

Yo Daddy 701

Chapter 701

Anthony remained silent after hearing Thalia's words. Instead, he only stared into her eyes.

Seeing that, Thalia had no choice but to give in. She gazed at him, saying, "Okay, okay. It was my fault. I chased you out in a fit of anger the other day. I didn't mean it that way."

"I know," said Anthony when she finished her sentence.

Gazing at him curiously, she asked, "You knew? How?"

"I didn't at first, but after what happened at the coffee shop and the incidents after that, I guessed that was the case."

Thalia felt a little guilty at the mention of the coffee shop.

That meant that she could no longer hide some things from them.

"What do you know?" Thalia asked softly, casting him a guilty glance.

He stared at her for a while before saying, "There's something wrong with your body."

For some reason, his words made her heart tremble.

Thalia knew he was smart, but she never expected him to figure it out.

Even so, Thalia was adamant about denying it. She murmured softly, "Who said so? What kind of problem can my body have? Don't spout nonsense."

"You should know whether or not I'm spouting nonsense the best. Thalia, I just need an honest answer from you," said Anthony.

Thalia gazed at him, pressing her lips together. Just as she was about to say something, Anthony uttered, "This is the first and the last time I'm asking you this formally. So, you'd better think carefully before answering."

Thalia was rendered speechless by his words.

Anthony had interrupted her before she could even use the response she had come up with to dismiss the topic.

Hence, she simply stared at him, not knowing what to say.

Just as Thalia was coming up with an answer, Denise suddenly appeared out of nowhere, threw herself into the former's embrace, and burst into tears.

Befuddled, Thalia looked at Denise, who was half her height, and then at Benjamin, who was standing at a distance not too far away. She froze for a moment before asking, "W-What's wrong?"

"Why... Why aren't you telling us?" Denise sobbed.

"What am I not telling?" Thalia asked blankly.

"I know about it. I know about everything. Why aren't you telling us the truth, Thalia? Why do you have to bear such a burden on your own?" Denise questioned with tears flowing down her cheeks.

When Thalia heard that, she was at a loss for words. After all, it was her personal matter. Moreover, she was not afraid of death. Yet, Denise's reaction filled Thalia's heart with inexplicable emotion.

Thalia was not great at comforting others. Casting Anthony and Benjamin a helpless gaze, she said to Denise, "There, there. Don't cry. I'm fine, really!"

"How could you say you're fine? I know about it already. If we didn't overhear Daddy's conversation with Spencer, we would still be kept in the dark. Were you planning on keeping it a secret from us if we didn't bring it up?" Denise asked as fat tears rolled down her cheeks. She looked so pitiful that it ached everyone's hearts.

At that, Thalia hurriedly wiped the tears off Denise's face. "It's really nothing. Spencer says he can develop a medicine. Hence, I won't die—so don't worry, okay?"

Hearing that, Denise paused and looked at Thalia. Her eyes, which were filled with tears earlier, reddened instantly.

Thalia was stunned by her silence. "W-What's wrong now?"

Denise merely gazed at Thalia. The former was only acting earlier. This time, however, she was truly upset.

"You're finally telling the truth," Anthony piped up.

Thalia's gaze fixed on him.

Glancing at both Anthony and Denise, Thalia finally understood what was going on. "You guys tricked me?"

"How were we supposed to make you tell the truth otherwise?" asked Benjamin as he made his way to her.

World eluded Thalia.

I can't believe an esteemed person like me got tricked by three brats.

Feeling frustrated and exasperated, she questioned, "Don't you think that's a little inappropriate of you all?"

Anthony and Benjamin stared at her without saying a word.

Just then, Denise tugged at the hem of Thalia's shirt and asked, "Thalia, will you die?"

Hearing those words, Thalia, who was originally mad, felt her heart soften when she saw Denise's reddened eyes.

There was a flicker in her eyes as she squatted so her eyes were at the same level as Denise's.

"Denise, did you know that death is a part of life no one can run away from? For some people, it happens a little earlier. And for some, it happens later."

"I want it to happen later for you, like really, really late," said Denise.

For some reason, Thalia's nose stung.

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Of course, smiling at such a time was hard for anyone.

Seeing Denise was not smiling, Thalia reached out and gently pinched the former's cheeks to form a smile. "This is more like it. Little princesses look better when they smile."

However, the more Thalia behaved that way, the harder it was for the children to smile.

Tears flowed down Denise's cheeks, showing no signs of stopping.

"There, there. It's fine. Besides, I have Spencer. He's got great medical skills, and he loves me so much. He won't let me die just like that."

For some reason, Denise let out a chuckle after hearing that.

Seeing that, Thalia chirped, "Now that's more like it. You look better when you smile. Hold on. What made you laugh?"

Denise shook her head and murmured, "Nothing."

"Don't give me that. Do you really think I know nothing? Tell you what. The fact that I came back for good is all because Spencer begged me to. You guys witnessed it as well."

"Yes, we know." Denise nodded.

"Exactly. He likes me, but he's just too shy to admit it. Hence, there's nothing wrong with my statement earlier," said Thalia with a haughty look.

Regardless of whether she was comforting them or being optimistic, the children understood one thing—if they could not avoid the sorrow, they should bury it in the bottom of their hearts. The most important thing during that period was to make her as happy as possible, no matter the ending.

At that thought, Denise composed herself and nodded with a smile. "You're right. Spencer's incredible and loves you so much. He definitely won't let anything happen to you."

"Yep. That's right." Thalia bobbed her head happily when she heard that.

"Please have a seat, Thalia," prompted Denise while taking Thalia's arm to have the latter seated on the chair.

After sitting down, Thalia said, "I'm fine. I'm poisoned, not wounded. You don't have to take care of me like that."

"It's the same. Yes, you're not wounded, but you're still a sick person who needs to be taken good care of," insisted Denise.

Hearing that, Thalia raised a brow. "Really?"

"Of course."

"Then... Will you do anything I ask of you?" queried Thalia.

Denise gave it some thought before nodding. "Yeah. As long as it's something I can do."

"Help me bring Anthony over," said Thalia. Pausing briefly, she could not help but mutter, "I've already apologized to him, yet he's still being so awkward."

Hearing that, Denise immediately agreed, "That's not a problem."

With that, she walked over to Anthony, who was standing on the side. He frowned when he saw Denise approaching.

"Tony, come here!" Denise went up and grabbed his hand.

“No!”

Nonetheless, Denise had no intentions of giving up. “Tony, if you insist on not going over, then don't blame me for pulling out my trump card.”

Anthony knitted his brows, but he resisted less.

Noting that, Denise hurriedly pulled him over to Thalia and said, “Here you go.”

“Good job!” praised Thalia.

Anthony rolled his eyes and looked away.

Shifting her gaze onto him, Thalia said, “Tsk. Look at you. You're being as difficult as a girl while your sister can be so comfortable around me. How can a little girl be better than you?”

Upon hearing that, Anthony refuted, “Denise didn't get into an argument with you!”

“Oh, that means you're still mad, huh? But I've already apologized to you. How could a man like you be so petty?” chaffed Thalia.

Anthony rebuked, “Who says I'm mad?”

“Then why are you acting like this?” asked Thalia.

Pondering for a while, he walked over to the side and sat on a chair. “It's nothing. I just don't feel like talking.”

Thalia snickered. “All right. Since you've said that, it means you're not mad at me, right?”

Anthony kept his head low and said nothing.

“Is your silence a yes?” asked Thalia.

Whether or not Anthony spoke did not do him any good at that moment.

“Okay! Anthony's got such a big heart. He's really different. How impressive!” Thalia praised continuously.

If Anthony were to say anything at that moment, he would only be humiliating himself.

Meanwhile, Denise giggled when he saw Anthony at a loss for words.

Only Thalia could make Anthony look so defeated.

Seeing that, Benjamin sauntered over and found a place to sit down. He glanced at Thalia, asking, "Thalia, what kind of poison were you poisoned with?"

The question brought them back to the topic in the end.

When Thalia turned toward Benjamin, Anthony and Denise gazed at her as well.

It was as if everyone had been waiting for the conversation to happen.

Thinking about it for a while, Thalia stated, "I would've been cured by now if I knew what poison it was. The thing is, we don't know, and that's what Spencer's worried about."

"So, that's why Spencer's carrying out experiments in the lab all day and night?" asked Benjamin.

Chapter 703

Meanwhile, Natasha had her eyes fixed on Dave downstairs as he approached and revealed something that resembled a lipstick casing.

"I modified this per your instructions. It's not very powerful, but it works fine for short-range attacks. It's enough for self-defense," Dave informed softly.

Natasha took the item and fiddled with it before smiling. "A lipstick?"

"Didn't you tell me to choose the least suspicious appearance? I thought about it for a long time and figured this was the most suitable one. Besides, it's reasonable for a woman to carry it out with her, and no one will suspect anything," Dave explained.

After listening to his explanation, Natasha nodded in agreement. "True."

With that, she uncapped the item.

Seeing that, Dave immediately reminded, "This is the trigger. Turn it and press the button on the back to launch the attack. Make sure you don't injure yourself."

Natasha nodded, fixing her attention on the modified lipstick as she examined it. "All right. I understand."

After experimenting with the tiny weapon, Natasha asked, "What if I do this?"

"If you do this, ordinary lipstick will come out. There's only a little, though. It's just for show," said Dave.

Natasha's lips curled into a smile. "That's creative." While saying that, she looked up at him. "Thanks."

Dave hesitated before asking, "Actually, Kenneth can make this, too, though he's not as fast as I am."

Natasha immediately understood what he was trying to say.

"I have my reasons for not getting his help. Don't worry. I'm using this gun for self-defense purposes only."

All Dave wanted to hear was that.

He knew little about Natasha, but he knew she would not cause too much trouble judging by her character.

"Thanks," said Natasha.

Dave shook his head. "It's no big deal. If that's all—" Before he could even finish, a figure dashed in from the outside.

Thalia had fled earlier to avoid getting questioned by the children. Yet, she spotted Natasha and Dave talking in the living room as soon as she entered.

Scanning the room, she asked, "What are you guys doing?"

Natasha put the weapon away discreetly before responding coolly, "Nothing. We were just saying hello."

"Really?"

Instead of explaining the situation, Dave simply glanced at them. "Please carry on chatting. I'll excuse myself first." With that, he nodded his head in a gentlemanly way and left.

The moment he left, Thalia leaned close to Natasha, so much so that she was pressing against the latter. "What did you two talk about just now?" asked Thalia, with a curious look in her eyes.

Natasha side-eyed Thalia and shook her head. "Nothing."

"Stop pretending. I saw everything," said Thalia.

"What did you see?"

Sweeping her gaze at Natasha's back, Thalia raised a brow and questioned, "What were you putting away just now?"

Natasha was speechless.

She actually saw it.

Noting her silence, Thalia narrowed her eyes. "You're feeling guilty, aren't you?"

"Is there something I should be guilty about?"

Thalia scrutinized Natasha. "Let me see it then."

Alas, Natasha simply smiled. "I don't know what you're talking about." When she finished her words, she marched up the stairs without waiting for a response.

"Wait—" Natasha had already sauntered off before Thalia could say anything.

She knew there was no point in pursuing the matter if Natasha refused to talk about it.

Hence, Thalia stood rooted in her spot and frowned at Natasha's leaving figure from behind.

I have my ways of finding out, even if she doesn't tell me.

At that thought, a smirk crept up her lips.

Just as she was thinking about that, she suddenly remembered something and ran up the stairs.

Upon arriving at the laboratory, she pushed the door open and walked in. "Spencer, I realized something."

At that moment, Spencer was packing some things. The moment he saw Thalia enter, he instinctively put them away.

He then looked up as if nothing had happened and asked, "Why are you here?"

No matter how fast he reacted, Thalia still captured his every move. She stepped forward and eyed him suspiciously. "What did you hide?"

Standing in front of her, Spencer uttered, "Nothing."

"Do you think I'll believe you?"

Spencer said nothing in response.

Right then, Thalia shoved him aside and found the things he was packing. They were the weapons he carried around with him.

Seeing that, Thalia asked, "Why are you packing these for?"

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After hearing Spencer's words, Thalia lowered her gaze and murmured, "All right. I thought it was a new idea. I even thought I was being quite smart."

The corner of Spencer's lip quirked up into a rare smile. "It is indeed an innovative idea."

His words ignited a tiny flicker of hope in Thalia.

Spencer continued, "Initially, Nat only intended to give you a blood transfusion, but she passed the poison to you. This proves that the poison exists in the blood. However, this also means we can't eradicate the poison without replacing the blood entirely. So it doesn't matter if it's a transfusion or bloodletting; it will only buy you some time before the poison acts up."

"So you're saying if I agree to bloodlet, I would be able to control the time the poison acts up?" Thalia inquired.

"More or less."

Thalia held out her arm. "Draw my blood."

Spencer was rendered speechless.

"Draw my blood. With this, I'll be able to follow you no matter where you go," Thalia said. "It also means that I can protect you."

Gazing at her slender arm, Spencer reached out and rolled down her sleeve. "If I really took your blood now, I'm afraid you would be too weak to go anywhere," he murmured.

"I'll be fine. I can stand losing some blood," Thalia said.

"Thalia..."

"Spencer, I know you wish to leave. Please take me with you. I promise not to be reckless." Thalia stared at him. Although she did not elaborate, the fear in her eyes was apparent. She was afraid of being left behind.

She had finally found him after many years of searching, and she never wanted to be left behind ever again.

Pursing his lips, Spencer eyed her seriously. "Thalia, stay here and wait for me. I'll be back before you know it. I promise I won't leave you behind again."

"Where are you going?" Thalia asked, still worried.

Spencer was well aware of her temperament. If he did not make it clear, she would definitely try to tail him. Perhaps she would even cause a ruckus. Hence, Spencer decided to be frank. "I'm going to get you your antidote."

Thalia was dumbfounded upon hearing this. She stared at him in surprise. "Are you going to see Boss?"

Spencer nodded in response. "Yes."

"You can't!" Thalia protested. "Don't go!"

"Why not?"

"You've never interacted with Boss before. You don't understand his abilities. Moreover, the people of Vermillion Base are brutal. It's too dangerous for you to go. I refuse to let you face danger alone," Thalia cried out.

"Alone? I never said that I was going alone," Spencer stated.

"Aren't you?" Thalia inquired.

"You seemed to have forgotten that there's someone here who's even more severely poisoned than you are. He's even more frantic than I am. Kenneth, Dave, and the entire DX group will be dispatched."

Although Thalia relaxed a little after hearing this, she was still very tense.

"Thalia, please let me do this for you. Promise me you'll stay here and wait for me. I promise I'll return quickly," Spencer begged.

Thalia stared into his eyes. She had never seen him so sincere before, though it must be said that she did not dislike this side of him. She had begun to notice that she may occupy a place in his heart after all. After a moment, she nodded inexplicably. "Okay. I promise."

Spencer flashed her a faint smile.

Thalia stared at his smile. A second later, she suddenly recalled something. "Oh, please remember that they are professionals. They've been in this line of work for many years. If you really encounter them, try to hide if possible. Don't put yourself at risk."

Spencer laughed upon hearing her words. "If I don't, how will I be able to get your antidote?"

"Kenneth will be with you. Leave it to him," Thalia said.

Spencer gazed at her intently. After a moment, he said, "Don't you want me to fight for your sake?"

Thalia's long lashes trembled as she gaped at him. She had never expected Spencer to utter these words.

Staring at him, she gradually gathered her thoughts and said, "I do, but I also don't."

"Why not?"

Thalia smiled at him. "I'm happy to hear you say that, but I wish for you to live on. That is more important than anything else. So please don't fight for my sake."

Spencer reached out and caressed her head.

"Please return safely," Thalia added as she gazed at him.

Chapter 705

The skies outside darkened gradually as twilight descended.

Natasha sat in front of the window, seemingly deep in thought.

Just then, the door to the room opened, and Kenneth entered the room.

He could make out Natasha's slender figure sitting there despite the dark lighting in the room. Her barely visible back appeared to be full of unspoken tales.

At a glance, Natasha was a mysterious and cool beauty that drew people closer. They sought to understand her, seeking to peel away her mysterious exterior like a coat.

Kenneth approached her and rested his hand on her shoulder. "Why aren't the lights on?"

Returning to her senses, Natasha raised her eyes to stare at him. "When did you get here?"

"You must have a lot on your mind if you didn't even hear me come in. What are you thinking about?" Kenneth inquired.

Natasha gently swirled the wine glass in her hand. "I'm a little tipsy from the red wine, so my reaction was a little sluggish."

Kenneth picked up the half-empty wine bottle and stared at her. "What made you drink?"

"No reason. I just felt like drinking," Natasha replied as she smiled at him.

Her smile pierced right through Kenneth's heart as he continued to gaze at her silently.

"So? Would you like some?" Natasha offered.

"All right," Kenneth agreed readily.

"I'll fetch you a glass," Natasha said as she stood up.

"You don't have to trouble yourself." Kenneth grabbed her hastily.

The moment Natasha turned around, Kenneth suddenly stepped forward and pressed his lips against hers.

Natasha stood rooted to the spot, her eyelashes quivering slightly.

A moment later, Kenneth released her. Giving her a once-over, he muttered, "Sweet."

Natasha laughed softly. "I see you've gotten better at sweet-talking, Mr. Hamilton."

"Do you dislike it?" Kenneth asked.

She laughed again but did not elaborate. "I'll go get you a glass." Upon saying that, she went to the cabinet.

Amusement colored Kenneth's eyes as he gazed at her figure.

Soon, Natasha came back with another glass and poured him some wine.

Glancing at Natasha, Kenneth said, "I'll be going out soon, so I can't drink too much."

"Okay. A little is fine." Natasha picked up Kenneth's glass and took a small sip.

Natasha did all the things unconsciously. However, to Kenneth, each and every one of her actions was irresistibly attractive.

"Is this okay?" Natasha asked.

Kenneth strode toward her and accepted the glass in her hand. "Nat, this isn't a lot to me."

Natasha arched an eyebrow at him.

Kenneth brought the glass to his lips and downed everything in one go.

"Would you like more?"

Kenneth picked up Natasha's glass without speaking. There was still some wine left in hers. Raising the glass, he said, "This will suffice."

He turned his gaze to Natasha as he downed the contents of her glass.

A hint of amusement permeated her indifferent expression as she gazed at him.

"Where are you going?" Natasha asked.

In a low voice, Kenneth replied, "There's something Dave and I need to take care of."

Natasha nodded thoughtfully. "When are you leaving?"

Glancing at the time, Kenneth said, "In two hours."

Natasha nodded once again.

Kenneth looked at her and asked, "What is it?"

Pouring herself another glass of red wine, Natasha shook her head as she sipped her drink. "It's nothing."

Kenneth scrutinized her.

"Would you like some more? One last glass?" Natasha asked as she looked at him.

He couldn't possibly reject her offer since she had asked so nicely. He could only nod in agreement. "Okay."

Smirking, Natasha filled his glass halfway.

This time, Kenneth was not in a rush to finish his drink. He watched Natasha intently.

Each and every move she made while drinking the wine was exquisitely graceful and pleasing to the eye.

It wasn't until Natasha finished did she notice Kenneth staring at her. "Is there something on my face?"

"Yes." Kenneth nodded.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nat, you're not acting like yourself tonight," Kenneth murmured.

“How am I different?” Natasha retorted.

Kenneth mulled it over. “You seem to be smiling a lot more today. You're also chattier than usual.”

“So, you're saying that I usually don't smile and I talk less?”

“I'm not saying that—it's just a fact!” Kenneth declared.

Narrowing her eyes, Natasha pondered for a moment before asking, “Do you prefer me this way?”

Kenneth's eyes were filled with love and adoration as he replied, “I like you no matter how you are.”

Chapter 706

They kissed passionately in the dark room.

A long while later, Kenneth ran his fingers through her hair and supported her head. His voice was hoarse as he asked, “Nat, can I?”

Natasha looked at him wordlessly. She was already stunning, but after a few drinks, there was an added languidness to her beauty. Her lips curled into a nonchalant smirk, making her look especially breathtaking under the dim light.

Instead of answering his question, Natasha lowered her gaze to his sexy Adam's apple. Without warning, she inched nearer and gave it a kiss. She pulled him closer and whispered in his ear, “Kenneth, I prefer if you don't ask questions.”

She gave him an alluring look.

Kenneth froze for a split second. He gazed at her as desire burned in his eyes.

“Nat, you won't have a chance to regret it.” With that, he tightened his arms around her and bent down to devour her lips in a domineering kiss.

This time, Kenneth didn't bother wasting time. He peeled off her clothes until she was clad in nothing but a black bra. Her pale skin seemed to be glowing under the warm light. Kenneth's eyes were burning as he regarded her without a word.

Suddenly, Natasha rolled over and straddled him.

Her bun came undone, and she let her silky hair fall down her shoulders, partially covering her slim waist. From behind, she looked especially alluring.

The passion in Kenneth's eyes grew.

Despite his confusion over why Natasha was so full of energy and enthusiasm today, he was too excited to care. He had been anticipating this day for a long time.

Having tamped down his desire for too long, he wanted to make sure no one would stop them today.

Natasha fixed his gaze on him and slowly lowered her body. Her hair cascaded down on both sides of her shoulders, making her look like a captivating witch.

“Nat...”

“Let me do it, Kenneth,” she breathed. A bewitching smile played on her lips as her eyes flashed seductively.

Kenneth watched as she lowered her body slowly and trailed kisses all over his body. A moan escaped his lips.

The room was filled with soft moans and pants.

Around half an hour later, Kenneth whispered in Natalie's ear, “Nat, you're very different today.”

“Oh? How so?”

“You were eager and passionate.”

“Do you like it?”

“Mm...”

“I have another game in mind. Do you want to give it a try?” Natasha asked.

“What is it?”

Natasha retrieved a scarf placed nearby and tied it over his eyes.

“Do you like it?” she asked.

Kenneth's lips curved up. “Is that it?”

“Of course not.”

“I can't wait.”

She gazed at Kenneth's handsome face as the seductive smile on her face faded away. About a dozen emotions crossed her eyes.

She grabbed the wine she prepared ahead and took a sip of it.

Hearing the noise, Kenneth asked, "Nat, do you even need liquid courage?"

Without saying a word, Natasha bent down and covered his lips with a kiss, feeding him the wine in her mouth slowly.

At once, Kenneth placed his palm behind her head and suck all the wine out of her mouth.

Natasha was pretty cooperative.

After the passionate kiss ended, Natasha mumbled in his ear, "I'm sorry, Kenneth."

"Mm? What was that?"

Natasha fell silent. Kenneth suddenly felt his hands becoming weak, so he let go of her.

As he did that, Natasha knew her goal had been achieved.

She gazed at him wordlessly for a second before hopping off the bed.

Twenty minutes later, Natasha stood before the bed, clad in a black outfit. There was a black backpack slung on her shoulders, and she looked both cool and sassy.

An unhappy look crossed her face when she glanced at the man sleeping soundly on the bed. She padded over to him and pressed one last kiss on his lips. "Goodbye, Kenneth."

Looking away reluctantly, she put on a black cap and turned to leave.

It was already late at night, and the corridor was empty.

Natasha knew everyone's timetable well, so she was sure no one would show up at this hour, including the triplets.

After shutting the door, she went downstairs without bumping into anyone.

Natasha walked past the living room and headed to the door.

Chapter 707

Natasha hesitated as she knew Thalia well.

The more Thalia was denied the opportunity to join, the more suspicious she would become. Natasha was sure Thalia would come after her.

She caved in. "Sure, come on."

Thalia hurried over to her and grinned. "Where are we headed?"

"It's just ahead." Natasha indicated with her chin.

Thalia immediately put her guard down and started chatting with her. "Are you going to complete a deal? Nat, you've been Shadow Seeker for years. How did you keep your identity a secret?"

"It's easy. I just don't tell anyone about it," came Natasha's answer.

"Isn't that boring?" Thalia asked curiously.

"Being a hacker isn't an interesting job," Natasha answered.

Thalia pondered over her answer. "I think Anthony seems to like being a hacker. It looks like he's passionate about it."

"He's an exception."

"Right. Geniuses are exceptions," Thalia agreed.

Seeing that Thalia had completely let her guard down, Natasha suddenly glanced backward and gasped. "Spencer? Why are you here, too?"

Hearing that, Thalia spun around.

The moment she did, Natasha struck her neck.

Thalia crumpled to the ground, and Natasha held her up.

Staring at her, Natasha mumbled, "Don't blame me for doing this."

She then dragged Thalia's body aside.

After finding a suitable spot, she placed Thalia on the ground.

Dave had set up security precautions for a radius of one hundred miles.

It was a secluded area, so no one would show up there for no reason. She knew Thalia would be safe here.

After setting her down, Natasha retrieved Thalia's phone and unlocked it with her fingerprint. Next, she

scheduled a text to be sent to Spencer before walking away.

Her slender figure soon blended in with the dark.

Meanwhile, Dave and Spencer were waiting for Kenneth to depart. Time ticked by, but Kenneth didn't show up.

"Where is he?" Spencer asked.

"After dinner, he said he wanted to bid goodbye to Natasha. They should be together now," Dave said.

Spencer glanced at his watch and frowned. "It's time."

"Let's wait a bit more. Maybe something cropped up."

Spencer inclined his head.

Right then, Dave looked at him. "Don't you need to bid goodbye to someone?"

"I told her about our mission this morning."

Dave gave him a pointed look. "I didn't mean that. I was talking about—"

"Our relationship is not what you think."

Dave let out a soft chuckle. "Oh? Really?"

Spencer remained silent.

"It looks like Thalia isn't capable enough of taming you completely," Dave joked.

A conflicted look flashed across Spencer's eyes. He frowned and didn't continue the conversation.

"Don't blame me for not reminding you. If you don't like her, then don't waste her time. Many people in our organization look up to her. If you don't like her, then give the rest a chance."

Spencer whirled around to look at him. "People in your organization? Who are they?"

Dave regarded him briefly before saying, "That doesn't concern you. You don't even like her, so why bother finding out who they are?"

A displeased look flashed across Spencer's eyes. "I brought Thalia up. Can't I know who they are?"

Dave narrowed his eyes. "So that's your type?"

"It's not what you think," Spencer said, stopping him from harboring disgusting thoughts.

Dave's eyes crinkled up. "That isn't important. I respect all kinds of love."

Even so, Spencer didn't want others to misunderstand Thalia. He explained, "I got to know her when I was traveling about. She was an orphan and decided to follow me. I had the idea later of sending her to a family to bring her up properly, so we separated then."

Dave listened to the story patiently. The matter didn't concern him, but since Spencer said that, he told him, "Judging from Thalia's character, I don't think she will be fine with your arrangements. I think she fell in love with you at first sight."

Spencer said nothing, for he was right.

As Thalia matured, she became increasingly opinionated and rebellious, to the point where he sensed that she had developed romantic feelings for him. This led him to consider the idea of placing her with a suitable family. However, when he went through with it, Thalia exploded and disappeared for an entire day. It was only when he finally found her that she confessed her feelings for him.

Chapter 708

Upon rushing outside, Spencer began searching the area for signs of Thalia.

However, the darkness was limiting his vision, and he could barely make out his surroundings.

Even after scouring the area, he still could not find any hints of her around. In his panic, a thought popped into his head, and he took out his phone to call Thalia.

Right then, the vague sound of a ringtone traveled into his ears.

Spencer hurried in the direction of the sound. As the sound became louder and louder, he became surer and surer that Thalia was nearby.

Indeed, when the ringtone sounded clearest, he spotted flickering lights at the side of the road. He squinted and noticed someone lying on the ground.

"Thalia!" he shouted as he ran over to pick her up into his arms.

Noticing that she was already unconscious, Spencer reached out to place his fingers on her neck. Once he was sure that she was still alive, he let out a sigh of relief.

"Thalia!" he called out to her. "Thalia!"

Her eyes remained shut.

He studied her from head to toe, but it was still too dark for him to figure out whether she had other injuries. He had no choice but to carry her back first.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Dave was still waiting for Kenneth. Every once in a while, he would check the time before returning to his anxious pacing.

Right as he was about to make a call to check on him, he saw Spencer rushing in with Thalia in his arms. "What's the matter? What happened?"

"I'll tell you about this later!" Spencer darted up the stairs without looking back.

"Do you need any help?"

"No," was Spencer's answer before he headed right into the room.

After kicking open the door, Spencer entered the room and placed Thalia on the bed before studying her anew. Once he was certain that she did not sustain more injuries, his heart, which had been in his throat, lowered back into his chest.

Nevertheless, his heart was still thumping fast as he stared at her. His fear had yet to completely fade away.

Despite his reluctance to admit it, he knew he would not know what he would end up doing if anything were to happen to Thalia.

He slowly reached up to brush her hair with a soft gaze in his eyes.

He only dared to do such things when Thalia was unconscious.

Alas, time was of the essence, and Spencer dared not waste too much time.

He took out a needle, then inserted it into one of her acupoints. Thalia gradually woke up.

Spencer kept his needle away. "You're awake."

Thalia stared at the ceiling for a moment before turning to Spencer. "Spencer? Why are you here?"

"You messaged me. You told me to look for you outside. You said you were in trouble," Spencer said worriedly.

I passed out? I was in trouble?

All of a sudden, a thought rushed into her head, and she shot upright. "Where's Natasha? Where is she?"

"Nat? She should be upstairs."

"Upstairs? Why would she be upstairs?"

"Where should she be, then?"

"I saw her leave with my own two eyes! She was the one who knocked me out."

Spencer froze. "Did you just say that Nat knocked you out?"

Thalia nodded.

Realizing something, Spencer quickly stood up to head outside without saying another word.

"Wait for me!" Thalia cried out as she rushed after him.

When Spencer reached the stairwell, he looked at Dave, who was downstairs, and asked, "Has Kenneth come out?"

Dave shook his head. "He's not picking up his phone either."

Spencer pressed his lips tightly together. "Something must have happened to him." With that, he went to Natasha's room.

Thalia followed him with a solemn look.

Upon hearing Spencer's words, Dave stiffened for a brief second before ascending the stairs.

Once Spencer reached the door to Natasha's room, he stopped in his tracks.

The last shred of his rationality was telling him to stay composed.

When Thalia saw Spencer pausing, she reached out to knock on the door, but Spencer grabbed her wrist.

"What are you doing?" Thalia asked.

"Are you sure that Nat's out?"

"Of course. Unless you're telling me I saw a ghost instead," Thalia responded.

Spencer drew his brows together.

Just then, Dave walked over to look at them. "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

Turning to him, Spencer uttered, "Thalia said she saw Natasha heading out and that Natasha knocked her out when she tried following her."

Dave's heart sank.

"So, do we knock on the door or not?" Spencer asked.

"Of course!" was Thalia's reply.

Unlike her, the two men were calmer. Dave mulled over the matter and said, "Kenneth's a punctual man. He has never done something like this before."

"So, the door..."

"I'll call him again," Dave said.

Spencer nodded.

Dave fished out his phone to call Kenneth, but the ringtone came from inside the room.

Chapter 709

Just as he was about to say something, his phone rang.

After glancing at the screen, Dave walked over to the side with his phone.

"Hello?"

"Dave, where are you guys?" Mike asked. "We've been waiting for you to come since an hour ago."

Dave lowered his volume and replied, "Something happened. Give us a while. I'll inform you of the right details half an hour later."

"What about the operation?"

"Don't do anything until we're there."

"All right, I got it."

Before Dave ended the call, he thought about something. "Right. How are things on Boss' side?"

"He's out."

Dave's brows snapped together. He knew that more delay meant that they would let the golden opportunity slip them by, so after a while of hesitating, he uttered, "Try to drag this on a little longer. Also, pay attention to whether or not he's meeting someone. If he does, tell me right away."

"Of course. I understand."

"That's all," Dave said and ended the call.

He did not outright mention Natasha's name, for Mike and the others knew who Natasha was. Once they saw her, they would realize who Dave was talking about. However, if Natasha did not end up meeting Boss, he would save them much trouble by not mentioning her name from the beginning.

With that settled, Dave turned to look at Spencer again.

At that moment, Spencer took out a black bag and opened it on the bed. Dave saw the thin needles kept inside and how Spencer hovered his hand over them all until he reached out to one of the needles. After taking that needle out, he inserted it into Kenneth's body.

Dave watched quietly at the side. Soon, Kenneth started reacting to the needle.

His fingers twitched. Then it was his eyes.

Dave scurried over, and just as he reached Kenneth, Kenneth opened his eyes.

"Kenneth," Dave called out.

Kenneth frowned from the pain pounding in his head, and he narrowed his eyes when he saw Dave and Spencer. "Why are you both here?"

Spencer kept the needle and replied, "To rescue you."

Kenneth did not dwell on Spencer's words. After giving him a once-over, Kenneth sat upright.

When Kenneth took in Dave's expression, a spark of realization flashed past his eyes. "What time is it now?"

Dave raised his arm to check the time. "Almost one."

Kenneth's body visibly stiffened, and he widened his eyes at Dave. "One?"

Dave nodded in response.

Kenneth parted his lips, wanting to say something when he realized what was amiss. He scanned his surroundings and noticed that everything in the room was the same as before.

So that wasn't a dream. It was real. What happened between Natasha and me was real too.

Looking back at Spencer, he asked, "Where's Nat?"

Spencer turned to Dave at that, wondering if they should spill the beans to Kenneth.

Simultaneously, Kenneth cast his gaze at Dave.

With two pairs of eyes fixed on him, Dave took a deep breath and schooled his features into a somber look.

Kenneth knew him well, and he knew that something had to have transpired for Dave to bear a look like that on his face.

"What happened?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

The signals in his body and his memories before he fell asleep told him something had to have occurred.

Dave looked at Kenneth before lowering his gaze when he realized he could not voice those words out loud. He turned to Spencer and threw the hot potato at him. "You tell him about it."

At that, Dave looked away.

Kenneth's eyes flicked toward Spencer, but this time, there was a look of impatience in them. "What happened to Nat? Did she get another episode?"

Right as Spencer was contemplating what words to use for his explanation, Thalia, who was outside the room, could not hold herself back anymore. She darted in and revealed, "She went out. She said she had something to do, and I said I'd accompany her for it, but she knocked me out."

Kenneth's face contorted into a frown.

He knew well what Thalia's words meant.

In the next second, he raised his head to look at the two other men.

"When did this happen?" he asked.

"About... half an hour ago."

Kenneth scrunched up his forehead in response and tightened his fists that were resting on his sides.

He needed not speculate much, for the answer was clear—he knew what Natasha had gone to do.

Her initiative and her passion for that day were a gesture of farewell to him.

Kenneth smacked his fist on the bed. He then rose to his feet and said, “Dave, I don't care how many people you need to mobilize, but you have to get her back. You have to.”

Thalia fearfully shut her eyes when Kenneth stood up, although Kenneth was still wearing a pair of pants.

He walked to the side to put on his clothes before heading outside.

Dave went after him as he said, “Nothing beats the simplest way no matter how many people we mobilize. I've already assigned the men to keep an eye on Boss' side. If she appears, we'll find out immediately, and we'll be able to bring her back. Mike and the rest know what she looks like. They won't let Boss take her away.”

Chapter 710

The night was exceptionally dark.

Sitting in the front passenger seat, Kenneth gave Natasha a call but couldn't get through.

His expression grew increasingly tense as he tried again and again.

He knew Natasha like the back of his palm. Once she had set her mind on something, changing it would be hard and locating her would be even harder.

What was unacceptable to him was that she had left without saying goodbye again.

Moreover, the way she did it this time was more ludicrous than the last.

Dave, with one hand on the steering wheel as he drove, noticed Kenneth's gloominess. “I called her the moment the incident occurred but couldn't get through. Also, the surveillance feed confirmed that she left on foot. I've already sent men to search for her. Hopefully, we'll hear from them soon.”

Kenneth looked out the window. “Since she has taken such a drastic course of action, she must have been planning it for a while. Finding her is not going to be easy.”

“I'm sorry. I didn't expect her to do this. Going forward, I'll arrange for the entrances to be guarded, so history won't repeat itself.”

Upon hearing the words, the solemn-looking Spencer commented softly, “Considering their capabilities and meticulous planning, it's unlikely you can stop them.”

"Don't underestimate the men in DX. Even if they failed, they could obtain information in the shortest time, preventing the situation from spiraling out of control."

Spencer looked in Dave's direction. "No offense intended. I was just wondering if there was a more efficient use of your resources."

Dave replied, "No offense taken. We're all just being objective here."

Just as Spencer was about to continue, Kenneth interjected, "Spencer is right. There's no way we can stop those who are determined to leave."

Dave shifted his attention to Kenneth.

The latter was lying back in his seat with his hand holding his chin. Looking out the window with his black obsidian eyes, Kenneth was a sea of calm. Nonetheless, everyone could clearly feel the rage he was exuding.

Dave was cognizant of how headstrong Kenneth was. The more the latter appeared to be calm, the more turbulent his emotions were.

Dave's eyes narrowed. "Let's focus on what we're going to do tonight instead of the future. Should we stop our current operation?"

Kenneth looked just like a leopard, ready to pounce in the night.

A brief moment later, he replied, "No, we should continue."

Dave didn't comment as he kept his hand on the wheel.

It was Spencer who asked, "Shouldn't we look for Nat first?"

Kenneth took a deep breath as if he had made a momentous decision. "In essence, her goal is the same as ours. Since she has decided to go on the search, it means that she is more confident than us. Besides, now that she has made her move, we shouldn't put her in danger unnecessarily. Two parties working toward the objective would naturally have a higher chance of success than one."

Spencer narrowed his eyes at Kenneth, as he didn't find the latter's words to be convincing.

He had panicked when he first learned of Thalia's disappearance. Now that Natasha had walked into the lion's den, Spencer was surprised at how Kenneth could still analyze the situation with such a cool head.

As a fellow man, he wondered if Kenneth was just too Machiavellian or if he didn't care for Natasha as much as everyone thought he did.

"What do we do now?" Dave asked.

After a brief contemplation, Kenneth answered, "We'll split up. Both of you head to his hideout to get the antidote, while I look for Mike and corner Boss. If there are any changes to the plan, we can still afford a slight delay. Worse comes to worst, I'll just bring him back to DX." Kenneth laid out his plan word by word. The burning rage in his eyes could send a chill down anyone's spine.

In that instant, Dave and Spencer turned to Kenneth and gave him a bewildered look.

Only he can come up with such an outrageous idea.

Despite their disbelief, they didn't find it surprising that it came from Kenneth.

Dave nodded. "Sounds like a plan."

"In that case, you should head there with Spencer now."

Once Dave brought the car to a stop, Kenneth alighted from it. At the same time, Dave put away his phone and informed the latter, "Someone will pick you up shortly."

Kenneth nodded in acknowledgment.

Just as he was about to drive away, Dave turned to Kenneth. "There's one more thing. After giving it a lot of thought, I feel I should tell you."

Kenneth gave him a solemn look.