

Yo Daddy 641

Chapter 641

Just as Natasha hung up the phone, a knock on the door was heard.

“Nat, are you asleep?” Denise whispered outside the door.

Natasha darted over and opened the door when she heard her daughter's voice.

Denise lifted her gaze to look at Natasha. “Nat, you're still awake?” she asked.

“Yes.” Natasha nodded.

“Then why did you lock the door?” Denise was confused.

“I was planning to take a shower.” Natasha made up an excuse.

Without thinking much of it, Denise walked up to Natasha and grabbed her arm. “Nat, follow me,” she urged.

“What happened?” Natasha asked as she followed Denise.

“Your love rival is here!” Denise exclaimed.

“Love rival?” Natasha furrowed her brows in confusion.

Denise was still dragging Natasha with her, a concerned expression on her face. “You'll understand when you see her,” she said.

Even before they got to the staircase, they could hear waves of laughter sounding from downstairs.

Natasha stood at the staircase and lowered her gaze.

There were two men and one woman downstairs with Kenneth and Dave.

It seemed like they were chit-chatting and having a good time.

The woman said nothing, but her starry eyes were fixed on Kenneth.

Taking in the scene, Natasha immediately understood what Denise meant.

However, she merely looked at them in silence.

Beside her, Denise exclaimed, "Look at that, Nat!"

Natasha retracted her gaze and laughed. "Look at what?" she teased.

Denise furrowed her brows. She looked at Natasha before shifting her gaze downstairs. "That woman!" she blurted.

"What's wrong with her?"

"Don't you think... Don't you think there's something off with how she looks at Daddy?" asked Denise.

Natasha glanced downstairs and turned back to reply, "I don't think so."

"Nat, you..." Denise was rendered speechless.

She didn't know what to say anymore.

"What?" Natasha continued to tease her.

"People always say women have a strong sixth sense, but why isn't that true with you!" Denise exclaimed.

Natasha could barely hold in her laughter when she heard what Denise said. "Oh? Do you think every woman in the world is interested in your daddy?" she chuckled.

"I don't know if every woman in the world is interested in Daddy, but I've watched enough romantic dramas to tell that this woman must have other intentions for Daddy," Denise enunciated.

"Then how about your daddy? Can you tell his intention?" Natasha questioned.

"Of course, I can. Daddy didn't even look at her." Denise was certain.

"Exactly," Natasha replied nonchalantly. She then turned and was about to leave.

"Nat, where are you going?"

"I'm going back to my room to take a shower."

Denise immediately reached out and grabbed Natasha's arm, raising her voice. "This is not the time to shower!"

"Then what else should I do?"

"You should go down and stake your claim!" With that, Denise grabbed Natasha tightly and tried to pull

her down the stairs.

“Denise...”

“Come on, Nat!”

Right then, their movements attracted the attention of the people downstairs.

Kenneth lifted his gaze to look at the two people upstairs.

“Nat?” he called.

Natasha was momentarily stunned when she heard Kenneth.

Everyone downstairs had focused their gaze on her.

Just looking at Natasha's back was enough to make them fall into speculation.

“Boss, is that Natasha?” Mike asked in puzzlement.

Kenneth's gaze swept across upstairs before fixing on Natasha. Seconds later, he finally responded in a low voice, “Yes.”

His words rendered Natasha speechless.

“Natasha!” Mike called out to her.

Natasha heaved a deep breath. She had always been terrified of meeting people for the first time as she didn't want to speak to them. However, as they had already seen her, she had no choice but to greet them out of politeness.

“Boss, why is she not coming down?” Mike asked.

“I think she's probably shy,” Kenneth responded. His gaze never left Natasha's figure.

He knew Natasha well. However, all of them here had been through life-and-death situations with him, and he really wanted her to meet them.

When Natasha heard what Kenneth said, she knew she was left with no choice but to meet them.

Natasha then shifted her gaze to Denise, the urge to teach her daughter a lesson rising in her.

However, before she could do that, Denise turned and darted downstairs.

“Daddy!” Denise sweetly cooed as she headed downstairs.

Upon hearing her voice, Natasha turned around with a frown.

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Looking at him, Natasha smiled. “Hello.”

“You're absolutely gorgeous, Natasha. You're the most beautiful person I have ever seen in my life,” Mike praised.

“You're good at flattery, too.”

At this moment, Kenneth spoke. “This is Mike, and I've known him for a long time. This here is Luke, and this is—” When it was Alexia's turn, Kenneth paused for a while before apologizing politely, “I'm sorry. I can't seem to remember your name.”

Alexia's gaze, which was on Natasha initially, now turned to Kenneth. When he said he had forgotten her name, a trace of awkwardness and dejectedness appeared on Alexia's face.

How could he forget?

Instantly, the atmosphere turned awkward. Noticing the change, Dave walked over and said, “Ahem. Let me do the introductions. She's Alexia, a member of DX Group and someone who joined after Kenneth left.”

At his introduction, Natasha nodded and turned to Alexia. “Hello, Alexia,” she said with a smile.

Returning to her senses, Alexia looked at Natasha and quickly regained her composure. Without missing a beat, she smiled at Natasha and greeted her back, “Hi, Ms. Watson.”

Suddenly, Mike cut in, “Alexia, you can call her Natasha.”

At that, Alexia's gaze swept over Kenneth before she said, “He's your boss, not mine. Don't tell me what to do.”

“Didn't you say Boss saved you before?”

“Yes, so he's my savior,” Alexia answered.

“Your savior?” Natasha looked at her.

This time, Alexia stared straight at Natasha and nodded confidently. “That's right. Because he saved me, I could join DX Group. He gave me my life.”

At her last statement, Natasha chuckled. "Little miss, your parents gave you your life, not him."

Panic flashed across Alexia's eyes, but she declared confidently, "I'm not little anymore. I'm a big girl now, an adult!"

Noting her persistence, Natasha felt she was desperately trying to prove something.

Nevertheless, she took a step back. "Sorry, I didn't mean to offend you."

"My parents died when I was young. But that day, he saved me and gave me a new lease on life, so I owe my life to him," Alexia said, staring at Natasha.

A faint smile hung on Natasha's lips as she listened, but her expression gave nothing away.

Again, everyone next to them watched on in discomfort.

Mike even tugged on Alexia's shirt. "Alexia, please stop."

Begrudgingly, Alexia pursed her lips and went silent.

Then, Natasha turned her head to look at Kenneth and drawled, "Your words reminded me of something. When I was young, Kenneth saved my life too. Without him, I wouldn't be sitting here today."

"Natasha, are you childhood sweethearts with Boss?" Mike couldn't help but ask.

"Kind of," Natasha replied.

"T-Then? What happened next?" Mike prompted.

"Oh, I married him," Natasha said with a laugh.

At that answer, his eyes widened. "That's it? It's that simple"

"Simple?" Kenneth's lips curled upward in an exasperated smile. "What more do you want? She's the one I wanted to take as my wife since I was a child." As he said that, he turned his gaze toward Natasha. "For the sake of marrying you, I gave my all in saving you back then."

Natasha stared back at him with a warm smile on her lips.

At Kenneth's confession, Mike's eyes lit up. "Is this what they call 'nothing ventured, nothing gained'? Boss, it looks like you've always been so hard on yourself."

“Well, as they say, 'no pain, no gain.' I'm willing to place everything on the line for her,” Kenneth said.

Luke, who was sitting next to them, chimed in, “I never thought you were such a romantic, Boss. Natasha, you're a blessed woman!”

“He should be counting his lucky stars to have met me since someone as outstanding as me is hard to come by,” Natasha retorted.

Kenneth agreed with her. “That's right. I couldn't find a woman like her even if I wanted to. That's why I'm grateful to have met her. I'll be sticking to her side forever.”

Natasha raised an eyebrow upon hearing his words.

As their conversation continued, Alexia felt like him saving her was nothing compared to their past together.

Her two hands, hanging by her sides, gradually tightened into fists.

At that moment, Mike teased, “I never expected to be forced to listen to how Boss professes his love to his lady and be all sappy before a wedding banquet is even held.”

“That is so true!” Luke concurred.

Listening to their mock complaints, Kenneth said, “A wedding banquet? All right, your request is duly received. When we get back and have our wedding ceremony, I'll invite all of you.”

Mike's eyes widened in surprise. “Boss, you haven't held a wedding ceremony yet?”

“No, not yet.”

“T-T-Then, you'll be inviting all of us?”

“Of course.” Kenneth nodded. “Everyone will be invited.”

“Really?” Mike and Luke grew excited at the response, but the feeling soon turned to worry. “Boss, are you sure? If everyone went, would there be enough space to fit so many people?” Luke asked.

Kenneth chuckled. “Hm? Are you afraid that I can't afford it?”

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Alexia stayed quiet, seemingly troubled by something.

Meanwhile, Denise leaned against Kenneth's chest and studied her.

She looks unhappy. That means my guess was correct.

At that thought, Denise raised her head. "Daddy."

"What's up?" Kenneth looked down at her and asked.

With a pout, Denise complained, "So what you have with Mommy is true love, while I'm just an accident?"

Everyone turned their attention to her at that instant.

"What's wrong, my darling? Why would you say that?" Kenneth inquired.

"You didn't introduce me," Denise muttered dejectedly.

Kenneth couldn't help but laugh at her remark while Natasha chuckled helplessly.

"Right. My dearest Denise is also here." As Kenneth spoke, he stood up while carrying the girl and faced the group. "Everyone, let me introduce someone to you. This is my daughter, Denise."

Denise's expression changed immediately as she chirped, "Hello, my dear friends. I'm Denise."

"Friends?" Luke and Mike repeated, their brows raised in amusement.

"Of course. You seem to be just a few years older than me, so you're my friends," Denise said with a sweet smile.

Luke and Mike were delighted to hear that. They were actually only a couple of years younger than Kenneth and Dave, so they were utterly flattered by Denise's words.

On the other hand, Alexia remained expressionless as she listened to the exchange.

Friends? With Denise?

To her, that word just widened the gap between her and Kenneth.

She did not like it.

As she looked at Denise, the latter happened to glance at her. At the sight of the taunting look in the girl's eyes, Alexia froze.

Was that my imagination?

When she looked over again, Denise was already chatting with the men.

"My goodness, you're so adorable. Not only are you pretty, but you're also such a sweet girl! It seems like you take after Natasha!" Mike remarked.

"I got both Daddy's and Mommy's best traits, unlike my two brothers. One of them takes after Daddy, while the other is just like Mommy."

"Brothers?" Mike exclaimed.

"Yes. I have two big brothers."

A hint of surprise flashed across Mike's eyes. "And they're both..."

"They're both their biological children." Denise finished his words for him.

With a bashful smile, Mike clarified, "That's not what I meant. It's just that things seem to have gone faster than normal..."

People might think that Natasha was pregnant with someone else's kid before she got together with Kenneth!

"What are you talking about? My brothers and I were born at the same time."

"You're triplets?" Luke asked.

Denise nodded. "That's right!"

Luke and Mike widened their eyes in astonishment and turned to Kenneth. "Boss, you're incredible!"

They actually got triplets? That's such a rare occurrence!

One would feel lucky to have twins, let alone triplets.

Moreover, judging from Natasha's figure, she didn't seem like someone who had given birth to three kids.

Meanwhile, Natasha sat at the side quietly.

It felt somehow embarrassing for her to receive compliments about having triplets.

After all, it was not like she had control over that; that was just biology working its magic.

Kenneth, on the other hand, curled his lips up into a smug smile. "I guess so."

Natasha was rendered speechless.

Indeed, not everyone is susceptible to awkwardness!

"Boss, you're too humble," Mike said.

Just then, Dave cleared his throat intentionally, snapping Luke and Mike back to their senses.

Mike cast a glance at Natasha and hurriedly explained, "I didn't mean anything by that. What I actually meant was—" He paused mid-sentence, unable to come up with an appropriate statement.

"All right, you should just stop talking," Luke chimed in. He then looked at Kenneth and Natasha, asking, "Boss, where are the two boys then?"

"Right. Where are they?" Mike echoed.

"I don't know where they ran off to. Don't think we can find them now, though," Natasha answered with a nonchalant smile.

"Oh, I'm sure they're also adorable. They must be good boys!" Mike said.

Good boys?

Upon hearing him, the few people who knew the two children couldn't help but smirk.

"What is it? Did I say something wrong?" Mike queried.

"It's nothing. You'll find out when you meet them one day," Dave told him.

Mike was confused. "What do you mean?"

"He's saying that 'good' is not an adjective you can use to describe my brothers," Denise piped up.

"Then what should I use instead?"

"Well, you can think about that when you meet them," Denise said. She didn't think it was nice to talk bad about her brothers behind their backs.

Although Mike couldn't understand what they were trying to say, he still bobbed his head.

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Even when they reached the second floor, Denise would turn around from time to time and peep downstairs.

When the living room was finally out of sight, she said unhappily, "Nat, why were you in such a hurry to leave?"

"Why? Do you have anything left to do there?"

"No, but aren't they Daddy's friends? We can just chat with them."

"Were you really hoping to chat with them, or did you want to stay there to keep on taunting someone?" Natasha probed.

Denise stopped in her tracks and peeked at Natasha. "Nat, you... noticed?"

"You and Kenneth were being so obvious. How could I not notice?" Natasha gazed down at the girl and added, "Darling, huh? Don't you find it cheesy?"

Denise giggled at that. "Why? Am I not your darling?"

"Stop it. I'm cringing," Natasha said as she walked forward.

Knowing that Natasha hated cheesy stuff, Denise grinned. "Nat, isn't it nice of Daddy to cooperate with me? Are you happy?"

Natasha did not answer her questions.

"I'm sure Daddy played along because he sensed something too." Denise continued to mutter. She raised her head to look at Natasha and reminded, "Nat, I hope you don't mind me saying this, but you should be careful. It's nice that Daddy is self-aware, but you have to put up your guard as well. She even came all the way here, yet you still look like you don't care."

Hearing that, Natasha glanced at her. "How should I put up my guard?"

"Um... You should at least teach her a lesson, shouldn't you?" Denise said.

"How do I do that when she didn't even do anything?"

"What do you mean she didn't do anything? Mr. Mike and Mr. Luke both treated you with respect, but she didn't. She's blatantly provoking you!" Denise claimed.

In response, Natasha chuckled and pushed the door open before walking into the room.

At the sight of Natasha's unbothered attitude, Denise ran forward and stood in her way. "Nat!"

Left with no choice, Natasha told her, "All right, I got it."

“Really?”

“Yes.” Natasha nodded.

“Then what should you do next time?” Denise prompted.

“Kill her?”

“Nat!” Denise exclaimed in frustration when she realized Natasha still wasn't taking this matter seriously.

Natasha laughed at her reaction and assured her, “Okay, I got it. Don't worry. I know what to do.”

“That better be the case,” Denise grumbled with a worried pout.

“All right, that's enough. Go and play with Thalia for a while. I'm going to take a bath and nap.”

Denise knew that Natasha had a weak body. Not wanting to tire her mother out, she turned around and walked to the door without any complaints.

“Rest well,” she voiced.

“Okay,” replied Natasha without even turning to look at her.

Denise stood by the door, gazing at Natasha's back helplessly.

Nat has never cared much about things like this, so it's unlikely she'll listen to me. Good thing they have a clever daughter like me! I guess I should just take things into my own hands.

At that thought, Denise spun on her heels and walked away.

The conversation downstairs lasted for more than an hour.

When it was time for the trio to leave, Mike expressed, “Dave, Boss, we'll head back to prepare what's needed. As for the other matters, we'll wait for your updates.”

Kenneth bobbed his head in return.

“We'll visit again another day.”

“Do you actually think you can come here anytime you want to?” Dave quipped.

Right away, Mike started throwing compliments. “Dave, I know you're the most generous man ever!”

"Don't you try to butter me up."

"Dave is saying that you can come here without having to butter him up," Luke interjected.

"That's what I thought so, too."

"Thanks, Dave."

The two men's antics got an exasperated laugh out of Dave.

"All right, we're leaving," Mike said at last, to which Dave responded with a nod.

The former then urged, "Let's go, Alexia."

However, Alexia stayed rooted to her spot and turned to Kenneth. "My savior, I have something to tell you."

Upon hearing that, Kenneth stared at her.

As Mike and Luke looked back and forth between Kenneth and Alexia, they seemed to figure out something. "Alexia, we're at Dave's house," one of them reminded.

"I'll be quick," Alexia insisted. She just had to get some things off her chest.

"Alexia—" Mike was about to persuade her, but Kenneth's voice cut him off.

"Go ahead and say it."

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"Because if you do that, it might make her unhappy," uttered Kenneth in his deep magnetic voice. "And I don't want that to happen."

Alexia looked at the man with hope in her eyes but became somewhat disappointed when she heard his response. "Are you talking about Ms. Watson?"

"Yes," replied Kenneth with a nod, and suddenly, she was rendered speechless.

Since the mixed-blood young woman kept silent, he continued, "With that said, I hope you understand that your desire to repay my kindness may cause me inconvenience. I really do not need it, Ms. Harper."

A glint of sadness flashed across Alexia's eyes as soon as Kenneth finished his sentence. "How would I cause you any inconvenience? I'm just trying to repay you..."

However, he did not bother trying to make her understand. "Ms. Harper, you're still young, so there are some things you won't understand. Now that you have another chance at life, you should make the best of it instead of wasting your time on someone who doesn't matter."

Looking at Kenneth, Alexia wanted to say something, but her mind was utterly blank. Even though she had spent countless nights imagining how the conversation would go, she was still unprepared for how it actually turned out.

"It's getting late. Mike and Luke are still waiting for you. You should head back," voiced Kenneth.

Alexia slowly walked away after nodding distractedly at him, still somewhat confused and heartbroken because of his words.

"What's wrong, Alexia? Are you okay?" inquired Mike when she reached the car.

Alexia shook her head in response, so he urged, "Come on. Get in!"

Before getting into the vehicle, she turned to look in the direction of where she and Kenneth talked, but the man was already gone.

Disappointment flitted across her eyes again after she looked around but to no avail.

"Alexia?" Only after Luke called out to her did she retract her gaze in resignation, look at them, and enter the car.

Mike drove out of the castle immediately.

During the ride, Alexia did not utter a single word.

At that moment, he looked at her through the rearview mirror and asked, "Alexia, are you still thinking about Boss?"

However, she simply met his gaze with complete silence.

"I know you've always wanted to repay Boss' kindness, but from what I know about him, he'll surely tell you that it's unnecessary," Mike explained.

Hope suddenly sparkled in Alexia's eyes when she heard his words. "How did you know that?"

"How would I not? I've known Boss for many years, so I'm well aware of the way he thinks and acts," he stated proudly.

After some thought, she leaned in to inquire, "Then do you know how to make him not reject me?"

“Uh...” Mike was stunned by the question.

“I thought you said you knew him well. Do you have no idea either?” Alexia continued to pressure him for an answer.

“It's not that I have no idea; I just don't know what to tell you. Shouldn't you be glad that Boss didn't want you to repay him? Why would you insist on doing so?” he questioned.

Furrowing her eyebrows at the topic, she replied softly, “This goal is the only thing keeping me going. I would've died countless times if I weren't motivated by it. I don't know what I'd do without it...”

Mike and the others all knew how she was left alone after her family died tragically and that Kenneth was the only reason she joined DX Group. Over the past few years, the young woman had mentioned wanting to repay the man on more than one occasion.

Even though Mike did not realize it before, he suddenly learned then that Kenneth was the one who motivated Alexia to keep living.

However, nobody expected that things would take such a turn.

Looking at the young woman, Mike uttered, “Alexia, you're not...”

“Not what?” questioned Alexia, raising her gaze to look at him.

However, he pursed his lips and decided to hold his tongue. She's only nineteen!

“Nothing!” he said at last, which only made Alexia knit her eyebrows tighter.

“So, do you know or not? Or were you just bluffing?” she demanded.

“Why would you say that? I'm a senior to you, aren't I? At least show me some respect!” voiced Mike.

“Of course, I know. Couldn't you tell that Boss was upset?”

“Upset?” After thinking for a while, she nodded in agreement. “I guess he did seem a little upset. Was he mad at me?”

“Who else, if not you?” he asked rhetorically.

“But why?” I didn't do anything wrong, though.

Glancing at her through the rearview mirror again, Mike replied, “Alexia, we all greeted Natasha when we saw her today, but why didn't you?”

Meanwhile, Kenneth directly went up to Natasha's room.

Natasha, who had just walked out of the bathroom, bumped into the man right after he entered her room.

Having taken a shower and changed into fresh clothes, she seemed soft yet revitalized.

"Done chatting so soon?" she inquired while drying her hair with the towel.

Kenneth then reached out to pull her into his arms and took a deep sniff of her neck before replying lazily, "Yeah!"

Natasha let him hug her, wearing a smile on her face. "Stop it!" she uttered when he tried to kiss her.

The man complied. "How about I blow-dry your hair for you?" he offered upon seeing that her hair was still dripping wet.

Natasha replied, "Sure!"

With that, she slumped lazily into the couch and started playing with her phone while Kenneth grabbed a hairdryer to do as he said.

Her long hair looked exceptionally healthy since she had never had it dyed or permed. It took Kenneth quite a while to get the woman's locks nice and dry.

After setting the hairdryer aside, he sat down beside Natasha, whose face remained buried in her phone.

Kenneth stared at her for a long time before finally breaking the silence. "Nat, are you upset?"

"Huh?" voiced Natasha without lifting her head.

Only after he unceremoniously snatched her phone away did she look up at him.

"What's wrong?" she asked as she gazed innocently at the man.

In response, Kenneth scrutinized her with furrowed eyebrows. "So, are you mad or not?"

"Why would I be mad?"

"Do you mean to tell me that I've been worried for nothing? You were never mad?" He continued frowning since it did not seem like she was faking her expression.

"Don't you at least have to tell me what you did wrong for me to get upset?"

"Nat, I'm not sure if you're being serious or playing dumb with me."

"Which do you prefer?"

Kenneth then sized up Natasha once again before answering, "I don't want you to be angry, but at the same time, I kind of hope that you are."

After knitting her eyebrows slightly, she let out a chuckle. "That sounds conflicting, doesn't it?"

"It does, but what can I do? I keep having this urge to prove that I'm important to you," he responded.

Having listened to that, Natasha closed her eyes momentarily before reaching out to put her arm around Kenneth's neck. "Me being with you is the best proof you have. How else do you want me to prove it, Mr. Hamilton?"

Kenneth felt as though he had been brought back to the past when he heard Natasha call him "Mr. Hamilton."

Staring at the face before him, he quirked the corner of his lips. "Ms. Watson, there are a lot of ways to prove it. However, you never seem to do what I anticipate!"

Natasha swept her gaze across him before she answered, "Mr. Hamilton, you didn't think I'd get jealous because of a young lady, did you?"

"Why wouldn't you?" he asked in return.

"She's still so young..."

"Don't you think she's treating me differently?" inquired Kenneth.

She nodded in response to that. "I don't need to think; I can tell simply by the way she looks at you."

"Then why aren't you mad or jealous?"

Because of the question, Natasha was rendered speechless for a while. "Maybe I'm just confident?"

It was Kenneth's turn to be at a loss for words when he realized she was not joking about her confidence. "I don't doubt that you're confident, but were you really not worried that I'd get ideas?"

Natasha then answered the man's question by shaking her head.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I believe the man who said he'd marry me since he was a child wouldn't lie to me," she replied with her eyes still fixed on Kenneth, who fell silent for a moment after hearing her.

"People change all the time, so weren't you worried that I'd become a different person than the one you knew?"

Natasha inclined her head slightly again in response. "If that were the case, I'd have no one but myself to blame. Besides, it's not as if I can't find another man. I can probably get one within..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Kenneth suddenly pounced on her and threatened in his deep voice, "Don't you dare!"

Chapter 647

When the three children first walked in, they were still sweeping their gazes around the room to look for Natasha.

Since the couch did not face the door, they could not see what was happening. Even so, they figured it out upon seeing the partially undressed man and hearing his annoyed tone.

"S-Sorry, Daddy. We didn't know you were here..." Denise quickly apologized before she and her siblings thoughtfully closed the door and hurried away.

"How many times has it been?" inquired Anthony when he and the others were catching their breath.

After thinking carefully, Denise replied, "This is probably the third time."

"At this rate, even if Daddy doesn't lose his mind, we will," he stated helplessly.

To that, she nodded in agreement. "You're right. I was so terrified because of the look Daddy gave us!"

Just then, Benjamin piped up, "Why did Daddy's tone sound as if he had never succeeded in it before?"

As soon as those words fell from his lips, his two siblings directed their gazes at him.

Somewhat taken aback by their reaction, he explained in bemusement, "What? It was just a wild guess..."

Looking at his brother, Anthony nodded in agreement. "You're right!"

Denise, too, nodded in response. "Now I know why Daddy was so angry!"

"We should call Nat first before going to her next time."

“Right. Sending her a text message beforehand is also a good idea.”

After the discussion, the trio nodded in unison.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, Kenneth and Natasha simply stared at each other.

Because of the children's interruption, neither had the mood to carry on.

“I think it's time I talk to the kids.” Kenneth let out a helpless sigh while looking at Natasha.

Chuckling, she covered herself properly with her clothes. “Do you really think they were the problem?”

“Why wouldn't I?”

“We wouldn't have had this problem if you had locked the door, would we?” questioned Natasha rhetorically.

After a pause, Kenneth narrowed his eyes at her. “So you're blaming me?”

“Objectively speaking, yes!” she answered with a nod.

His face then began to break into a smile, so she could not help but wonder why he would smile when she had just told him that he was to be blamed.

“What are you smiling at?” asked Natasha.

Leaning close to the woman, Kenneth whispered into her ear, “Nat, are you lashing out at me because you weren't satisfied?”

“Of course not!” she retorted after a moment of silence.

“I beg to differ!” Kenneth's voice was charmingly deep and magnetic.

With Natasha at a loss for words, the two stared at each other quietly again before he lowered himself in an attempt to get her back in the mood for intimacy.

Unfortunately, just when his lips were merely a centimeter away from hers, his phone rang inopportunely.

Being forced to come to a halt, Kenneth was evidently annoyed, as seen by his hardened face and the anger gleaming in his eyes.

At that moment, Natasha could no longer hold her laughter in. “It seems that we're bound to be interrupted.”

"Who said so?" he retorted as he gazed at her. "Nothing's going to come between us today."

Kenneth then picked up his phone to reject the call but froze when he saw the name on display—it was Spencer, the only person he could not ignore then.

Upon seeing how grim he looked after checking his phone, Natasha asked, "What's wrong?"

He regained his senses and glanced at her before replying, "Nothing. It's Spencer calling, so I should probably go and see what's up!"

At that, she nodded as though she had figured out what was going on. "Okay."

Kenneth then leaned in to peck the woman on the forehead. "I'll be back soon."

In response to that, Natasha merely smiled without saying anything.

"You should get some rest, Nat," he suggested after getting up and straightening his clothes.

"Sure." Again, she nodded.

Kenneth then glanced at Natasha one last time before heading out.

Once the door closed behind the man, the smile and gentleness on Natasha's face began to fade away, for she knew why he had to leave even though he did not say a word about it.

With a troubled mind, she stared blankly out the window.

The three children were still by the door when Kenneth headed out of the room.

"Daddy," Denise called out the moment she saw their father.

"I'll talk to the three of you later," uttered Kenneth with slightly knitted eyebrows because he knew Spencer had a good reason for reaching out to him.

The kids remained where they were, and only after Kenneth had left did Denise finally break the silence. "Come. Let's go to Nat."

However, Anthony simply stood still and stared in Kenneth's direction. There was a pucker between his brows.

"Come on!" urged Denise.

Just then, Anthony said, "You two go ahead. I need to ask Daddy something."

His sister nodded without much thought.

As Anthony chased after Kenneth, Benjamin stood at the same spot and looked thoughtfully in his sibling's direction.

"Let's go, Benjamin," voiced Denise.

After returning to his senses, Benjamin followed his sister.

"Nat, we need help!" exclaimed the little girl as soon as she barged into their mother's room.

At that moment, Natasha was already properly dressed, standing before the floor-to-ceiling window.

Denise then rushed over to wrap her arms around Natasha's legs before lifting her head to look at the woman. "This is an emergency, Nat!"

Chapter 648

Meanwhile, Anthony was sneakily treading on Kenneth's heels.

As the boy watched his father enter Spencer's laboratory, a trace of doubt flickered in his eyes. Seconds later, he took a couple of steps forward and leaned against the wall, listening attentively.

Thus began a conversation inside the laboratory.

"You need me?" asked Kenneth.

Spencer inclined his head.

"What is this about?"

After taking a deep breath, Spencer shifted his gaze to Kenneth. "Have you thought of how you would deal with the matter?"

At the mention of that topic, the latter parted his lips and answered, "I have already made plans."

"When will you take action?" came Spencer's query.

Upon hearing the question, Kenneth pondered momentarily before he replied, "Why are you asking about this?"

"I'm joining you."

"You?"

Spencer did not avert his eyes as he elucidated the circumstance, "Now, this is no longer your personal affair. You have nothing to worry about bringing me along. I won't be your burden, and besides, I'm much more useful than you could ever imagine."

"I didn't mean anything like that..." While maintaining eye contact, Kenneth went on, "Are the results out?"

Spencer nodded. "Mm."

His reaction alone was sufficient to say it all, so Kenneth did not even need to dig into it.

A brief moment of silence later, Kenneth looked at Spencer and said, "Sorry."

A wry smile touched the latter's lips on that note. "Why are you apologizing? You know this has nothing to do with you."

"If it weren't for Nat—"

"It's not her fault either," interrupted Spencer. "No one could've predicted things to turn out like this."

Kenneth kept his lips buttoned.

Just then, Spencer voiced, "I suppose we do share a common enemy now. Since this might even be our one and only chance, I must join you. Otherwise, even if you guys were to succeed in getting what you want, it could still be a fake. We simply can't afford the risk!"

Kenneth contemplated those words. Moments later, he uttered, "Of course, your presence would definitely make our job a breeze. In that case, I'll ask someone to begin the preparations. I'll inform you before we set off."

"Roughly when?" inquired Spencer.

As the two exchanged glances, he continued, "The sooner we tackle the problem, the better."

"You know, I'm just as impatient as you are, but as you said, we might be granted only one attempt at it. So, I'll have to make sure everything is flawless," Kenneth responded.

Spencer inclined his head. "I understand."

"Rest assured. We'll go as soon as possible."

Seeing Kenneth make such a commitment, Spencer nodded once more.

During the interim, Anthony's entire body had almost hugged the wall as he paid the utmost attention to every word of the discussion between the adults. As if he was afraid of missing crucial details, he even began to inch closer to the door.

“Oh, right. One more thing—”

Before Spencer could bring up another issue, Kenneth's ears twitched all of a sudden, and he flashed the former a meaningful look.

Slightly startled, Spencer took a moment before he shot a wary gaze to the door.

At that point in time, Anthony was still leaning against the door. In fact, he was inundated with puzzlement when the laboratory became quiet out of the blue. Without a second thought, he boldly pressed his ear to the door, seemingly wishing to dig through the door.

Alas, right at that juncture, the door was flung open abruptly.

Anthony nearly lost his grip on the door because of that, but luckily, he managed to remain steady and did not drop to the ground.

The next second, he could feel a silhouette looming over him from above. Lifting his head, the boy looked at the person standing right before his eyes. After being stunned for a moment, he swiftly forced himself to smile.

“Daddy, Spencer.”

“What are you doing here?” Kenneth's tone was cold, but his visage was icier.

“I...” Anthony darted his eyes from side to side as he instantly came up with an ingenious scheme, thus blurting out then and there, “I'm here to see Spencer.”

“See him?” A pucker formed between Kenneth's brows.

“Yes. I don't know what happened, but my bones have been aching for the past few days, so I wanted to seek Spencer's advice.” Anthony spewed nonsense straight through his teeth. There was not a change in his expression as he did so.

Concurrently, Spencer scrutinized the boy from head to toe. “You mean your body hurts physically?”

“That's right!” Anthony bobbed his head.

Despite the affirmation, Spencer did not seem to be convinced.

Anthony walked up to him right then and requested, “Hurry up and examine me! I want to know what in

the world is going on inside my body.”

Witnessing the boy's behavior, the adults shared a look.

“What's wrong? Can't you just take a look?” added Anthony.

Left with no choice, Spencer eventually placed his fingers over the boy's wrist and took his pulse.

“How's it? Am I okay?” Anthony asked.

“You're perfectly healthy.”

“Huh? What's going on, then? During the last few nights, I constantly felt like I was having cramps in my legs as I slept.”

Spencer swept his gaze across Anthony and stated, “You're still growing up at this age of yours, so I guess your body must've developed too fast that it's affected your bones. You'll be fine after taking calcium supplements.”

“What about those cramps I'm having?”

“They'll be gone as well.”

“A-Are you sure? Shouldn't you at least perform an examination using an instrument?” Anthony acted like he really cherished his own life.

“No one under the sun has the nerve to doubt my diagnosis except you.”

Chapter 649

At that sight, Kenneth quickly followed behind Spencer.

Since it happened too suddenly, he figured he could help out if necessary.

However, when Spencer rushed into the room first, the view before his eyes was not what he had expected to see. Thalia's feet were on the floor, while everywhere else was a complete mess.

The concerned look in his eyes gradually became complicated as he stared at her.

Kenneth, who entered the room after him, heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing that scene.

He was glad to know that she was okay.

Thalia's attention had been drawn to the two men as soon as they rushed in because of the commotion they made. Witnessing the change of their worried expression into something indescribable, she

innocently furrowed her brows and asked, "W-What's going on? Did you guys come for something?"

Spencer let out a heavy sigh of relief when he realized she was safe and sound.

As for Kenneth, he turned around and walked away without a word after confirming she was not injured.

Thalia watched him leave before landing her gaze on Spencer again. "What exactly is going on?"

However, the latter remained silent and walked over to her, picking her up in his arms.

Thalia wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled at him. "Did you think I was in trouble?"

Still, Spencer pursed his lips and remained silent as he headed to the bed to place her down. Even so, she refused to let him go.

"I need to clean up the mess on the floor," he explained, looking at her.

"You haven't answered my question." Thalia looked at him stubbornly.

"What question?"

"Were you worried about me?" she asked. Her eyes shone with anticipation.

"I was." He was candid with her.

Thalia beamed. Her beautiful facial features looked even more endearing when she smiled.

"Can you let go of me now?" Spencer asked.

She shook her head. "No."

Frowning, he tugged at her arms to force her to let him go. Yet, Thalia kept a tight grip on him, refusing to separate from him no matter what.

Spencer sounded helpless as he called out her name. "Thalia."

"I'll let you go if you tell me you like me!" she demanded while staring at him.

He met her gaze in silence.

It was impossible for him to say something like that at regular times, let alone in that situation.

"Are you refusing to tell me that?" When Spencer still did not say a word, Thalia stated, "I'll keep

hugging you, then!" With that, she leaned on his shoulder like a kid throwing a tantrum.

He could usually banter with anyone, but he simply could not do the same to her.

"Thalia." Once again, he reached out to pull her arms away.

Just like before, she refused to let him go.

With a frown between his brows, he exerted more strength.

Right then, Thalia suddenly winced in pain.

Startled, Spencer subconsciously looked at her. "What's wrong?"

Thalia covered her wound and said, "It hurts..."

Taking in her pained expression, Spencer was then reminded that she had yet to recover from her injuries. In an instant, he leaned over and asked, "Did I touch your wound?"

"You did. It hurts a lot. I think it's about to split open..." The woman looked like she was in tremendous pain.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it." His voice was laced with anxiety. "Why don't you lie down? I'll take a look at your wound."

That startled Thalia a little. After all, she was only acting like she was in pain. The second she realized Spencer was genuinely concerned about her, she said, "You don't have to do that..."

Alas, he did not bother listening to her, making her lie down at once. While she had yet to grasp the situation, he had proceeded to undo her outerwear.

In the next second, the duo fell silent.

Thalia only wore a white camisole on the inside, which made her curvaceous figure look incredibly sexy.

As a matter of fact, the situation was nothing erotic. It was just that she had too great of a figure. With her posture and her chest heaving from her breathing, she seemed much more alluring than usual.

Upon seeing that, Spencer subconsciously shifted his gaze away and looked at her wound instead.

Thalia was slightly embarrassed at first, but when she glimpsed his expression, she suddenly smirked and shot him a teasing look. "Are you blushing, Spencer?"

Spencer was trying his best to restrain himself by focusing on her wound. His slightly cold fingertips

lightly grazed her hot skin. Inwardly, he kept warning himself to control himself better, but outwardly, he said, "I am a doctor. This is a common scenario that I will encounter at any time. It's a little over the line to say I'm blushing—"

Annoyed by his excuse, Thalia grabbed his hand and placed it on her chest.

Time seemed to have stood still at that moment.

The softness under his palm made Spencer freeze for a moment. Once he snapped back to his senses, he immediately retracted his palm and looked at her with a hint of anger in his eyes. "What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?"

Thalia sat up in bed. With a roguish smile, she teased, "Didn't you say you can remain professional under any circumstances? Then why are you blushing? Don't tell me it's because you had too many drinks before this."

Spencer was rendered speechless.

Chapter 650

Thalia instantly grabbed the bedsheet. Initially, she wanted to endure the pain, but that headache suddenly became more severe.

The moment she tugged at the bedsheet, everything on the bed dropped to the ground immediately.

Seeing the stuff fall by his feet, Spencer furrowed his brows. He bent over to pick them up and turned around to say something to Thalia, only to see her hugging her head, her face flushed.

Startled, he eyed her and asked, "What's wrong, Thalia?"

Even though Thalia had an immense fear of pain, she instinctively wanted to resist the pain at that moment. Refusing to utter any sound, she gritted her teeth stubbornly.

Spencer promptly rushed over and looked at her. "Thalia, tell me. What's going on?"

"Leave! Just leave!" Thalia said with great effort. Since she was trying her best to resist the pain, her whole body began to tremble.

Spencer scrutinized her and discovered that her current condition was exactly the same as Natasha's that day.

Realization dawned on him. While looking at her, he voiced, "Thalia, listen to me..."

Before he could finish his words, however, Thalia suddenly got up and ran toward the bathroom.

“Thalia...” At once, Spencer chased after her.

Yet, she was one step ahead of him to enter the bathroom just as he arrived at the doorway. With a swift movement, she shut the door, leaving him alone outside.

With that, Spencer became even more worried. As he banged on the door, he yelled, “Thalia, what are you doing? Open the door!”

However, Thalia leaned against the door before slowly squatting down and sitting on the floor. Trembling all over, she answered, “I-I’m fine. Y-You should I-leave first...” As she spoke, she gradually buried her head between her knees.

“You are not fine. Thalia, open the door. Do you know the pain will kill you?” Spencer bellowed.

Alas, there was no response whatsoever.

“Thalia, hurry and open the door! You’ll be in danger if you do this! Thalia! Thalia, please, I’m begging you. Open the door, please? Let me have a look... Thalia!”

No matter how hard Spencer shouted outside, there was still dead silence inside.

He then turned the doorknob to try and break into the bathroom, but he dared not exert too much force, afraid of hurting Thalia because she was leaning against the door.

Hence, he could only pound on the door in a frenzied manner. Afterward, he took out his phone and called Kenneth. “Kenneth, key! Hurry up! I need the key!”

“What key?” Kenneth’s low voice sounded.

“The key to the bathroom in Thalia’s room. Quick!” Spencer abruptly roared.

Hearing that, Kenneth was certain that something had happened. “Okay. I got it.”

After hanging up, Spencer threw his phone away and stared at the bathroom door. “Thalia, how are you now? Can you please answer me?”

“Thalia...” he yelled manically as he slammed his palm on the door nonstop. Even his voice had turned hoarse from panic.

At that moment, Thalia’s faint voice could be heard coming from inside the bathroom. “I-I’m okay...”

As soon as Spencer heard that, he leaned against the door as though he was afraid he had misheard.

“I’m fine, really...” she said softly.

"How could you possibly be fine? You're most afraid of pain. Thalia, can you open the door? Please, I'm begging you..." Spencer continued, "I can help you."

"I-I'm too ugly now... No."

"You are not ugly. You'll always be the prettiest in my heart. Thalia, open the door, please..." He pressed his head against the door. To him, every second of her locking herself in the bathroom was torture.

"T-Then can you tell me... you I-like me?" Thalia asked.

"I like you. I like you very much! Thalia, can you open the door? If you open the door, I can repeat that to you ten, a hundred, and a thousand times!"

However, he got crickets.

"Thalia? Thalia?" Spencer struck the door with his palm.

Not a single sound could be heard.

Spencer quickly swept his gaze across the room. The second he caught sight of a stool, he hurried over, grabbed it, and smashed it against the doorknob.

He did it again and again.

Unfortunately, the stool was not a good tool, as the doorknob did not budge even after he smashed it several times. In fact, only scratches appeared on the door frame.

Right then, Kenneth and Natasha dashed in from outside.

At the sight of that scene, Kenneth immediately stepped forward. "Spencer, stop smashing it. Here's the key."

Spencer was so anxious that he failed to react in time when Kenneth handed the key over.

"Hurry up!" the latter yelled.

It was only then Spencer moved forward and took the key with trembling hands before opening the door.

Kenneth had no idea what the situation was, so he turned around when the door opened.

The moment the door was unlocked, Thalia fell backward.

Immediately, Spencer went over. "Thalia..."

The woman was convulsing with pain.

At that sight, Natasha stepped forward to strike her in the neck without hesitation. Thalia fainted right then and there.

Spencer lifted his head to look at Natasha.

"Carry her out first. We'll talk later," she uttered.

Spencer fell into a daze. Perhaps he was overwhelmed by anxiety that his reaction became slow. After hearing her words, he nodded and carried Thalia to the bed.

Once he laid her down, he began to examine her.

Meanwhile, Natasha and Kenneth watched at the side.

A while later, Spencer halted.

"How is she?" Natasha queried.

"There are only some scratches on her..."

Natasha was well aware that those injuries were formed because Thalia scratched herself to ease the headache.

In the meantime, an unspeakable sorrow and agony filled Spencer's heart as he looked at Thalia lying on the bed.

"I didn't expect it to happen in the end..." he muttered. "Just minutes ago, she was arguing with me, but she fell into such a state now. She's terribly afraid of pain, yet she chose to hide by herself because she didn't want me to see her..." His voice even started to tremble.

A hint of guilt fled across Natasha's face as she watched from the side. "Spencer, I'm sorry..."

At that precise moment, Spencer looked up at her. "I'm not blaming you; I'm blaming myself... What's the use of studying medicine for so many years? What's the point of being capable, anyway? I can't even save my beloved..."

"Spencer!" Kenneth stared at him. "I can understand your mood and sentiments at the moment. I feel the same as you. But let me tell you this—now is not the time to repent. Instead, we should prioritize finding a way to synthesize the antidote. Do you understand?"

“The formula of the poison is needed for the antidote. How am I going to synthesize an antidote without it? Even if I succeed, do you know how high the risk will be to test it out?” While glowering at Kenneth, Spencer enunciated, “Who should try it, then? Is it your woman or my woman?”

Seeing Spencer's agitated expression, Natasha asserted, “Me, of course.”

Just then, Kenneth and Spencer shifted their gazes to her.

Kenneth uttered, “Nat...”

Natasha shot him a glance before looking at Spencer with an impassive gaze. “This matter is caused by me, so I should try it. I said this a long time ago.”