

## **Yo Daddy 621**

### **Chapter 621**

Spencer was still in the lab when Kenneth returned.

There were various tubes and bottles all over the table and beakers full of mysterious-looking liquid. Spencer had a serious expression on his face that made it hard for anyone to guess how the experiments were going.

Suddenly, Kenneth walked in and placed a cup of coffee in front of him.

Spencer looked up and his tense expression relaxed at the sight of Kenneth.

"Thanks," he said.

Kenneth glanced at him. "I heard that you've been in here for a whole day. Any progress?"

"Yes," Spencer replied. He continued to look at Kenneth as he replied, "I've done a full test on Nat's blood. There are traces of poison, but I've never seen anything like it. I've asked a lot of other labs, but none have any information on the poison, which means it was specifically made. So far, I haven't been able to figure out its components."

Kenneth's frown gradually deepened as Spencer spoke. "So what does that mean?"

"It means you'd better mentally prepare yourself. Seems like this is going to be a long battle," Spencer replied coldly.

"What about the antidote?"

The antidote was something that Kenneth had gone into the lion's den for. It wasn't a hundred percent foolproof, but it was the only chance they had so far.

Spencer placed the medicine on the table. "I've already done a test on all the medicine you brought back and I've also sent the components to other labs overseas for them to help figure it out as well. So far, we've already crossed three off the list. Out of these three, there are two poisons and one antidote, but it's not the corresponding antidote to what Nat has."

"I took all of them as a precaution in case Boss was lying, but he did say that one of them is the antidote," Kenneth said.

"Don't worry just yet. That so-called antidote is still being tested. The components are quite complicated, so it will take some time."

"How long?" Kenneth asked.

Kenneth's expression became serious as he stepped closer to Spencer. "Alright. Thanks in advance."

Spencer stopped drinking his coffee and stared at Kenneth in surprise.

What kind of dictator does one have to be to say something like that?

He took a deep breath and stared at Kenneth directly. "I haven't eaten or drunk anything today."

Kenneth just looked at him. "Aren't you drinking coffee right now?"

Spencer looked at the coffee in his hand and paused incredulously before looking at Kenneth again. "This is the first thing I've had all day. My stomach is still empty!"

Kenneth nodded, looking as if he had finally understood what Spencer meant. "I'll get someone to deliver some food in a minute."

Spencer was rendered speechless.

He smirked coldly as he looked at Kenneth. "As expected of a capitalist. You're all vampires."

Kenneth looked back at him seriously. "Spencer, you know how important this is to me. Nat's life is in your hands right now. You're going to have to power through this."

Spencer's brow finally relaxed and he nodded. "That's more like it. At least that sounds human. Don't worry. Nat is your girl, but she's my friend too. I would do my best even if you didn't ask."

Spencer put his coffee down and began fiddling with the tubes and beakers once again.

Kenneth nodded without planning to disturb Spencer further and got ready to leave.

"By the way, I know we're all worried about your girlfriend right now, but don't forget about..." Spencer suddenly cut himself off.

Kenneth looked back as his gaze swept across Spencer's face. Even without finishing his sentence, Kenneth knew what he meant.

"Don't worry. Dave has everything under control. Your girlfriend is in good hands," Kenneth replied.

Spencer's expression shifted uncomfortably. "That's not what I meant. She just saved my life, so I kind of owe her one--"

Kenneth looked at him knowingly. "Whatever you say. It's none of my business," he said before leaving.

As the door closed, Spencer frowned slightly. For some weird reason, Kenneth's stare had made Spencer feel strangely guilty.

...

That night, Natasha was trying to sleep when she turned around and saw the man sitting next to her.

She woke up when she caught sight of what he was toying with and sat next to him.

"Can't sleep?" she asked gently.

He turned around. "Sorry, did I wake you?"

"You were so quiet that you nearly gave me a heart attack just sitting here," Natasha teased.

He took a deep breath. "Still, sorry. Go back to sleep. It's still early."

Natasha smiled in reply. "I'm not tired anymore. I'll stay up with you for a bit," she said as she watched him fiddle with the box in his hand. "I've been seeing you hold onto this since you came back with Dave. What is it?"

His slender, bony fingers toyed around with the box as his inky gaze darkened even further.

## **Chapter 623**

Natasha quietly watched him.

The note was short and straightforward, but it perfectly described everything that had happened.

The whole thing was a matter of Xavier planning to sacrifice himself without telling Kenneth and writing a note so that Kenneth wouldn't blame himself so much.

Sadly, that note had taken quite a long time to get to Kenneth.

His hands were still trembling and she reached out to grab them.

He turned to look at her with reddened eyes and shaking lips. It looked like he was trying to say something, but he couldn't get the words out.

At that very moment, Kenneth's high and mighty image cracked, revealing his vulnerable side.

Natasha looked at him and said calmly, "I think Xavier must have guessed that this would happen long ago. That's why he left this for you. I don't know why it took so many years for the note to appear, but he wrote it so that you wouldn't keep blaming yourself. Are you going to let his good intention go to

waste?"

"You think so?" Kenneth asked in a low, raspy voice, sounding like a little boy who had just cried.

"Of course! Why else would he specifically write this letter to you and hide it in something that means so much to both of you? He must have known how much you would beat yourself up about it. Still, he had not guessed how long it would take you even to open that box after he passed."

"I never dared to," he said in a deep, quivering voice. Looking down, Kenneth explained, "I always thought he would blame me, and I never dared to open anything that reminded me of him."

She reached out to hug him at the sight of his helplessness. She had never seen him look so distraught.

"Why would he? He was your best friend. He saw you the same way you saw him. Besides, Xavier did all this because he felt he was the cause behind everything. He knew that if it wasn't him, it would be either you or Dave. If you guys had a choice, wouldn't all three of you make the same decision?"

Kenneth nodded. "I was thinking about that when I first approved of the plan. I just didn't expect Xavier to beat me to it."

"He was afraid of you getting hurt. That was why he did what he did. Kenneth, Xavier did love you as a brother. Why would he ever blame you for this?" Natasha asked.

"Really?" Kenneth asked, looking at Natasha as if she were a beam of light in the dark.

"Yes. Isn't this letter pure proof of that?" she asked.

He was beginning to understand, but after so many years of wallowing in self-doubt, guilt, and regret, it was hard for him to convince himself that it wasn't his fault.

If he hadn't seen the note himself, he might have thought that they had come up with a plot to get him out of his rut.

Kenneth immediately picked up the note and began studying it.

The note was written in Xavier's handwriting for sure, and because of how long it had been rolled up inside the pen barrel, the wrinkles in it were already practically permanent.

"It's him! It's really his handwriting. So he doesn't blame me after all?" Kenneth asked.

Natasha smiled at the sound of his enthusiasm. "Yeah! Not only does he not blame you, he even specifically left a note for you so that you wouldn't blame yourself. That's something a true best friend would do," she said.

He looked up at her. Her words were gentle yet powerful, and the warmth of what she had just said began to melt the icy weight on his shoulders away. The pain he had been holding onto deep inside him was beginning to fade away too.

He smiled and hugged her back. "Thank you, Nat.

"Thank you for telling me all that. Thank you for finding his note, too, and thank you for finally lifting this weight I've been carrying for years off my shoulders," Kenneth said. "You truly are the best."

She chuckled at his words. "I remember a certain someone forbidding me to say the words 'thank you' to him. Have the tables turned?"

"No... I love you. I love you so, so much," Kenneth murmured as he pulled her into another tight embrace, lightly nuzzling his chiseled jaw to the top of her head. He hugged her tightly, almost as if he wanted to fuse and become one with her.

But no matter how much he said "I love you" and "thank you," the most important thing was that Natasha could sense the burden on his shoulders slowly lifting. He no longer seemed as depressed as before.

"You must remember that the people who truly love you would never want to hurt you. It applies to everyone, whether it is romantic, platonic, or familial," she said.

In a soft voice, he whispered, "Okay", while holding onto her tightly.

Natasha said, "No matter what happens, don't give up so easily. You have to be more positive about things." She patted him on the back lightly.

Kenneth suddenly stiffened at her advice.

He could hear the implications behind her words.

He let her go slowly as his inky black gaze fixed on her small face. Natasha still smiled brightly as if she didn't have a care in the world.

## **Chapter 624**

The next day, when Kenneth and Natasha headed downstairs for breakfast, Dave was already having breakfast in the dining hall.

Dave raised his gaze when they walked down the stairs, and his eyes met Kenneth's in the air.

However, the two remained silent. They acted like kids not talking to each other after a fight, completely different from their usual interaction.

After walking down the stairs, Natasha was the first to break the silence by saying, "Good morning."

Dave shifted his gaze to Natasha and nodded. "Morning."

Seeing that Kenneth had no intention of taking a seat, Natasha ignored him and sat by the dining table. Kenneth's brows scrunched up at that scene.

Then, Natasha raised her gaze and looked at him. "Take a seat. Aren't you having breakfast?"

Since Natasha had said so, Kenneth knew he didn't have a choice. He glanced at Dave before sitting down reluctantly.

Meanwhile, Dave remained composed and continued eating his breakfast while scrolling his phone. It was as if he was not bothered by Kenneth's presence.

Seeing that, Kenneth's frown deepened. Then, he also looked away and treated Dave like air.

Natasha could not stop her lips from curling in amusement while watching this scene. Despite being adults, the two were acting like children. It was hilarious.

Soon, the housekeeper served them their breakfast.

"Please enjoy." The housekeeper left the dining hall right after serving breakfast.

Dave kept his gaze lowered all the time and did not even bother looking at them.

At the same time, Kenneth also focused on his breakfast, but his tense expression added more awkwardness to the atmosphere.

Natasha suddenly said, "Dave."

Dave was startled and raised his gaze. "What's the matter?"

"I want to borrow your car," Natasha said.

Dave stared at her. "Are you heading out?"

"Yup." Natasha nodded.

Dave was about to say something, but Kenneth looked at Natasha and interrupted by asking, "Where are you going?"

Looking at the two men, Natasha said, "After losing my phone, I ordered another, and the new phone has arrived. I want to go and collect it."

"Where is it?"

"Where is it?"

Dave and Kenneth asked the same question at the same time.

Almost immediately, they realized they were in sync and looked at each other.

Natasha also looked at them. "You guys are quite in sync."

"No way."

"No way!"

Again, they denied that in unison.

Kenneth frowned this time and looked at Dave. "Can you stop mimicking me?"

"You're the one mimicking me!" Dave exclaimed.

"I—" Kenneth was at a loss for words for a moment. Then, he put his arm around Natasha and said, "She's my woman, so it's only natural that I'm talking to her!"

Dave refused to admit defeat. "But your woman talked to me first. Also, she was asking me a question instead of talking to you."

Kenneth could not find the words to refute.

The two glared at each other in silence.

Natasha finally could not hold back her laughter. She chuckled, yet that simple gesture emanated a sense of charm and allure.

Kenneth furrowed his brows when she chuckled. "Nat, what are you laughing at?"

Natasha looked at them smilingly. "You two remind me of Anthony and Benjamin when you fight."

Kenneth and Dave were both rendered speechless by her remark.

After being teased by Natasha, the two exchanged a glance. There was a hint of embarrassment in their gazes.

A long moment later, Kenneth mumbled, "We're not fighting. We aren't children. Why would we fight?"

"Is that so?" Natasha raised her brows.

"Of course," said Kenneth. "I can speak for myself, but I'm not sure if a certain someone feels the same."

Hearing that, Dave knew Kenneth was referring to him, so he immediately refuted, "Kenneth, I have a name. Who are you trying to imply by saying that?"

"Whoever that admits to what I said."

"You're the one picking a fight. How could you point fingers at others?" Dave questioned.

"How am I picking a fight?" Kenneth responded with another question.

"You should know better!"

"I don't know anything!"

"Then reflect on yourself! You will know the answer once you reflect on what you did!"

"I—" When Kenneth was about to say something, he noticed Natasha was pointing her phone camera at them. She was clearly recording a video of them.

On top of that, she was laughing so brightly at them, as though she was enjoying the show.

Seeing that, Kenneth immediately realized something. Similarly, Dave also realized something. The two quickly concealed their agitated emotions.

Then, Kenneth said, "I've thought this through, so I no longer have to reflect on myself!"

Dave snorted and looked away.

Kenneth reached out and snatched the phone out of Natasha's hands.

She laughed. "Are you guys done fighting?"

## **Chapter 625**

Just when Kenneth and Natasha were about to leave, Denise came out of her room.

It just so happened that she caught sight of them.



“Daddy! Nat!” she cried out before flying down the stairs at lightning speed.

Stopping before them, she tilted her head up and asked, “Daddy, Nat, are you both going out?”

“Yes.” Kenneth nodded in response.

“Can I tag along, then?” Denise implored, blinking.

Kenneth hesitated.

Seeing that, Denise tugged on the hem of his shirt and whined, “Daddy, I've been here several days, but you've only taken me out for a meal. I've never been anywhere. I can't just stay here all the time, no? Bring me along, please? I promise I'll be good. I won't give you any trouble.” She raised her hand in a gesture of swearing an oath.

Well, that's true.

Kenneth felt guilty toward them, yet he couldn't tell them the truth. Lifting his eyes, he turned his gaze to Natasha, seemingly seeking her approval.

In a flash, Denise understood who held the power there.

Thus, she promptly swung her gaze to Natasha. “Nat...”

Natasha regarded her intently. “Remember your promise that you won't give us any trouble.”

Denise bobbed her head fervently.

Finally, Natasha relented, “Let's go, then.”

“You're the best, Nat!” Denise cheered in delight.

At that exact moment, Dave looked up at the brothers upstairs. “What about the two boys?”

The others followed his gaze, only to be greeted by the sight of Anthony and Benjamin standing on the stairs, staring at them while gripping the railing with both hands.

“Would you two like to tag along as well?” Natasha inquired.

Anthony and Benjamin immediately shook their heads.

“Nope!”

“So, what are you two doing there?”

"Bye!" Anthony swiftly waved.

A smile curved Natasha's lips at their reactions. "In that case, stay home and take good care of Thalia, okay?"

"Okay!" Anthony and Benjamin replied.

"Let's go!" Natasha urged.

Following that, they headed out. As Denise left with them, she deliberately shot the two boys a provocative look, gloating over the fact that they were staying home while she went out with their parents.

However, the two boys merely flashed her a half-smile in return.

In the car, Dave drove. Kenneth sat in the passenger seat while Natasha and Denise sat at the back.

Denise clung to Natasha like a lazy koala, whereas Natasha put an arm around her daughter. The two of them appeared exceedingly cozy.

The car traveled along the road for a long time, so Denise grew drowsy and drifted off.

An indeterminate time passed before the car came to a stop at long last.

Denise was still all groggy when she saw them alighting from the car.

"Nat."

"Let's go," Natasha stated.

Without asking any questions, Denise climbed out of the car as well.

Right then, Kenneth and Dave both held a bouquet of flowers in hand.

It wasn't until after getting out of the car that Denise realized they were at the cemetery and promptly sobered up considerably.

She said nothing, trailing behind Natasha quietly. After walking for a few minutes, they stopped before a tombstone.

Dave walked over and placed a bouquet of flowers in front of Xavier's photo. "I'm here to visit you, Xavier. But this time, I'm not alone!" While saying that, he glanced at Kenneth, who was standing at the side.

Standing before the tombstone, Kenneth stared at the photo affixed to it. As usual, Xavier wore his signature bright smile, looking handsome and innocent.

Kenneth slowly stepped forward and placed the bouquet of flowers before the tombstone, muttering, "You still look as you did at twenty years old, but we've all grown old."

Upon hearing that, Dave lowered his eyes.

"I'm sorry I only came to visit you after such a long time. You won't hold it against me, will you? Well, even if you do, what can you do about it?" Kenneth murmured as he gazed at the photo.

A long while later, his voice turned significantly more solemn as emotions surged in his deep, dark gaze. "Zavier... thank you. Thank you for the letter you left me, granting me freedom from the guilt that had been haunting me. Let's be friends again in the next lifetime!"

Subsequently, Natasha turned to Denise. "Come."

With that, the two of them bowed before the tombstone.

Then, Natasha looked at Dave and Kenneth. "We'll wait for you both in the car."

Turning to her, Dave nodded slightly.

Natasha then walked back to the car with Denise, hand in hand.

"Who was that person on the tombstone, Nat?" Denise ventured.

"He was your daddy's best friend," Natasha answered.

"I see." Denise bobbed her head sensibly.

The two of them got back into the car and directed their gazes in Dave and Kenneth's direction.

Studying Kenneth, Dave strolled over to him and patted him on the shoulder.

"Zavier will probably be able to rest easy if he sees this scene today," he remarked.

Looking at his friend, Kenneth flashed him a smile.

"Okay, let's go!" Dave suggested.

Kenneth retracted his gaze before leaving with him.

As they walked back, Dave glanced at him. "What letter were you talking about?"

Without a word, Kenneth took out the letter left by Xavier and handed it to the other man.

Opening it, Dave perused the contents. "How did this come about?"

## **Chapter 626**

As soon as Natasha left, Kenneth became tense.

Clocking his anxiety, Dave turned to Denise at the back and questioned, "Do you know who Nat is meeting to get the phone, Denise?"

In response, Denise shook her head. "No idea. She never tells us such a thing. All I know is that the phone was customized especially for her. She lost it once in a car accident, so this is probably her third phone." While saying that, she turned her gaze to Kenneth. "Don't worry, Daddy. She'll be fine."

However, her answer only piqued Kenneth's curiosity further.

At his silence, Dave chuckled before eyeing the man. "Well? Isn't it tormenting to be with a woman who's too capable?"

Snapping his head back, Kenneth shot him a look. "Is it? I don't think so. I find it blissful. In fact, I revel in it!"

"Really?"

Saying nary a word, Kenneth swung open the car door and climbed out.

"Where are you going, Daddy?" Denise asked.

Kenneth remained silent, striding in the direction where Natasha had gone.

"Daddy!" Denise called out again.

Just then, Dave interjected, "You don't have to ask where he's going. I bet he's going to look for Nat."

"Didn't she forbid him from doing so?"

"Is your daddy the kind of person who'd listen?" Dave retorted.

Denise deliberated for a second before bobbing her head. "That's true. But isn't he afraid that Nat will be mad?"

At that, a smirk tugged at Dave's lips. "Even if she gets mad, he has a thousand ways to placate her, so

don't worry!"

Hearing that, Denise quirked a brow. Well, that's true.

Meanwhile, Natasha had arrived at the designated meeting place, but she didn't show herself directly.

Instead, she racked her brain on a way to secure the item.

At that precise moment, she glimpsed a child at the side. A light bulb went off in her head, and she beckoned at him. The child trotted over and inquired, "Is something the matter?"

Taking out some cash, she handed it to him. "Can you do me a favor?"

The child's eyes lit up at the money, but he was afraid that it was some trap, so he scrutinized Natasha and pressed, "What is it?"

"There's an item in the locker over there. Can you go and get it for me?"

"That simple?" the child queried.

Nodding, Natasha again took out some more cash. "When you've gotten it, this will be yours!"

The child no longer had any reservations and instantly bobbed his head. "Okay!"

"Here's the password. Just enter the password, then look for me over there. Can you do it?"

Once more, the child nodded. "Sure!"

"Off you go, then!"

Thus, the child sprinted in the direction of the locker.

Natasha, on the other hand, stood in the corner and looked around in search of any "suspicious" character.

When she made out someone on the balcony across the road, she narrowed her eyes and headed in another direction.

She happened to be at a vantage point where she could see everything.

After going to the locker and retrieving the item within, the child ran off. Seeing that, the corners of Natasha's lips lifted.

Before the person on the opposite side could figure out what was happening, the child had already

disappeared into the crowd.

In no time, the child appeared beside Natasha with a bag in hand. "I've gotten it!"

Taking it from him, Natasha whipped out the cash and gave them to him without missing a beat. "Thank you."

Before the child could say anything, she left right away.

The child frowned as he stared at her back in a daze, feeling as though what just happened was all a dream.

While making her way back, Natasha ripped off the packaging and tossed it into the trash can.

The instant her hand came in contact with the phone, she deftly made to remove the SIM card within. But just then, the phone started ringing.

Glancing at the caller ID, she hesitated for some time before answering the call.

A voice promptly drifted out from the other end of the phone. "Hey, didn't you say you were going to come and retrieve it personally, Shadow Seeker? Why did you send a kid?"

"Because you aren't trustworthy!" Natasha replied bluntly.

"How so?"

"Do you need me to spell it out?"

"Uh..."

"Do you think I'm really ignorant to the fact that you leaked news of me being in Glenport City to someone on Darknetz?" Natasha scoffed.

The other person was evidently startled upon hearing that. "H-How did you know that?"

"I know far more than you do!"

"It... It wasn't deliberate on my part. Thalia threatened and bribed me, so I had no choice either. Furthermore, I only told her your location, that's all! I didn't say anything else!"

"You didn't say anything else because you knew nothing else. It wasn't because you didn't want to tell her."

At once, the other person was at a loss for words. "I'm sorry. I really shouldn't have done that."

"That goes without saying, but I don't accept your apology." Having said that, Natasha ended the call and removed the SIM card before tossing it into the trash can, her movements deft and skillful.

Subsequently, she put the phone into her pocket and continued walking back, but just as she turned around, she fell squarely into someone's arms without warning.

She quickly snapped her eyes up. "Sorry!"

When she made out the person, however, her brows knitted together. "Kenneth? Why are you here?"

## **Chapter 627**

While walking, Natasha suddenly dropped her hold on Kenneth's arm. Her hands fell to her sides and balled into fists as she tried her best to endure the agony battering her.

Kenneth was just about to say something when he noticed that she had stopped walking. He glanced back over his shoulder. "What's wrong?"

Natasha said nothing but merely stood there ramrod straight as though fighting against the pain within her.

"Nat..." Kenneth stared at her. Seemingly having perceived something, he promptly turned anxious.

Still, Natasha remained silent. Her slender hands were clenched so tightly that they had turned white. She spared no effort in weathering through the excruciating pain, but it assailed her in waves, each time more intense than the last. In the end, she snapped and dropped into a crouch while cradling her head with both hands.

"Nat!" Kenneth swiftly rushed forward and supported her. Such distress inundated him to see her in horrible agony that he blanched.

"Ahh!" Natasha had already gone all out to hold herself back, but ultimately, she let out a low roar.

Panicking, Kenneth stepped forward and scooped her up without a second's delay. "I'll bring you to Spencer right away, Nat!"

No sooner had he done so than Natasha shook her head. "No!"

Kenneth regarded her with a mystified look in his eyes.

"D-Denise is still in the car. W-We can't have her know about this," Natasha stuttered. Her entire person was trembling from the pain, but even so, she was still enduring it, trying to mask her suffering.

Kenneth's heart clenched tighter the more she tried to act nonchalant.

His eyes that were pinned on her gradually turned scarlet. "You won't be able to hold out if this goes on, Nat."

"I... I'm fine. I'll be just fine in a while." Alas, a heartbeat after Natasha's words had fallen, her face contorted even further.

"Ahh!" With a low howl, she cradled her head in both hands as unbearable pain assailed her.

No longer in the mood to bother about anything else, Kenneth scooped her up to take her away. "I'll hail a taxi and bring you back!"

Natasha wanted to argue further, but wave after wave of agony hit her as though someone was hitting her head with a massive hammer. She felt like her head would explode anytime.

"Kenneth! Kenneth!" She clutched at his collar, desiring to say something. The words were at the tip of her tongue, but she trembled so much that she couldn't speak. All she could do was put all her strength into enduring the racking pain.

Kenneth knew there was something she wanted to say to him, but he didn't dare stop walking.

He continued striding forward, but strangely enough, no vehicles drove by the roadside.

As he waited for a taxi, every single second felt like an eternity.

In fact, the urge to hijack a car seized him when he gazed at the woman in her arms.

Putting Natasha down, he was just about to leave to get a car when she grabbed him. "Kenneth..."

"Wait for me, Nat! I'll go and look for a taxi!" Kenneth vowed.

However, Natasha tightened her grip on his collar, showing no signs of letting go.

The pedestrians walking past glanced at the couple on the ground every so often, but no one came forward to inquire whether they needed help.

"Nat..." Clocking Natasha's utter agony, Kenneth knew that she was enduring unspeakable pain every passing second.

"K-Knock me out!" Natasha pleaded with much difficulty.

Kenneth gaped at her, his pupils dilating significantly. How could I do that?

"Q-Quick! I'm almost at my limits!" Natasha stammered. Her face had already gone pallid, and a layer of



sweat dotted her forehead. On the whole, she appeared frightfully pale.

Training his eyes on her, Kenneth clenched his hands tightly. How could I bring myself to do that?

Meanwhile, Natasha teetered on the brink of a breakdown. Snapping, she roared aloud and even yanked at her hair with both hands.

At that moment, Boss' warning flashed through Kenneth's mind. He said that if it weren't stopped, Natasha would only experience greater agony each time, and she might even maim herself.

Following that thought, he no longer hesitated but brought his hand down on the back of her neck, knocking her out cold.

At the sight of her collapsing into his arm, his emotions became a jumbled mess.

He reached out and pulled her close, his ebony eyes so dark that they resembled pools of invisible hell, unsettlingly eerie.

I'll definitely kill you with my own hands, Boss!

Meanwhile, as Denise waited in the car with Dave, she glimpsed a dessert shop by the roadside.

When Dave noticed how her eyes had lit up, he immediately brought her over.

The two of them waited while eating in the shop. There was a floor-to-ceiling window that offered them a view of the car. If Kenneth and Natasha returned, they would also be able to see them with a single glance.

Despite enjoying the dessert, Denise was frowning.

Seeing that, Dave inquired, "What's wrong?"

"Say, why haven't Daddy and Nat come back?" Denise wondered, gazing in the direction of the car.

"They must have been delayed by something," Dave reckoned.

Upon hearing that, Denise bobbed her head.

Still enjoying the dessert, she shifted her gaze to the man. "Can I have another serving to go, Mr. Dave?"

In response, Dave nodded. "Sure! But can you finish it?"

"It isn't for me. I want to bring it back for Nat!" Denise explained.

Dave chuckled. He then summoned the server and ordered another serving to go.

When Denise saw that, she flashed him a sweet smile. "Thank you, Mr. Dave!"

Dave was entirely defeated by her smile, finding it so adorable that his heart almost melted.

Staring at her, he started, "Would you like to have another person loving you, Denise?"

"Are you thinking of making me your goddaughter, Mr. Dave?" Denise queried after deciphering the look in his eyes.

For a moment, words eluded Dave. "Am I that obvious?"

His question had Denise dissolve into giggles. "I was just guessing!"

Aware that she was incredibly smart, Dave had nothing else to say. He simply nodded. "That's indeed true, but are you willing to be my goddaughter, Denise?"

Denise pretended to turn it over in her mind for a long while. Just when Dave thought that she was going to decline or find an excuse to brush it off, she suddenly agreed, "Of course!"

## **Chapter 628**

Hearing that, Dave followed Denise's gaze, only to see Kenneth walking back with Natasha in his arms. His intuition screamed that something awful might have happened.

"Let's go, Denise," he urged in a solemn voice.

Denise nodded. No longer in the mood to bother about anything else, they both rushed out at once.

"Kenneth!"

Just when Kenneth arrived at the car, Dave's voice rang out behind him.

He turned, upon which Denise promptly launched herself at him. "What's wrong with Nat, Daddy?"

Taking in their worried expressions, Kenneth stole a peek at Denise at the side. Even when Natasha was teetering on the verge of a breakdown, she was still afraid Denise would learn about her condition. As such, what can I say right now?

Thus, he kept a leash on his emotions as well. "She's fine. It was just low blood sugar."

Low blood sugar?

It went without saying that Dave knew it couldn't possibly be the case. But then, he could roughly

surmise what had happened.

At the side, Denise's brows furrowed as she looked on.

Nonetheless, she didn't say anything further, and it was uncertain whether she believed Kenneth's words or not.

"Come, let's go home!" Kenneth stated.

Dave nodded. Subsequently, they all got into the car together.

Throughout the drive, Denise kept silent. Her gaze remained fixated on Natasha, brimming with worry.

Kenneth said nothing either, his emotions a jumbled mess at that instant.

The car sped along the road for more than half an hour before it finally drove into the castle.

No sooner had the car come to a stop than Natasha awakened.

"Nat!" Denise immediately cried out upon seeing that.

Likewise, Kenneth and Dave promptly swung their gazes at Natasha.

By then, Natasha's complexion had slightly improved. Glimpsing Denise's anxious expression, she flashed her a smile. "What's wrong?"

"What's wrong with you, Nat?" Denise's voice was tinged with tears, making it evident that she didn't believe Kenneth when he claimed that it was merely low blood sugar.

The smile remained on Natasha's face. "I'm fine, just a bit tired."

"But... But..." Denise regarded her skeptically.

In the face of her disbelief, Natasha forced herself to sit up. "Look, am I not fine?"

While they were driving back in the car, Denise had already checked her mother all over and ascertained that there were no injuries. But it was precisely the lack of injuries that had her increasingly worried.

Furthermore, she was no fool. Judging from Kenneth's expression, it couldn't have been a simple case of low blood sugar.

"All right, I'm really fine," Natasha asserted.

Right then, Denise glanced at Kenneth. "You don't need to lie to me, Nat. Daddy's expression says it all."

Upon hearing that, Natasha looked at Kenneth as well. He was obviously tense, and his expression was indeed as grim as ever.

Frowning, she maintained, "He panicked even when I donated blood, so it's only natural that he'll react that way now that I've passed out."

In truth, it did make sense though it seemed to be a stretch.

Still, Denise said nothing.

Natasha proceeded to turn her gaze to Kenneth. "I'm going to get mad if you continue scaring them like this, Kenneth!"

She was pretty serious when she said that, so Kenneth put his emotions away and played along with her. "Got it. I won't do it anymore."

Smiling faintly, Natasha turned back to Denise. "Well? Are you convinced now?"

At that, Denise bobbed her head.

"Okay, don't worry about me anymore," Natasha coaxed.

"I'm not worried anymore, Nat. Have a good rest," Denise echoed.

Before Natasha could respond to that, Kenneth interjected, "Just go and rest since she has said so. I'll carry you back to your room!"

While saying that, he scooped her up and walked away without waiting for them to say anything.

Seeing that, Denise followed behind him.

Out of the blue, Kenneth halted in his tracks. He glanced over his shoulder at his daughter behind him. "Denise, Nat needs to rest, so go and look for Anthony and Benjamin first. Come and check on her when she wakes up later."

Stopping, Denise could only nod as she stared at them. "Okay, got it."

Kenneth said nothing more, striding away with Natasha in his arms.

Wrapping an arm around his neck, Natasha chided in exasperation, "Not only is she smart, but she's also a girl with sharp observation skills and great intuition. If you make it so obvious, she'll notice something is off sooner or later."

Kenneth's cold and pale face was stretched taut, his voice low and hoarse. He continued walking at a fast clip with her in his arms without stopping, merely murmuring, "Sorry, but I can't keep up the act."

"Even so, you've got to persist. Kenneth, the three of them can't be allowed to learn about this," Natasha argued.

Nevertheless, Kenneth remained silent and continued forging ahead.

"Kenneth!" Natasha glowered at him, her brows knitting together.

Perhaps because he could sense that she was really infuriated, Kenneth heaved a sigh and looked down at her. "Got it."

Following his agreement, Natasha finally breathed a sigh of relief.

She rested her head against his chest. "I know this is difficult for you, but Kenneth, I truly can't bear to see them down in the dumps. I'd rather suffer everything myself."

"While they're your kids, they're mine as well. I understand," Kenneth replied.

Hearing that, Natasha nodded.

## **Chapter 629**

Spencer strode over to peruse the report.

His chiseled features turned gloomy when he read the results.

"What is it?" Kenneth asked quietly.

Spencer gazed up at him with disappointment in his eyes. "The results are out."

Kenneth snatched the report from him, but Spencer said calmly, "There's no use looking at that. The antidote wasn't among what you took that day."

Kenneth looked up, his countenance grave. "At all?"

Spencer nodded. "I'd pulled an all-nighter to analyze the medicine you brought and Nat's blood. It contains numerous poisons but no antidote."

Kenneth's gaze grew solemn at those words. He crumpled the laboratory report into a ball.

I can't believe Boss could still tell a lie under those circumstances.

With rage flashing across his eyes, Kenneth turned to leave.

"Where are you going?" Spencer asked.

"To kill him," Kenneth enunciated while exuding an aura of hatred and malice.

Spencer dissuaded, "Even if you kill him, you may still not obtain the antidote. Since he could lie to you under such circumstances, he wouldn't give it to you easily."

"Then I'll have him pay with his life." Kenneth's gaze glinted with bloodlust. He swore he would devour Boss.

Spencer went along with his words. "You could kill him, but Nat will also pay with her life."

Kenneth frowned at those words. He turned around and glared at the other man fiercely.

Spencer returned his gaze. "You can look at me like that all you want, but the fact remains."

"What do you think we should do, then? Just keep waiting like sitting ducks?" Kenneth demanded furiously. He could not keep his composure much longer at the recollection of Natasha's episode.

Spencer gazed at him thoughtfully. "Perhaps I could try."

"You mean you can cure her?" Kenneth turned to him, his eyes narrowing slightly.

"If this had happened to somebody else, I might jokingly say that there's no disease that I can't cure. But as this concerns Nat, I must tell you the truth: I can undo it if I have the recipe for the poison. If I don't, however, it will come down to trial and error. There would be risks involved," Spencer cautioned.

Kenneth gazed at Spencer as his lips pressed into a thin line. "How long would it take for your research?"

"I can't give you a definitive answer to that," Spencer answered.

"I'm worried that I cannot afford to wait, Spencer. According to Boss, this type of poison displays no visible symptoms, but the headaches will become more frequent. Many will succumb not to the poison but to suicide just to escape the pain," Kenneth said. At the memory of Natasha gritting her teeth in pain earlier that day, he knew that her suffering was becoming unbearable.

Spencer grimaced at Kenneth's words. Though the latter had overstated the simplicity of the process, only the loved ones of poison victims would understand the pain. It was psychological torture not just for Natasha but all of them.

Spencer gazed up at Kenneth with a frown. "Then we'd better make all the preparations we can. You'll be in charge of getting the recipe for the poison from Boss while I will expedite my research. But Kenneth, be mindful not to do anything rash. Boss will not fall for it again."

Kenneth smiled at the irony. "Don't worry. I won't pull the same trick I did before."

Spencer met his eyes and nodded.

"One more thing," Kenneth added.

"What's that?"

"Now that Nat's relapses are becoming more frequent, is there a way to help her through the pain when it happens?" Kenneth asked.

Spencer narrowed his eyes at the subject before recalling the night of Natasha's episode. "I performed acupuncture on Nat during her last relapse, but it did nothing. I think sedatives generally would not work, but it's only a guess. We can give it a try."

"Is there no other way?"

"There is."

"What's that?"

"Knock her out," Spencer said. "It's simple, direct, and effective."

Kenneth cringed.

It was another form of torture for him to repeatedly knock out the woman he loved.

"Is there no other way?" he pleaded.

Spencer gazed at him. "We'll try administering jabs, but from my experience, this is a loophole we cannot exploit."

The color drained from Kenneth's face.

Suddenly, Spencer frowned as if he had thought of something.

Upon noticing the other man's silence, Kenneth stared at him. "What is it?"

Spencer turned to face Kenneth. "Have you visited Thalia?"

Having assumed his friend had thought of something, Kenneth's eyes dimmed with disappointment. "Anthony and Benjamin are watching her. I would have notified you if anything happened."

"That shouldn't be..." Spencer muttered.

## **Chapter 630**

Thalia nodded at him. "Yes, I'm feeling much better."

Spencer picked up the needle and the other tools at the side before turning back to Thalia. In a somber voice, he said, "Roll up your sleeve."

Thalia was confused, but she still obediently did as he said.

Spencer leaned forward to tie her thin arm. Right as the needle was about to pierce into her vessel, he halted.

Lifting his head to look at Thalia, he said, "It might hurt a little."

The confused look Thalia had earlier was replaced by a smile. "Okay, I got it."

Spencer lowered his eyes after seeing her smile. He then inserted the needle and soon extracted a vial of blood.

Then, he took a cotton ball to press down on the insertion site before pulling out the needle.

"Hold it there for a while so that you won't bruise," Spencer said.

Thalia reached out to press it down herself, but her fingers accidentally brushed Spencer's. An electric current ran up her arm.

Spencer quickly let go of her and stood up.

It was not his first time avoiding her, so Thalia was used to his reaction.

"Did you experience any discomfort for the past two days?" Spencer asked.

Thalia ruminated about it for a while before answering, "My heart hurts sometimes."

Spencer snapped his brows together upon hearing that. "Your heart hurts sometimes? When did this start?"

As he spoke, he grabbed the stethoscope to listen to her heartbeat.

Thalia sat still in silence.

After a while, Spencer asked, "The rhythm of your heartbeat sounds fine. How does the pain feel like?"



How long has it been hurting?"

Thalia stared at him for a while before muttering, "It happened recently. I don't know why, but every time I think about you, it feels like something is stabbing my heart."

Her words rendered Spencer speechless.

The worried expression he had earlier transformed into an awkward look.

When Anthony and Benjamin heard her, they quickly averted their gazes with a smile on their faces, trying to pretend that they heard nothing.

Thalia was short-tempered, but she had quite the silver tongue when it came to saying sweet nothings. It felt as if she was a whole different person.

Spencer raked his gaze across the boys before glancing at Kenneth, who was outside. When Kenneth noticed his gaze, he lowered his gaze and pretended to have heard nothing as well. Spencer then turned to Thalia and said, "Rest well. Exercise, but don't overdo it. I have something else to attend to, so I'll take my leave first." With that said, he stood up to leave.

Right then, Thalia grabbed his hand, and Spencer turned around.

"I know you're busy, but no matter how busy you are, you have to take care of yourself."

Spencer blinked in a daze before nodding.

It was only then Thalia let go of him.

Spencer rose to his feet again and went out.

Thalia smiled at his retreating figure.

Even after the man was gone, Thalia still did not return to her senses.

Anthony then reached out to wave his hand in front of her face. "That's enough. He's gone already, so stop pining after him."

Thalia finally tore her eyes away from the door and shot Anthony a look. "What do you even know? Who's pining after who?"

"You're pining after him, obviously," Anthony retorted.

Thalia pursed her lips and said, "That's because Spencer's handsome."

Hearing that, Anthony and Benjamin nearly burst into laughter.

Nevertheless, that was something they could not refute.

Anthony then said, "Say, Spencer doesn't really look like a doctor at all. In fact, he looks even more delicate than a woman!"

Thalia curled her lips proudly. "Of course. That's a gift from god!"

Anthony arched a brow at her proud expression. "Would you be at ease if you were with Spencer?"

"Why wouldn't I be? I'm pretty too, and our children won't be any worse off than the three of you," Thalia told him.

"Wait, you've already thought about something so far down the road?"

"What's wrong? You've got a problem with that?" came Thalia's swift response.

Anthony only shook his head in resignation. "All right. To each their own, I guess. I won't say anything to attack your preferences in case you decide to lose your temper with me."

Thalia lifted a brow and said, "Smart boy."

While the two of them were conversing, Benjamin was frowning at the side, seemingly deep in his thoughts.

Right then, Thalia took the glass on the table to take a sip of water. She then asked, "Benjamin, what are you thinking about?"

Benjamin came back to his senses and turned to her. "Thalia, do you know what Spencer does in the lab?"

Thalia paused in her motions before asking, "Why are you asking about that?"

"I just find it strange..."

"Find what strange?"