

## **Yo Daddy 591**

### **Chapter 591**

Kenneth sat down next to her silently with a dark expression.

Natasha leaned over and rested her head against his shoulder. "What's wrong? Are you upset?" she asked in a whisper.

He hummed moodily in response.

"What's wrong?" she mumbled her question as she leaned leisurely against him.

"What do you think?" he asked while massaging her temples.

After hearing that, Natasha finally opened her eyes and sized him up. "Is it because of me?"

Kenneth did not answer, but the look in his dark eyes gave everything away.

"Is it because I took Spencer's clothes off?" Natasha asked tentatively.

Kenneth instantly narrowed his eyes. "You took his clothes off?"

She blinked innocently at him. "Is it not because of that? What is it, then?"

He was fuming by now. He stared at her while forcing himself to suppress the rage in his heart.

Of course, Natasha knew why he was upset. All of a sudden, she reached out and put her arms around his neck, giving him a coy look. "Are you really upset?"

Her actions made his anger subside a little.

Nevertheless, Kenneth's jaw was still clenched tightly. "Of course I am."

"Spencer is injured but refuses to get himself treated, so I went to take a look. I only took off his jacket."

"You can't do even that!" Kenneth retorted, possessiveness in his tone.

"I know it wasn't really appropriate. But I said that you knew what I was like and wouldn't be upset with me." Her gentle voice and the way she was looking at him rendered him unable to get mad at her.

He sighed. "No matter how much I understand you, I'm not that generous, Nat."

"So... Are you going to get angry with me and ignore me?" she asked mischievously.

Kenneth gazed back at her in silence with a complicated look in his eyes.

Having received no response from him, Natasha took a deep breath. "Okay, I get it..."

Just as she was about to pull away, Kenneth grabbed her. With her thin arms still resting on his shoulders, she gazed up at him with an arched brow.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "Nat, are you really that impatient?"

Natasha stared at him. "Kenneth, am I impatient if I've waited for you for several years?"

He had to admit that her words made him feel good.

He finally relaxed his jaw but still had not entirely forgiven her yet. "Nat, you've never even undressed me before."

Natasha chuckled and shot him a teasing grin. "Mr. Hamilton, this hobby of yours is a little... peculiar."

"And what about it?" He leaned forward slightly and pinned her down. He gazed at her, the passion burning in his eyes threatening to burn even her.

"What else can I do but support you? Don't worry. I won't tell anyone about your big secret," Natasha replied with a cheeky grin.

"What about you? Aren't you going to do something?"

Natasha pondered about it. "Are you asking me to undress you?"

"Yes." Kenneth's voice was raspy.

"Are you sure?"

Kenneth grabbed her hand and placed it on his waist, his hint as clear as day.

Natasha was rendered speechless.

Her eyes flickered. Since Kenneth is feeling playful, I'm going to go all out!

She smiled coyly at him. She was very beautiful, and it was as if her delicate features had been carefully painted. Her slender fingers traced the outline of his waist. She was not touching his skin, but the movement made Kenneth almost lose his self-control.

There had been a playful glint in his eyes. But as she continued to brush her fingers against his waist, desire bubbled up inside him.

I underestimated how much I wanted her.

Natasha had not noticed the change in him and continued to touch him. When her fingers were on his lower abdomen, she lightly scratched him with one finger. Kenneth's eyes darkened when he felt her finger brush against his tummy.

The unveiled desire in his eyes burned stronger than ever before.

All of a sudden, he grabbed her hand.

Natasha was slightly taken aback. "What's wrong?"

Kenneth gulped. He gazed at her, his breathing a little labored. "If you keep going, something indescribable is going to happen."

It was then that Natasha noticed something. She looked up at him, hesitant to speak.

"I overestimated my self-control..." he said, his voice low.

"So... Should I still undress you?" she asked.

As soon as she said that, desire burned anew in his eyes. He sat up and said, "Don't seduce me, Nat. Otherwise, I won't be to blame for turning a blind eye to your weak condition."

Natasha stared back at him. If I weren't so weak right now, I would be able to continue.

But at this moment, she wasn't able to bring herself to continue, and she was indeed rather weak.

Natasha bit her lip and said nothing.

## **Chapter 592**

It looks like Spencer isn't hopeless, after all.

At that thought, Natasha was finally put at ease.

Denise grinned and said, "You're amazing, Nat. You're able to solve anything and everything."

Natasha had developed an immunity to her flattery. "Him being willing to eat means that he won't have any more extreme thoughts. Denise, continue keeping an eye on them. Let me know immediately if Thalia wakes up."

Denise nodded. "I will."

"You may go now."

The little girl nodded and turned around to leave.

After the door was shut tight, Natasha let out a long sigh of relief.

Kenneth turned around to look at her. "Get some rest for now, and don't think about anything else. You don't have to worry about the rest."

Natasha nodded obediently. "Okay!"

Then, she readjusted her position on the bed. She lifted her gaze to look at him and said, "Oh, that reminds me. Dave is injured as well, right? How is he?"

"It's a superficial one. The wound has been dressed, so there's nothing to worry about," Kenneth replied.

Natasha nodded. "That's good."

Kenneth's gaze snapped back to her. "You're not allowed to go out of this room anymore. You are also not to think about anything else. Just focus on getting a good night's sleep. I'll deal with everything else."

Natasha smiled at him and nodded. "Okay."

After she was settled in bed, Kenneth suddenly shot her a serious look. "One more thing. You are not allowed to undress another man, no matter what the reason is!"

Natasha couldn't help but laugh. She never knew that he was such a petty person. "I got it."

Kenneth finally released some of the tension he was holding.

"Get some rest. I'll be outside."

Natasha nodded in response.

With that, Kenneth turned around and left the room.

Natasha lay on the bed, the corners of her lips curling up when she thought of what had happened earlier.

When she thought about how everything had finally been settled, she felt like a huge weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Closing her eyes, she drifted off to sleep with a smile on her face.

In the room, Spencer was still sitting by Thalia's bedside.

He was a talented and powerful man, but he looked rather pathetic at that moment. Kenneth glanced at him and asked, "Has she not woken up yet?"

"She lost a lot of blood, so she's very weak right now. She would probably only wake up tomorrow morning," Spencer replied.

When Kenneth heard that, he piped up, "You know more than anyone how her condition is. Why are you doing this if that's the case?"

Spencer was stunned upon hearing that.

Kenneth continued, "You're doing this because things have spun out of your control. You didn't expect her to be willing to sacrifice this much for you, so you feel guilty and afraid."

As Spencer listened, his lips curved into a mocking smirk. "Are you preaching to me, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth also smirked at him. "What right do I have to preach to you? I was just sharing my experience."

As he spoke, his gaze landed back on Spencer. "I used to think that she wasn't important to me. I even hated her. But when I watched with my own eyes as something befell her, I realized just how important she is to me."

Spencer listened silently. He lowered his gaze, seemingly pondering over something.

"Nothing is ever too late. You just have to face your feelings head-on."

"You don't understand. It's impossible for us to be together," Spencer replied, enunciating each word.

"There is no such thing as 'impossible,' Spencer. It's whether you want to or not!" Kenneth shot back, making sure every single one of his words was heard clearly.

Spencer lifted his gaze to look at Kenneth. "Not everyone is as lucky as you, Kenneth. Not everyone is able to be together even after years of being apart!"

"You may think I'm just lucky, but to me, she's the woman I fought tooth and nail to win back."

"If I could, I would sacrifice my life for her. But..." Spencer balled his hands into fists. The rims of his eyes turned red, and the veins on his forehead were visibly popping. After a long silence, he said through gnashed teeth, "But it's not going to happen. There is an obstacle between us that we can't overcome."

Kenneth narrowed his eyes at him.

His intuition told him that Spencer had his reasons for feeling this way.

With that, Kenneth decided to let it go. He nodded and said, "I understand."

"No, you don't understand." Spencer gazed at the person lying in bed and whispered, his tone full of regret and pain, "She has never had something good happen to her ever since she met me. I'm practically a jinx to her."

Kenneth lowered his gaze. He didn't know what had happened between them, but he was able to vaguely guess.

He reached out and patted Spencer on the shoulder.

Spencer remained silent and looked away.

Without uttering anything more, Kenneth turned around and exited the room.

Suddenly, Spencer called out to him, "Wait."

Kenneth turned and looked at him.

Spencer reined in his emotions and asked, "How is she?"

"She is very weak, thanks to you," Kenneth replied.

Spencer took in a deep breath. "I will remember your act of kindness."

Kenneth shot him a look. "In that case, I'm afraid you have a lot to repay!"

"I will. I will repay everything I owe," Spencer answered resolutely.

The look in Kenneth's eyes softened as he stared at Spencer. "Get some rest. We'll talk about everything else tomorrow."

Spencer nodded in response.

With that, Kenneth turned and left.

## **Chapter 593**

Natasha slept soundly through the entire day until the morning after.

To her, nothing was more restful than deep, uninterrupted sleep.

Feeling much better upon waking, Natasha stretched and was about to head to the bathroom when the door was pushed open softly to admit Kenneth, who entered with a tray.

He walked over, tenderness filling his eyes when he saw that she was awake. "You're up just in time," he said gently as he seated himself beside her.

Natasha was one of those people who would have a meal before bed and have another immediately upon waking up.

She pushed herself up to a seated position and frowned as she did so. "How did you manage to time it so perfectly?"

Kenneth gazed at her with a bowl of oatmeal in his hand. "Denise had already eaten your share last night, but this is today's meal. You may not have the strength to stand if you skip this one too."

"Don't exaggerate," Natasha muttered in response.

Kenneth said nothing but stared at her instead.

"Fine, I'll eat. Let me do a quick wash-up, and I'll have it right after," Natasha said in exasperation before getting up.

Kenneth's words came true a moment later. A spell of dizziness overcame her as soon as she got to her feet, and her vision became speckled with spots. It was fortunate that Kenneth caught her in time. "How are you feeling?"

Natasha steadied herself before answering, "I'm fine. I must have gotten up too quickly."

Kenneth studied her. "You think I'm making a big deal out of nothing," he said softly, "but you've never known the feeling of losing too much blood." As he spoke, he pressed Natasha firmly back in bed. "Finish your meal, then wash up," he ordered, emphasizing every word.

Natasha was about to protest, but she decided against it as she still felt heavy in her head.

She gazed at Kenneth while he fed her one spoonful at a time. "I can manage on my own."

"All by yourself?" Kenneth asked, a hint of mischief flashing across his raised brows.

Natasha shrugged and surrendered to Kenneth feeding her. Fine. I might as well play and look the part of a sick person.

"By the way, is Thalia awake?" she asked suddenly.

“Not yet,” Kenneth replied, his voice low.

Natasha frowned. She was about to say something when Kenneth continued, “I don't want your first words in the morning to be of concern for another man.”

Natasha was rendered speechless.

“Spencer is just a friend,” Natasha said, staring at him.

Kenneth nodded. “I know.”

“Why are you still jealous, then?”

“I do know, but it doesn't stop me from feeling jealous,” Kenneth said as he gazed fixedly at her.

Natasha did not understand much about men, but she knew when to save her breath.

Besides, she would have been able to guess as much even if he did not say a word—Spencer was not going to take a step away before Thalia awoke.

Upon arriving at that thought, she decided to have her meal, then go over for a look.

Natasha then became more accommodating about her meal by eating whatever was asked of her, even wolfing down her food with ardor.

In just a few minutes, she consumed everything Kenneth had brought her.

“Will this do?” Natasha asked as she showed him her empty plates.

Kenneth grunted in response.

“I'll go wash up, then,” Natasha announced.

He grabbed hold of her just as she was about to get to her feet.

Natasha turned to face him.

“Take a break after your meal. You can go later,” Kenneth said.

“Surely that's not necessary?” Natasha asked.

“It is,” Kenneth affirmed.

Natasha could not protest her way out of that.



Kenneth did not show any signs of leaving. Instead, he stayed by her.

Natasha leaned back. She never realized what a torturous thing it was being in bed and wanted nothing more than to get up and move about.

"Aren't you going to send the dishes back down?" Natasha asked, staring at him.

"I don't need to," Kenneth replied. "Somebody will collect them later."

"Shouldn't you go out and make sure of that, then?" she asked after a startled pause.

"No need. Everything's fine out there. My main priority is to care for you," Kenneth announced.

At a loss for words, Natasha resigned to glancing at the clock every so often from the bed while simmering in the agony of every passing second.

As was often the case of people, lying in bed was only a luxury when they could do so as they pleased.

When there were limits imposed, however, it was akin to laying on a bed of nails.

Kenneth could tell what Natasha was thinking, though he did not expose her. Instead, he merely sat beside her with a smile on his lips.

"Where are the triplets?" Natasha asked in search of a different topic.

"Still asleep," Kenneth answered.

"Did you sleep last night?"

"I did for a while," he replied.

"Where did you sleep?" Natasha pressed on, one question after another.

## **Chapter 594**

Kenneth is rather good at flirting.

Natasha instantly felt a tingling sensation and was almost swayed by his words.

She tilted her head and, in a much gentler tone, asked, "I'm still weak now. You're not gonna take advantage of me, right, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth smirked before he continued to whisper in her ear, "Nat, I just wanted to help you because I

think you're too weak now. Don't you think you're thinking a little too much?"

"Am I thinking a little too much, or are you having other intentions, Mr. Hamilton? I guess you should know the best." Natasha smiled.

Kenneth's low chuckle sounded charming. "But I'm really trying to help."

"I'm thinking too much, then?"

Kenneth nodded and responded in a husky voice, "Maybe you're not, but you're hinting at something else..."

"Of course not." Natasha laughed, then turned around to push him out. "All right, get out now. I'm going to wash up."

Kenneth gave her a reluctant look.

Natasha shut the door, leaving the man smiling to himself outside.

In the bathroom, Natasha looked at herself in the mirror.

She was stunned when she noticed the smile on her face. Her reflection in the mirror seemed slightly unfamiliar to her. Back then, she would only smile occasionally and rarely appeared that way. She thought she didn't know herself anymore as she looked into the mirror.

Indeed, it's a good thing to fall in love.

At that thought, Natasha withdrew her smile and began to wash up.

After washing up and walking out, Natasha saw that Kenneth was waiting outside the door. She was momentarily stunned.

"You haven't left?"

Kenneth shook his head and walked toward her. "You wanted to head outside for a walk, no? I'll go with you."

"Don't you have to go see Dave?"

"He's not around."

"Not around? Where did he go?"

"He has some matters to attend to." As Kenneth uttered those words, his gaze never left Natasha's face. Her skin looked soft and supple.

Natasha nodded in response.

At that moment, Kenneth tucked two strands of hair from her forehead behind her ear. He looked at her and asked, "You put on makeup?"

"Mm-hmm!" Natasha nodded. "What's wrong? Do I not look good?"

Kenneth curled his lips. "You look beautiful."

Hearing that, Natasha grinned. "But how can you tell?"

She had only put on a little makeup and lipstick so she would not look too pale.

Kenneth did not answer her question. He held the back of her head, then leaned closer to press a gentle kiss on her lips.

After he pulled away, he gazed at her lips and smiled. "There. They look much more natural now..."

There was a ghost of a smile in Natasha's eyes as she stared at him. She was at a loss for words.

She reached out to hold Kenneth's arm and said in a low voice, "Let's go."

Perhaps it was still early because the hallway was silent.

Natasha had wanted to head straight to visit Spencer, but Kenneth said, "If Thalia is awake, we'll know. Give them some time."

Natasha nodded in response when she heard that.

The duo headed outside.

Kenneth had forced Natasha to stay still and rest in the room for almost a whole day and night. She felt much better now that she could breathe the fresh air outside.

The two of them walked along the backyard at a leisurely pace.

"Kenneth, do you think we look like old people now?" Natasha piped up.

"Nope." Kenneth shook his head.

"You don't think so?"

"Yeah."

"What do we look like, then?"

"Like this." Kenneth suddenly reached out to clasp Natasha's hand.

Natasha was confused.

"We'll always be together," Kenneth added in a low voice.

Natasha smiled. And so did Kenneth.

Just like that, the duo walked around the backyard.

"Do you know what's going on between Spencer and Thalia?" Kenneth asked out of the blue.

"A little. But I'm not very sure about the exact details."

Kenneth bobbed his head.

"What's the matter? Why are you asking this all of a sudden?" Natasha asked.

"Nothing. I'm just asking."

"You're not one to ask questions randomly, not to mention it's someone else's matter."

Kenneth's eyes darkened. "I chatted with Spencer for a while yesterday. From his tone of speech, the two of them seem to have some unsolvable conflict. I'm just curious."

"Well... I don't know exactly about that. All I know is that he's been hiding from Thalia. He's been avoiding her for years. Why would he do that when he clearly likes her?"

After pondering for a moment and considering the words from Spencer the day before, Kenneth finally answered, "There must be some unforgivable grudges between them."

Natasha paused for a moment and did not respond.

## **Chapter 595**

Natasha sat down beside her after closing the door to the room.

Thalia's lips quivered as she wondered how she should put everything into words. All the while, Natasha crossed her legs and studied her with a gentle gaze. "It's you."

Startled, Thalia looked at her in puzzlement.

Natasha held Thalia's gaze upon noticing her suspicion. "Haven't you been wondering who Spencer likes? It's you. You're the only one."

Thalia looked at Natasha in surprise. Then she smiled in a self-deprecating manner. "I wanted to speak to you in private because I wish to hear the truth from you!"

Without explaining any further, Natasha reassured her, "I'm telling you the truth. I don't lie, especially to other women."

Thalia continued to stare at Natasha. She knew the latter somewhat and that she would never lie. To be precise, she was more of the taciturn type.

But... how could Spencer possibly like me? He's been hiding from me and pushing me away. How could he possibly fancy me?

Thalia was about to say something else when Natasha went on, "While I don't know much about anything else, this is the one thing that I'm certain of."

Thalia blinked in disbelief.

"If that's the case, why would he do that? Is it possible to show no interest and ignore the person one likes?" Thalia questioned. "I don't believe that. At the least, I won't be able to do that. Nobody I know can do that."

Natasha mulled over Kenneth's words, then looked at Thalia with a frown. "I don't know what happened between you two, but the fact that he pushed you away, turned you down, and even hid from you wasn't because he didn't like you. On the contrary, he likes you so much that he has to show restraint. You should think back on what happened between you two. I bet that must be the reason he rejected you."

After listening to Natasha's words, Thalia did her best to recall her past with Spencer, but nothing tipped her off as to Spencer's behavior.

She faced Natasha. "What makes you think he likes me? Did he tell you in person?"

Natasha took a deep breath and gazed at Thalia at the mention of that. "When we first met, he asked me to investigate a woman named Thalia Jacoway. Since then, he would keep track of her whereabouts no matter where the woman went."

Thalia was startled. So he's also aware that I've been looking for him throughout the years?

“Other than that, he always has a soft look in his eyes whenever he speaks your name.”

Thalia continued to stare at Natasha.

“Every year, he would prepare a gift for this woman and send it to her anonymously without fail,” Natasha said.

Thalia was stunned when she mentioned that.

“He was the one who sent the gifts?” Thalia asked.

Natasha nodded. “Yeah.”

A teardrop fell from the corner of Thalia's eye. She felt like laughing and crying at the same time. While she might question everything else Natasha had told her, the gifts that she had received every year were solid proof.

She would receive them wherever she was, to the point where she suspected that someone had planted a tracker on her. She had gone as far as conducting a search back at Darknetz, but nothing turned up.

As far as those mysterious gifts were concerned, she abhorred them, for they made her feel as if she were under constant surveillance. It wasn't until she received another one at night after being injured while on a mission that she came to loathe them less.

In fact, she even felt a sense of warmth that she hadn't felt in a long time.

It wasn't until then that she became less resistant to receiving the gifts. The fact that they didn't affect her life might be another reason.

So this is all Spencer's doing.

Thalia lay on the bed with tears in her eyes.

“Although he never admitted the truth to me, I don't know what love is if these aren't considered acts of love,” Natasha added.

Yeah. What does love look like if not like this?

Thalia blinked in silence, still unable to hide the disappointment in her eyes.

Right then, Natasha seemed to have recalled something. “Oh, there's one more thing.”

Thalia looked at her from the corner of her eyes.

"He never admitted it to me, and he denied it whenever I pressed for answers. But he admitted it to someone else."

"Someone else? Who is it?" Thalia asked.

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "A woman I don't know!"

"A woman?" Thalia's smile stiffened.

Natasha figured she had beaten around the bush enough, so she explained slowly, "There was once when he had too much to drink at a bar. I don't know if he was just drunk or if he needed to vent his feelings, but he told the woman who hit on him that he fancied someone named Thalia Jacoway!"

"And how did you know that?"

"I got a phone call and went to pick him up. The woman saw me and addressed me by your name," Natasha said with a smile.

## **Chapter 596**

Caught off guard, Thalia glanced weakly at the person standing at the door. Natasha raised her brows at Thalia to tell Thalia that the rest was up to her.

Spencer examined Thalia's body and asked anxiously, "What's wrong, Thalia? Are you feeling unwell?"

Only then did Thalia retract her gaze and look at Spencer. "I... I don't think I can carry on..." she uttered weakly.

"What?" Spencer froze momentarily before shaking his head. "No. I won't let anything bad happen to you. Thalia, tell me now. What's wrong?"

"I... Everywhere hurts. It's getting difficult to breathe..."

"How did this happen?" Spencer was still examining her. However, he couldn't find anything wrong with her. She looks like she's in a lot of pain. Did I miss something?

"Thalia, tell me, where are you hurting? Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you..." Spencer panicked, his hands trembling.

"There's nothing you can do. No one knows my body better than I do..." Thalia shook her head.

Tears rolled down Spencer's cheeks. "Even if you die, I'm going to drag you back to life! I swear I won't let anything happen to you!"

Natasha looked at them with her brows slightly arched.

Suddenly, the kids outside seemed to have found out about something, and they rushed in.

They were so fast that Thalia couldn't stop them in time.

"Thalia."

"Thalia."

The three kids looked at her with their red eyes.

Uh... Thalia was stunned when she saw them, and she almost couldn't continue her act.

"How did this happen? You were all right just now, no?" Anthony mumbled.

"Save her, Spencer. Don't you have superb medical skills? Save her!" Benjamin shouted.

Spencer was flustered. He was on the verge of freaking out. In fact, he had never been more anxious than that in his life. I've never doubted my medical skills, but I'm doubting myself now...

"Thalia, where are you hurting? Tell me," Spencer asked in his hoarse voice.

Thalia was saddened when she saw how sorrowful everyone was. Right when she was about to give up, Natasha stepped forward and said, "Quiet down, the three of you. Let Thalia talk to Spencer."

"But—" Anthony was about to say something, but when he lifted his head, he saw Natasha winking at him.

Anthony froze.

After staring at Natasha for a long while and shifting his gaze to Spencer and Thalia, he finally realized what was going on.

True enough, Natasha was signaling him to leave.

"All right, listen to me. Let's give them some space," Natasha uttered.

"Okay," Anthony responded.

Benjamin and Denise were still staring at Thalia.

"The two of you too," Natasha said.



"I don't want to leave, Nat. I want to stay with Thalia." Denise's eyes were filled with sorrow, and tears were streaming down her cheeks.

Upon hearing that, Natasha couldn't help frowning. It's so hard to control so many kids at once.

Benjamin was looking at Thalia in silence.

Anthony went up to them and grabbed them. "Let's give Thalia some space. Let them talk to each other in private."

"I don't want to..." Denise replied while shedding tears. However, she suddenly felt Anthony tapping on her hand, so she turned toward him in confusion.

She immediately stopped crying after the tapping stopped.

"Be good. Let's go," Anthony said to her.

Only then did Denise bob her head.

Benjamin received the signal as well, and the three of them left at once.

Natasha glanced at Thalia and Spencer and heaved a sigh. "Have a nice talk, you two. I'll be right outside." With that, she turned around and left.

She even closed the door behind her.

At that moment, the atmosphere was at its peak. Spencer looked at Thalia. He was convinced that there was something wrong with her. "Thalia..."

After everyone left, Thalia could perform without holding back.

Weakly, she said, "Spencer, after I leave this world, no one is going to pester you anymore. You can finally live a normal life..."

"No. I don't want to live a normal life. I want you to pester me. Thalia, that's really what I want. I want you to stay alive. I'll send you to the hospital now!" Spencer wanted to lift her up.

"There's no use... Spencer, let me finish, okay?" Thalia stared at him and stopped him.

Spencer shook his head. He did not want to listen to her. "Don't talk. I don't want to listen. I just want you to live. I want you to stay alive."

For some reason, Thalia started crying. "Spencer, don't you want to listen to my last words?"

Shocked, Spencer merely stared at her in silence.

"I just need to say a few words." Thalia looked at him with pleading eyes.

Spencer's eyes were brimming with tears. As he looked at her, he tried his best to conceal something.

"I know you despise me, but I won't pester you anymore after this. Just talk with me, okay?"

## **Chapter 597**

As he was about to open up to her, he saw the instrument next to her and froze.

Seeing that, Thalia stared at him and urged, "Go on..."

Spencer instantly shifted his gaze toward her.

Thalia was really weak at that time, but because of the anxiety, she seemed rather energetic.

Instead of saying anything, Spencer placed his hand on her wrist and stared at her.

Thalia didn't realize what was going on because she was too keen on getting an answer from him. "Why are you staring at me? Continue what you were saying."

Spencer let go of her wrist a while later, and his eyes turned cold right away.

"Spencer—"

"Forget about it. I was just joking," Spencer suddenly said in an indifferent tone.

Thalia was entirely confounded. What happened? Why did everything change all of a sudden?

While staring at him blankly, Thalia asked, "What are you on about?"

"Are you hungry?" Spencer asked abruptly.

What? I am hungry, but at this moment, I want his answer more than I want food! "I'm not hungry. I just want your answer..."

"There's no answer."

There, the both of them stared at each other silently for a while.

After a few seconds, Thalia felt guilty. However, she was still keen on getting an answer from him, so she faked a cough.

Yet Spencer was unfazed, and he merely furrowed his brows.

"This is your last chance, Spencer. Are you really not going to tell me?" Thalia asked.

"I'll get you something to eat!" Spencer stood up and left.

Thalia panicked. While looking at his retreating figure, she uttered, "I'm dying! Why would I need food?"

Spencer turned back to look at her. "You seem energetic to me. Why would you be dying?"

His words rendered Thalia speechless.

Upon realizing it, she faked a few more coughs.

"Drop the act," Spencer said. "You've exposed yourself."

Thalia was at a loss for words.

Without saying anything further, Spencer left the room.

By the time Thalia regained her senses, Spencer had already gone out the door.

"Spencer..." she muttered, but he didn't bother turning back.

Meanwhile, Natasha and those three kids were in the corridor.

"Nat, do you think Thalia will be able to get the answer from him?" Anthony asked.

"I don't know," Natasha answered.

Anthony raised his eyes and glanced at her in response.

Unexpectedly, Natasha yelled, "How would I possibly know if we haven't tried it yet?"

Upon hearing that, Anthony sized her up and said, "Nat, have you noticed? You've changed."

"Have I become prettier?" Natasha raised her brows.

"Well... You're getting more narcissistic."

"Looks like I've been more easy-going recently." Natasha glanced at him.

Anthony was frightened when he heard that. "Nat, my mistake. I meant to say that you have more confidence in yourself nowadays."

Natasha flashed a satisfied smirk at him in response.

"Nat, can we eavesdrop on them?" Denise asked.

"Eavesdrop on what?"

Suddenly, a voice rang out from behind them. Natasha and the kids turned around at once to see Spencer standing nearby.

"Spencer?" Denise mumbled.

Natasha noticed the look on Spencer's face and knew that the talk did not go well.

Before she could say anything, Spencer looked at her and asked, "It was your idea, wasn't it?"

Natasha nodded because she wasn't planning on lying. "Yes."

"You can't just make jokes like that!" Spencer fumed.

"I didn't!" Natasha protested before flashing him a teasing look. "I only told you to check on her. I didn't say anything else."

"You're right, but your tone scared me!"

"If you care about someone, why do you need to pretend otherwise?"

"You wouldn't understand!" Spencer glared at Natasha, but he couldn't find the right words to reprimand her. Instead, he said, "I don't want something like that to happen again."

Natasha wasn't angry as she said, "Why would I do it again?"

Spencer went down the stairs without responding.

Once he left, the kids immediately rushed into the room. By the time Natasha came back to her senses, the kids were already nowhere to be seen.

Natasha looked toward Thalia's room and went over as well.

The kids crowded around Thalia when they got into the room.

"Thalia, how did it go? Did you get an answer?" Denise asked.

Thalia shook her head helplessly.

"Why?"

"Spencer is a renowned miracle doctor. It won't be easy to trick him," Anthony said.

Benjamin nodded in agreement. "Exactly. It worked at first because he was panicking. The longer it goes, the easier he's going to see right through it."

## **Chapter 598**

Natasha smiled when she caught sight of Thalia's determined expression.

"Truth be told, I would do the same if I were in your position," Natasha said. "It's not like I insist on being together. If something came up, he could've just told me, and I would calmly break up with him. The one thing I absolutely cannot accept is his foolish self-proclaimed behavior of doing it for my own good."

Thalia smiled slightly in response. "I agree."

The two of them then grinned at each other.

They did not expect to share a similar mindset when it came to matters of love.

"So I believe you'll definitely be able to make Spencer come clean with you," Natasha said.

Thalia's eyelashes fluttered as she blinked at Natasha. "Yeah."

"Get a good rest. I'll go check things out for a bit." Natasha then stood up and ordered the three children, "Stay here and don't make too much noise. Let Thalia rest!"

"Okay!" the three children chorused.

Natasha gave them one last look before turning around and leaving the room.

"Thank you."

Stunned, Natasha turned around to look at Thalia. "For what?"

"I don't know. Make of that what you will," Thalia replied.

Natasha's lips quirked up, and she turned around and left.

Thalia took a deep breath as she stared at Natasha's retreating figure. She felt as if something inside her had loosened, thus enabling her to feel more relaxed.

Anthony looked at her. "Thalia, how do you feel? Are you okay?"

Thalia frowned. "I'm feeling all right. I'm just... a tad hungry."

The children were rendered speechless.

It's a good thing if you can feel hungry!

"I'll go and see if they have any food outside," Denise said.

"It's fine," Thalia responded.

"Didn't you say you were hungry?"

"Spencer will bring me something when he returns."

Thalia could not be certain that Spencer loved her. However, she was sure he would do anything for her, and that included sacrificing his own life. He had always done so. She had fallen for him so easily because she had thought that he loved her. Yet the truth was hard to swallow when he had told her that what he felt for her was familial affection.

No matter what, Spencer had never changed his attitude toward her.

"Are you sure?" Denise looked at her.

Thalia nodded in response. "Yes."

Denise smiled mischievously.

"What's going on between you and Spencer? Why were you so badly hurt?" Anthony piped up.

Thalia sighed. "I just can't catch a break!"

"Did you sacrifice yourself for the sake of love?" Benjamin asked.

Thalia shot him a glance. "You lot are still so young. What do you know about love?"

"Hurry up and tell us! We were so worried!" Anthony cried out.

"When we got separated in the uninhabited zone, I headed straight to Tyrandas in order to avoid Spencer. I didn't expect him to follow me there. When we were there, we encountered some of his enemies while we were having a meal at a restaurant and saw someone trying to sneak an attack. I tried to help—"

"Help?" Benjamin sneered when he heard her words. "I didn't know using your own body as a shield was considered helping."

Glancing at Benjamin, Thalia replied, "You seem to have become ruder in the few days I haven't seen you. How unadorable. Cut me some slack, will you?"

"Benjamin was just worried about you," Denise said. "Do you know how shocked we were when we saw you get off the plane?"

"Did you cry?" Thalia looked at Denise.

"Of course not!"

"So who was the one who secretly shed tears?" Anthony teased.

Thalia raised her brows when she heard that and turned to look at Denise intently.

"It wasn't me!" Denise continued to deny vehemently.

Thalia felt gratified as she watched their antics.

I can see that my efforts to care for them have not gone to waste when I see how much they cherish me.

"I feel relieved at the thought of the three of you attending my funeral when I die. I'll be able to die without regrets," Thalia said.

"Don't talk nonsense!" Anthony and Benjamin shouted in unison.

"Yeah! Don't even joke about it!" Denise added.

"I meant to say when I grow old," Thalia said.

"That's more like it," Denise muttered.

"Okay. So what happened after that?" Anthony asked.

Thalia pondered for a moment. "There's not much to tell. I got hurt, and Spencer had to protect me while fighting them, so we turned to Kenneth for help."

"We also received your message," Anthony said.

Frowning, Thalia said, "Kyle should've received it too."

The three children were stunned by her words.

"To think I'd be saved by someone from DX Group. I truly did not expect this day to come." Thalia's frown deepened.

"Fate can be strange sometimes," Anthony murmured.

"Right, help me inform Kyle that I'm all right. I'm afraid he'd come rushing over," Thalia requested.

## **Chapter 599**

Spencer walked to the bedside and looked at her, saying in a tense voice, "Eat something."

Thalia scrutinized him. "I thought you've disappeared again!"

He withdrew his gaze and said emotionlessly, "I won't go anywhere before you recover."

She grasped the opportunity and threatened, "You'd better keep your word."

Spencer remained silent and fed her a spoonful of something.

Thalia opened her mouth to eat it.

Just like that, Spencer continued feeding her with great patience.

After several spoonfuls, Thalia suddenly asked, "Why are those people trying to kill you?"

"It's nothing serious. You don't have to bother about that," said Spencer.

Thalia stared at him but did not react much toward his words. "If you refuse to tell me, I will find the truth on my own."

He stiffened at that and raised his gaze to the person lying in bed. Thalia was also staring at him as she said, "You know that I mean every word I said."

She was right, and Spencer was aware about that.

Thalia had always been decisive and persistent in getting things done, and no one could stop her once she was determined to do something.

After some consideration, Spencer fixed his gaze on her. The frosty glint in his dark eyes gradually dimmed as he said, "A few years ago when I traveled in that area, they offered me a huge sum of money to save someone's life. I agreed. But when I arrived there, I found out their boss' son was poisoned for the evil deeds he committed. The one who poisoned him was begging me not to save him..." Spencer's expression looked troubled at the mention of that.



"What happened next?" Thalia asked.

"I didn't save him."

She looked at him. "Why?"

"The person who begged me took their own life right before my eyes," Spencer said. There was no extra emotion in his tone, but a hint of pity flashed across his charming face.

Thalia knew the man to a certain extent. He had superb medical skills and strictly followed his heart's desire, whether it was for money or something else. People like him were used to life-and-death situations, so there must be other reasons for him to pity another person.

"It seems that the boss' son had truly done evil things for the victim to threaten you with their life," said Thalia calmly. "Did you know the person who took their own life?"

Spencer shook his head. "I didn't."

"You aren't someone who will pity another person for no reason. For you to react like that... there must be other reasons." Thalia stared straight at him.

Spencer was slightly taken aback, but he remained silent.

"Was it a woman?" Thalia raised a brow.

He still remained silent, which was a tacit confirmation to Thalia's speculation.

"I guess I'm right about that. Was she beautiful?" Thalia continued raising her brows, and there was a hint of annoyance in her tone.

"Mhm." It took Spencer a very long time to finally respond to her question.

Hearing that, Thalia immediately frowned. "Spencer, since you were attracted to her, why didn't you save her?"

"I was not attracted to her," said Spencer.

"Then why did you pity her?"

"She looked like you," Spencer suddenly said.

Thalia was on the verge of losing her temper, but when she heard Spencer saying that, she was stunned. She stared blankly at him. "W-What did you say?"

Spencer continued explaining, "That guy killed her entire family. Her sisters were all violated before they were killed. She got to survive because she was the prettiest, which was how she got to take her revenge!"

Thalia blinked in disbelief. "Are you saying you pitied her because she looked like me?"

He remained silent, indicating that she was right.

Thalia stared at him. Then, she smiled in relief before saying, "If that's the case, he deserved to die. You did the right thing by not saving his life."

He stopped saying anything and continued feeding her.

"I will wipe out all of them when there's a chance!" said Thalia angrily, enunciating every word.

Spencer was startled for a second staring sharply at her.

"What's wrong?" Thalia asked.

"You can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Do you think you can do whatever you want just because you're powerful?"

"Of course not. I—"

"I don't care what excuses you have. You can't go," said Spencer.

Thalia frowned. She was upset at his attitude at first, but on second thought, she uttered, "Fine. I won't go, but you'll have to stay here and watch me all the time. Otherwise, I can't guarantee what will happen when you're away."

Spencer looked at her and stopped saying anything. Instead, he continued feeding her.

The look in Thalia's eyes turned tender when she looked at him again.

After all, it had been a long time since they got to spend time alone like this.

The mere thought of him being in love with her was enough to lift her spirits. To her, nothing else mattered.

Thalia soon grew tired after eating something and staring at him all the time.

"Spencer."

## **Chapter 600**

Kenneth glanced at her and nodded.

Pursing her lips, Natasha pondered for a moment before saying, "Okay. Be safe."

"Aren't you going to ask me where I'm going to?" asked Kenneth as he quirked his brow.

"So, where are you going?"

"Nat, the order is completely wrong. You should've taken the initiative to ask me first," commented Kenneth.

"But don't men hate being questioned and controlled?" Natasha countered.

"That applies to other men, not me. I like being controlled by you," said Kenneth.

That put a smile on Natasha's face. Nodding, she said, "Okay, I'll ask you in the future. Don't you say I'm annoying when I do that."

"How could I when it's exactly what I want?" With that, Kenneth pulled her into his embrace again and murmured into her ears, "I'll never find you annoying."

Natasha merely smiled without saying a word.

After remaining in that position for some time, Kenneth finally released her. "I'm going out with Dave to deal with some matters. You should get some rest since it's going to take some time. Don't stay up and wait for me, okay?"

Natasha nodded in response. "All right."

"One more thing. Remember to finish the supplements," Kenneth reminded.

Natasha could not help but sigh heavily at the mention of that. "Okay."

"You don't have to bother about other matters. Someone will take care of you on my behalf," Kenneth added.

In response, Natasha glanced at him with a look of exasperation.

Right then, Kenneth's phone rang. When he fished it out of his pocket and saw the caller ID, he said, "I've got to go now."

"Be careful," reminded Natasha.

"Hmm... Is that all?" asked Kenneth mischievously.

Natasha knitted her brows in confusion. She was not feigning it, for she truly didn't know what else he was waiting for.

Seeing that, Kenneth stepped forward, cupped the back of her head, and gave her a domineering kiss that lasted for more than ten seconds.

Finally, he released her and gazed at her with those pitch-black eyes. "Do you get it now?"

"Yup," Natasha answered with a chuckle.

Only then did Kenneth put on a satisfied smile and walk away.

The smile on Natasha's face remained even as she watched him leave. She did not return to the house until his figure disappeared from her sight.

Just then, Denise came up and said, "Hehe! I told you. Daddy will definitely nag Nat."

"Why does Daddy behave like a completely different person?" Benjamin frowned.

Anthony, too, furrowed his brows. "Unbelievable."

The trio's conversation made Natasha arch her brow. Before she could even say anything, Denise demanded, "There, there. Don't be sore losers and pay up."

The boys took out some money and stuffed them into Denise's hand reluctantly.

Nodding happily, Denise stuffed the notes into her bag.

Natasha frowned at them in puzzlement. "What were you guys betting on?"

At that, Denise looked up at Natasha and explained, "We made a bet on whether Daddy would remind you to take the supplements." A satisfied smirk formed on her lips as she spoke.

"Tsk. You three are getting more childish by the day." With that, Natasha turned around, only to find the housekeeper holding a bowl while staring at her.

She was momentarily stunned, but she feigned ignorance and continued making her way upstairs.

Natasha's actions surprised Denise, who hurriedly ran after her mother. "Nat, no matter what you say,

you still have to drink it. It's Daddy's instructions.”

“I hear nothing.” Natasha shook her head and walked up the stairs.

“If you don't drink it, I'm going to have to give Daddy a call,” said Denise suddenly.

The girl's words successfully stopped Natasha in her tracks. The latter turned around and eyed the group of children behind her. “Are you threatening me?”

Denise shuddered slightly in fear, but she soon puffed up her chest and said, “I'm not, Nat. I'm just doing this for your own good. You have no choice but to drink it.”

After scrutinizing the little girl for a while, Natasha nodded. “Well, well. You're getting bolder now, Denise.”

“I'm not alone in this. Tony and Ben are on my side, too.” With that said, Denise turned around expectantly, only to find her brothers standing afar, having no intention of backing her up.

Turning around, Denise glanced at Natasha, who reciprocated the gaze.

As panic rose in Denise's heart, she peered downstairs and asked, “Tony, Ben, how could you do this?”

To her dismay, Anthony merely chuckled and said, “Surely there's no need for all three of us to handle this matter when you can do it alone. After all, only one needs to be punished if Nat gets angry. It's not worth having all three of us punished.”

“You—”

“I'll handle it next time, Denise,” offered Benjamin.

So, they're saying they're not getting involved this time?

Denise glared at them and huffed, “You two are horrible!”

Nonetheless, her words of reproach had no effect on them.

“You two might not care, but I do. I'll keep watch on Nat till the end!” With that, Denise shifted her gaze back to Natasha. The former then walked to the housekeeper, took the bowl from her, and approached Natasha, insisting, “Nat, you have to finish this today.”