

## **Yo Daddy 631**

### **Chapter 631**

Anthony and Benjamin exchanged a look before walking out of the room without saying anything.

“Tony, Ben,” Denise called out, but the two boys did not even turn their heads around.

“Wait for me!” Denise cried out before moving to go after them. However, Thalia stopped her. “Denise, is Nat okay?”

Denise shook her head. “She looks fine, but...”

“But what?”

Denise stared at Thalia, the worry she was feeling visible on her face. After a while of hesitation, she said, “Thalia, say, would a person really pass out from anemia? Nat has always been healthy, and I don't think that's...”

Thalia froze when she registered Denise's words.

She did not know why Natasha passed out, but she knew well that it was not caused by anemia. Instead, it might be due to the poison in her.

Right then, Denise cocked her head and prompted, “Thalia?”

Her voice pulled Thalia back to reality, and she turned to the girl. “What's the matter?”

“That's what I should be asking you. Why are you spacing out?” Denise asked.

Thalia hummed for a second before saying, “I'm not. I'm thinking about Nat. Of course, a person could easily pass out from anemia. Since Nat donated so much blood to me the other day, it's quite possible.”

Right then, a thought popped into Thalia's head.

Did Spencer come to take my blood for this? Would she have passed the poison to me if I had taken her blood?

At that, Thalia paled.

Nevertheless, she tried to keep the atmosphere light-hearted as she nonchalantly continued, “So this is normal. Don't worry.”

“Is that so?” Denise frowned.

"Of course!"

Denise nodded. "Okay, then."

As long as it's not anything else.

Right then, Thalia asked, "Denise, do you know which room Spencer's doing experiments in?"

"I do!"

"Please take me there."

Denise's frown deepened. "Can you get out of bed already?"

"Of course!" came Thalia's reply before she sat up with difficulty. "Spencer asked me to exercise as long as I don't overdo it."

Denise quickly stepped forward to help Thalia out when she saw her struggling.

Thalia let out a long sigh once she was sitting upright. She then forced herself to give Denise a smile before saying, "I really can't lie on this bed for too long, or else I'm going to end up a lazy bum!" With that, she moved to get off the bed. Denise hastily placed her shoes properly for her. Warmth seeped into Thalia's heart when she saw Denise's caring action, and she said, "Thank you, Denise."

Denise flashed a smile at her before holding her to support her. "Be careful!"

Thalia then slowly got down from the bed.

Another sigh escaped Thalia's lips once she had her feet planted on the ground.

"Are you okay?" Denise asked.

"I'm fine!"

"Be careful, then. Take things slowly."

As Thalia inched forward with care, she turned to Denise and commented, "You're quite good at taking care of people!"

"I've seen it often, but this is the first time I'm doing this," Denise replied.

"You've seen it often? Where?"

"On the internet."

"Why are you seeing these things on the internet?" Thalia wondered out loud.

"Nat was robbed by several people after work a few years ago when we were overseas, and she had been hurt by a knife. It's what the nurse aides in the hospital did for Nat when she was in the hospital. We were too young to take care of Nat, but we learned these skills in case something like this happens again. That way, we'll be able to take better care of her."

Thalia's heart sank when she heard Denise's explanation. It was common for incidents like these to happen overseas. As a matter of fact, some of the ruffians solely targeted foreigners. Women were the most common targets, and as they were in a foreign land, they would be dismissed even if they were to lodge a police report.

Furthermore, Natasha was raising three children by herself. It was obvious life was challenging for her.

Even if the three children were geniuses, they were still young and helpless.

Thalia lowered her gaze. "I'm surprised that those robbers could rob Nat, honestly."

She had seen how Natasha had fought the lunatic in the hospital. Although she could see that Natasha was not a professional fighter, the skills she displayed would be more than enough to deal with the few robbers.

Denise sighed upon hearing Thalia. "It wasn't just a few; it was a whole group. Moreover, Nat was ambushed. That was why she failed to gain the upper hand in the situation."

## **Chapter 632**

Spencer was driven to a corner as Thalia eyed him intently.

After a few moments, he said, "I don't know yet."

"That means I'm probably poisoned?" she asked.

He took a deep breath and gazed at her. "Logically, yes."

Thalia felt her heart sank instantaneously.

At that moment, she didn't feel the slightest hint of sorrow. Instead, only regrets filled her heart as she looked at him.

"But you don't have to worry because I won't let anything happen to you. I'll create an antidote as soon as possible—"

"Spencer, I love you. I really, really love you!" Thalia piped up while staring into his eyes.

Spencer was stunned. Various emotions swirled in his eyes as he regarded her with an unfathomable look.

Thalia continued, "Don't worry. You don't have to give me an answer now, nor am I hoping to get an answer from you. I said that because I don't want to regret keeping these feelings to myself. Spencer, I fell for you at first sight. That was when you rescued me when I was little. Although I don't understand why you're always avoiding and rejecting me, those aren't important anymore. I only hope that you won't forget me even when you're with another woman in the future. Remember that there was once a woman who loved you very, very much. I'd be contented even if you reserved the smallest corner in your heart for me—"

The next second, Spencer suddenly pulled her into his arms and held her tightly.

He didn't say a word and merely expressed all the unsaid things in the form of a powerful embrace.

Thalia was taken aback. Even though she now knew Spencer was a little interested in her, the insignificant amount of affection he conveyed via the hug wasn't enough to convince her.

She muttered beside his ear, "I used to fantasize about marrying you and giving birth to your child. I figured our child would be very adorable and good-looking. It seems like these wishes won't be coming true now. Spencer, if you ever get married someday, please don't tell me because I certainly won't want to know. I'm just a selfish person. It's not that I don't want you to be happy, but I simply can't accept that outcome. I am so selfish that I hope you'll belong only to me—"

"In that case, I won't get married. I'll remain yours for the rest of my life," Spencer abruptly murmured while holding her close.

Thalia was dumbfounded. She even thought her ears were playing tricks on her.

"Spencer..." she mumbled.

Only then did he gradually let go of her and bored his captivating eyes into her grimly. "Thalia, rest assured. I won't let anything happen to you. If I fail to save you in the end, I'll keep you company in the afterlife."

She froze before frowning. "Spencer, you're joking, right?"

"I'm always serious toward you," he enunciated.

Thalia's eyes shone. She immediately reached out to cover his mouth. "No, no, no. I don't want that, Spencer. I forbid you from saying things like that. Although I don't wish for you to be with another woman, I still want you to live. I just hope you won't forget about me."

He grasped her hand and placed it on his chest, above his heart. Staring into her eyes, he whispered, "How could I ever forget you? I've etched you here long ago, and I'll never forget you even if I want to."

She shifted her gaze from where his heart was to his face. "A-Are you serious?"

He nodded.

Thalia was stumped. She didn't care if he was merely saying those words to comfort her or being genuinely earnest. She was about to die from getting poisoned anyway, so she chose to believe him.

Thalia buried her face in his embrace. I'll be selfish for once. As long as I'm able to spend the remaining time I have with Spencer, I won't have any more regrets in this life.

Complicated emotions churned within Spencer as he hugged her.

After a long while, he said, "Don't worry. I won't let anything bad happen to you, even if I have to risk my life."

She remained silent and continued leaning against his chest. Her eyes were closed, but the corner of her lips was curled into a smile.

Meanwhile, Natasha was sitting on the bed with her three children surrounding her bedside inside the room.

Taking in their concerned faces, she felt utterly helpless.

At that moment, there wasn't anything unusual going on with her body, nor was she feeling the slightest discomfort. On the contrary, she felt relaxed and inexplicably at ease.

Staring at them, Natasha said, "The way you all are looking at me makes me feel as if I'm old. What's the matter? Have I become a burden to you?"

Anthony eyed her. "Nat! You know that's not what we mean!"

"If that's not the case, why are you wearing those long faces?" she asked.

"Nat, we're worried about you..."

"Worried about what?"

"Look at your body's condition lately. You've never been so weak in the past, but now, you're passing out because of anemia? How is this happening?"

"Am I not allowed to be anemic after transferring so much blood?"

"That's not it. We just think..." Anthony didn't quite know how to put his thoughts into sentences.

"Instead of watching me with those troubled faces, why don't you prepare something delicious for me to keep me well-nourished? Once I'm supplemented with nutrients, you wouldn't have to worry about me anymore, no?" Natasha suggested.

Seeing her optimistic and proactive demeanor significantly reduced the three kids' anxieties.

"Nat, I'll cook something tasty for you right now." Denise turned around and jogged out of the room as she spoke.

### **Chapter 633**

Anticipating what she was going to say, Anthony sat upright. "I like girls. Don't worry, Nat. I'm perfectly normal!"

Benjamin was speechless. Who is he insulting?

Natasha blinked, her long lashes fluttering charmingly. She swept her gaze over him and asked, "Do you think I'm worried about that? I want you to know that boys shouldn't do what they want just because they are good-looking. It is more attractive to be loyal than to be fickle-hearted."

Hearing that, Anthony furrowed his brows. "Nat, Benjamin is good-looking too. Why didn't you tell him that?"

"Benjamin is level-headed, just like me. Naturally, he won't fool around," Natasha explained.

"Are you saying I will do that as I resemble Daddy?" Anthony asked.

Natasha nodded in all seriousness. "From your looks, yes."

"I—" Anthony was about to defend himself when Natasha added, "However, it's mostly your daddy's fault. He gives off that vibe and implicated you. If you have that flaw, change it. If you don't, keep it in mind!"

Anthony rolled his eyes. "I'm innocent!"

Natasha shook her head. "You're not, though! You didn't choose well. I have great genes, but you chose to resemble your father. If you resembled me just like Benjamin, no one would misunderstand you."

Anthony protested, "Nat, you're being biased!"

"Biased?" Natasha asked. She then turned to look at Benjamin.

Benjamin shook his head profusely to indicate that his answer was a resolute no.

Anthony was speechless. Look at them. They are trying to say that I'll grow up to be fickle-hearted with my looks, right?

With that thought in mind, Anthony said, "Nat, in that case, if Daddy is fickle-hearted, then why did you end up with him? Aren't you just shooting yourself in the foot?"

Hearing that, Natasha replied, "Yes, it was a lesson well learned. I'm now divorced, no?"

Anthony was at a loss for words. I can't believe she's mocking herself just to "educate" me.

Refusing to give up, Anthony argued, "If you've learned your lesson, why did you get back together with Daddy? Do you want to shoot yourself in the foot again?"

Hearing that, Natasha glanced at him. "Says who? I shot myself in the foot previously, but now, I'm doing it to others. I'm only dating your daddy without any intention of marrying him. If he cheats on me, I can find another man anytime—"

Before she could finish, the door was pushed open to reveal Kenneth.

The man came in, holding something in his arms. Natasha froze at the sight of him.

His face devoid of expression, Kenneth walked into the room and came to a stop in front of her.

Natasha gazed at him wordlessly. She couldn't help but wonder if he had overheard what she told the kids earlier.

Anthony and Benjamin were watching their parents' interaction aside quietly. When they noticed Natasha's expression, they couldn't stop themselves from bursting into giggles.

Natasha glared at the boys before turning to Kenneth. "You... When did you come?" she questioned carefully.

"I just arrived," came the man's answer.

"Uh, did you hear anything?" Natasha probed worriedly.

Kenneth placed the herbal concoction to aid her recovery next to her bed. His face was almost austere, his dark eyes as intense as ever. "What?"

Seeing his reaction, Natasha relaxed slightly. She offered him a smile and told him, "It's nothing."

"What did you chat about?" asked Kenneth as he turned to look at Anthony and Benjamin.

Anthony was about to reply when Natasha cut in, "Oh, it's nothing. According to Anthony, your looks suggest that you're unreliable. He wants to know why I got back together with you."

Anthony gaped incredulously. How could she say that? Nat, where is your integrity?

Thus, Kenneth's gaze swept over them before landing on Anthony.

"I..." Anthony didn't know where to begin his explanation. After a while, he gulped and asked, "Daddy, will you believe me if I say I didn't mean it that way?"

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

Anthony wisely remained silent.

He was racking his brains for an answer when he spotted Benjamin standing beside him. "Benjamin can be my witness. He knows I didn't mean to say that."

To his shock, Benjamin replied, "I spaced out and didn't hear anything you said."

Anthony's eyes turned as wide as saucers. "How could you, Benjamin?"

"Ahem!" Right then, Natasha pretended to clear her throat.

Realization struck Anthony when he glanced at her.

He knew he had to swallow his indignation and admit that he had said that.

Meeting Kenneth's gaze, he forced out a smile. "Fine. I did say that."

I'm not going to explain things anymore.

However, Kenneth remained expressionless. His gaze was still as dark and calm as ever.

A while later, Kenneth broke the silence. "You kids should go and take care of Thalia. I'll stay here."

He was obviously sending them away.

Hearing that, Anthony and Benjamin gave their parents one last look and strolled out of the room without saying a word.

At the door, they ran into Denise, who brought some food with her.

"Nat—"



## Chapter 634

Kenneth's tall figure blocked her route of escape, so Natasha had nowhere to go.

She glanced around before turning to Kenneth to say, "Will you believe me if I say I didn't mean it that way?" She was copying Anthony's tone earlier.

"What do you think?" Kenneth's intense and dangerous gaze bored into her.

Natasha blinked twice. "If I were you, I'd believe my words. You know me well. I'm too lazy to find another boyfriend."

"Is that so?"

"Of course. If I weren't lazy, the kids might have had a stepfather by now. You wouldn't even have had the chance to reunite with them," Natasha retorted.

Kenneth narrowed his gaze. "But your words implied that you would find a stepfather for them anytime."

Hearing that, Natasha burst out laughing. "Since you overheard everything, why did you pretend not to hear anything?"

Instead of answering her question, Kenneth inched nearer to her. "What do you think?"

Sensing his invading breath, Natasha made a move to get up. "I need to go to the bathroom. We shall talk later."

The moment she stood up, Kenneth moved and grabbed her arm, causing her to fall onto the bed.

Natasha's long hair was splayed on the bed as she stared at Kenneth in shock.

Kenneth glanced at her with a strange smile playing on his lips. "Nat, you've learned how to run away, huh?"

"If I don't run away, I'll get pinned underneath you!" Natasha snapped.

"Don't you like it?" Kenneth asked.

Natasha told him, "I prefer being on top." Something glinted in her eyes as she said that.

Suddenly, Kenneth's lips curled into a grin. He rolled over and changed their positions so that Natasha straddled him.

After changing positions, the situation turned more amorous. They could sense the change in a certain

spot.

Natasha didn't say anything, but her cheeks turned pink swiftly when she sensed the change beneath her.

Kenneth's scorching gaze could burn a hole in her body. "Are you satisfied with it?"

Natasha raised her brow. "How would I know if I don't try it out?"

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. He meant it as a joke, but Natasha's reply caused his eyes to turn a shade darker. The unveiled desire lurking in his eyes showed how much he wanted her. He could feel the heat between his legs spreading.

He was deep in thought when Natasha suddenly bent down to kiss his lips.

Kenneth was visibly stunned. After he guided her a few times, Natasha wasn't that inexperienced in kissing anymore. She was able to control the flow now, like an enchanting witch who could make men fall at her feet.

Closing his eyes, Kenneth lost himself in her passionate kiss. However, he preferred being in control in such situations. When Natasha was out of breath, he grabbed her and kissed her deeply.

Outside the room, the kids eavesdropped on their conversation until there was silence.

Anthony and Benjamin instantly realized what was going on inside.

After all, silence spoke volumes.

Denise's body was still pressed to the door. Frowning, she whispered, "Why is it all quiet now?"

Hearing that, Anthony and Benjamin parted their lips to explain, "Perhaps Nat got tired and went to bed."

"Then why isn't Daddy saying anything?" Denise inquired.

Well...

The boys shared a look, wondering how they should explain it to her.

"Forget it. I will go in and see for myself." With that, Denise was about to open the door.

Without hesitation, Anthony stopped her from entering the room while Benjamin covered her eyes.

Before she could even open the door, they dragged her away and said, "Oh, Nat wants to have a secret

conversation with Daddy, so let her be. Let's go find Thalia. She's a patient that needs our concern."

They only released her after moving a distance away from Natasha's room.

Denise glared at them and rolled her eyes. As she smoothened her hair and straightened her clothes, she remarked, "Tony, Ben, do you have to make it so obvious?"

Anthony and Benjamin were surprised.

"When I started watching romance dramas, you were still engrossed in computers and guns!" she added.

It was pretty obvious to Denise what they were up to.

Anthony and Benjamin exchanged a look.

"If you know, then why did you insist on entering the room?" Anthony asked.

Denise told him, "I hadn't thought about that until you both dragged me away. Now I know."

Benjamin went over to poke her forehead. "You know too much, little girl."

"The more I know, the better I can protect myself," came Denise's answer.

She was right, so Benjamin had no words to respond to her.

"All right. Let's go visit Thalia now," Anthony urged.

It wasn't appropriate for them to talk about this.

Benjamin nodded and turned to leave.

Nevertheless, Denise glanced at them and retreated silently.

After taking a few steps, Anthony and Benjamin turned over their shoulders to see Denise sneaking back.

"Denise!" They ran to her to stop her from leaving.

"Jeez, I just wanted to take a look," Denise mumbled.

"Do you need our help to call Daddy out?" Anthony demanded.

## **Chapter 635**

Inside the room, the moment Kenneth removed his clothes and revealed his wound, their intimate session came to a stop.

The sight of blood seeping out of his bandaged wound caused Natasha to halt in her tracks. "Did you get hurt?" she asked.

Kenneth lowered his gaze to stare at his wound. He exhaled helplessly.

Since he got hurt, he forced himself not to get too close to Natasha. Alas, he ended up forgetting everything when they got intimate.

Without a word, Kenneth tugged at his shirt, intending to button it up. Nevertheless, Natasha gripped his shirt so he couldn't do so.

"You didn't tell me when and how you got hurt." Natasha gazed at him intently.

Look at her insistent gaze. She won't give up if I don't say anything.

After contemplating briefly, he looked at her. "How did I get hurt? Someone ambushed Dave and me that night."

Kenneth subconsciously lied to her as he didn't want her to find out about his encounter with Boss.

After all, he wanted to keep the truth from her.

Natasha shot him a level look. She knew he was hiding something but didn't bother exposing him. In a low voice, she asked, "Is this why you've been avoiding me recently?"

Kenneth grunted in response. "Mm. I was afraid I couldn't hold back, and you'd find out about my injuries."

Natasha said nothing. She clung to him and brushed her fingers across his wound. "Does it hurt?" she asked gently.

"No, it doesn't hurt," came Kenneth's reply.

"Only fools would say it doesn't hurt," Natasha mocked. She pulled his clothes gently to cover him up before getting up.

Kenneth raised his brows, his gaze still intense as ever. "You're not going to continue?"

"Do you want your wound to open up again?" Natasha countered.

Inching to her boldly, Kenneth whispered in her ear, "I'm perfectly all right with that. Besides, you're here. I can just stay still."

Kenneth pressed a kiss to her earlobe. It caused a tingling sensation, but Natasha's mind was clear.

She pushed him away. "I'm not that desperate."

Kenneth's gaze bored into her. "But I'm desperate."

Natasha didn't know what to say.

"Please, Nat?" Kenneth rasped out.

Natasha shook her head vigorously. "No." She wasn't in the mood for sex now.

"Nat..."

Before Kenneth could say anything, Natasha reached out to hug him, pressing her cheek to his chest.

Kenneth felt his heart calming down when she leaned into his arms. Lowering his gaze, he stared at her side profile and asked, "What's wrong?"

Natasha shook her head without a word but tightened her arms around him.

Kenneth couldn't think of anything else.

He wrapped his arms around her shoulders.

"Kenneth," Natasha suddenly called out.

"Mm?"

"If something happens to you one day, I'll continue to live well," Natasha said in a low voice as she looked up at him.

Kenneth gazed at her, taking in her exquisite features. It was obvious what she meant.

"Mm." He nodded.

"Will you get mad?" Natasha questioned.

"Of course not. I'm glad you can think that way," Kenneth answered.

Something glinted in Natasha's charming eyes as she requested, "I hope you'll do the same, too."

Kenneth gazed at her for some time before saying, "Yeah, got it."

His answer was "got it" instead of "you have my word."

That didn't escape Natasha's notice. She didn't force him to comply and rested her cheek against his chest. "Let's promise each other that we'll continue to live and take care of the triplets if something happens to the other."

After saying that, she waited for Kenneth's reply. However, when she looked up, Kenneth's eyes were shut as though he was fast asleep.

Natasha regarded him bitterly. Without a word, she leaned into his embrace and fell into deep thought.

The triplets were on their way to Thalia when they walked past Spencer's lab. Anthony suddenly came to a stop.

"What's wrong?" Denise asked.

Anthony turned over his shoulder to look at her and Benjamin. "Don't you feel that something's wrong?"

"What are you talking about?" Denise probed.

Anthony was about to explain when Benjamin nodded solemnly. A grave expression rarely seen on kids his age flashed across his face. "Indeed, something's terribly wrong."

## **Chapter 636**

The voting passed.

Anthony nodded. "So be it, if that's the case!"

Benjamin gave Denise a nod of agreement.

Anthony went forward and stopped in his tracks when he suddenly remembered something. "Another question—who's going to take the lead?"

Three of them exchanged looks without saying a thing.

"Let's cast a vote by pointing to the person we want to vote for, and the final results cannot be disputed," Anthony suggested.

He then nodded at Denise to express approval.

"One, two, three, vote!"

Immediately after he counted down and before he could raise his hand, Denise and Benjamin's fingers were already pointed toward him.

Anthony stared at them, perplexed. "Are you both in cahoots?"

Denise flashed an impish smile, immensely pleased with the outcome.

Benjamin said, "We're not intentionally targeting you. I'm just saying no one is as good as you are at blackmailing, so this role is perfect for you."

"Why so humble? You're not so bad yourself. Why don't you go?" Anthony asked.

"I'm the brains, and you're the brawn," Benjamin countered.

Denise seconded what he said with a nod. "Ben is right."

"I—"

"Tony, the final results can't be contested," she reminded him.

Anthony swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue. He had made the rules. Saying anything else would be a slap to himself.

"Fine, I'll go and show you my charms." He retracted his gaze and headed in the direction of Spencer's lab.

He knocked on the door before pushing it open. Then, he saw two figures inside clasped in each other's embrace as the door swung open.

Anthony froze in bewilderment.

Uh... What's happening? Are they flirting like that? And why is there a couple in each room?

As he stood there, rooted to the ground, Denise and Benjamin came from behind him. "What's the matter? Weren't you going to show us your prowess? Why aren't you going in?" Denise asked.

Anthony hastily slipped out when he heard her approaching, and Benjamin caught a brief glimpse inside before the door was closed.

Denise, on the other hand, didn't see anything and looked at Anthony. "What is it? Why did you close the door?"

He pursed his lips. "Give me a moment. I'll go in to ask later."

“Why?” she pressed.

“There are people flirting inside,” Benjamin replied.

Denise stopped dead, her eyes as wide as saucers. “Do you mean Thalia and Spencer?”

He nodded.

She seemed to recall something and added, “Oh, right. I was the one who sent Thalia over. What are they doing...” Denise took a step forward with a curious expression to cop a peek.

Anthony and Benjamin's hands shot out to grab her collar.

“What are you both doing?” She struggled.

“See no evil!”

“Hear no evil!”

Anthony and Benjamin finished each other's sentences.

Denise gave up since she couldn't break free from their grips, no matter how hard she tried. “Fine, fine, I won't peep at them. Jeez, why did you say it as if it's something bad?”

“It's nothing to be curious about. It's just a normal thing people do,” Anthony responded.

Benjamin chimed in, “It's the most boring thing on earth.”

Her brows furrowed at their answers, and she shook her head wryly with a sigh. “You're both hopeless. I worry for your future girlfriends.”

Anthony slanted her a look. “Worry about yourself.”

Denise jutted her chin out arrogantly. “I'm not worried about myself. I've thought it out—I'm going to stay by Daddy and Nat and be contented with their love.”

“So why are you obsessed with watching romance TV shows?” Anthony asked.

“You don't get it, do you? It's interesting to watch from the sidelines, but it doesn't mean I aspire to be in their positions,” she explained.

Anthony and Benjamin were baffled by her answer.



This was the chasm that separated guys and girls.

Looking at their confused expressions, she said, "Forget about it. You won't understand, no matter how hard I explain. We should discuss our next move."

Anthony pressed his lips together, and just as he was about to answer, the door was pulled open, and Thalia appeared at the doorway. "What next move?"

The three of them didn't dare move a muscle at her appearance.

Thalia's red-rimmed eyes swept over Anthony. "You, come here."

He immediately obeyed, and she placed a hand on his shoulder, squeezing it a little. Her eyes fell on Benjamin and Denise. "What mischief are you three getting up to here?"

Denise shook her head while Benjamin remained silent.

Thalia's gaze darted around before settling on Anthony. "Tell me."

## **Chapter 637**

After entering the room, Thalia sat down on the bed in an elegant posture and stared them down. "Go on, then. Ask away."

The three kids exchanged glances. Eventually, it was Anthony who spoke up first. "Are you guys hiding something from us?"

Thalia immediately understood what he meant, but playing dumb was a skill she had developed after spending so much time around them.

"Who are you referring to?" Thalia asked.

Anthony frowned. "You adults."

"And which 'us' are you referring to?" Thalia asked.

"The three of us, of course," Anthony replied patiently.

There's no way Thalia wouldn't know what I'm talking about. She's definitely playing dumb!

Thalia simply nodded without saying anything in response.

The three kids were starting to lose their patience when they saw how relaxed she was.

“Well? Tell us, Thalia!” Denise urged her.

Thalia glanced at her and asked, “Tell you what?”

“Um...” Denise suddenly found herself at a loss for words.

Thalia let out a sigh and flashed them a confused look as she said, “You kids should be going after the people you think are suspicious. How would I know the answer to such things? We're on the same side, aren't we? I share everything I know with you kids. The four of us are members of Darknetz, so if they're keeping secrets, they're sure to keep me in the dark as well!”

The kids fell silent after hearing that.

They didn't know what to say as her explanation seemed to make perfect sense.

Anthony and Benjamin exchanged glances as they processed Thalia's words.

“Those are two different things, Thalia. We say you're keeping secrets from us. If it really is related to this, then Mr. Dave wouldn't have let you stay here while you recover from your injuries!” Denise said.

Thalia froze as she wasn't expecting her to be so sharp.

Upon realizing how they nearly let Thalia fool them, Anthony and Benjamin shifted their gazes back toward Thalia as they waited for her answer.

In the face of the three intelligent kids, all Thalia could do was continue playing dumb.

“I have no idea what you're talking about,” she replied while shaking her head and putting on the most innocent look possible.

Denise nodded. “Okay, fine, we'll assume you don't know that for now. What about Spencer's laboratory, then? You should know what he researches in there, right?”

Whoa... That question really hit the target! Great job, Denise!

Anthony and Benjamin were staring at Denise with proud looks in their eyes.

“I...” Thalia didn't know what to say.

“You should at least know about your relationship with Spencer, right?” Denise pressed on.

For some reason, hearing that question made Thalia a little happy. “What is my relationship with Spencer? Are we really that close?”

"You two were hugging each other!" Anthony snapped at her.

Thalia shot him a glare in response.

Anthony arched an eyebrow at her as he added, "Hey, I'm just stating the facts."

"And you ruined the moment for us. Besides, that doesn't mean I know everything. As you all know, Spencer and I aren't exactly that close. He's avoiding me every day, so there's no way he'd tell me everything!" Thalia said with a pout.

"That doesn't make sense," Denise protested.

"How so?" Thalia asked.

"Knowing you, there's no way you'd just sit by and let Spencer keep you in the dark. Are you not at all curious about what he's up to?" Denise asked.

Anthony and Benjamin both nodded in agreement when they heard that, much to Thalia's dismay.

Ugh... Could Denise just shut up?

Thalia pursed her lips and struggled to maintain her composure as she replied, "I only care about him as a person, so I don't know anything about his work. He could blow this entire place up, and I'd still take his side."

"You know what, Thalia? I just realized you're better than Anthony when it comes to making stuff up!" Denise exclaimed.

Thalia arched an eyebrow at her. "What are you talking about? I don't know if Anthony is making stuff up, but I'm telling the truth!"

Denise flashed her a smile in response.

Looks like she isn't going to tell us the truth. The fact that she's still putting up an act suggests she has a reason for keeping it from us, not that she doesn't know the answer.

With that in mind, Anthony said, "Okay, maybe we're just overthinking things here. Thalia's probably tired, so we should let her get some rest."

Thalia flashed him a teasing smile as she said, "Oh? What's this? Anthony is being caring for once?"

"We'll be on our way now. Make sure to get some rest," Anthony replied with a grin that did not reach his eyes.

Right as they were about to leave, Thalia thought of something and called out to them, "Wait!"

The three kids stopped in their tracks and turned around to look at her.

"How is Nat doing?" Thalia asked.

## **Chapter 638**

"What, are we just going to give up?" Denise asked with a helpless expression after leaving Thalia's room.

"Anthony would never give up so easily!" Benjamin replied calmly.

"As much as I hate to admit it, Benjamin does know me very well," Anthony said.

"Then why did you stop questioning her?" Denise asked.

"Thalia may seem all carefree and gullible, but she's actually incredibly smart about what she says. She only tells us stuff that she wants us to hear. She wouldn't disclose any information that she doesn't feel like disclosing or isn't allowed to disclose. I mean, she's professionally trained to resist interrogation! There's no way a bunch of kids like us could ever get her to tell us anything against her will!" Anthony explained.

Denise nodded in agreement after hearing that. "I suppose you're right... What should we do, then? We're not going to just leave this be, are we?"

"Leave this be? Do I look like the kind of person who would do such a thing?" Anthony asked.

"Wow! You look a lot like Daddy when you said that, Tony!" Denise exclaimed.

Anthony narrowed his eyes. "I look really cool, don't I?"

"You know what? Forget I said anything..."

Anthony decided to stop teasing her as he continued, "Spencer, Dave, and Thalia are the key individuals we should focus on. Daddy and Nat aren't going to tell us anything, so we can just ignore them and focus on the above three. We've tested Thalia and confirmed that she definitely knows something. She just won't tell us about it."

"So?"

"So, we will have to split up to make this work."

"What will we do?"

"We'll each pick one of the three and try to find out whatever we can from them. It'll be a lot more effective to attack them all at once instead of focusing on one at a time. That should somewhat increase our chances of success," Anthony explained.

Benjamin nodded in approval. "That makes sense."

Denise nodded as well. "All right, then. I'll go along with your plan."

"Right now, we need to decide on how we pick our targets," Anthony said.

Benjamin and Denise knew exactly what he meant. "I'll pick Mr. Dave! Just a few days ago, he was talking about taking me in as his goddaughter. He won't be on guard when dealing with me!" Denise proposed.

Anthony nodded. "That sounds good."

"I'll go with Thalia, then?" Benjamin asked.

"Yeah. She likes you the most, so she should drop her guard when she's with you. I'd say you have a very high chance at getting that information out of her."

"You get Spencer, then?"

"Spencer and I aren't that close, but I can still give it a shot," Anthony replied with a frown.

"Tony, I think your chances of success are low regardless of who you pick. You just give off that impression that you want something out of others whenever you approach them," Denise commented.

Of course, Anthony knew that very well. "Yeah, because I'm born with an air of excellence. It's not easy being so great."

"Come on, Denise. Let's go grab a snack downstairs," Benjamin said.

"Yeah, let's go!" Denise was quick to go along with his suggestion.

Anthony glared at them as he said, "I know you two don't want to admit it, but it's the truth."

Benjamin and Denise ignored him and continued walking toward the stairs.

"Hey, wait up! What are you guys going to eat? Wait for me!" he shouted while running after them.

Natasha went over to Thalia's room as usual that afternoon.

Thalia was sitting on the bed and staring blankly into space when she came in through the door.

She quickly put her phone down when she saw Natasha come in. "How are you doing? Are you all right?"

"What do you mean?" Natasha asked as she made her way over to the bed.

"Denise told me that you fainted while you were outside today. Are you..." Thalia was about to say something but held herself back in the end.

Natasha let out a chuckle. "Oh, Denise and her big mouth... I didn't think she'd tell you about it so soon!"

"She's worried about you, after all," Thalia said.

Natasha sat down on the side of her bed and said with a smile, "I'm fine."

"I was going to pay you a visit, but the kids told me that Kenneth was around, so I didn't want to disturb you two," Thalia replied with a hesitant look on her face.

Natasha let out a sigh. "They've been taking care of me ever since I donated my blood to you."

Thalia couldn't help but laugh when she heard that. "You seem to be living a very happy life right now."

Natasha nodded in agreement. "You could say that."

"Back then, I could never stand Kenneth. I felt like his good looks were all that he had. He couldn't do anything else right, and his love life was a total mess. I thought he didn't deserve to be with you at all, but he changed completely after dating you," Thalia continued.

"Oh, you haven't seen Kenneth when he was little. Not only was he very serious and single-minded about everything, but he also trusted me unconditionally. On top of that, he treated me very well and always kept his promises. Oh, and let's not forget how handsome he is!" Natasha replied.

Thalia shot her a doubtful look. "Are you sure we're talking about the same person here?"

## **Chapter 639**

Natasha didn't know what else to say.

Her act of kindness had resulted in disaster for Thalia, so it was only natural that she would feel guilty about it.

Even so, she had a determined look in her eyes as she slowly came to a realization.

Noticing that Natasha had gone silent, Thalia tried to ease the tension by saying with a chuckle, "The reason I'm telling you this is to remind you that you're not alone in this. I just didn't expect to someday be so closely connected to another woman in life, you know?"

However, hearing her laugh only amplified Natasha's feelings of guilt even further.

"Relax, will you? I'm used to living life on the edge, so death doesn't scare me at all! On the contrary, I want to thank you for giving me the chance to find out something that I've always wanted to know!" Thalia continued with a genuine smile on her face.

Of course, no amount of reassurance would ever erase the guilt in Natasha's heart. While she hadn't intended for things to turn out like this, it remained an undeniable fact that her actions had indirectly caused it.

"Have you had any episodes lately?" Natasha asked after a brief pause.

Thalia shook her head.

She had yet to witness Natasha suffering from the poison as Spencer had knocked the latter out before bringing her back.

"How is it like when you have those episodes? Does it hurt a lot?" Thalia asked.

Natasha nodded. "Yes, it hurt so much that I felt like I was going to die."

That was when she recalled reading about Thalia's fear of pain when she looked her up a while back.

Sure enough, Thalia froze the moment she heard that. "Oh, well... So be it, then! It can't possibly hurt more than all of these wounds!" she said with a forced smile.

"It's not the same. You can stop the pain from your wounds or go numb from them, but this is different. It really redefines pain for you. In fact, the pain I felt when giving birth was nothing compared to this," Natasha clarified.

Thalia fell silent this time.

Although I've never given birth myself, I've heard and witnessed how painful it was for others when going into labor. That's why I decided to never have kids in life! And now, Natasha is telling me that the pain during childbirth is nothing compared to this...

Natasha chuckled when she saw Thalia go silent. "Well, it's not like there's nothing you can do about the pain."

Thalia's eyes lit up when she heard that. "What can you do?"

"Remember what Spencer did the other day? It worked wonders," Natasha said.

Thalia frowned. "You mean have someone knock you out?"

Natasha nodded.

"I see... All right, I understand. If I ever have one of those episodes, please make sure to knock me out on the spot! I don't want you to hesitate, okay? Oh, and tell everyone else to do the same if they ever see me having an episode," Thalia said in a trembling voice.

"What's this? The great Thalia who fears nothing in the world is afraid of a little pain? I wonder what your man would think if he finds out!" Natasha teased her.

"Who said I'm afraid of pain?" Thalia stubbornly refused to admit to it.

It was her biggest secret, after all.

"Why else do you think I'm telling you this?" Natasha asked.

Thalia froze as the sudden realization dawned upon her. So, she was telling me all that just to warn me?

"How did you know about my fear of pain?"

"Take a guess."

"No one else knows about this!"

Natasha simply kept quiet and smiled at her.

"Did Anthony tell you that? Wait, no... I don't think Anthony knows about it either. Hmm... Was it Spencer who told you?"

"You could say that."

Thalia frowned and mumbled with a pout, "I can't believe he revealed my biggest secret!"

"All right, it's getting late. You should get some rest," Natasha said, making no attempt to explain herself whatsoever.

"You too," Thalia replied.

Natasha nodded and walked out of the room.



Thalia found herself liking Natasha more and more as she watched the latter leave.

## **Chapter 640**

As though he had noticed something off about her response, Spencer looked her in the eyes and asked, "What are you planning on doing?"

Natasha simply flashed him a faint smile in response. "What could I possibly do?"

"Don't do anything stupid, Nat..."

"Am I really that stupid of a person?"

Spencer frowned and went silent as he tried to come up with a response.

"Don't worry; I'm not going to do anything!" Natasha reassured him with a faint smile.

Spencer simply stared at her in silence.

He knows me like the back of his hand. If I don't leave now, he'll definitely sense that something is wrong! With that in mind, Natasha decided to excuse herself. "All right, you carry on with your work. I'll head back and get some rest now."

Spencer nodded at her without saying anything.

After making her way to the door, Natasha turned around and reminded him, "I know that you're very busy with your research to come up with an antidote, but you mustn't forget about Thalia. She needs you the most right now. She likes to see your handsome face, so make sure to shave before you go see her!"

It wasn't until Natasha had closed the door behind her that Spencer retracted his gaze and went back to his report.

Natasha returned to her room after leaving Spencer's laboratory.

As Kenneth was discussing business with Dave right now, she knew he wouldn't be home.

Even so, Natasha made sure to lock the room door and stand in the innermost corner of the room before whipping out her phone.

After a brief moment of hesitation, she punched in a number and made the call.

She had a sharp and determined look in her eyes as she clutched the phone tightly in her hand.

The call got through a few seconds later.

"Hello? Is this Ms. Watson?" asked the person on the other end of the line.

"Yes, it's me," Natasha replied.

"I'm surprised you'd call me. Did something happen?" Boss asked with a hint of joy in his voice.

"I'm calling to confront you about something," Natasha said coldly.

Boss let out a nonchalant chuckle. "I can tell that much."

Natasha got straight to the point and asked, "Why would you do this?"

"I've done many things, so you need to be a little more specific. Which one are you talking about? Your poisoning or Kenneth's injury?"

"So, it really was you!" Natasha exclaimed.

Boss' voice grew cold all of a sudden. "Yes, it was me. It's a shame I failed to kill him, though. I can't believe he managed to escape."

"Forget it, Boss! I won't let you hurt him!" Natasha yelled.

"Go ahead and try to stop me, then. I'll have you know that I don't just want to kill him. I'm also going to torture him so much that death would be a relief for him!" Boss said confidently.

"Talk is cheap, so how about we skip the idle chit-chat and cut to the chase? Tell me, what exactly do you want?"

"What, are you going to agree to all of my demands?" Boss asked.

"Not necessarily. I just want to see if it's easier to meet your demands or to just commit suicide. Of course, I'll pick the option that benefits me the most."

Boss froze for a brief moment when he heard her response.

Although Natasha is a very calm and rational person, she's definitely capable of doing just about anything to get what she wants. The fact that she managed to survive in the southern camp is proof of it.

With that in mind, he said, "All right, then. My demand is simple. I want you to return to my side and

help me out.”

Natasha narrowed her eyes. “Help you out? What could I possibly help you with?”

“Please don't give me that crap, Ms. Watson. I may not know your true identity, but I do know that Theodore is your father. Surely, you must've inherited his talent as a hacker, right? I must say, you did a really great job at hiding it!” Boss replied.

Natasha was so shocked that she paused for a few seconds before saying, “I don't know what you're talking about.”

“Is that so? What about that thing in your bracelet, then? Do you not know about that as well?”

Natasha fell silent after hearing that.

Oh, no... I didn't think he'd find out about that!

“Let's not forget the message on the billboards in the city. That was your doing too, right?” Boss pressed on.

He got the answer to his question when Natasha remained quiet.