

Yo Daddy 611

Chapter 611

The next day, Natasha woke up and saw an arm resting on her body.

At the same time, she could feel someone's body tightly pressed against her back. That was when she looked over her shoulder and found Kenneth hugging her from behind while sleeping soundly.

The man kept himself close to her. Stray strands of hair fell loosely in front of his forehead, giving him a messy yet attractive look. His nose was sharp, and his facial features had a sense of indescribable graciousness.

As Natasha fixed her eyes on him, her gaze gradually softened. Unknowingly, she quirked her lips into a smile. The aura she exuded was gentle.

Then, she reached out to stroke his facial features. However, a pucker appeared between her eyebrows as she used her fingers to move the hair strands away from his forehead.

There were heavy and light bruises and wounds all over his forehead as well as his face.

Kenneth must have gotten injured last night. Who could have possibly hurt him?

While Natasha was spacing out, she accidentally tapped on Kenneth's eyelid, which woke him up. He moved slightly and opened his eyes.

Their eyes met.

It was evident that he was still half-asleep. Gazing at her with sleepy eyes, he voiced lazily, "Good morning, Nat."

Natasha looked at him and responded in a low voice, "I must have woken you up."

"No, you didn't," Kenneth said in a hoarse voice, tightening his arms around her. With his chin resting on the top of her head, he nuzzled her gently as if he wanted to cling to her forever.

Natasha could smell the faint woody scent combined with the smell of antiseptic from his body. "You're injured!" she voiced abruptly.

Still holding her in his embrace, Kenneth replied nonchalantly, "It's nothing serious." The man was not at all bothered by his injuries.

Natasha wanted to say something. Her lips moved for a bit, but she held her tongue eventually.

In an attempt to get up from the bed, she budged a little.

Then, Kenneth uttered, "Nat, stop moving around, or I can't sleep in." There was a hint of suppressed emotion in his tone.

"I'll get up now so that you can have a good rest," murmured Natasha.

"No. I only sleep better with you in my arms," he replied. With that, he held her tightly and nestled his head against her neck. By the end of his sentence, his magnetic voice carried a touch of hoarseness, deepening further. It was a perfect blend of laziness and elegance, rendering it impossible for her to resist him.

Since he had behaved in such a way, she could say nothing in refusal. Instead, she stopped moving around and let him hug her to sleep just like that.

Natasha, already feeling somnolent, somehow drifted to sleep as she lay unmovingly in Kenneth's embrace.

The sun was out by the time she awoke again.

Natasha checked the time and realized that it was already eleven.

No signs of Kenneth could be seen on the bed.

Her brows drew together. Just as she got up from the bed, the door was pushed open from the outside, and in came Kenneth.

At that moment, he had changed into a new set of clothes. The man looked invigorated, unlike his sluggish self from a while ago.

Kenneth walked in her direction. Looking at Natasha, he asked, "You're awake?" His voice sounded gentle as always.

In response, she nodded with a bemused expression. "When did you wake up? I didn't even realize it."

Her reaction evoked a chuckle from him. "I woke up long ago. I didn't want to wake you up since you were sleeping so soundly."

As he spoke, he placed the things he was carrying on the table. "You woke up right on time to eat."

Natasha frowned. "I just woke up. Do I have to eat now?"

"The food is still hot. How about you go wash up first?" Kenneth suggested.

She sighed in resignation and replied, "All right." After standing up, however, she did not head to the bathroom immediately. Instead, she walked toward her and bored her eyes into his as she asked, "How do you feel? Are you okay?"

"Me? What's wrong with me?"

All of a sudden, Natasha leaned forward. Staring at the wounds on his face, she furrowed her brows and stroked them. "Does it hurt?"

When Kenneth heard her question, a smile touched his lips, and he replied, "Yes, it hurts." He fixed his gaze on her before continuing, "Are you going to reward me for my painful injuries?"

"Reward?"

"A reward such as a kiss. It won't hurt anymore if you kiss me."

His words rendered Natasha speechless.

Kenneth chuckled, his handsome and fair face lighting up with delight. At that moment, he gave out a regal bearing.

"It seems like you're not in pain anymore," she said.

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her into his embrace. "No, it hurts."

The next instant, Natasha held his face and stood on tiptoes to kiss his wounds.

His gaze was tender as he looked at her.

"Do you feel better now?" she asked.

"Yes." Kenneth's eyes were still on her as he nodded.

Natasha looked at him and beamed. Nonetheless, her bright eyes seemed to be brimming with worry.

"Are you not going to ask me about last night?" he asked, staring at her.

"There must be something that you need to do. It's fine if you don't want to talk about it. You must have your reasons," she voiced.

Kenneth lowered his eyes and fixated his intent gaze on her. "Nat, I promise to tell you everything after the matter ends."

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"Were you also the one behind Spencer's response to me yesterday?" Natasha asked.

"No." Kenneth shook his head. He stepped forward and reached for her hand. "Nat, I won't lie to you since I've decided to be candid with you. What happened yesterday was completely unexpected. Till now, I still regret not being able to be by your side."

Gazing into his dark eyes that were brimming with sincerity, she said, "But I'm glad."

"What are you glad about?"

"I'm glad that you weren't there to witness what happened," Natasha replied.

Kenneth stared back at her and squeezed her hand. At that moment, he did not know what to say in response.

After pondering for a moment, she continued, "Kenneth, if... something untoward happened to me, promise me that you'll take care of my grandpa."

That had him lifting his gaze to meet her resolute eyes. It felt as if he was stabbed in the heart with a dagger.

He shook his head and said, "No, I'll do no such thing!"

Natasha frowned at him.

"I can take care of him together with you, but if you want to leave the job to me alone, I won't do it," Kenneth insisted.

She still had her eyes on him. "Yes, you will."

"I will not!"

Natasha's gaze never left him, but she ceased arguing with him. It was because she knew that, despite his forceful denial, he would watch over her grandfather if anything untoward were to befall her.

Noticing her silence, Kenneth took a deep breath and looked at her intensely. "Nat, it's not over yet. I don't want you to give up so quickly."

"I'm not giving up," Natasha retorted firmly, staring back at him, her gaze equally intense. "In fact, I am determined to live because of you, the three little ones, and Grandpa."

"Then, don't make such morbid statements," he said softly.

"I don't want to say such things either, but I've always had such bad luck. So, I must say it, Kenneth! I

know that you will take care of Grandpa even if I don't ask it of you, but my mind will only be at ease if I say it. This way, I know I'll have no regrets or unfinished business if something really were to happen to me," she replied, her voice heavy with emotion.

There was nothing that Kenneth could say. He pulled Natasha into his embrace and wrapped his arms around her tightly.

After a few minutes, he broke the silence by saying, "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to you. I won't allow it."

"Mmh." Natasha nodded, rubbing her head against his chin.

As a matter of fact, she knew that her request was bound to break his heart, but she owed it to herself to ask it of him. Only then could she finally be at peace.

Nevertheless, she would only say those words once because she knew how much it hurt those who loved her.

Moments later, Kenneth released her from his embrace and gazed down at her, "Eat up. After this, I'll take you to Spencer."

Natasha nodded at his plan.

Under his watchful eye, she finished her food.

"Are you happy now?" Natasha looked up at him and asked that question in her usual playful tone as if their solemn conversation earlier had not happened.

"Yes!" Kenneth nodded with a satisfied smile.

"Let's go then," she urged.

With that, the two of them left the bedroom together.

Meanwhile, Spencer stood inside the laboratory and surveyed the interior. He felt at home, as though he had returned to his own laboratory.

The surroundings felt familiar to him.

Dave, who had been standing by the side, uttered, "Have a look around. Let me know if there's anything else you need."

Spencer walked around the perimeter and swept his gaze across the room. The laboratory was well-equipped, and he could not identify anything lacking.

"How did you manage to do this?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" Dave asked.

"The time constraint, " Spencer elaborated.

"If you have money, time is not a problem!" Dave answered with a small smile.

His remark had Spencer raising his eyebrows in amusement. "The way you talk like a rich and powerful man makes you seem like a friend of Kenneth."

Dave walked into the room and looked around before saying, "It's a matter of life and death. Time is of the essence."

Spencer cast him a deep look. Then, he nodded. "Mmh."

At that moment, a knock sounded at the door.

The two men turned at the sound. Kenneth and Natasha were standing in the doorway.

When Spencer caught sight of Natasha, his gaze changed. "Nat, you're awake?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yeah," she replied in a rather flat tone. A beat later, she walked into the laboratory and scanned the room with her eyes. "This place is very similar to your old laboratory."

"All these bottles and tubes are the same everywhere. They're nothing special," he said.

Natasha nodded. "So, what do I need to do?"

Spencer glanced at her. "I need to perform a full body checkup on you and also take a blood sample."

"Blood sample? Why?"

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Natasha fell into a daze, only regaining her senses a few moments later.

As she stared at Spencer, she asked, "When did I get poisoned? Why don't I know anything?"

While performing the checkup on her, he replied casually, "How would I know if you don't? Think back carefully if anything special happened."

At that, she narrowed her eyes.

"Could this occur when I was at Vermillion Base..." Natasha mused. But there wasn't anyone near me at that time.

Spencer merely continued doing his work in silence.

"Is there a possibility that I got poisoned because I was hurt by blades when fighting with others?" She lifted her gaze to look at him.

Her countenance was unusually calm. It was as if she was analyzing another person's poisoning case.

Nonetheless, seemingly having grown used to her composed demeanor, Spencer replied, "If the blade was poisoned, it might be one of the possibilities."

Natasha ruminated on it, then muttered, "But that's not possible too. At that time, General Will tossed me into the southern camp to slowly torture me to death, so he couldn't have done something as unnecessary as this!"

Right after those words fell from her lips, Spencer shifted his gaze onto her. "What did you say? The southern camp?"

She looked up. "What's the matter?"

"Do you know what kind of place the southern camp is?" he questioned.

"Isn't that just a messy, chaotic place filled with men where the strong bullies the weak?" she uttered nonchalantly.

Spencer was rendered speechless.

He did not know how to respond to her description.

After a brief pause of silence, he corrected her. "The southern camp is a place for monsters. Do you know why? That's because the southern camp is Vermillion Base's death camp. Every person there is inhumane, and no one, regardless of their gender, ever made it out of there alive."

Hearing his elaboration, Natasha knitted her brows and retorted, "The situation there wasn't as exaggerated as you mentioned!"

"How am I exaggerating? Did you really go there?"

"Yes!"

Spencer could not help but look at her doubtfully. Still, he knew her very well. She was a taciturn woman

and thus would never care to boast about something that did not happen.

"I've never heard of anyone escaping the southern camp alive. How did you do that?" he asked.

Blinking, Natasha replied indifferently, "By killing others."

Spencer stared at her in a momentary daze, regarding her with a dubious look.

"Nat, I'm not looking down on you, but there's no way you could've done that alone at that huge southern camp," he said.

"If that's the case, the Natasha standing before you right now would be a ghost," she retorted.

Spencer was stumped for words, so he asked, "How did you make your way out by killing others, then?"

"Actually, I have you to thank for that."

"Me?"

She nodded before hinting at him. "Your needle."

After a slight pause, he responded, "Do you mean the needle I gifted to you previously?"

Natasha bobbed her head in agreement.

"I gave you that needle so that you could treat yourself when you suffer a relapse from your wrist condition," he remarked.

"Evidently, the needle did more than that. It saved my life," she stated.

He bored his eyes into her for a long while before he piped up, "If I hadn't known you and understood your personality, I would undoubtedly think you're lying now."

Natasha remained silent.

"Did you truly kill those people and flee from the camp using a needle?" he then inquired.

"They came at me one by one. Maybe because they underestimated me, I had the advantage of taking them by surprise."

Her sudden humble remark prompted Spencer to praise her. "Even if the initial enemies you fought underestimated you, what about the ones you faced afterward? You shouldn't credit your success solely on the element of surprise. Those people were all brawn and no brains. They had the strength but lacked the strategies. Hence, what you relied on were your capabilities and intelligence!"

Natasha did not feel like denying it.

At times, receiving compliments from others worked wonders in brightening one's mood.

Looking at her, Spencer seemed to have suddenly recalled something. "How many people did you kill?"

Natasha furrowed her brows as she tried hard to recollect. "I can't remember clearly. Perhaps there was only one person left? Or did I murder every one of them? I was too exhausted to pay attention to the numbers."

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Natasha came out of the room.

Kenneth was waiting right outside. When he saw her, he immediately walked up to her.

"How did it go?" the man asked with concern.

Shaking her head, she forced a smile and replied, "Everything is fine."

Perhaps Kenneth knew her too well that he could not help but feel that her gaze seemed a little different than usual.

"I'll go and check on Thalia," said Natasha.

He nodded. "Okay."

With that, she strode off. Looking at her retreating figure, he drew his brows together into a frown. Seconds later, he retracted his gaze and made his way into Spencer's laboratory.

Just as Natasha was about to reach Thalia's room, she bumped into Dave, who had walked up the stairs not too long ago.

"How's everything? Are you all right?" he asked.

Natasha, on the other hand, was scrutinizing him. Once she realized that he was unharmed, something became clear to her. "Yeah," she replied, nodding.

"Relax. Nothing will happen," Dave assured her.

Once again, she nodded, but that time around, there was a smile on her face as she spoke. "I hope so."

Without another word, he nodded and raised his leg, intending to leave.

Just then, Natasha called out, "Dave."

Dave turned around and looked at her. "Is there anything else?"

"Yesterday, when Kenneth went with you to sort out some matters regarding DX Group, did anything else happen?" she asked.

He was stunned momentarily. Then, his gaze went elsewhere before he answered, "No."

"That's good to know," Natasha responded with a smile. "That's all I wanted to ask."

With a pensive expression, Dave nodded and turned around to leave.

After taking a few steps, he seemed to have come to some realization. However, by the time he looked over his shoulder, all he saw was her walking away.

His brows puckered in a frown. A beat later, he continued to stride off.

Meanwhile, Kenneth entered the laboratory.

"How is it?" he asked as he eyed Spencer.

"How is what?" The latter shot back a question instead.

"Of course, I'm asking about the examination."

"For now, I can't find any problems in the series of tests. To be honest, it's my first time encountering this type of poison. It's quite challenging, so I will require some time to do my research," said Spencer.

"How about the antidote?"

"I need some time before I can give you an answer."

Hearing that, Kenneth nodded. "All right, then."

Spencer no longer replied to him. Instead, he continued with his work and began to tinker with his equipment.

Kenneth pondered for a while before asking, "Did anything happen during the examination earlier on?"

Without looking up, Spencer inquired, "What exactly are you referring to?"

"There seemed to be something amiss with her when she came out, but I can't put my finger on it!" Kenneth replied with a frown.

"Did she?" Spencer retorted before lifting his eyes to glance at him with a nonchalant expression. "How

come I didn't notice it?"

Kenneth looked at him and asked, "You didn't tell her anything, did you?"

"I know nothing. What can I possibly tell her?"

Still having his gaze on Spencer, Kenneth furrowed his brows.

When there was no response from him, Spencer continued, "Then again, Nat is an extremely intelligent woman. Although she doesn't have high emotional intelligence, she's very smart in every other aspect. There are some things you can hide from her for a while but not forever!"

His utterances had Kenneth directing his attention back to him.

Having made his point, Spencer announced, "All right. I'm starting my experiment, and I need silence."

In another word, he was chasing Kenneth away.

Kenneth shot a glance at him and asked, "How long do you need?"

"I can't be certain at the moment, but I will try my best."

Nodding, Kenneth cast his eyes downward before leaving without a word.

The moment he walked out, he met Dave.

"How is it?" the latter asked.

"I'm afraid he still needs a bit more time," Kenneth answered.

Dave nodded in response. Upon noticing the grim expression on the other man's face, he consoled him by saying, "Don't worry. Since it's claimed to be the antidote, then it should work. You have always been a lucky man. It shouldn't be any different this time around."

A wry smile touched Kenneth's lips. "I hope so."

Just then, Dave voiced tentatively, "There's one more thing."

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At that moment, Kenneth was standing outside the door.

Natasha's words cut his heart like a knife.

Instead of barging into the room, he smoked a cigarette by the door.

Meanwhile, Thalia looked at Natasha silently.

As a person who lived dangerously, she had never consoled others. Thus, for a moment, she could not come up with any comforting words.

It was only after a long silence did she speak. "Don't say that. Spencer is here. With his superb medical skills, you'll be all right!"

Natasha lifted her eyes to look at Thalia and flashed her a smile. "Yeah. I believe in his medical skills. I was merely preparing for the worst. Don't feel stressed out, okay?"

Bereft of words, Thalia could only bob her head in response.

Seconds later, Kenneth knocked on the door.

"Nat," he called out to her, gesturing for her to come out.

Natasha looked over her shoulder and glanced at him before standing up and getting out of the room.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

After contemplating for a moment, Kenneth replied, "I need to go out to settle some matter. I'll be back soon."

Natasha did not give him a response immediately. Instead, she stared at him without uttering a word.

"What's wrong?" he asked while locking eyes with her.

Regarding him with a contemplative eye, she asked, "Is it dangerous?"

That caused Kenneth to chuckle. "It's not dangerous. My buddies from DX Group want to meet me, so I'm heading over to see them."

It was only then that Natasha nodded. "All right. Come back soon."

He stepped forward and gave her a peck on the forehead. "I'll be back very soon, so don't worry."

At that, she inclined her head in acknowledgment.

Kenneth was about to leave when the three children came over.

They saw him kissing Natasha's forehead but found it nothing unusual as they had gotten used to it. All they did was exchange teasing glances with one another in silence.

Upon arriving before the couple, Denise looked up at Kenneth and asked, "Daddy, where are you going?"

When Kenneth turned around and saw the children standing behind him, he nodded and said, "I need to make a trip to DX Group!"

Denise nodded in response.

"The three of you must look after Nat and make sure she doesn't skip her meals. Got it?" Kenneth exhorted.

Benjamin and Anthony bobbed their heads in acknowledgment.

Kenneth took another glance at Natasha before leaving reluctantly.

Right after he walked off, Anthony, Benjamin, and Denise moved to stand beside Natasha. Staring at the man's retreating figure, Anthony clicked his tongue and commented, "I can't believe someone that old is behaving like a teenager who's madly in love!"

His remark had Benjamin knitting his brows. "Who are you calling old?"

"Daddy, of course," Anthony replied. "Nat is a natural beauty who will forever be as young as an eighteen-year-old!" The boy then looked in Natasha's direction, hoping to gain her favor.

Natasha nodded and gave him an affirmation. "You're very sophisticated."

Denise could not help but mumble under her breath, "Bootlicker."

Instantly, Anthony directed his gaze at her and asked, "What's wrong? Unless you think Nat is no longer young?"

The little girl did not fall for his trap, as she knew he was trying to provoke her to say the wrong things. With a slight smile touching her lips, she said, "What's so good about being eighteen? Nothing is charming about girls that age. I feel that Nat is now in her prime. She's smart, elegant, and beautiful. She is the embodiment of perfection."

Upon hearing Denise's remark, Anthony and Benjamin exchanged glances and gave her a thumbs-up. She's the ultimate bootlicker.

Denise gave them the side-eye. "You two promised Daddy earlier that you'll make sure Nat won't skip her meals, so don't forget about it." With that, she turned around and walked to Thalia's room.

Anthony and Benjamin were at a loss for words.

Natasha eyed the boys and gave them a piece of advice. "This is why you should never mess with women, no matter how young or old they are!"

"Nat..."

She nodded at them before saying, "Trust me. You'll thank me in the future!" Then, she entered the room as well.

Anthony and Benjamin looked at each other, looking utterly helpless and confused.

"Come on. Let's go!" Anthony urged.

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Both Anthony and Benjamin had their gazes pinned on Thalia, looking extremely unhappy.

"Come on. Re-enact it. I'll take just one look," she urged.

"Please have some self-respect, ma'am!" As Anthony spoke, he flashed her a grim smile.

"I'm already lying here in this pathetic state. Can't you grant me this humble wish of mine?"

"In that case, have the one who got dust in his eyes re-enact it for you." Anthony turned to look at his brother, who was rendered speechless by his remarks.

Thalia's gaze lingered between the brothers for a while. Finally, she looked at Anthony and said, "I want you to do it."

Upon hearing that, Benjamin instantly perked up and cast a mocking glance at Anthony.

However, Anthony was not about to make a fool out of himself and flatly refused her request.

"Goodbye."

He then spun on his heels and strode away.

"Anthony Watson!" Thalia called out to him. "If you leave now, don't blame me for using my ultimate technique on you once I'm fully recovered!"

As such, Anthony abruptly stopped in his tracks, standing as still as a statue.

Never did he expect that he would be tamed in that way—someone threatening to tickle him.

Clenching his fists, he swore to get rid of his weakness one day.

Anthony turned around, his gaze landing on Thalia, who was also looking at him.

The boy was zealous and thin-skinned, so she knew better than to go over the line with her jokes. "Fine. Since you're so petty, just forget about it, then!"

Those words won her a glare from Anthony.

Thalia then shifted her gaze toward Denise and beckoned the little girl to place her ear close to her.

"When I'm fully recovered, let's hold Anthony down and teach him a lesson."

Although it was a secret, Thalia's voice was not any softer than usual, so everyone heard her perfectly fine.

Denise nodded immediately upon hearing that. "I approve of that!"

"Why don't you two go ahead and use a loudspeaker, huh?" Anthony asked, his voice laced with sarcasm.

"What can you do about it?" Thalia retorted.

Denise, too, glanced over at her brothers. Backing Thalia up, she exclaimed, "That's right!"

"It sure is hard to deal with women and small-minded people—" Anthony instantly held his tongue when he felt Natasha's eyes on him. He paused for a moment and smiled as he clarified, "Nat is an exception, of course."

Seeing how afraid he looked at the moment brought a hint of disdain to Thalia's and Denise's eyes.

Meanwhile, Natasha observed their silly antics on the side, smiling but never chiming in.

Thalia got along well with the children, and although she did not say it out loud, Natasha knew that she would never allow the children to suffer any grievances.

At the thought of that, Natasha's mind was finally eased.

There were no signs of sadness in her eyes as she watched the four of them while smiling. In them, instead, was serenity.

It was not that Natasha was unafraid of death. In fact, it was very much the opposite. However, because of her beloved family, she was determined to become stronger.

She continued gazing at the people dear to her heart, her fair skin sheening under the light.

Meanwhile, Dave was driving the car, occasionally taking a glance at the silent Kenneth. He pondered for a moment before asking the latter, "Are you still worried?"

Kenneth lifted his eyes. "Yeah."

"Indeed, the matter progressed beyond our expectations, but it's not unsolvable."

"I know." Kenneth nodded.

"Let Spencer handle it. Have some faith in him. He'll definitely be able to do it."

"We still need to take precautionary measures."

Naturally, Dave knew what Kenneth was talking about. Looking at the latter, he voiced, "Yeah, it's always good to plan ahead. However, Boss won't fall for our tricks so easily this time. I'm afraid it'll be extremely difficult to find him."

His remark earned him a glance from Kenneth, who said, "We can't find him, but we can lure him right to our doorstep."

A chuckle escaped Dave's lips at those words.

As expected of Kenneth to always have a way.

"All right. I'll be on standby, then," he replied while maneuvering the steering wheel.

The corner of Kenneth's lips quirked into a smile when he looked at Dave, who also had a smile on his face.

Just then, Dave seemed to have recalled something and looked toward the man beside him. "Oh right, did you tell her what you were up to last night?" he asked.

"Are you talking about Nat?"

Dave nodded in response.

"No, why?" Kenneth answered, shaking his head.

Dave's brows knitted together when he heard that. "Kenneth, I think I might have let it slip."

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Over at DX Group, the shutter of an inconspicuous factory rolled down as a car pulled inside.

Subsequently, two men alighted from the vehicle.

"Let's go," Dave said, looking at Kenneth.

The latter pondered for a moment and eventually followed behind him.

They then entered an elevator, and after Dave placed his finger on a fingerprint scanner, the elevator began to descend.

"Well? Does it feel familiar?" Dave asked.

Kenneth shook his head in response. "There have been some big changes, but I'm surprised you guys retained the location of the base."

"This place holds a sentimental value for everyone. That's why we didn't move."

At that, Kenneth buttoned his lips.

"We're all awaiting your return," Dave voiced.

Once again, Kenneth glanced at him but said nothing.

It was then the elevator came to a halt.

As the doors slid open, a modern and hi-tech place soon came into view. It formed a stark contrast to the exterior of the factory.

There was an abundance of workstations and computers scattered throughout the space, and multiple screens were hung on the walls.

Most importantly, ten or so people stood outside the elevator.

Kenneth was stunned to see them.

Conversely, Dave quirked the corner of his lips into a smile and said, "Let's go."

Slowly, Kenneth stepped out of the elevator.

The faces that were once familiar to him turned to look in his direction.

Just as he walked forward, they greeted him in unison, "Welcome back, Boss."

Kenneth looked at them, not quite knowing what to say at the moment.

Thereafter, memories of the past began playing in his mind like scenes in a movie.

Dave stood aside and continued to look on in silence as Kenneth gradually made his way down the steps and arrived in front of the group of people.

A complicated look crossed Kenneth's eyes as he looked at them.

None of them piped up, merely exchanging glances with one another. Nevertheless, silence spoke volumes.

A moment later, a smile spread across Kenneth's face.

He took a step forward and enveloped the two men who stood at the front of the group in an embrace. "It's been a long while."

Following that, the rest of them swarmed over and surrounded him.

"Boss!"

"Boss!"

They called out to him.

Looking at the men, Kenneth remarked, "Right now, I'm no longer your boss."

"No, you'll always be our boss," said the two men, echoing one another. Gratified, Dave took in the scene with a smile touching his lips.

Kenneth continued embracing the men and only released them after a few moments. "How's everything? Are you all doing all right?" he queried.

"Everything's fine. We just miss you, that's all."

"That's right, Boss. You finally came back to see us."

"When one leaves DX Group, one may never return. That's a rule, and I can't break it," said Kenneth.

"Dave got rid of that rule after you left. We've all been waiting for your return."

Hearing that, Kenneth turned around to look at Dave. The latter arched a brow, explaining, "You know I'm not a stickler for rules."

"You're being irresponsible toward DX Group."

“You're right. I'm not a competent leader, so what do you say? Would you like to consider coming back and assuming your former position?” Dave raised a brow, evidently having no qualms about relinquishing his position to his former leader.

Words eluded Kenneth.

In the next second, the rest of the men began to cheer, “Come back, Boss!”

When Kenneth heard their shouts, he turned to look at them and replied, “Dave doesn't fancy the rule, but I was the one who made it a rule in the first place. Therefore, it can't be broken. I've left DX Group, and that's that.”

“Boss...”

“Also, I'm not your leader anymore. Dave is. You should all get used to that,” added Kenneth.

They stared at him, momentarily at a loss for words.

Just then, Dave stepped forward and chimed in, “I don't like it when they address me as 'Boss.' In my opinion, it sounds crude, and I'd much rather they address me by my name, Dave.”

“That's right! Boss, you're always going to be our boss, and Dave is Dave. Neither of you is replaceable. Isn't that right, boys?” one of the men who stood at the front of the group uttered.

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Alexia stared at the man's back as she inched toward him, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Memories of the time when she was young came flooding back to her. She had lost both of her parents during the riot, causing her to become a lonely and helpless little girl whose life was in danger. It was then Kenneth showed up as if he was heaven-sent and freed her from her misery.

At that thought, an unbidden smile touched her lips.

I've waited too long for this day!

She stood behind him and took a deep breath before voicing, “Savior!”

Kenneth was still chatting with the men, so he had not noticed her. Even when he heard her voice, he did not give it much thought until one of the men beside him turned around and said, “Alexia? You're back?”

That had him turning around slowly.

With the corner of her lips quirked into a smile, Alexia looked at Kenneth as if she only had eyes for him.

“Savior.”

Kenneth knew, without a doubt, that she was looking at him and talking to him.

However, he had no recollection of her.

Everyone wore puzzled expressions on their faces as they watched on.

With a distant look in his eyes, Kenneth gave Alexia a once-over and queried, “You are?”

“I'm Alexia. You saved me when I was a little girl,” she replied.

He then narrowed his eyes as though he was searching through his mind for memories of her. Unfortunately, it was evident that nothing came up.

“You don't remember me?” Alexia asked, disappointment appearing in her eyes.

Just then, Dave chimed in, “A riot broke out during one of our missions eight years ago. A young girl was almost shot by an arrow, but you saved her in the nick of time.”

At the mention of that matter, Kenneth nodded contemplatively. “I suppose something like that did happen.”

A look of delight manifested on Alexia's face.

“That's her. She's all grown up now and has become a part of DX Group,” explained Dave.

Alexia looked at Kenneth with anticipation, as if she was waiting for a response or to be praised by him. At that moment, she seemed to have returned to being a child.

Alas, the man merely swept his gaze past her and nodded indifferently. “That did happen, but I can't remember it clearly.” He then fixed his gaze on Dave and chided, “Seriously? You can't even spare a child?”

A child...

Hearing those words, Alexia retorted, “I was a child when we met, but I'm not one anymore.” That took Kenneth by surprise. After snapping back to his senses, he nodded in acknowledgment. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything else.”

Yet, she frowned at his apology. “You don't have to apologize to me, Savior. All these years, I've always wanted to meet you and thank you personally.”

“Don't mention it. Anyone would've done what I did back then.”

Alexia shook her head, staring at him. "No, not everyone would do something like that." She witnessed gruesome things during the riot, so she was very certain not many had the courage that Kenneth possessed.

Kenneth cast his eyes downward. "What I meant was that anyone in DX Group would've done the same. Isn't that right, Dave? You'd do it, too, right?"

Dave nodded. "Indeed, but I'd be a step behind you."

Kenneth smiled at that.

Even so, no matter what they said, Alexia still regarded Kenneth as her one and only savior and the first ray of light in her life.

"It doesn't matter if you don't remember the incident. I still want to thank you from the bottom of my heart, and one day, I'll definitely repay you for saving my life!" she declared.

"There's no need for repayment. Since you survived the ordeal, you should live well," Kenneth replied.

The young woman bobbed her head. "I will."

Without saying anything else, he nodded at her in acknowledgment before shifting his gaze toward Dave. "Why don't we look for a quiet place? I don't have much time to spare since I have to head back soon."

"Let's go upstairs," the latter suggested.

The two men turned around and left, with the other men following closely behind.

Alexia wanted to say something, but Kenneth had already left by the time she raised her head.

Chapter 619

At that moment, Kenneth looked at him. "Who told you that?"

"I..."

"It was me." Just as Mike was trying to come up with an excuse, Dave came in. The latter strode straight to Kenneth and looked at him. "I was the one who said it, so if you want to blame someone, blame me."

Mike immediately stood up when he heard that. "No, that's not true. I overheard Dave on the phone."

"Mike." Dave patted him on the shoulder, motioning him to sit down. "There's no need to speak up for me. Anyway, I don't plan to hide it from him."

Mike knitted his brows. "Dave..."

Aside from being well aware of Kenneth's temper, he also feared that the matter would drive a wedge between the two of them.

"Don't worry. This isn't the first argument we've had," said Dave reassuringly, indicating that he needn't worry.

Mike's gaze shifted to Kenneth, and only after seeing that the latter did not speak did he fall silent.

Meanwhile, Dave also turned to look at Kenneth. "Even if you didn't come, I'll still tell them about this matter. Kenneth, the power of Vermillion Base can't be underestimated. Although you can win through tactics using personal strength alone, you can't be so lucky every time. Not to mention, Boss will only become more and more vigilant, and it'll only become more difficult and dangerous in the future."

Kenneth stared at him. How can I not know this fact? It's just that...

Just then, Dave pressed his hands on the table and fixed his gaze on Kenneth as he said, "It's time to leave the past behind, Kenneth. Xavier's death back then was because of a problem in decision-making. All three of us agreed to it: you, me, and Xavier. So even if something happened, it wasn't your responsibility alone. Besides, I believe that even if Xavier knew about it, he wouldn't blame you. Everyone here is the same. We all chose this path, so we won't complain even if we have to sacrifice ourselves. Ask them if you don't believe me."

Everyone around Kenneth nodded solemnly when the latter swept his gaze over them.

Knowing that Kenneth was still hesitant, Dave kept his gaze locked on the former and continued, "Also, even if you don't think about yourself, don't you think you should think about Natasha? Do you still want to avenge her? Or do you plan to let her walk into the jaws of danger again?"

Kenneth's gaze darkened a little when the other man brought up Natasha.

Not only did Dave know precisely how to persuade Kenneth, but he also knew very well that Natasha was currently the other man's biggest weakness.

Silence hung in the air for some time before Kenneth took a deep breath and lifted his gaze to Dave. "You know me best, Dave, so you know how to persuade me. But at the same time, you also know that what I decide will not change."

Dave knitted his brows.

"Boss..."

"Boss!"

The people around were looking at them at that moment.

Kenneth looked at them and let out a sigh. "I'll figure out a solution for the matter between me and Vermillion Base. None of you are allowed to interfere. If I find out that any of you did, don't blame me for not holding back. All right. I came over just to say hello to you all. If there isn't anything else, I'll be going then."

With that, he got up and prepared to leave.

"Boss, this is for you!" Just as Kenneth got up to leave, Mike suddenly stood up with a box in his hand.

The former's gaze changed as soon as he saw the box.

"Zavier gave this to me before setting off when you all were on the mission together back then. He instructed me to hand it to you personally, but the following events happened so suddenly that I forgot to do so. I just recently discovered it as I was packing my things," Mike explained.

Kenneth raised his slightly trembling hands to receive the box.

At that moment, all eyes were on him, even Dave, who was well aware of the contents of the box and even more so its significance.

However, just as Kenneth was about to touch the box, his hands clenched into fists.

"Boss."

Kenneth lifted his gaze to look at Mike. "Since so many years have passed, you shall continue keeping this!" After saying that, he retracted his hands, turned around, and headed outside.

"Boss!"

Dave furrowed his brows as he looked on.

Kenneth still can't move on from what had happened.

"Dave." Just then, Mike looked at Dave with a troubled expression.

"I'll give it to him," Dave said before taking the box from Mike and following after the other man.

Alexia had been waiting outside the entire time, and when she saw Kenneth walking out, she immediately approached him.

"My savior..."

However, Kenneth walked straight past her as if he did not see or hear anything.

Alexia stood there and frowned as she watched Kenneth pass her while sporting a grim expression.

Chapter 620

At that time, Natasha was taking a stroll downstairs and happened to witness the scene.

Due to the substantial distance, she could not hear what they said and could only vaguely make out that something was off about the mood between them.

Just as she was debating whether to approach them, Kenneth suddenly turned around, and their eyes met.

Before Natasha could say anything, Kenneth smiled at her, and she reciprocated the smile.

Kenneth approached her and placed one hand on her shoulder while stroking her slightly messy hair with the other. "Waiting for me?" he asked.

Natasha continued smiling as she looked at him. "Yes. If this answer pleases you, then yes!"

He let out a chuckle despite knowing that it was not the case.

Just then, Natasha stared at him. "Did you guys... quarrel?"

"No." He shook his head.

"No? I noticed that something was off between you two," she commented.

Kenneth let out a sigh when he heard that. "It's just some matters of the past. I've long gotten used to it," he replied casually.

Since he was unwilling to talk about it, Natasha did not press him further and simply nodded.

"Let's go. You're still not well, so you need to rest more." Kenneth took her hand and led her back.

"Kenneth, I merely donated some blood. You make it sound as if I underwent a major operation," she remarked.

"To me, your blood donation is undoubtedly a major operation!" Kenneth said.

His words rendered Natasha speechless.

“So, it's necessary to recuperate properly.”

She furrowed her brows when she heard that.

Kenneth checked the time before continuing, “It's time for afternoon tea, anyway. Let's go.”

Initially, Natasha wanted to refuse, but she could sense that he was not in a good mood, so she didn't say anything and followed him resignedly.

At the dining table, Natasha was eating while Kenneth watched from the side.

She shifted her gaze to him. “Would you like a bite?”

Kenneth continued staring at her without saying a word.

Natasha immediately scooped a large spoonful of food and brought it to his mouth.

Of course, he figured out her intention. He looked down at the spoon before opening his mouth to eat.

“It's not bad, right? Here. Have some more.” She scooped another spoonful to feed him.

“It's okay. I don't like sweet food,” he said, shaking his head.

“But it's not that sweet,” Natasha argued.

Kenneth's eyes wandered for a moment before he said, “Or, I'll eat yours and get you a new one?”

Upon hearing that, she immediately held the bowl close to her. “No need. I've almost eaten it all.”

Kenneth couldn't help but laugh when he saw her mischievous and adorable little antics.

Seeing the smile on his face, Natasha commented, “You finally smiled.”

Only then did he realize that she was trying to cheer him up.

He lowered his gaze as he stepped forward and held her hand. “So you were trying to lift my mood?”

Natasha pondered for a moment before replying, “Not entirely. I also don't feel like eating anymore.”

Kenneth let out another chuckle.

He took hold of her hand and kissed it. “Thank you, but you didn't have to do that, Nat. You just need to be yourself.”

Natasha nodded. “Don't worry. I'll always be myself.”

Kenneth gave her a particularly tender gaze.

At that moment, the three children came downstairs.

“Tony, Spencer has been doing something in that room for almost a day. What is he up to?” Denise wondered.

“Why don't you just ask?”

The little girl replied, “Thalia's injuries have not healed yet. If Spencer can bear not seeing her for the whole day, he must have something very important to tend to. I wouldn't dare to bother him.”

“Denise is right. Spencer must be doing something important there!” Benjamin chimed in.

Denise nodded in agreement.

While they were conversing, Denise turned and spotted Kenneth and Natasha sitting in the dining room.

Her eyes lit up as she immediately ran over. “Daddy, you're back.”

“Yes,” Kenneth said with a nod.

“Did you go to the headquarters of DX Group, Daddy?” Denise inquired.

Kenneth nodded. “I did!”

“What's it like there?” she asked.

“It's very ordinary. Nothing special,” he replied curtly, not describing any details.

Denise thought for a while before responding, “I don't believe it at all. You're lying, Daddy.”

“You're getting smarter by the day, Denise. You can tell that I'm lying now.”

“Daddy!” the little girl whined.

Kenneth laughed.

“You don't love me anymore. I'm not your most precious daughter anymore!”

“Who said so? You've always been my most precious daughter,” Kenneth said.

“Then why are you laughing at me?”

“Because you're cute, of course.”