

Yo Daddy 601

Chapter 601

Natasha tried her best to walk toward her room, but the intense headache that was tormenting her wasn't helpful at all.

Unable to endure the pain, she slumped to the ground and held her head, which felt as if it was splitting open.

“Ah!”

In the end, Natasha couldn't help but let out a yell.

Alas, the upper floor was where the rooms were located. The housekeeper rarely went up unless for cleaning or when there was a need. Basically, they were only allowed to be in one area. That was a rule set by Dave.

Hence, there was no one who could hear her cry at that moment, let alone know what had happened to her.

On top of that, the three children had run off to someplace else to avoid her.

Natasha sat on the corridor floor and held her head, trying her best to endure the pain as she trembled from head to toe. Even the veins on her temple and neck had become visible.

While trying to endure the pain, she glanced ahead with eyes that turned bloodshot during the process.

Meanwhile, Thalia's eyes flew open as she lay in the room.

Spencer, who had been watching her, noticed it and asked hurriedly, “What's wrong?”

Looking at him, Thalia asked, “Did you hear any sound?”

“Huh? What sound?”

Thalia mumbled, “I don't know... I just feel that something's happening...”

Gazing at her, Spencer reassured, “Don't think too much. I'm here. Just focus on getting some rest.”

However, Thalia shook her head fervently and looked him in the eye. “No. I want you to go out and check. Please, just check...”

Seeing how serious Thalia looked, Spencer hesitated for a while before agreeing, “Okay. I'll check it out.

Don't panic, all right?"

Thalia nodded.

Only then did Spencer get up and walk out the room.

Since their room and Natasha's were separated by a turn in the corridor, Spencer noticed nothing out of the ordinary when he scanned the surroundings, including the lower floor.

Hence, he prepared to make his way back to the room.

The moment he arrived at the door, he heard a groan. Though it was not too loud, it could clearly be heard thanks to the complete quietness in the corridor.

He froze and quickly returned to the corridor.

As he walked along the corridor, he carefully scanned his surroundings to find the source of the sound. When he turned around, he saw Natasha squatting by the stairs. Catching her pained expression, Spencer rushed forward, asking, "What's wrong, Nat?"

Natasha remained seated on the ground, trembling violently without uttering a word. Surprisingly, her skin was flushed red.

Noting that, Spencer promptly examined her and frowned.

"Nat, what's wrong?" he asked.

Doing her best to bear the pain, Natasha tilted her head slightly to glance at him and parted her lips, muttering faintly, "It hurts..."

Looking at the state she was in, Spencer felt around his body and found nothing he could use to ease her pain, which made him frown.

Since Natasha was in too much pain, Spencer swiftly struck the back of her neck and knocked her out cold.

He then quickly caught hold of her, carried her in his arms, and walked back to the room.

Meanwhile, Thalia was staring at the room door. Just as her anxiousness had reached its peak, Spencer finally returned with Natasha in his hands.

Stunned by the scene, Thalia asked, "What's wrong?"

Nonetheless, Spencer placed Natasha on the couch at the side without saying a word.

With her gaze still fixed on Natasha, Thalia asked, "What's wrong with her?"

As Spencer got to his feet, he replied, "She looked as if she was in serious pain when I met her in the corridor, so I knocked her out."

"You?"

"I was afraid she'd get hurt if I didn't do that," explained Spencer.

Thalia nodded in agreement. She then shifted her gaze back to Natasha, though a little strenuous because she was lying in bed. "How is she doing now?"

"I don't know." With that, Spencer turned around, coincidentally spotting the black pouch beside Thalia's bed. He took it and returned to Natasha's side.

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While Spencer and Thalia were talking, Natasha's eyelids gradually fluttered open.

Noticing that, Spencer quickly ran up to her. "You're awake."

At that moment, Natasha's headache was gone, and she looked as if nothing had happened. In fact, her body felt light and relaxed, as if she was floating among clouds.

Even so, Natasha was sure that there was something wrong with her body.

She swept her gaze over Thalia and finally fixed it on Spencer before asking directly, "What's wrong with me?"

Just as Spencer was about to answer her, Natasha added, "I want to hear the truth."

Meeting her gaze, Spencer let out a sigh and admitted, "The truth is that I don't know."

"You don't know?"

Spencer gave her a serious look while he explained, "When you were unconscious just now, I roughly examined you. There weren't any problems, but we still need professional equipment to examine the rest of your body. I need a laboratory for this."

Upon hearing that, Natasha looked at him with a frown. "I can't be fine. This has happened several times. At first, I thought it was due to exhaustion, but I know that's not the case after the recent occurrences."

"What did your medical report say?" asked Spencer.

"Kenneth says I'm fine. I've taken a look at the report as well. There's really nothing out of the ordinary," answered Natasha.

Back then, she suspected Kenneth of hiding the truth to not make her worry, so she looked at the actual results. Still, there was nothing wrong with it.

She had already suspected something was wrong with her during the previous occurrence, but after what happened that day, she was sure it was not just a mere coincidence, nor was it something caused by exhaustion. Something was seriously wrong with her body.

Staring at Natasha, Spencer said, "Based on the examination I've done, all I can say is that there's nothing wrong. As for the details, I'll have to carry out a more thorough examination before giving you an answer."

After thinking for some time, Natasha nodded. "All right."

"Maybe I'll give you a thorough examination tomorrow or the day after," suggested Spencer.

Natasha nodded again in response. Just as she was about to walk away, a thought suddenly occurred to her, and she said, "By the way, don't tell them about what happened today."

"You mean..."

"Kenneth and the kids," explained Natasha.

Spencer eyed her in confusion. "Hmm... It's clearly not a wise move to hide anything at this moment."

Natasha shot him a warning look. "We'll talk more once you have the results."

Seeing she was about to leave, Spencer suddenly asked, "Aren't you curious why I asked Kenneth for help?"

Natasha was momentarily stunned. She then lifted her gaze to look at him and asked, "Did Kenneth send you here?"

Spencer's eyes narrowed as he nodded. "Yes."

"Because of me?"

"Yes," Spencer admitted with closed eyes.

When Natasha heard his answer, her lips curled into a conflicted smile.

"Looks like he already knew something was off..." she murmured.

"Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you when I'm here," promised Spencer.

Natasha smiled at his words. "I'm not worried, actually, but I'm afraid someone else is..." With that, she glanced at Thalia.

Noticing their gazes, Thalia immediately snapped out of her trance and said, "Don't worry. I'm not."

Natasha merely smiled, looking unbothered.

"All right. It's getting late. You two should rest early. I'll leave to get some rest now." Natasha flashed them a grin and walked toward the door.

"Are you sure you're all right?" Spencer asked, still worried about her.

Natasha turned around and smiled. "Don't worry. I'm used to it. I always feel like dying when it happens, but I'll be fine once it's over."

Spencer nodded in response.

"Goodnight," said Natasha before leaving the room.

The moment the door was shut, Spencer furrowed his brows and fell into deep thought.

Right then, Thalia looked at Spencer. "Will she really be fine?"

Hearing that, Spencer turned around and answered, "So far, there hasn't been a disease that I can't treat."

Thalia could not help but agree with his words.

After all, Spencer had incredible medical skills.

In the meantime, he walked over to her bed and called out, "Thalia."

"Hmm?"

"How did you know she was in trouble just now?" he asked suddenly.

Chapter 603

Meanwhile, in a wide, empty plain, Kenneth was using binoculars to observe the cars driving slowly in the distance.

His jaw was clenched as he bore a solemn expression.

Dave eyed him and asked, "Are you sure he's in the car?"

Hearing that, Kenneth lowered the binoculars, his eyes glinting in the dark. "From what I know about him, he'll take action personally after receiving the news. He won't miss the opportunity."

Dave's lips curled. "Looks like he despises you immensely, huh?"

Kenneth stared into the distance. "Me and him both."

He glanced into the binoculars and saw the cars driving into the trap he set. "It's almost time," he stated.

With that, he got out of the car.

It was a dark and windy night.

The three cars drove ahead slowly. Their position was exposed as the street lamps illuminated their path.

Kenneth and Dave hid in the dark and observed their actions.

"There are three cars. If nothing goes wrong, he should be in the middle car," Dave said.

Kenneth gave a curt nod.

"I can't be sure how many men there are, but there should be a maximum of six men in each car," Dave analyzed. He then looked at the man beside him. "I'll do my best to eliminate the ones in the first and last car, so the rest depends on you," he said.

"That's enough." Kenneth's lips curved into a grin as a malicious glint appeared in his gaze.

After checking his equipment, Kenneth got to his feet and left.

At the sight of his back, Dave suddenly blurted out, "Kenneth!"

Kenneth turned over his shoulder.

"Be careful," Dave reminded in a low voice.

Kenneth flashed an arrogant and confident grin. "Don't worry."

He then looked away and continued striding ahead.

In the dark, he set off without fear like an authoritative leader.

Dave watched as Kenneth left. He dared not put his guard down and lifted his sniper rifle at their enemies.

When Kenneth arrived, Dave spoke to him through the earpiece. "I'm going to begin now."

"Can you succeed? I wonder if your eyesight is still sharp at night," Kenneth joked.

Without a word, Dave aimed and shot the last car.

The tire blew out instantly.

"How was that? Did I do okay?" Dave asked.

"Nice!" Kenneth praised. "You're still as capable as ever."

As they spoke, the car that was shot rolled to a stop. A few men alighted from the vehicle to find out what had happened.

They each had a weapon in their hands.

Some began checking the car while the rest patrolled the area.

"What happened?" someone asked.

Another replied, "The tire was shot. It's an ambush!"

Hearing that, the rest immediately grew cautious. However, the area was too dark, and they couldn't see a thing.

Lifting their sniper rifles, they glanced around warily.

"What's going on?" Right then, the cars in front stopped.

"There is an am—"

Before the man could finish, Kenneth walked out of the dark and stood in front of him. The man was stunned. He was still frozen in his spot when Kenneth flashed a devilishly handsome smile and shot him in the head.

The gunshot caused everyone to go into alert mode. Someone hurriedly came toward the direction the gunshot was heard.

After spotting Kenneth, the newcomer was about to shoot him, but the moment he lifted his sniper rifle, a loud bang was heard. At once, he fell to the ground with a crash.

Kenneth strode toward the car in the middle boldly.

Suddenly, two men appeared out of nowhere. Before they could open fire, they, too, fell to the ground after getting shot.

"There is a sniper! Be careful!" someone yelled.

Like a demon ending lives in the dark, Kenneth made his way to the car in the middle.

One man in the car turned around to ask, "Boss, what should we do?"

Inside the car, Boss looked at Kenneth coming toward him. An inexplicably complicated look flashed across his amber-colored eyes.

As he didn't say anything, the man in the passenger seat who had worked for him for a long time ordered, "We need to get out of here right now."

Chapter 604

Those who tried to shoot Kenneth fell to the ground before they could even fire their guns.

The trap's purpose was to lure him out, so Boss knew they had an advantage over him. It would be hard to find the location of the sniper.

Boss narrowed his gaze as he watched Kenneth coming to him.

He knew a brutal fight was unavoidable.

"What's wrong? Are you going to hide again?" Kenneth asked.

After a pause, he added, "I want you dead. If you're willing to show yourself, I might spare your men's lives."

Boss' fists balled up as an ugly scowl flitted across his face.

Right then, one of his men spoke up. "Boss, I'll cover you so you can get into the last car. Perhaps we can make it out safely!"

Despite that, Boss said nothing.

"Ha! I thought you were a capable man. Turns out you're a coward who hides behind your men. I have overestimated you!" Kenneth's voice rang out intermittently.

Boss knew Kenneth was trying to provoke him, but it worked on him.

He got to his feet instantly, refusing to hide anymore.

"Boss!" His subordinate immediately raised his gun to protect him.

Glaring at Kenneth, Boss strode out of his hiding place.

Kenneth gazed at him. "You finally reveal yourself, huh?"

"What do you want?"

"What else? I want you dead, of course." Kenneth's eyes turned red with bloodlust as he flashed a smirk.

"So? Are you going to hand your life on a platter to me? Or should I kill you myself?"

"Do you think you're capable enough to kill me?" Boss gritted out.

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

Boss shot him a level look. "One on one?"

"I've been waiting for you to say that!" came Kenneth's reply.

Hearing that, Boss glanced in the direction of the sniper. "What about him?"

"If your men don't move, he won't move, too," Kenneth told him.

Boss turned over his shoulder and commanded, "No one is to interfere."

"Yes, sir!" his subordinates replied in unison.

Subsequently, Kenneth and Boss gazed at each other silently.

In the dark, the cars' headlights shone on the ground and reflected on them. The hatred they had for each other was evident in their eyes.

Boss shrugged out of his jacket and tossed it aside.

He planned on attacking Kenneth when the latter least expected it. Alas, Kenneth immediately dodged him when he took action.

They got entangled in a fight, raining punches and kicks on each other.

Every strike was deadly and vicious.

Soon, both sustained injuries.

Boss glowered at Kenneth. "J, you should feel lucky that I didn't come to you. I can't believe you have the guts to come to me."

"You murdered her parents, so I must end your life personally to take revenge on her behalf!" Kenneth declared.

"Did she send you here?" Boss inquired.

"How is that any different?"

Boss pondered over his question. "If she discovered the truth, she would've shown up personally instead of sending you here. I believe she doesn't know the truth yet. Am I right?"

"That isn't important. She'll find out after today!" With that, Kenneth charged ahead.

A fight ensued between them both.

The people surrounding them frowned at the sight.

Clearly, Boss was at a disadvantage. He was no match for Kenneth and was pinned to the ground, beaten to a pulp.

Having pinned Boss to the ground yet again, Kenneth was about to stab him with his dagger when Boss' subordinate raised his gun to shoot Kenneth. He had barely moved when he was shot in the head and crashed to the ground.

Nobody dared to make any moves after that.

Kenneth's body was covered with blood.

It was a gory scene.

Chapter 605

Blood trickled down the corner of Boss' lips as he lay on the ground. He took a perverted delight in watching Kenneth's suffering.

"Why? Are you scared?" Boss probed.

Kenneth pressed the dagger next to his artery and declared, "Do you think I don't have the guts to kill

you?"

"Yes, you don't have the guts to kill me!" Boss replied confidently. He was pleased to see the anger and frustration shining in Kenneth's gaze.

Kenneth applied pressure to the dagger, and blood seeped out of Boss' neck.

Slowly, Boss said, "Do you want to bet? If I die, she won't survive."

Kenneth scrutinized him silently and stopped applying pressure on the dagger.

His hands were trembling as he glared at Boss, his eyes turning red from the force he exerted.

"Calm down, Kenneth. We have plenty of chances to kill him, but Natasha is our priority now!" Dave reminded him in a low voice through the earpiece.

Of course, Kenneth knew about that. Even though he wanted Boss dead, Natasha's life was more important now.

"Tell me what you did. I might spare your life if you're honest with me," Kenneth ordered.

Boss let out a soft chuckle. "Why would I trust you?"

"Do you think you have a choice?" Kenneth managed between gritted teeth.

Boss seemed unfazed. "It doesn't matter. We'll at most die together. I'd expected this outcome ever since I chose this path."

Kenneth tightened his grip on Boss and pushed the dagger down forcefully. When blood seeped out of the wound, he said in a gruff voice, "Boss, stop pretending you don't care. If you were not afraid of dying, you wouldn't have threatened me. I'll give you one more chance. Tell me what you did to her. Otherwise, don't blame me for giving you a taste of your own medicine."

A flash of hesitation appeared in Boss' eyes. He knew Kenneth wasn't easy to fool. If he refused to spill anything, things might not go his way.

"She has been poisoned," Boss revealed in a low voice.

Kenneth had seen that coming, but hearing the truth from Boss' lips nearly caused him to lose his self-control.

Casting him a furious glare, Kenneth lifted him up. "B*stard! How dare you poison her?" He then gave Boss' face a forceful punch.

Without hesitation, he punched Boss again and again as if he wanted to vent his frustrations.

Boss' face was soon covered in blood. His men were about to take action when he barked, "Stop!"

Hearing that, Kenneth looked up and swept his gaze over everyone. He then gave Boss another punch right in the face as though he was taunting them.

Seeing that, one of the men lifted his gun to shoot Kenneth. He had barely moved when the sniper shot him, causing him to fall to the ground.

It seemed that Kenneth was surrounded by them, but they were also surrounded by a bigger force.

The rest dared not make any more moves.

Right then, Kenneth lowered his gaze and asked, "What poison did you give her?"

Boss looked a mess after getting beaten to a pulp, but he remained as arrogant as ever.

"Ha! Do you think I'll tell you what it is? Kenneth, I'm not a fool. I'll be doomed if I reveal it to you!"

"Hey!"

Boss stared at him stubbornly. Despite his defeat, he refused to cave in.

An icy grin spread across Kenneth's face. "My patience has its limits. If you tell me the truth now, I might spare you. However, if you insist on testing my limits, I'll send you to hell for real!"

"Don't try to scare me, Kenneth. You can kill me right away. I won't be lonely for she can accompany me in hell," Boss retorted.

Kenneth grabbed Boss' collar, suffocating him. "You aren't worthy," he sneered.

Chapter 606

Boss immediately knew what Kenneth was up to.

It would be too late if he were to allow Kenneth to bring him away.

He parted his lips to offer, "I can bring you to retrieve the antidote."

Kenneth turned to look at him. "Oh? You changed your mind pretty fast, huh?"

Boss told him, "The antidote is at my house. Dare you come with me?"

Dave's voice came through the earpiece. "Kenneth, don't fall for his trick."

Before Kenneth could say anything, Boss added, "What's wrong? Too scared to come with me?"

"Don't try to provoke me. I won't fall for your trick!" Kenneth held him in a chokehold and hissed, "Tell your subordinates to get it. I'll wait here."

"Aren't you afraid they will get help instead of the antidote?" Boss sneered.

Kenneth asked, "Do you think I didn't prepare anything before allowing them to leave?"

Boss' expression turned grim.

"J, it's a waste that you left the industry," Boss commented. There was a certain weight to his words.

"This won't work on me," Kenneth snapped. He glanced at the men in front of them. "Will you ask them to get the antidote or follow me back?"

Boss stared ahead resolutely. "No one can get the antidote."

"What do you mean?"

"The antidote is in a safe room that can only be unlocked with my irises. No one else can enter that room!" Boss revealed darkly.

Kenneth's brows snapped together when he heard that.

Dave heard their conversation clearly.

It was a difficult decision to make, for no one knew whether Boss was telling the truth.

Perhaps it's a trap.

After pondering for a while, Dave said, "Kenneth, we don't know whether he's telling the truth. Don't act recklessly!"

A deep frown marred Kenneth's mien.

Boss questioned, "So? Will you come with me or not?"

Kenneth gazed at him, seemingly deep in thought.

"I know what you're worried about. You're worried I might lie to you. You can choose not to trust me and kill me to end everything." Boss shrugged.

It was, after all, a gamble.

“Kenneth, don't say yes. There must be another way,” Dave urged.

“Dave, I don't have another choice,” Kenneth replied bitterly.

Even if it was a ruse or a path to doom, he had no choice but to leave with Boss.

He couldn't afford to lose Natasha, nor could he put her life on the line.

Hearing that, Boss knew he had won the gamble.

Kenneth caved in. “All right. I'll come with you.”

“Kenneth!” Dave's panicked voice rang out from the earpiece.

“Dave, if I die, don't tell her what I did,” Kenneth told him solemnly.

“Kenneth!”

Ignoring his cries, Kenneth looked at Boss while still holding the knife against the latter's neck. “Come, let's go.”

Thus, they went toward the only car whose tires were still intact.

“Get out,” Kenneth ordered the driver.

The driver glanced at Boss and received his approval before getting out of the car.

“Get in,” Kenneth told Boss.

Without hesitation, Boss got into the car. Kenneth climbed in after Boss but kept the dagger on Boss' neck.

After closing the door, Kenneth said, “Drive.”

Chapter 607

The second he finished his sentence, a loud bang sounded out.

Kenneth had attacked the back of Boss' head, causing Boss' face to slam right onto the steering wheel.

Boss didn't see that coming, for he didn't expect to be attacked while he was driving. When his head hit the steering wheel, the car began to shake and swerve.

They were on a mountain road.

If the car continued to sway, they would either collide against the mountain wall or fall off the cliff. Just as the car was about to steer off the cliff, Boss hastily turned the steering wheel in the nick of time and stomped on the brake.

By then, half of the car bumper was already dangling in the air, and the wheel was right at the edge of the cliff.

It was a perilous situation.

At that moment, Kenneth, who was in the backseat, was tensed, but there was not a single trace of fear on his face.

It was as if he had expected the situation.

Boss then lifted his head and looked at Kenneth through the rearview mirror. "Aren't you afraid of dying?"

Kenneth curled his lips in disdain. "I am, but I'm not as scared since you're going to be cushioning me!"

Boss shot him a glare at that.

Right then, Kenneth leaned forward and warned, "I've given you a warning. Focus on the road. If I hear any more nonsense from you, you'll find what just happened earlier a far better scenario to face."

It was only then Boss changed gears and reversed the car.

After slowly getting back on the road, they continued on their way.

"You would've fallen off this place if I didn't step on the brake in time," Boss muttered.

"Not just me. You'll be with me too," Kenneth corrected.

Boss gave him a glance but said nothing else as he continued driving.

Despite his silence, Boss was driving much slower than before.

How could Kenneth not know what Boss was thinking about?

"What's the matter? Are you waiting for your men to come and rescue you?" he asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Kenneth smiled at his reply, but he did not bother urging the other man to speed up.

Just as Boss was finding Kenneth's reaction strange, a car sped toward them from behind.

Thinking that the car was there to rescue him, Boss slowed down.

Alas, Boss was too late to realize something amiss about the situation—he only figured it out when the car was right behind them. He was about to speed up again when Kenneth's knife shifted. “Stop the car.”

Boss was forced to obey.

The other car soon came to a stop at the side of the road. After the car window wound down, Dave stepped out from the other car.

Kenneth and Dave did not say anything to each other. They only shared a look.

Then, Dave walked over to the driver's seat to look at the driver. In the next second, Kenneth swung a punch at Boss. Just as Boss opened his mouth to moan in pain, Dave shoved something into his mouth and forced him to swallow it.

Boss sneered. “Ha. No wonder you weren't worried when I slowed down. So this is how it is. What kind of poison did you give me?”

Dave took his time answering, “Nothing great—just some kind of poison that Spencer developed. He hasn't named it, but I heard that it's quite potent, so I used you as a lab rat.”

Boss stiffened when he heard that, and he turned to Kenneth. “What now? Are we still going to get the antidote?”

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

“Sit tight, then.” With that, Boss started the engine and drove off.

“Be careful,” was what Dave tried to say to Kenneth, but the car was gone before he could even finish his sentence.

Hence, he could only knit his brows as he watched the car disappear beyond the horizon.

Soon, the car went past the bustling city and drove into a remote area.

Kenneth scanned his surroundings while keeping an eye on Boss.

“What's the matter? Are you afraid?” Boss asked.

Kenneth returned his gaze to Boss before grinning, unperturbed. “I'd like to see whether your plan's faster or my knife's faster.”

Boss pursed his lips and glanced at Kenneth. "A reminder for you. There are plenty of people in my house, too."

"So?" Kenneth questioned.

"Nothing. I'm just reminding you about it."

"Don't worry. I have my own way to leave this place."

Boss scoffed and drove the car into the courtyard.

Right as they entered the premise, someone came over.

Kenneth immediately cocked the gun and said, "Am I going to get out of the car while visibly holding you hostage, or shall I make an excuse to get them to leave?"

Boss did not speak.

Chapter 608

The room was an enclosed space.

The moment they entered, Kenneth noticed the many jars and bottles on the table, as well as chemical products. It seemed like they were researching something in there.

After sweeping his gaze at his surroundings, he asked, "Where's the antidote?"

Boss walked over to a white cabinet and opened its doors. There were dozens of small bottles kept in there.

A moment of contemplation later, he took out a small bottle.

"This is it."

Cautious, Kenneth narrowed his eyes at Boss. "Why?"

"What do you mean?" Boss queried.

"There are so many bottles of drugs in here. How can I be sure that the one you're giving me is the antidote?" Kenneth questioned.

Boss laughed. "How am I supposed to prove this? Maybe you should get Natasha to come here so that she can consume this right in front of you."

Kenneth took the bottle from Boss and opened it. He then shook one pill out and said, "Take one."

Boss took the pill and swallowed it without a word.

However, Boss was a crafty man, so Kenneth still found it hard to believe his words.

Thus, he decided to take all of the bottles in the cabinet.

As Boss watched him, he commented, "Not all are antidotes; some are poison. Lethal poison."

Kenneth shot him a look. "You have no need to worry about that."

After keeping the bottles, he continued aiming the gun at Boss' back. "Time to go."

Boss glimpsed at him with resignation and walked toward the door per Kenneth's order.

However, just as they were at the doorway, Boss turned around and said, "Kenneth, don't you want to know what this hidden room is for?"

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. Right as he was mulling over Boss' question, Boss spun around to shove Kenneth into the room before lunging toward a wall at the side and hitting a button. The door promptly started closing.

When Kenneth saw the door closing, he grabbed a stool close to him and threw it at the closing gap. The door ended up getting stuck on the stool, and he rushed over to slide out of the room from the gap below.

Boss, who was outside, never thought that Kenneth would be able to escape from the room. Therefore, he quickly turned around, whipped out a gun, and started firing at Kenneth.

Kenneth swiftly dodged the bullets and returned fire.

As Boss continued firing the gun, he rushed into the elevator.

Kenneth went after him at full speed. However, just as he was about to reach Boss, the latter flashed him a malicious grin, and the doors closed.

Without missing a beat, Boss pressed the call button in the elevator, and a voice soon came out from the speaker.

"Boss."

Boss uttered in a low voice, "Activate the self-destruction program on the third floor once the elevator reaches the first floor."

"Yes, sir!"

Just as those words were out of his mouth, the elevator doors opened with a ding. There were many people waiting for him outside.

"Boss!" Gavin studied him from head to toe. "How are you? Are you okay?"

"You're here."

"I'm sorry I was late," Gavin told him.

"No, you're not. The show's just about to begin!" With that, Boss walked out of the elevator.

The people outside the elevator quickly opened up a path for Boss when they saw him stepping out.

Gavin and the others then quickly followed him out of the building.

They were outside in no time, and Boss was in a spot where he could watch the third floor safely.

Gavin took a step closer to him. "Boss."

"Hush," he said, gesturing for the other man to stay quiet as his eyes remained fixed on the third floor.

"Three. Two. One."

Boom!

Following the deafening sound of an explosion, the third floor collapsed. Black clouds of smoke floated out of the windows.

Some of Boss' men had not expected the explosion, and they quickly covered their heads in fright. When they recollected themselves, they looked up at the third floor and pursed their lips.

"Boss, this is..."

"It's the self-destruction program," Boss answered.

A look of realization crossed Gavin's face.

A glint flashed past Boss' yellow eyes as he stared at the third floor, and his lips curled.

"At the end of the day, Kenneth, you still died in my hands," he muttered under his breath, his voice laced with delight.

Outside, not far from Boss and his men, Dave was anxiously waiting for Kenneth. The loud explosion earlier had made his heart leap to his throat, and he was close to jumping into action when he saw the rising smoke.

Just as he was about to get out of the car, a hand hit the window.

Chapter 609

“Vermillion Base is infamous, and anything they do doesn't come off as unusual,” Dave remarked.

Kenneth only lowered his gaze at that. A moment later, his eyes flicked to the side. “Do you have a cigarette?”

Dave passed a pack to him without saying anything.

Kenneth then took out a cigarette and lit it.

The car window wound down a little, and Kenneth looked back outside. Between his bony fingers was his cigarette as he quietly blew the smoke out of the window, his pale and elegant face showing no emotions.

“Is it useful?” Dave asked.

Dave's voice pulled Kenneth back to reality, and he turned to look at his friend. “What is?”

“The relief that comes with nicotine,” Dave said as he looked at Kenneth's injuries.

A smile spread across Kenneth's lips at that. “Do you want to give it a try?”

Dave shook his head. “Never mind. I'm not as lucky as you; not everyone can get injuries like these.”

“Glad to know that you know that.”

Dave drove faster.

Soon, they arrived at a private clinic.

The person in the clinic seemed to have sensed their arrival, for he opened the door the moment Dave reached the doorway.

“Dave,” greeted the man who looked like he was around forty years old.

Dave nodded in response.

"Come in," the older man said.

Dave and Kenneth then stepped inside.

If Kenneth were to go to the hospital to treat his gunshot injuries, there would certainly be questions raised about how he got them. However, a private clinic didn't pose such problems.

As Kenneth lay in bed, the doctor studied the former's injuries for a while before frowning.

"What's wrong?" Dave asked.

Troubled, the doctor quietly said, "We've run out of anesthesia."

It was Dave's turn to frown. "What did you just say?"

"I've been getting many patients recently, and I haven't had the time to replenish the stock."

"Where is it? I'll go and get them right now," Dave offered.

"But it's quite late..." the doctor trailed off, stumped by the situation.

"That's not something you should be worried about," Dave gritted out.

"All right, then. Let me give you the address—"

Right then, Kenneth cut him off by saying, "It's fine."

Both the doctor and Dave turned to Kenneth, who was leaning against the headboard of the bed.

"There's no need for such troubles. Just do it."

Hearing that, the doctor frowned. "But..."

"Why are you afraid when I'm not?" Kenneth questioned.

"That's not it. It's just that..."

"Cut the crap and start work immediately." With that, Kenneth sat up, seemingly having made up his mind.

The doctor then turned to Dave and waited for the latter's reply.

A while later, Dave bobbed his head. "Do it."

There was nothing else the doctor could say after that, so he walked over to start preparing for the treatment.

Meanwhile, Kenneth sat on the bed and thought about Natasha. A tender look surfaced in his eyes when her face appeared in his mind.

Right then, the doctor walked over to him and said, "We'll be starting the treatment now."

"Mhm," Kenneth hummed distractedly.

Thus, the doctor started treating the wound.

The injury Kenneth sustained on his chest was quite deep, and the doctor needed to peel the skin back to properly sterilize the wound.

However, Kenneth was silent the entire time despite how his chest muscle twitched from the pain and how beads of cold sweat had beaded his forehead.

Once in a while, the doctor would glance at him before continuing.

After a while of watching, Dave walked over to put a cigarette between Kenneth's lips before lighting it.

Although the mild nicotine was not going to help with the pain, a cigarette could help distract the person and allow them to space out.

The smoke from the cigarette filled the room.

Kenneth held the cigarette steadily between his lips and clenched his jaw, his action accentuating his jawline that was pleasing to the eye.

As expected, he looked much more relaxed with the help of the cigarette, and the doctor could speed up his work.

Kenneth had two major injuries and many smaller injuries.

Just as the doctor was about to treat his smaller wounds, Kenneth stopped him.

"But we're already here," was what Dave said to him.

However, Kenneth continued to put on his clothes as he said, "It's late, and it's time to go back."

"The slight delay won't make much difference," Dave said. "Did she give you a curfew?"

Nevertheless, Kenneth was unfazed by Dave's teasing. As he smoothened the wrinkles of his shirt, he

said, "It's not her; it's me."

Dave gave him a questioning look.

"I've been getting a sense of foreboding ever since I came out tonight."

Kenneth did not give an explanation for his words, but Dave still deciphered what the former was talking about.

Thus, he nodded. "Okay."

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The two got out of the car and made their way over.

Just as Kenneth arrived before Spencer, the latter noticed his pale complexion and asked, "Are you injured?"

Kenneth shot him a glance. Instead of waiting for a reply, Spencer continued, "In the past, there were some people who underwent treatment without using anesthesia. Their complexions were the same as yours right now."

Perhaps that was what a person who pursued the extreme and perfection would be like, regardless of what kind of industry they were in.

Kenneth did not seem to be bothered by those words. Instead, he handed over all the medicine he had brought back.

Spencer's eyes roamed over the contents. "So many?"

"Boss said this is the antidote, but I can't trust him, so I brought everything back. Take a look," Kenneth uttered.

Spencer opened the bottles, peeked inside, and got a whiff of them one after another.

While smelling one of the medicines, he furrowed his brows.

Dave turned to him and asked, "What's wrong?"

"This smell..." Spencer frowned and directed his attention to the other two. "This is no antidote. It's a poison that can take one's life without anyone knowing."

Kenneth and Dave exchanged looks with each other.

After making that discovery, Spencer continued inspecting the other medicine.

Seeing that, Kenneth uttered, "Continue with the inspection. I'll head inside first."

Spencer nodded in acknowledgment, and so did Dave.

With that, Kenneth strode off.

Staring at his retreating figure, Dave knitted his brows.

Spencer continued smelling the bottles of medicine. As he still had no clue what kind of poison was in Natasha's body, he was making no progress.

Lifting his gaze to the expression on Dave's face, he questioned, "What is it? Are you envious?"

Dave snapped out of his daze and looked at Spencer. "Don't you think he makes others envious of him?"

Spencer could not help but nod his head in agreement after hearing his response. "Indeed he does. He is the only man in this whole world who can abandon a woman and court her back again so shamelessly."

Dave was rendered speechless.

"Come on. Let's talk inside," Spencer urged.

As the two entered the house, Dave popped a question. "Do you think telepathy exists?"

Spencer nodded. "Of course. But it normally happens between siblings, especially twins. The same goes for a mother and her child. Basically, the younger the child is, the stronger the telepathy is. These are all facts supported by research."

"How about those who are not biologically related? For instance, a couple?" Dave inquired.

"Medical research shows that such cases are rare. I prefer to say that it's a vague feeling that only those deeply in love could sense," Spencer stated.

Those words made Dave nod thoughtfully. "I see."

"Why? Did you feel something?" Spencer probed.

"It's just a casual question," Dave retorted.

"There's no such thing as a casual question." Spencer looked at him intently. "You're talking about Kenneth and Natasha, right?"

Dave shifted his gaze to Spencer and nodded, not denying it.

Spencer observed him.

If one were to say that women had strong intuition for other female counterparts, then men would only need one look to understand what another man was thinking.

Spencer pursed his lips. "Nat and Kenneth shared a deep bond since they were young. Despite all these years, she hasn't had a change of heart, not even when Kenneth did many nasty things or when she knew very well that he most likely couldn't remember anything from the past. She is the kind of person who would rather lose everything than settle for the status quo. As for Kenneth, he lost his memory because of her, yet he has fallen in love with her again even though he hasn't regained his memory. These aren't pure coincidences. It's an attraction or affinity of the deep connection between them. They're destined to be together."

Of course, Dave understood what he meant.

A smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he looked at Spencer and remarked, "I know. That's why I'm envious of them!"

"There's no need to be envious. You will also find your destined one someday," Spencer said.

Dave raised an eyebrow. "What is it? Don't tell me you know physiognomy too?"

"I really do. How about you let me give you an assessment?" Spencer joked.

"Forget about it. I never believe in such things," Dave said.

Spencer laughed. "I'm serious. Judging from your facial features, I can foretell that you will meet the woman who's very important to you this year."

In response, Dave merely laughed it off, taking it as a joke.

Meanwhile, Kenneth freshened up and changed into a new set of clothes before heading over to see Natasha.