anyone. But ultimately, your father and I have put so much effort into it, and we don't wish our hard work to go down in vain. So, before we find the right person to take over, I prefer to trust one of our own."

"Mr. Dave, actually there's a solution to this!" Anthony suddenly thought of an idea.

"What's that?"

"Well, you can have a child and then pass the company over to him. Isn't that a perfect solution?" Anthony chuckled.

Dave rolled his eyes at Anthony's suggestion.

Seeing that Dave did not respond, Anthony prompted further, "Well, it's a good idea, right?"

Kenneth nodded encouragingly. "It's indeed a good idea!"

At that point, Dave retorted, "You think having a child is as easy as a hen laying an egg?"

Chapter 565

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The trio chatted while walking back to the house.

"Daddy, remember to wash up before you look for Nat. Don't get caught," Anthony reminded.

Kenneth was unperturbed. "There's no need since I didn't get involved."

"Yes, you didn't get your hands dirty. But there'll be a smell on you since you were together with us, right?"

"What smell?" A female voice sounded as soon as they stepped into the living hall.

Startled by the voice, Anthony and Kenneth stopped in their tracks.

As they raised their gaze, they saw Natasha sitting on the couch in the living hall with her legs crossed. She looked relaxed as if she had been waiting for them.

Dave was walking alongside them, and when he saw them stopping, he felt compelled to stop too.

Right then, Natasha stood up and turned around to look at them.

Dave knitted his brows when he saw Natasha. These two have a strong reason to fear her, but why should I be afraid of her?

However, for some reason, he stood still like a child who had done something wrong and was afraid of being caught red-handed.

Natasha stood there without saying anything. Her expression was gentle, but somehow the three of them did not dare to make any move.

Anthony's voice started to tremble as he looked at Natasha. "Oh, it's nothing. We were talking about washing off the stench of sweat due to the hot weather. By the way, Nat, why aren't you sleeping yet?" Anthony laughed nervously and quickly hid his hands behind his back from Natasha's sight.

As Natasha's gaze swept across the three of them, she could sense that they were hiding something from her. Nevertheless, she did not call them out immediately. Instead, she looked at them, nodding. "I can't sleep, so I decided to wait for you all!"

"Oh. It's getting late, and I'm tired. I shall head upstairs first. Nat, you can slowly catch up with Daddy. Good night!" With that, Anthony put his hands into his jeans pockets and walked off as if nothing had happened.

Just when everything looked so natural and inconspicuous, Natasha suddenly spoke. "Hang on!"

Anthony cursed under his breath; he was so close to getting away.

As he turned around to look at Natasha, Anthony's expression remained innocent-looking. "Nat, is there anything else?"

Natasha narrowed her eyes and walked toward Anthony, scanning him from head to toe. "Hands!"

Anthony did not move and continued to act innocent. "What hands?"

"Show me your hands!" Natasha glared at him and ordered.

Anthony clenched his fists tightly and dug deeper into his pockets. After that, he turned his gaze toward Dave and Kenneth, who were standing at the doorway. With a meaningful look, Anthony signaled to them for help, but both avoided eye contact with him.

Traitors! Anthony scoffed angrily.

He then retracted his gaze and turned back to look at Natasha with an aggrieved expression. "Nat..."

"Take out your hands!" Natasha enunciated, growing impatient.

Unable to defy Natasha, Anthony reluctantly took his hands out of his pockets. However, he kept his fists clenched, trying to make a last-ditch attempt to hide the evidence.

Unfortunately, that attempt proved futile. He eventually spread out his palms due to Natasha's pressurizing glare.

Although Anthony had washed his hands, it was not a thorough job as he could not see clearly due to poor lighting. There were still visible blood stains on his hands.

Natasha took a quick glance and asked, "What happened?"

"Erm..." Anthony pursed his lips and looked up at her. "We rescued someone on our way back. That's why my hands are stained. Mr. Dave's hands are stained too!" The story they had worked on earlier was ultimately put to use.

Natasha listened with doubt. "Rescue?"

Anthony nodded earnestly. "That guy was in such bad shape; he had blood all over him. Mr. Dave and I rescued him!"

Just then, Natasha turned her head and switched her gaze to Dave and Kenneth.

Dave caught her gaze and pretended to cough. "Erm, yes. That's what happened!"

Hearing that, Natasha retracted her gaze and looked back at Anthony. "Since it's a good deed, why are you being so secretive?"

"Well, we don't want you to worry!" Anthony laughed with relief.

Once again, Natasha scanned him from head to toe. After ensuring that he was all right, she felt relieved. "Go and wash up!"

"Yes, Nat! Good night!" Without wasting a breath, Anthony dashed upstairs.

The sound of his footsteps quickly disappeared in the hallway.

At that moment, Dave did not want to stay any longer. He cleared his throat and said, "It's late. I should rest too. You both have a good chat!"

Natasha looked at him and nodded lightly.

Seeing that, Dave hurriedly headed upstairs before Natasha could change her mind and decide to probe further.

With that, only Natasha and Kenneth were left in the living hall.

Kenneth shifted his eyes to Natasha and slowly approached her.

The next moment, he grabbed Natasha by her waist and gazed at her lovingly. "You've been waiting for a long time, haven't you?"

Natasha looked him in the eye. "Not very long, an hour at most!"

"You can wait in the room next time!"

Narrowing her eyes, Natasha asked, "You have nothing else to say?"

Kenneth paused for a moment before he responded with a question of his own, "What do you wish to know?"

"The screams I heard on the phone and the blood stains on Anthony," Natasha grilled.

"Didn't he just explain?"

Chapter 566

It wasn't until a long while later that Kenneth finally let go of her.

There was a hint of tenderness in his long, narrowed eyes as a devilish aura emanated from his divinely striking face.

Natasha raised her starry eyes, panting. Her kissed lips were covered with a slight sheen.

Kenneth pressed his forehead against hers and murmured huskily, "Nat, even if you're a pit of fire, I will jump into it willingly, and I won't regret it."

"Really?" Natasha cocked an eyebrow.

He nodded. "Of course!"

"Even if I become a shrew, you won't regret it?"

Kenneth furrowed his brows as he gave her a sidelong glance. "Aren't you one right now?"

Natasha frowned. Just as she was going to say something, Kenneth pulled her into his arms smilingly.

Stroking her hair, he chuckled and enunciated, "Even if you really become a shrew, I'm willing to become a henpecked husband as long as you feed me."

The corners of Natasha's lips curled up as she listened to his words.

To Natasha, the biggest gain from the trip was knowing the truth. Other than that, it was getting Kenneth as her partner.

As she thought of that, she said, "Kenneth, I'm almost done packing. There's a flight back two days later, so I've booked the ticket."

Kenneth stilled for a split second before releasing her. "So soon?"

"I want to go back earlier." After saying that, Natasha looked at him questioningly. "Why? Do you have something else to do?"

He shook his head. "I originally wanted to take you and Denise around this place."

"We can still do it in the future. For now, I really, really want to go back!"

Kenneth thought about it for a while before nodding. "All right. We'll return two days later, then."

Only then did Natasha feel relieved. She looked at him and grinned from ear to ear, her smile stealing Kenneth's heart.

As he held her face, he wanted nothing more than to keep her to himself.

"What's the matter?" Natasha asked when she saw him staring at her.

"Nat, don't smile like this at other people in the future," Kenneth replied.

She narrowed her eyes in confusion.

He continued, "You look too pretty. It'll cause unnecessary trouble."

Natasha shot him a teasing look. "Oh, Mr. Hamilton, there are times when you feel unconfident too?"

"No, it has nothing to do with self-confidence. It's just that I'll be jealous."

Natasha hesitated momentarily before saying, "Okay, then. I'll do my best to hold back."
It wasn't until a long while later that Kenneth finally let go of her.

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Notosho raised her stormy eyes, pouting. Her kissed lips were covered with a slight sheen.

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"No, don't just do your best. You must hold back your smile," Kenneth insisted in a domineering tone.

Gazing at him with a sweet smile, Natasha put her arms around his neck. She then pressed her lips against his ear and whispered something before letting go of him.

Kenneth's eyes darkened instantly. Just as he wanted to grab her, she had already slipped away.

An unfathomable look flashed across his eyes as he stared at her back. The next second, he hurriedly followed her closely to her room, but as soon as he reached the corridor, he was seen by Denise, who had just come out of her room.

"Daddy, you're back."

Upon noticing Denise, Kenneth nodded in response. "Why are you not in bed?"

"I can't fall asleep..."

"Be a good girl, Denise. It's late now. You should go to bed early." Kenneth was speaking to Denise, but his gaze was fixed on Natasha's room.

"Daddy, can you please stay with me?" Denise asked.

Only then did Kenneth retract his gaze and look at Denise.

"Daddy, I can't sleep in this new place. Can you accompany me, pretty please?" Denise continued.

"Denise... If you can't sleep, you can go look for Anthony and Benjamin. They haven't slept either."

Seeing that Kenneth was absent-minded, Denise sized him up. "Daddy, you'd always said yes to my every request, but now, you've changed. Don't you love me anymore?"

How could I say no to my adorable daughter when she's asking for my attention like this?

Kenneth looked back at Denise and explained patiently, "Of course, I still love you. I haven't changed at all. It's just that I have something to do now..."

"What is it?" asked Denise.

She didn't see Natasha entering her room just now, so she had no idea what was going on.

Kenneth answered, "Nat is feeling under the weather, so I want to check on her."

"What? Nat is unwell?" Upon hearing that, Denise became worried. She immediately turned on her heel, intending to leave. "I'll go and see her now!"

Seeing her walking away, Kenneth was certain that if she really went to see Natasha, he wouldn't be able to do anything with Natasha that night.

Therefore, he picked Denise up directly.

"Daddy, what are you doing? I want to see Nat!" Denise objected.

"Nat is feeling unwell because she didn't get enough sleep. She'll be fine if we let her sleep for a while!" Kenneth coaxed.

"But—"

"Aren't you tired already? Let's go back to your room. I'll tuck you in bed." With that, he carried Denise to her room.

When they reached her bed, he put her down and tucked her in. "All right. You should sleep."

Denise looked at him. "Daddy, you need to read me a bedtime story so that I can sleep."

Kenneth stared back at her. "That's for three-year-olds. Are you a three-year-old?"

"Daddy, please..."

Unable to convince her otherwise, Kenneth gave in and asked, "Fine. Which story do you want me to read?"

"The story of you and Nat!"

"Don't you know it already?"

"Daddy, is it true that you have liked Nat ever since you were a kid?" Denise asked.

He nodded. "Yes."

"Was Nat really pretty when she was young?"

"She was very beautiful," Kenneth complimented.

"Then, who do you think is the prettier one? Nat or me?"

Kenneth pondered for a moment before answering, "Nat."

Upon hearing that, Denise knitted her brows.

He continued, "In my eyes, Nat is the most beautiful person I've ever seen. There's no one else like her."

Denise thought about it seriously, then nodded. "Yes, people tend to see their lovers through rose-tinted glasses."

Kenneth did not respond to that.

Right then, Denise glanced at him. "Daddy, were you looking for Nat just now?"

Stunned, he froze in his spot, at a loss for words.

Denise probed, "Am I going to have a younger sister soon?"

Kenneth looked up in surprise. "You want a younger sister?"

At that, Denise bobbed her head.

After giving it some thought, Kenneth nodded. "Okay. Got it."

"Will it surely be a sister?" Denise asked.

"I'm not sure, but I'll do my best!"

Chapter 567

With a spring in his step, Kenneth entered Natasha's room.

A gentle light illuminated the room, and Natasha was lying on the bed. Kenneth had his eyes fixed on her. Unbuttoning his shirt with one hand, he made his way toward her.

It was only when he walked up to her that he discovered she had fallen asleep.

Huh?

Kenneth was confused for a moment.

His expression then immediately changed as he stared at her. A smirk crept up on his face, and he bent over toward her body. He showered her with kisses and gently caressed her body as the sexual tension in the room increased.

Nevertheless, there was no reaction from Natasha to his actions. She was still lying on the bed, breathing steadily as if she was sound asleep.

Kenneth furrowed his brows. He finally came to realize that she was not pretending to be asleep.

A trace of helplessness flashed across his face. "Nat? Nat?" he called, trying to wake Natasha up.

Still, there was no response from her.

Kenneth refused to give up. He lowered his gaze and started planting kisses on different parts of her body.

Despite his passionate kisses, Natasha did not move an inch, as though she was dead asleep.

Kenneth fixed his gaze on her, seemingly waiting for her response but to no avail. After a moment, he finally gave up and heaved a deep sigh before lying beside her.

At this point, he would seem like a piece of trash if he insisted on doing something with her.

After finally calming himself down, Kenneth gazed at Natasha with a smile blooming on his face.

To him, she was like Sleeping Beauty from the fairytale when she was asleep.

Natasha had finely chiseled features with brows and a nose that looked like there were sculpted by a master sculptor. At the moment, she was lying on the bed with her eyes closed. Her long lashes cast shadows under her eyes, further enhancing her innocence.

Staring at her, the look in Kenneth's eyes softened. The thought of Natasha belonging to him filled his heart with warmth.

He was warmed and delighted by her existence.

Right then, a deafening sound echoed from outside the house.

Kenneth got up to his feet when he realized something was off and darted toward the window.

In the distance, fiery flames were lighting up the sky.

Staring in that direction, Kenneth had a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach.

At that moment, the headlights of the car downstairs suddenly lit up.

No one would leave the house at this time except Dave.

Kenneth glanced at Natasha, who was still sound asleep.
With a spring in his step, Kenneth entered Notosho's room.

A gentle light illuminated the room, and Notosho was lying on the bed. Kenneth had his eyes fixed on her. Unbuttoning his shirt with one hand, he made his way toward her.

It was only when he walked up to her that he discovered she had fallen asleep.

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At that moment, the headlights of the car downstairs suddenly lit up.

No one would leave the house at this time except Dove.

Kenneth glanced at Notosho, who was still sound asleep.
With a spring in his step, Kenneth entered Natasha's room.

Then, he took his phone with him and darted out of the room.

Kenneth called Dave in the corridor, and the latter instantly picked up the call.

"Where are you going?" Kenneth asked.

"You're still awake?" Dave threw the question back at him.

"Yes," Kenneth replied.

"Something came up, so I need to head out," Dave explained.

Kenneth pursed his lips when he heard Dave's explanation. "Wait for me. I'm going down now," he ordered.

"Sure."

After hanging up the phone, Kenneth pondered for a moment before entering the room again to check on Natasha. Only after seeing she was still asleep was he relieved. He then turned to leave.

Outside, Dave was leaning languidly on the car with a cigarette in between his fingers. His figure elicited a mysterious aura in the dark.

Seeing Kenneth walk over toward him, Dave teased, "What happened? I didn't think you'd notice me this late at night."

Kenneth walked right up to him and asked, "I saw the bright flames over there. What's going on?"

Dave pressed his lips together when he heard Kenneth's question.

"Did something happen at the headquarters?" Kenneth continued to ask.

It was only then Dave broke his silence, "No. It's just one of our bases. I was informed a moment ago that a few of our men were injured."

"Is it Boss?" Kenneth questioned.

"I don't know. We can only know when we get there." Dave shrugged.

With that, Kenneth walked past him and got straight into the car.

Dave turned his head and lowered his gaze as he asked, "W-What are you doing?"

"The later we get there, the harder it'll be for us to search for evidence," Kenneth replied.

Dave then threw his cigarette butt on the floor and stepped on it before he got into the car. "You're not going to hide anymore?"

Kenneth looked ahead and said nothing.

A smirk appeared on Dave's face. He got his answer from Kenneth's silence.

Dave started the engine and drove off without saying anything further.

When they got to the base of DX Group, everything had already been destroyed by the fire.

Dave clenched his fist, and a hint of hostility flashed across his eyes as he gazed at the chaos.

Kenneth's expression also turned grim as he looked around.

If Boss is the one behind this, he'll be dead meat!

"I'm going over there to take a look," Kenneth voiced.

Dave nodded and strode ahead when Kenneth left.

"Mike," Dave called.

Mike was in charge of one of the departments in DX Group, who had rushed to the base after hearing what happened. "Dave." Mike stepped toward Dave and greeted him.

"How are they?" Dave went straight to the point and asked.

A conflicted look flashed through Mike's face when he heard Dave's question. "Two of them are dead, and one is injured," he disclosed.

Having heard of Mike's answer, Dave's piercing gaze was filled with murderous intent. Despite that, he lowered his voice and asked, "Do you know who is behind this?"

"No, I don't." Mike shook his head. "It happened so suddenly. But I've already sent someone to investigate the matter," he added.

Meanwhile, Kenneth had looked around but did not find any substantial evidence. However, he discovered that there was a surveillance camera at a near distance.

He walked back to Dave and signaled him to look over.

Dave immediately understood. Then, he turned to make a phone call.

Right then, Mike was stunned when he saw Kenneth.

"Kenneth?" he called out to Kenneth, flabbergasted.

Kenneth turned around to look when he heard Mike. "It's been a while, Mike," Kenneth greeted him in a low voice.

Mike stared at him for a whole minute before walking toward Kenneth and wrapping his arms around him. "Kenneth! I didn't think I'd be able to see you again in my life!" Mike exclaimed.

Kenneth didn't budge an inch. He patted Mike's shoulder silently.

Chapter 568

"Do you wish it was him?" Dave asked.

"Stop beating around the bush," Kenneth exclaimed, seemingly running out of patience.

"It wasn't him," Dave revealed.

"It wasn't him?" Kenneth stared at Dave, slightly stunned. But for some reason, he also felt a slight relief.

"It was one of our old enemies. Not sure how they were able to find us here, though." To prove his words, Dave handed the surveillance footage to Kenneth.

Kenneth finally heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the person in the footage.

Thank goodness, it's not because of me.

Nonetheless, his brows were still furrowed tightly.

"Are you relieved now?" Dave fixed his gaze on Kenneth and asked.

"Relieved? No, we'll make them pay for what they did!" Kenneth glowered as a malicious glint appeared in his gaze.

"You're still as vindictive as before," Dave blurted, staring at Kenneth.

"I'm sure you know where their bases are," Kenneth said with a low voice.

"Of course I do."

"Then stop wasting time. Let's go!" With that, Kenneth turned and darted toward his car.

Dave could tell that Kenneth was in a bad mood that day.

"Then, I'll leave this place to you." Dave turned to Mike.

"D-Dave..." Before Mike could say anything, Dave had turned and left.

Looking at their retreating figures, Mike furrowed his brows.

He wanted to go with them, too.

In the car, Dave held the steering wheel with one hand and teased, "You seem as though your desires were not fulfilled."

Shooting a glance at Dave, Kenneth grumbled, "If you know, then be quiet."

Dave raised his eyebrows in surprise and asked, "That had nothing to do with me, right?"

"You're overthinking things," Kenneth muttered under his breath. He felt defeated every time he thought of how Natasha just fell asleep.

Dave's lips curled into a smile, and he resisted asking anything else. After pondering for a moment, he voiced, "Kenneth, let the past be the past."

Kenneth's eyes narrowed at Dave's words. He turned to look out of the window.

"To be honest, when we were on our way here, I knew it couldn't have been Vermillion Base. He wouldn't have fought back so soon. But I was also worried that if it were indeed his doing, it would cross your bottom line again," Dave added.

Kenneth remained silent and continued staring out the window as though he had not heard anything. However, his clenched jaw sold him out.

"Do you wish it was him?" Dave asked.

"Stop beating around the bush," Kenneth exclaimed, seemingly running out of patience.

"It wasn't him," Dave revealed.

"It wasn't him?" Kenneth stared at Dave, slightly stunned. But for some reason, he also felt a slight relief.

"It was one of our old enemies. Not sure how they were able to find us here, though." To prove his

words, Dove handed the surveillance footage to Kenneth.

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"Do you wish it was him?" Dave asked.

"Stop beating around the bush," Kenneth exclaimed, seemingly running out of patience.

"What happened to Xavier was not your fault. No one blames you for what happened, and you don't have to put all the blame on yourself. If Xavier was still alive, I'm sure he wouldn't have blamed you too."

"Dave!" Kenneth turned his head and cut Dave off. After deliberating for a long while, he murmured, "I don't want to talk about this anymore."

It was obvious that he still hadn't gotten over what had happened.

Without a word, Dave nodded in response.

Kenneth shifted his gaze back to the window as the car sped down the road, and memories from the past flooded his mind.

Xavier was also one of the founders of DX Group, along with Kenneth and Dave.

Kenneth's eyes reddened as scenes from the past flashed across his mind.

Meanwhile, at Vermillion Base, Boss stared at the message carved on the naked man's body as he clenched his fist tightly.

The naked man's face was terribly pale from fright. He could tell the message on his body was an insulting one just by looking at Boss' expression.

"Boss... I-I didn't know the message was insulting. It's their fault! T-They made me do this..."

"You knew it was insulting. Yet, you still showed it to me." Boss frowned with his fist clenched.

"I-I..."

"Men!" Boss roared, "Take him out—"

Before he could finish his sentence, someone at the side cut him off, "Take him out to get some

treatment!”

Boss lifted his gaze to look at the person beside him. “Gavin!” he growled.

Unfazed, Gavin stared at his men and ordered, “Quick! What are you guys waiting for?”

A few men quickly went up and took the naked man with them.

“Thank you, Boss! Thank you so much!” the naked man exclaimed.

After they went out, Boss shot Gavin a look and ranted, “I have to ask for your permission before making decisions now?”

Gavin walked over to him and bowed as though he was begging for forgiveness. “I’m doing this all for you, Boss,” he claimed.

Boss stared at him in silence.

“Since you told me to assist you, then I’ll not let you behave like General Will. You’re just the Acting General now, and you haven’t won their hearts yet. If you murdered him just because of the message on his body, then no one will be willing to risk their lives to work for you in the future,” Gavin continued.

“So I’m just going to let him walk around with that insulting message on his body?” Boss retorted.

“We can remove the message on his body or even murder him. But we shouldn’t do it so openly,” Gavin suggested.

Realization finally dawned on Boss when he heard Gavin’s words. He had to admit that Gavin was right.

Just now, he had lost his senses due to his anger. But now, he was able to think straight again after finally calming down.

He then closed his eyes and took a deep breath to calm himself. “All right. We’ll do as you say.”

Gavin nodded and promised, “Don’t worry. I won’t disappoint you.”

Right then, Boss looked at him and asked, “Right, how did things go last time?”

“Mission failed,” Gavin replied without any sign of fear on his face.

Boss narrowed his eyes when he heard Gavin’s answer. “Do you think she was the one who did this?”

“According to one of our men who had a battle with them, there were two of them. While one was no match for them, another was on par with them.”

"On par with our men, but we still lost?"

Chapter 569

The next morning, Natasha was hit with the realization that she had forgotten something.

She then turned to the spot beside her; no one was there. She reached out to touch the bed, but there were no signs of anyone sleeping there. Immediately, her brows furrowed.

Did Kenneth not come back last night? He's the kind of person who would leave everything behind and come, though...

After a moment of hesitation, Natasha got out of bed to wash up. After cleaning herself up, she went out of the room.

She halted in her tracks when she walked past Denise's room. Then, she turned to head toward it.

After knocking on the door, Natasha looked down and noticed that it was unlocked. Hence, she pushed the door open and entered.

Denise was sprawled on the bed, sound asleep.

Natasha could not stop her lips from curling at the sight of her daughter. She walked over to tuck away the girl's messy strands of hair before saying, "Lazy little bug, how are you all sweaty from just sleeping?"

Denise groggily opened her eyes. When she registered the face in front of her as her mother's, she mumbled, "Nat, why are you up so early?"

"I... slept early last night," Natasha replied.

That seemed to make Denise sober up a little as the girl looked at her before scanning her surroundings.

"What are you looking for?" Natasha asked.

She narrowed her eyes and queried, "Where's Daddy?"

"I'm right here, yet you're looking for Daddy?" Natasha responded, deliberately making herself look jealous.

"That's not it. I stopped Daddy before he could go back to your room last night. I asked Daddy to tuck me in, and he said he wanted to return to your room to make me a little sister..." As Denise spoke, a smile crept onto her face.

The very thought of it made her happy.

Natasha stiffened.

Help Denise make a little sister? Did I say yes to it?

She furrowed her brows. If that was what Kenneth told Denise, then where is he?

With that thought in mind, Natasha turned to Denise and said in a soft voice, "It's still early, so sleep for a little longer."

Denise was still tired, so she nodded and replied, "Okay."

After lying back down, Denise rolled onto her side and fell back asleep.

Natasha only stood up and stepped out of the room after tucking the girl in.

Did something happen last night?

As Natasha mulled over the matter, she went down the stairs. Yet, just as she took two steps down, she heard a voice from the doorway.

"It's unlikely that they'll do anything rash after today, but regardless of everything, we have to be on our guards still. Have the others be careful, too," Kenneth said.

The next morning, Notosho was hit with the realization that she had forgotten something.

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"It's unlikely that they'll do anything rash after today, but regardless of everything, we have to be on our guards still. Have the others be careful, too," Kenneth said.

The next morning, Natasha was hit with the realization that she had forgotten something.

"Don't worry. I've made the arrangements for that."

"Okay."

"You, on the other hand, are what I have to talk about. If Natasha catches a glimpse of your injury, I'm afraid you'll have a hard time explaining things to her!" Dave said. Right as those words left his mouth, he saw the person on the top of the stairs.

He froze.

Since Kenneth did not realize that Natasha was within hearing range, he replied, "It's fine. I'll explain it to her. As long as you say nothing about this, I'll be fine."

"Ahem." Dave intentionally cleared his throat.

They had been working together for many years, so Kenneth registered Dave's hint right away. Lifting a brow, he then suspiciously raked his gaze across his surroundings. When he finally saw the woman at the stairs, he tensed up.

The two of them looked disheveled when Natasha saw them, and she heard what they had said.

Dave and Kenneth shared a look before Kenneth said with a smile, "Nat, why are you up so early today?"

A menacing smile grew on Natasha's lips, and she ambled her way down the stairs. Every step she took sent a chill running down their spines.

"Yes, if I wasn't early, I wouldn't have heard what you guys just said," she uttered in a low voice.

Words eluded Kenneth.

Soon, Natasha was at the bottom of the stairs. At that moment, Dave said, "Um, I'll go to the room to wash up. Enjoy your talk."

With that said, he hastily excused himself from the area before they could even respond.

Kenneth parted his lips to say something upon seeing Dave scurry away, but when he saw the look Natasha was giving him, he swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue.

Natasha continued to look at him, still smiling, but the gaze in her eyes was exceptionally cold.

Kenneth's heart skipped several beats as he stared at her, but there was nothing he could do other than act shamelessly. Thus, he spread his arms and walked over to her. "Nat..."

Just as he was about to reach her, she shot him a look that made him freeze midmovement.

"Nat, I didn't mean to do this," he explained.

"Then what did you mean to do?" she questioned.

"I just didn't want you to worry."

"And?"

Kenneth took in a deep breath and swiftly said, "I'm sorry."

"Is that what I want to hear?"

"Then what do you want to hear?" Kenneth responded, pretending not to know what she was asking for.

Natasha inclined her head. "Okay."

Then, she turned to leave.

Kenneth hastily stepped forward to stop her. "Nat..."

Natasha remained silent, still trying to leave the room.

At that, Kenneth placed his hand on his arm and let out a low moan. "Ugh..."

Natasha's head whipped around. "What's wrong?"

"I pulled my wound," Kenneth mumbled.

"Let me see." Natasha's worry was written across her face, and she moved over to check on his wound.

Right then, Kenneth stretched out his arm and pulled her into his embrace.

"It doesn't hurt now that you feel bad for me," he whispered to her.

It was only then Natasha realized he had been faking it.

Nevertheless, although the pain was faked, the injury was genuine, and Natasha's heart did ache for him.

Therefore, she made no words of protest and let him hug her.

Kenneth continued to hug her as contentment filled his heart. However, when he realized he was hearing nothing from Natasha, he noticed something amiss and let go of her. What greeted him was Natasha's unhappy expression.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Natasha continued to stay silent, her gaze fixed on the wound on his arm. His shirt was black, so the blood that soaked half of his sleeve was not easy to see. Yet, as she focused on it for long enough, she could see the damp patch, and her heart skipped a beat.

She then slowly rolled up his sleeves. Just as she was about to reach his wound, Kenneth reached out to stop her.

"I'm fine," he said. "It's just a scratch, and it doesn't hurt. Trust me."

Natasha's silence went on as she continued to roll up his sleeve. Despite having prepared herself for the moment, she still froze upon seeing his deep wound.

She clenched her fists and said, "I'll get the doctor."

"The wound just looks frightening, but it's nothing serious. I don't need a doctor," he told her.

"But..."

Chapter 570

When she raised her head, she saw Kenneth smiling at her.

Why is he still thinking about this now?

Natasha continued to wrap up his arm before turning to leave without a word.

Sensing that Natasha was angry, Kenneth shot forward to grab her. "Nat."

Natasha did not dare to forcibly leave, for she was afraid that she would tear his wound. That was why she stayed rooted to her spot in silence instead.

Kenneth walked over and hugged her from behind. "What's the matter? Are you still angry?"

Silence answered him.

Kenneth leaned closer to her and whispered in her ear, "I've already apologized, but you're still angry?"

"What I want to hear isn't your apology," she gritted out to him.

"What is it, then?"

Natasha turned to him and asked, "Was Boss the one who hurt you?"

It was then Kenneth realized what the situation was. He smiled at her and said, "That's what you were worried about?"

Natasha narrowed her eyes and stared at him somberly.

Kenneth then put his hands on her shoulders and reassured her, "No, this has nothing to do with him."

The way she was looking at him told him that she did not quite believe him.

Hence, Kenneth continued, "Something happened at DX Group's base. I went there with Dave, and before going there, I wondered if Boss was behind it as well. However, the truth is that he has nothing to do with it."

"Really?" Natasha questioned.

Kenneth nodded. "Really."

"Then why didn't you want Dave to tell me about it?"

Kenneth softly muttered, "I was afraid that you would be worried."

Natasha sensed that his words had another meaning to them.

Thus, she asked, "So, what did you do yesterday?"

Kenneth blinked in surprise. "Nothing; we just went out to get payback for the guy who was caught up in the incident."

"Is that all?"

Kenneth nodded.

I'm not lying if I'm being vague about it, right?

Natasha knew that Kenneth was not telling her everything, but still, he was mostly unscathed, so she found herself relaxing.

She stood on her toes and hugged him.

"You have no idea what I was thinking about. I was planning to go all out against Boss if he really hurt you."

Hearing that, Kenneth turned and buried his face in the crook of her neck. "Am I being protected?"

Natasha said nothing else as she continued to hug him.
When she raised her head, she saw Kenneth smiling at her.

Why is he still thinking about this now?

Notosho continued to wrap up his arm before turning to leave without a word.

Sensing that Notosho was angry, Kenneth shot forward to grab her. "Not."

Notosho did not dare to forcibly leave, for she was afraid that she would tear his wound. That was why she stayed rooted to her spot in silence instead.

Kenneth walked over and hugged her from behind. "What's the matter? Are you still angry?"

Silence answered him.

Kenneth leaned closer to her and whispered in her ear, "I've already apologized, but you're still angry?"

"What I want to hear isn't your apology," she gritted out to him.

"What is it, then?"

Notosho turned to him and asked, "Was Boss the one who hurt you?"

It was then Kenneth realized what the situation was. He smiled at her and said, "That's what you were worried about?"

Notosho narrowed her eyes and stared at him somberly.

Kenneth then put his hands on her shoulders and reassured her, "No, this has nothing to do with him."

The way she was looking at him told him that she did not quite believe him.

Hence, Kenneth continued, "Something happened at DX Group's base. I went there with Dove, and before going there, I wondered if Boss was behind it as well. However, the truth is that he has nothing to do with it."

"Really?" Notosho questioned.

Kenneth nodded. "Really."

"Then why didn't you want Dove to tell me about it?"

Kenneth softly muttered, "I was afraid that you would be worried."

Notosho sensed that his words had another meaning to them.

Thus, she asked, "So, what did you do yesterday?"

Kenneth blinked in surprise. "Nothing; we just went out to get payback for the guy who was caught up in the incident."

"Is that all?"

Kenneth nodded.

I'm not lying if I'm being vague about it, right?

Notosho knew that Kenneth was not telling her everything, but still, he was mostly unscathed, so she found herself relaxing.

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"You have no idea what I was thinking about. I was planning to go all out against Boss if he really hurt you."

Hearing that, Kenneth turned and buried his face in the crook of her neck. "Am I being protected?"

Notosho said nothing else as she continued to hug him.

When she raised her head, she saw Kenneth smiling at her.

When he sensed her tightening hug, he smiled.

After what seemed like eons, he said, "Nat, I'm fine with you hugging me, but are you sure you're not going to let me take a shower and change into fresh clothes?"

It was only then Natasha let go of him and glimpsed at his wound. "You can't take a shower. Your injury mustn't come into contact with water."

Kenneth blinked a few times at that before teasing, "Well, it's not as if we've run out of choices. Why

don't you help me shower?"

His words rendered Natasha speechless.

Then, as she looked right at Kenneth's teasing expression, she uttered, "Keep dreaming!"

Nevertheless, Kenneth continued to cling to her as he muttered, "Nat, you were the one who invited me to it last night, but you ended up ditching me and going to sleep. Don't you think you should compensate me for that?"

"And how do I do that?"

"What do you think?" he asked, his eyes filled with desire.

Natasha thought about it for a while before lifting her head to give him a sweet smile. "Fine."

Kenneth was momentarily taken aback. He was only teasing her. Yet, to his surprise, she had agreed to it.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

She nodded and said firmly, "Yes."

Her response made a sheen of red coat Kenneth's dark eyes.

"Go back to the room first. I'll be right there," she then told him.

"Are we not going back together?"

"I need to make some preparations."

"What preparations?"

"It's my first time doing this. I'm inexperienced, so I need to mentally prepare myself for this," she answered.

Kenneth's lips curled into a smile. "Nat, you don't need to be shy about this."

Instead of saying more about the matter, Natasha pushed him. "Go on. Go back to the room and wait for me there."

It was only when Natasha kept pushing Kenneth did he go back to the room.

As he was going up the stairs, Kenneth even cheekily said, "Nat, don't make me wait too long."

Natasha responded with a small smile.

At that, Kenneth continued up the stairs and back into the room.

Natasha waited until Kenneth had entered the room before going up the stairs. However, instead of stepping into the same room he had disappeared into, she turned at the corner.

A few minutes later, Kenneth was still waiting in the bathroom.

He was already fantasizing about what was going to happen.

The upset feelings from the day before were getting alleviated. Moreover, he was looking forward to the upcoming event.

The memory of Natasha's shy look flashed past his face, and it was just like that night from several years back.

Right then, a voice sounded from outside.

Kenneth smiled and asked, "Nat, is that you?"

There was no response whatsoever.

Right as Kenneth began to furrow his brows, someone knocked on the bathroom door.

The smile returned to Kenneth's face, and he reached out to open the door. "The door's unlocked—"

Before he could finish his sentence, he realized Anthony and Benjamin were the ones outside, and he froze.

The boys were obviously as uncomfortable and awkward as he was.

"Why are you here?" Kenneth asked them, his eyes narrowed.

Anthony reluctantly answered, "Nat asked us to help you shower..."

Kenneth pursed his lips.

"D-Daddy, let's start," Benjamin said. The two of them were already ill at ease before coming to the room. The moment they were in front of Kenneth, their awkwardness grew exponentially.

Nevertheless, it was an awkwardly funny situation.

Kenneth rapidly blinked before saying, “No, it's fine. I can do this myself.”

“But Nat said you're hurt.”

“It's just a scratch,” he refuted.