

## Yo Daddy 741

### Chapter 741 Natasha The Dazzling Star

Kenneth glanced around when he stepped through the door, but he didn't see Neteshe anywhere.

He tried giving her a call, but there was no answer. Right as Kenneth was about to go looking for her, he noticed a group of people in the distance.

As he made his way over, Kenneth noticed that Neteshe was sitting in the middle of the crowd and typing away on her laptop.

The people standing behind her all looked dumbfounded as they watched her work on the computer. Mike held a cup of coffee in his hand as he stood among them.

"Is this going to work? Are you really able to recover the files, Neteshe?" asked one of the people standing behind her.

"Yeah," Neteshe replied without even looking up from the screen.

Her slender fingers were moving so quickly over the keyboard that they couldn't even see what she was typing. The display on the computer screen changed a few times before returning to normal.

Everyone's eyes lit up with shock and disbelief when they saw that.

"Is that it?"

"Check the files and see if any of them are still missing," Neteshe replied while handing him the laptop.

"They are all here! All the files have been recovered! You sure are amazing, Neteshe!" the guy exclaimed happily after running a quick check.

Neteshe had yet to say anything when Mike exclaimed, "Of course she is! Have you forgotten what she's capable of?"

He then handed her the coffee and continued, "Here you go, Neteshe."

"Thanks." Neteshe casually took a sip of the coffee before saying, "It's just ransomware, so it's not that big of a deal. I've upgraded your computer's security system, so you should be safe as long as you avoid clicking on suspicious links in the future."

Everyone turned to look at him upon hearing that. "Oh? Suspicious links, eh? What have you been watching online, huh?"

"Yeesh! Tell us!"

"N-Nothing!" said the guy with the laptop.

"Then how did your computer get infected with ransomware?" someone asked.

"I don't know, but I haven't been watching anything weird!" the guy explained.

"Expose him, Neteshe!" someone shouted.

Neteshe let out a chuckle as she said, "I was referring to advertisements."

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The guy with the laptop exclaimed, "See? What did I say? I haven't been watching anything suspicious!"

Still feeling dissatisfied, someone said, "You don't have to cover up for him, Natasha! Go ahead and tell us the truth!"

"Oh, I was telling the truth," Natasha replied.

Everyone in the crowd exchanged doubtful glances with each other.

"As I said, I wasn't watching anything strange!" The guy with the laptop was rather young, so he blushed rather easily.

"Oh, please! Natasha was clearly lying to save you from embarrassment! You should be grateful and just keep your mouth shut!" Mike said.

He then turned toward Natasha and continued, "How do you know this stuff, Natasha? Could it be that you—"

Kenneth cut him off, "What are you all doing standing around my woman?"

Upon turning around and realizing that it was Kenneth, everyone quickly stepped aside and addressed him respectfully, "Greetings, Boss!"

With a steady stride, Kenneth exuded an authoritative aura as he walked straight toward Natasha, who looked rather dazzling as she stood among the crowd.

If anything, she kind of resembled a superstar being surrounded by her fans.

Natasha looked up at Kenneth when he stopped in front of her. "Are you two done talking?"

"Yeah," Kenneth replied with a nod. He then glanced at her and the people around her as he asked, "What are you doing?"

Natasha was about to say something when Mike cut her off, "Someone infected this new guy's computer with some kind of virus and tried to blackmail him. A few of our tech guys tried to unlock it for him but to no avail. That was when Natasha came to the rescue and got it all taken care of!"

He then turned to look at Natasha as he continued, "What were you doing before this, Natasha? Were you a hacker or something?"

"I..."

"She was a programmer," Kenneth replied on her behalf.

"Huh? How can a programmer be that good?" Mike exclaimed in disbelief.

Realizing what Kenneth was trying to do, Natasha said with a smile, "I helped the police crack similar viruses while I was attending a training course overseas. That's why I have some experience with this kind of stuff."

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Netesha arched an eyebrow in amusement when she saw Kenneth staring intensely at her.

"In that case, you—"

Not wanting to let Mike continue the conversation, Kenneth interrupted him, "We still have some business to attend to, so we'll be on our way now. Take good care of Alexie, and I will be sure to reward you handsomely."

Although Mike was a little dense, he was quick to catch on and understood exactly what Kenneth meant.

"Understood! Just leave it to me!" he said with a smile.

Kenneth held Netesha's hand and told his men, "I'm a little busy today, but I'll be sure to buy you all a drink when I have the time."

Naturally, the men were overjoyed when they heard that.

Having greeted and addressed the people around them, Kenneth quickly left with Netesha.

Netesha had a faint smile on her lips as she watched him lead her through the crowd.

After making their way to the car, Kenneth opened the door for her and let her in before driving off.

Chapter 742 I Will Bring You Happiness

"Why are you so quick to give up, Nat?" he asked while pinning her against her seat.

Kenneth's face exuded an icy-cold aura even under the warm glow of the sun.



That, combined with his masculine facial features, was what Natasha liked the most about him.

Because Kenneth looked incredibly hot, his cold attitude toward everything formed a perfect contrast and made him look all the sexier.

As such, it wasn't exactly Natasha's fault for succumbing to temptation when she was with him.

Having been freed from the chains of morality, she was able to fully indulge in his charming sexiness.

Natasha swallowed hard when she saw his face up close.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes in amusement when he noticed that little reaction of hers.

"You know me. I'm not exactly a very patient person, so you need to tell me why you're angry," Natasha said.

"What happens after I tell you?"

"After that, I'll assess your statement and determine if I am indeed in the wrong. If I am, I will acknowledge and own up to my mistake. If I am not, then I will not take any further action."

Kenneth simply narrowed his eyes and stared at her in silence.

"Is it because I helped one of your guys with his ransomware problem?" Natasha asked.

"You shouldn't have exposed yourself like that," Kenneth replied.

"That was a very simple task, though. No one is going to suspect a thing," Natasha protested.

"Nat, you need to understand that nothing is certain in this world. Every huge problem stems from tiny ones," Kenneth insisted.

"Do you really think we can keep it from them, Kenneth?"

"We have to try."

Natasha took a deep breath and said, "It wasn't my intention to hide it back then. I only did it because I made Grandpa a promise. Besides, I didn't have any friends, so there wasn't really anyone I could open up to. Spencer was the only one apart from Grandpa who knew about it. It was never my intention to keep it a secret, but I had to do so in order to protect the three kids. In other words, I don't want to remain in the shadows."

Is that why her alias is “Shadow Seeker”? Because she is forced to remain in the shadows even though she doesn't want to?

Kenneth felt his heart ache when he heard that.

It felt as though someone had crushed his heart with a sledgehammer.

“Nat...”

"Also, Boss has probably figured out my identity by now," Natasha added.

"You believe that guy?"

"No, but I didn't have a choice then. I had to give it a shot. I initially wanted to wait until I could get the antidote and pass it over to you guys. You could either let Thalia take it or have Spencer analyze it. I didn't think I'd run into so many obstacles in the process..."

"You could try to have some faith in me, Nat."

"Oh, I always have. However, I also know that he wouldn't do anything to hurt me. That way, I could at least ensure that I would make it out alive. There's no telling what he would do to you if you went alone, and I don't want you to put yourself in danger."

"I would rather die than have you go to him!" Kenneth replied firmly.

Natasha pursed her lips and stared at him for a good few seconds before replying, "All right, I understand. It won't happen again."

"Really?"

Natasha nodded. "Yes, really. I won't do anything that you don't like ever again."

Her words stabbed at his heart like a needle.

If his love for her could be described as an intense and honest one, then her love for him was direct and straightforward.

Unlike most other girls, Natasha would never behave pretentiously. In fact, she was so direct with him that even Kenneth felt a little ashamed of himself.

"I'll remember this promise of yours, Nat!" Kenneth said.

"Yeah, you'd better. After all, I don't lie."

Those words had barely left Natasha's mouth when Kenneth sealed it with a deep and passionate kiss.

Kenneth cupped her cheeks with both hands as he kissed her aggressively.

## Chapter 743 He Has A Girlfriend

Half an hour later, Kenneth smoothened his clothes with satisfaction and put on an innocent look again.

Natasha, who was next to him, had a flushed face.

She wasn't someone who would get shy easily. She was in such a state now because of what he had done just now.

When she remembered the scene from earlier, her burning cheeks that had just cooled down burned fiercely again.

Her face was so red that it was as if she had applied blusher all over it, extending from her cheeks to her earlobes, making her look even more charming and alluring.

After tidying his clothes, Kenneth looked like a wolf in sheep's clothing. He turned to the woman next to him and saw her half-closed eyes and reddened earlobes. With a smile, he asked, "What's wrong with you, Nat?"

As Natasha looked up and locked eyes with him, the images of the similar scenes she recalled moments ago flooded back into her mind.

"Nothing," Natasha replied, trying to put on a composed expression, and shifted her gaze toward the scenery outside the window.

The more Natasha tried to conceal what was on her mind, the more amused Kenneth was.

A faint smirk appeared on his face.

"Nat..."

"Hmm?"

"Did you enjoy yourself just now?" A deep voice suddenly sounded next to her ear.

Natasha froze.

She looked up and stared straight into his eyes.

She struggled to put into words the emotion she felt after hearing such a lewd question from a man who had just moments ago appeared so reserved and proper.

She stared at him in disbelief and said in a daze, "You..."

"What about me?" Kenneth leaned closer and fixed his eyes on her affectionately. Sunlight shone in through the window, which made him look all the more dashing despite his unkempt hair. His straight, refined nose gave off an air of elegance and wickedness that was hard to describe.

Natasha gazed into his eyes for a while, trying to form a coherent sentence, but his face left her speechless. After a moment, she averted her eyes and said, "You were quite a wild one just now!"

Kenneth cocked his brow. "Don't you like it?"

Uh...

"But Nat, you looked like you were enjoying it just now. Have you forgotten about it already?" Kenneth's magnetic voice rang in her ears.

The mention of it made Natasha's heart flutter with embarrassment, and she immediately placed her hand over his mouth, blushing. "That's enough, Kenneth."

Kenneth had never seen Natasha so shy and helpless before. The grin on his face became wider and he became more unrestrained. He took her hand away from his mouth and said, "Nat, you'll have to get used to it. We've only just begun..." Then he leaned closer to her ear and whispered, "There are still a lot of things we can explore together."

Natasha's face had turned so red that words couldn't even describe it. Her heart was also racing madly from his teasing.

Natasha had never considered herself conservative. Despite having limited experience, she deemed herself open-minded, but when facing Kenneth, she felt like a novice compared to his expertise.

To be frank, they were not of the same level.

Natasha couldn't utter a word as she stared at him.

Taking in her flushed cheeks and silence, Kenneth smiled triumphantly. He then gently kissed the back of her hand.

After withdrawing his gaze and straightening his posture, he started the car.

As they drove home, Kenneth held Natasha's hand tightly with one hand while driving with the other. Natasha attempted to withdraw her hand a few times, but Kenneth's grip was firm, indicating that he had no intention of letting her go. She eventually decided to let it be.

Natasha turned and looked out the window.

Despite her efforts to calm down, she found that the more she tried, the more vividly the recent events replayed in her mind, leaving her unsure of how to control her thoughts.

In the end, Natasha lowered the car window to get some fresh air.

Noticing her actions, Kenneth released her hand and picked up the coffee she had brought into the car.  
“Nat, perhaps this will help.”

Natasha turned back and looked at the coffee. Confusion filled her eyes.

“Coffee helps to refresh your mind and calm your heart.”

Natasha was rendered speechless.

How did he know what was on my mind? How?

Natasha didn't answer him but finished the coffee.

#### Chapter 744 The Arrival Of Darkness

The two overheard the conversation behind them clearly.

Natasha didn't display any emotions on her face, but her action of holding onto Kenneth's arm spoke volumes about her feelings.

Natasha believed actions spoke louder than words. She preferred to use subtle tactics to get rid of other people's ideas rather than engage in verbal arguments.

Bickering and talking endlessly was a waste of time, and Natasha disliked it. She preferred a straightforward approach like what she did.

Kenneth, however, was a little displeased. He had intended to confront her about her reaction once they were back home, but her act of holding his arm made him abandon that idea instantly as she had not only asserted her dominance but did so with great finesse. It was very Natasha as well.

Because of that, Kenneth disregarded the idea of punishing her. Oh, forget it. I should reward her instead once we are home.

He naturally took Natasha's hand and turned on his heels to head outside.

At that moment, he was eagerly anticipating the arrival of darkness.

As soon as Natasha got into the car and fastened her seat belt, Kenneth showered her with kisses.

After a long and passionate kiss that left them both breathless, Kenneth reluctantly released Natasha.

He held her chin and said with satisfaction, "You did great. You finally know how to stake your claim on me."

Natasha appraised him with a single glance. She propped up her chin with one hand and gave him a look. "I didn't expect you to be into this kind of thing, Mr. Hamilton."

Kenneth raised an eyebrow but didn't argue with her. He fastened his seatbelt and said, "You're right. I'm into this kind of thing. So keep it up, Nat."

Natasha chuckled.

Kenneth gave Natasha another look, started the car, and drove home in silence.

What should I do now? My mind is filled with the enchanting gaze she gave me earlier.

Soon, he drove into the courtyard.

As soon as they got out of the car, Denise appeared out of nowhere and ran toward them.

"Daddy! Nat!"

Natasha stumbled as the little bundle of joy ran into her. She lowered her gaze and smiled as she asked, "Where did you come from?"

Denise pointed at a spot not far away, and both Benjamin and Anthony were standing there.

Natasha frowned. "What are you guys doing?"

"Mr. Dave said he's going to set up a shooting range over there for Tony and Ben to train their marksmanship," said Denise.

Natasha turned to Kenneth, who remained expressionless, upon hearing that. He beckoned Denise over with his finger. "Denise, come here."

"Daddy." Denise quickly walked over to her father.

"Is there anything you want to eat, Denise?" asked Kenneth.

Denise nodded without any hesitation. "Yes!"

"What is it?"

"Pastries and desserts!" exclaimed Denise. "I want chocolate too, and anything sweet!" Denise looked as if she was about to drool at any moment when she listed the items.



Kenneth looked at his daughter with eyes full of affection. He reached out and lightly tapped her delicate little nose. "You are truly a little glutton."

Denise chuckled. "So, Daddy, are you going to buy pastries and desserts?"

"Yup!" Kenneth nodded. "That's why we were a bit late on our way home. They're in the car. Go and get it."

Denise's eyes lit up, and she rushed toward the car.

She hopped onto the backseat and rummaged around to find the desserts her father mentioned earlier. As soon as she saw them, she exclaimed in a sweet tone, "Wow! These are all my favorites! Thank you, Daddy, Mommy!"

"Don't eat too much, or you'll get a toothache," Natasha said with a chuckle upon hearing the voice from inside the car.

"All right!" Denise responded.

Kenneth held Natasha's hand and walked toward Anthony and Benjamin.

The children were studying the blueprints.

Natasha called out, "Anthony, Benjamin."

The two turned in her direction. "Daddy, Nat."

Noticing the couple walking toward them holding hands and appearing extremely happy, Anthony and Benjamin exchanged a glance.

The boys didn't have many desires. All they wanted was for Natasha to be happy, and it appeared that she was happy at the moment.

"What are you two looking at?" Natasha walked over to them to check on them.

Anthony smiled and said, "We are checking the shooting room design drawing drawn by Benjamin to see if any changes are needed."

"Design drawings?" Kenneth asked upon hearing Anthony's response. He reached out his hand to Benjamin. "Let me see it."

Benjamin instantly handed it to Kenneth.

Kenneth initially didn't have much thought about it when he heard that Benjamin had designed the room personally. However, when he unfolded the design drawing, he was surprised. He looked at the young boy and asked, "Did you draw this, Benjamin?"

Benjamin nodded. "Yes, I did!"

Kenneth examined the design drawing once more before turning his attention back to Benjamin.

Anthony noticed Kenneth's behavior and reassured him, "Daddy, you don't have to switch your gaze between Benjamin and the design drawing. Benjamin really drew it!"

Kenneth turned his attention to Anthony. "I'm not questioning if Benjamin drew this. I'm just pondering one thing," he said.

"What is it?"

#### Chapter 745 The Pain Was Too Much

Worried that the three children might discover something, Natasha immediately left.

She walked so fast that she was practically running.

Anthony was about to say something. However, when he saw the swift manner in which Natasha got away, he frowned in bewilderment. He turned and asked Kenneth, "What's wrong with Nat?"

Anthony knew Natasha very well. She might be a steady person, but most of the time, she could be very lazy as well. It was rare to see her walk away in such a hurry, and it piqued his curiosity.

Kenneth turned and looked behind him, but Natasha was long gone. His instinct told him that the poison in her was taking its toll on her again.

Just as Kenneth was about to leave, he remembered something and turned to Anthony calmly. "I suppose she is feeling shy. Let me go and check on her!" With that, he left too without waiting for a response from the boy.

By the time he rushed after Natasha, she was already nowhere to be seen.

Just as he was trying to think where she could be, Denise got out of the car and smiled sweetly at him. "Daddy."

Kenneth looked down at the girl. "Have you seen Nat?"

"Yes." Denise nodded.

“Where did she go?”

“She went back to the room!”

Without saying another word, Kenneth went straight to the room.

Denise stood there with the desserts in her hands, and she appeared confused as she watched Kenneth walk away.

All of a sudden, someone called out to her, “Have you seen Nat and Daddy?”

That gave Denise a shock because she had been so engrossed in her thoughts. She looked at Anthony and said, “Tony, you gave me a fright. How can you walk without making a sound?”

“You were the one who was distracted,” said Anthony. “Did you see where Daddy and Nat go?”

“Yes. Nat said she was going back to her room, and Daddy followed suit.” She then looked at her brother. “Tony, do you want some desserts?”

“No, thanks.” With that, Anthony went after the adults.

“Tony, where are you going?”

“I’m going to change my clothes. I’ll be back in a short while.” Anthony did not look back when he said that.

All Denise could do was stay where she was. She looked at their retreating figures and shook her head helplessly before going in.

“Ben,” Denise called out as she strolled in happily.

Benjamin was sitting at the table and making amendments to the blueprints. Denise went over and offered, “Benjamin, have some chocolate.”

The boy looked up and saw the sweet treat that his sister offered. He accepted it before scanning the room. “Where are Daddy, Nat, and Anthony?”

“Nat and Daddy returned to their room. Tony went back too to change his clothes.”

Benjamin frowned upon hearing that.

“Ben, have another one,” said Denise as she looked at him.

The boy returned to his senses and shook his head. “No, thanks. You go ahead.”

“Okay,” Denise said before she sat down and enjoyed her favorite dessert.

Unfortunately, just as she was unwrapping the cake box, she cut her hand.

“Ouch!” Denise cried out.

Benjamin turned around and saw her holding her hand. He went over and asked, “What happened?”

“It's nothing. Just a cut from the plastic packaging.”

“Are you okay? Does it hurt?” Benjamin took some tissues and handed them to her. “Let me find a band-aid for you.”

Denise pulled his sleeve to stop him. “There's no need to, Ben. I'm fine.”

“But—”

“Really, I'm fine,” Denise insisted.

Benjamin looked at her. Denise has always been pampered and could not stand having a cut on her hand. Yet, now...

Denise held her hand and smiled forcefully at her brother. “I'm really fine, Ben. It's just a minor cut. I'm no longer the delicate girl that I used to be anymore.”

Benjamin looked at his little sister, and he was glad and heartbroken at the same time. “Denise, you have grown up.”

There was a bright smile on her face. Yet, an indescribable feeling arose within her.

Natasha rushed upstairs as quickly as she could. However, just as she reached the second floor, the pain hit her. She could not take it anymore and fell onto the steps. Her arm hit the steps and started bleeding.

Chapter 746 Anthony Knows

Spencer walked in and began looking around.

“Over here,” Kenneth called out.

Spencer turned in their direction when he heard Kenneth's voice.

“Quick! She can't take it anymore.”

Spencer immediately walked over and put his things on the floor. He took out a blood collection tube with an attached needle from the plastic package. "Give me her arm," instructed Spencer.

Kenneth raised Natasha's arm, and Spencer inserted the needle into her blood vessel.

When Kenneth saw that, he frowned.

No matter how bad he felt for her, he knew it had to be done.

When he saw her blood flowing out, there was a look of complex feelings in his eyes.

At that moment, the blood in the bag began to increase, and Natasha's pain seemed to have lessened.

"Is it working?" asked Kenneth.

Spencer nodded. It was true that Natasha was not in so much pain anymore. For the time being, he was able to keep the effects of the poison under control.

As the volume of the blood increased, Kenneth looked at Spencer and asked, "How much do you need to take?"

"Until she has no more reaction," replied Spencer.

That meant they had no idea how much of her blood they had to collect before she felt better.

"What?"

Spencer looked down at the bag of blood and gave his analysis. "This type of poison becomes more active when there is blood in the host body, and the pain increases as well. If we can let out some blood, it will minimize the effect of the poison." When he looked up, he saw the pain in Kenneth's eyes. He then said in a hushed voice, "Thalia was the one who told me about this. She knew about this technique when she hurt herself at the café..."

Kenneth's expression turned hostile when he heard that. "Then do we have to take her blood every time it happens?"

"Before we can find the antidote, this is the best method even though it hurts her body."

"But—"

"Do you not realize that by using this method, we can also delay the effects of the poison?" Spencer looked up at Kenneth with those serious eyes of his.

Kenneth thought about it carefully and realized what Spencer said was true. The poison in Natasha's body did not act up as often as before these days.

"If we can spread viruses through blood transfusion, then we can do the same with drawing blood. If my guess is correct, this is a safer method," said Spencer.

Kenneth's face contorted when he heard that.

He felt like stabbing Boss right now.

In the end, Natasha calmed down after they had taken a huge bag of her blood. However, because she had been holding back for too long, she felt weak and collapsed in Kenneth's arms.

"Nat..."

"Get her onto the bed first. I'll dress her wound in a while," said Spencer.

Kenneth immediately carried Natasha and put her on the bed.

"During this time, I'm afraid you'll have to keep feeding her supplements that replenish her blood," reminded Spencer.

There was no need for Spencer to remind him about that. Kenneth had never stopped feeding Natasha those supplements. Instead of responding to that, he asked, "How's the research on the medicine going?"

While Spencer was dressing Natasha's wound, he said, "The composition of the medicine is a little complicated. I will still need another two more days!"

Kenneth nodded and did not rush him anymore. He was aware that both Spencer and him worried about the same thing.

"If you need any help, just let me know."

"Don't worry. I will," Spencer said.

Kenneth turned to look at the person who was lying on the bed. When he saw how pale she looked, his eyes darkened.

He would make Boss pay for the mess that he had created.

At that moment, Anthony was leaning against the wall outside the bedroom door. The young boy looked serious and confused.

He did not make any move and stood there like a statue with his back firmly against the wall. His fists were clenched so tightly that his nails had gone into his flesh, but he felt nothing.

Once in a while, his eyelashes would quiver. It was only then he realized he was crying.

Just then, he could hear Spencer talking. "I have finished dressing the wound. It looks fine to me. But after drawing so much blood, she may feel giddy, so it'll be better if she rests more..."

"I understand."

"I shall head back to the laboratory, then. If there's anything, just let me know."

"Okay."

The boy returned to his senses when he heard the conversation and immediately ran back to his room.

The instant he stepped into his own room, Spencer walked out of the other bedroom. Thankfully, Spencer did not see him due to the placement of the rooms.

Spencer shut the door and left.

Back in the room, Anthony leaned against the door and waited until he could not hear Spencer's footsteps anymore before he let out a sigh of relief.

His body began to relax a little, and he slid down the door and sat on the floor.

Chapter 747 The Function Of A Door

Natasha slowly regained her senses.

Seeing the man who was sitting next to her bed with tightly furrowed brows, she muttered weakly, "I'm sorry to worry you."

Kenneth's expression was solemn, and he made an effort to suppress his emotions. Noticing that she was trying to get up, he immediately held her down. "Don't move. You should lie down and get more rest."

"I'm fine..."

Natasha felt considerably more relaxed all over after the pain subsided. She felt as if she was in a trance at that moment.

"Listen to me," Kenneth murmured.

Natasha looked at him and did not insist on getting up anymore.

At that moment, a knock sounded on the door. Natasha immediately looked at the door vigilantly and asked, "Is it the kids?"

Without saying anything, Kenneth got to his feet and walked to the door.

He opened the door, and the housekeeper was seen standing outside with a plate of food in her hands.

Natasha heaved a sigh of relief, knowing that the triplets were not outside.

Kenneth walked to the bed and placed the food at the side before helping Natasha up.

Natasha leaned against him. Although her complexion was pale, there was an indescribable comfort on her face. "I thought it was the kids, and I was even thinking of what to say."

"You can just tell them if it's too tiring." Kenneth picked up the piping hot food and gently blew on it.

Natasha thought about it and shook her head. "We better not. We must put ourselves in the children's shoes. How would they feel if they saw me like this? The fewer people who know, the less misery there will be. They shouldn't be worrying so much at their age."

At this moment, Kenneth blew on the spoonful of soup and held it to her mouth.

Natasha raised her gaze to look at him and noticed that Kenneth's expression was indescribably grim.

She opened her mouth silently to eat as Kenneth fed her patiently.

Seeing that he was silent, she reminded, "Don't tell them."

Kenneth took a deep breath. "Don't worry. I love them as much as you do."

"Then why did you make that joke just now?"

"I wasn't joking, Nat. I simply don't want you to be worried constantly about this matter."

"I'm fine..."

"Then what state must you be in to deem you aren't fine?" Kenneth asked in return, looking at her tenderly.

Natasha returned his gaze and was momentarily at a loss for words.

"Nat, you don't have to keep up a strong front."



Natasha lowered her eyes and murmured, "I know. I'm just used to doing so."

Kenneth pulled her into his arms.

Natasha wanted to speak, but she felt that the arms embracing her were trembling slightly.

She paused for a moment, and her words were stuck in her throat.

"Nat, do you know how I felt when I saw you run back and try to hold on by yourself?"

"I know. I—"

"No, you don't!" Kenneth cut her off, and it was near impossible to describe the pain he was feeling. He embraced her tightly and continued, "Nat, I don't want to see you like that again. Can you try putting your faith and trust in me? I know I can't take away your pain, but I won't let you be alone!"

The corners of Natasha's mouth curved upward a fraction. "I know, and I will."

Kenneth did not speak as he hugged her harder.

Seeing that he had no intention of letting her go, Natasha called out softly, "Kenneth... Kenneth, I can't breathe when you hold me this tightly."

Kenneth released his grip when he heard that.

Natasha looked at him with a pale complexion. Just when she was about to speak, her hand accidentally brushed over the uneven skin on his arm, and she halted in her movement.

Natasha lowered her eyes and fixed her gaze on his arm. It was bloodied.

Just then, memories of the previous incident rushed back into her mind.

Natasha gently pressed her hand on his wound and froze momentarily. "Did I bite you just now?"

Kenneth covered his wrist discreetly with his sleeve and looked at her. "It's fine."

How can he possibly be fine even if he claims so?

Kenneth was worried that she would feel bad about this, so he grabbed her wrist. A deep mark was left on her delicate wrist as well.

Natasha frowned at that.

"Do you know of the practice whereby people bite each other's arms in a vow of loyalty?" asked

Kenneth, his eyes locked on hers.

Natasha nodded.

“In a way, we have taken a vow of loyalty. You can't break your vow!”

Natasha chuckled upon hearing that. “Does that work like this?”

“Why not? You must take responsibility since you gave me this mark.”

Upon deliberation, Natasha said, “Okay, I won't disappoint you.”

Chapter 748 Impressed With Natasha

Looking at the worried look on Thalia's face, Natasha said, “I'm all right. Besides, you're aware of it, too, aren't you?”

Thalia blinked and bobbed her head in agreement. “Yeah. It hurts like mad when it acts up, but the feeling will disappear once it's over. Sometimes, we might even feel a little comfortable after that. I wonder if that's an illusion.”

Natasha looked at her. “I guess that's how we respond after experiencing excruciating pain.”

Thalia nodded. “The pain is extremely unbearable. I came over immediately once I heard about it from Spencer.”

Natasha lowered her eyes and grinned. “I'm fine. Don't worry.”

Upon noticing the injury on her arm, Thalia knitted her brows. “It's because of this incident, isn't it?”

Natasha glanced at the wound and kept mum.

Thalia responded with a sigh. “When will days like this come to an end...”

Natasha cast a look at her. “Isn't Spencer working on the antidote now?”

She had overheard the conversation between Kenneth and Spencer but did not pay much attention to it, as she had been too weak.

“Yes, he is, but we still have no clue if that's really the antidote...” Thalia raised her doubt.

Natasha lowered her gaze. “Let's just give him more time.”

Thalia realized Natasha was comforting her. “I'm not worried for myself since I'm alone, and no one will feel sad for me. I'm worried about you because you have a family. You have kids and someone who

loves you very much. I'm not a big fan of Kenneth, but I have to say he takes good care of you and is worthy of your love."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "What makes you think no one will feel sad for you? Have you forgotten about Spencer?"

Thalia stared at the ground and murmured, "Spencer and I will never become like you and Kenneth. I'm not sure why I have this feeling, but somehow, there's something between us that keeps us apart."

After listening to Thalia, Natasha paused for a moment before responding, "Everyone has their unique way of interacting with others. You can't have the same relationship as Kenneth and I do, just as we can't have the same relationship as you all have. This is because my personality and yours are different and so are Kenneth's and Spencer's. Our distinct personalities naturally lead to different outcomes in our relationships, but that doesn't mean Spencer's love for you is any less."

Thalia looked up. "He has never expressed his feelings for me except when we're in a life-and-death situation. Have you noticed that? We're more like siblings than anything else."

"But it's only in life-and-death situations can we truly see a person's sincerity, isn't it?" Natasha asked in return.

"You're not wrong, but I don't want to hear his true feelings only in life-and-death situations. I want us to have a healthy relationship on regular days so that even if our time together is limited, I won't have any regrets," Thalia muttered.

"I understand where you're coming from. I could tell you're envious of my relationship with Kenneth," Natasha said.

Thalia froze before looking up. Natasha responded with a grin.

"You're such a narcissist, Natasha," Thalia said.

"Kenneth was right. You're truly envious of us!" Natasha nodded, affirming her earlier thought.

"Kenneth said that?" Upon hearing his name, Thalia instantly perked up, looking as though she was ready to fight.

"What's with that reaction? Are you going to beat him up?" Natasha asked.

"I might do that since I've beaten people up before!"

"Give him a break. Do you know he always advises Spencer to treat you well?"

"He probably was just trying to make a fool out of me!" Thalia could not imagine he would act with her

best interests in mind.

"Kenneth is not as awful as you think." Natasha tried defusing the tension.

"Oh, please. Do you not know how people view him? He's not only seen as a womanizer but also as a ruthless man who shows no mercy and will use any means to achieve his goals," Thalia said clearly.

"Where did you hear these from?" Natasha asked.

"These rumors about him are everywhere!"

Natasha arched her brows and went deep in thought.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Thalia asked.

Natasha nodded. "Of course I believe you!"

"Yet, you still want to date someone like him?"

"I judge people by their actions, not rumors," Natasha defended Kenneth. "In fact, I know him better than anyone else."

"Have you forgotten what he did to you in the past?"

"Of course not, but he's making amends now," Natasha said.

Thalia pursed her lips. "If I were you, I would never forgive someone like him, no matter what excuses they had."

"I used to think that way, too," Natasha admitted. "But I can't help being drawn to a man like him. If I catch him doing something funny again, I'll break his legs and tie him to me. That way, I'll be able to keep an eye on him day and night."

Thalia glanced at Natasha and stuttered, "D-Do you have to go to that extent..."

"Of course!"

"Are you that obsessed with his looks?"

Chapter 749 I Will Never Spare Anyone

Meanwhile, at Vermillion Base, Boss stared at the dead body on the ground.

His yellow eyes were indescribably dark and sinister.

After they left the place, he ordered some men to retrieve Gavin's body.

As he studied the latter's bloodless face that had even drained into a sallow yellow, the events that transpired that night played on a loop in his head. That went doubly for the moment when Kenneth fired a shot at him.

He closed his eyes, his hands balling into fists by his sides. It was not until he had managed to compose himself did he slowly open his eyes again and said to the man beside him in a lowered voice, "Bury him and compensate his family." After saying that, he draped the white cloth over Gavin's body.

Seeing that, the others around him stepped forward and took the body away.

Boss stood with his back to the door while his subordinates looked on behind him, not daring to utter a word.

Everyone could tell that he was in a foul mood right then.

"How did things go at the house?" Boss asked all of a sudden.

As soon as his subordinates heard that, one of them stepped out and reported, "When someone on our side went over that day, he bumped into J, and a fight broke out. But according to him, the place exploded after he left. He was certain that no one escaped!" The man sounded beyond confident.

Boss whirled around and pinned his eyes on the man. "Is he sure about that?"

The man bobbed his head. "Yes. That aside, he ran into a man and woman when he came out. They were there to back J up. But at that time, he was in a hurry to leave, so he didn't confront them head-on. Mere moments after the couple went into the house, the explosion occurred. It's likely that they were all killed in the blast!"

The instant Boss heard that, his heart jolted.

"A man and a woman?" he repeated. His intuition screamed that the matter had something to do with Natasha.

With a nod, his subordinate revealed, "The woman was the one who was supposed to leave with us that night."

Boss' eyes abruptly widened. Looking at the man, he immediately strode forward and grabbed him by the front of his shirt with both hands. "What did you just say?"

Having no idea where he had gone wrong, his subordinate hastily hung his head. "I'm merely reporting the matter honestly."

Boss' grip remained firm on the man. His eyes were as wide as saucers, and disbelief was written all over them.

"He was certain that woman was her?"

At that question, the man dipped his head a fraction. "She had been to our base and killed many at the southern camp. Everyone remembers her well, so there's no possibility of mistaking her identity."

Boss fell silent.

For some inexplicable reason, a sharp stab of pain assailed a certain part of his heart deep within.

Was it worth it, Natasha? Was it worth giving up your life for a man like him?

He felt as though his heart had been ripped open brutally. Admittedly, it was a feeling he had never experienced before. In that instant, an indescribable emptiness lingered within him.

A long time passed before he gradually gathered his thoughts and dropped his hold on the man. "Were any dead bodies found at the scene?"

"The scene has been wrecked to the point that it's in ruins. I'm afraid it'd be difficult to find anything," his subordinate replied.

"Execute a search! I want definite results, even if it's an arm, a leg, or any part of the body. I want something found!"

Following that order, the man nodded. "Understood!" After saying that, he promptly left.

Boss turned back around and directed his gaze at the table once more. On it was a delicate necklace that sparkled brightly under the refraction of the light.

Natasha's countenance flashed across his mind.

Just then, someone walked in from outside. "It's bad, Boss."

Boss pivoted and regarded the man with a dark look. In a low voice, he asked, "What is it?"

The man looked at him but appeared hesitant to speak.

"Spit it out!" Boss snapped.

At that, the man instantly started, "There's a problem with the goods."

Boss' eyes narrowed dangerously. "What's the problem?"

"Only a few of the goods on the outside... I mean, the top layer... can be used. The others... are all inferior. A few of our men even hurt themselves after using them."

When Boss heard that, his eyes turned into mere slits. "What are you talking about?"

"It's the truth!" Having said that, the man motioned at his back. On the heels of that, another man entered the room with a box of goods. "Look."

Boss stalked over with fury blazing in his eyes and randomly snagged a gun from the box. Just when he was about to try it out, the man stopped him at once. "No, Boss!"

However, Boss did not bother stopping. Instead, he pulled the trigger and fired a shot toward the sky. As those around him watched, their hearts were lodged in their throats.

Surprisingly, there was no recoil because there was no sound.

In other words, it was a faulty gun that only appeared normal.

At that very moment, silence reigned all around.

There were five or six men in the room. They all fixed their eyes on Boss, not even daring to breathe loudly.

Boss held the gun in his hand, his handsome features somewhat contorted then. At the same time, his hands trembled slightly. It seemed eerily quiet around him.

## **Chapter 750 The Triplets Spoil Natasha**

Natasha was forced to stay in the room to rest and have some supplements by Kenneth.

Although Spencer had drawn quite a bit of her blood, he still did it in moderation for fear that she would be overly weak.

Nonetheless, a person would still be weak for a day or two after a typical blood donation. As such, Natasha simply lay down to rest.

Holding a phone in her hand, she was scrolling through the internet when a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in."

The door was pushed open, upon which Anthony walked in.

"Nat."

The other two children entered the room with him.

The instant Natasha laid eyes on them, her gaze gentled. She put away the phone and looked at them. "Why, you're done with the design for the shooting room downstairs?"

"Yeah. I've finished drawing the blueprint and handed it to Mr. Dave. As for the rest, we only need to wait," Benjamin said.

Natasha dipped her head in acknowledgment. "While you've handed it to him, keep a close eye on things since it's your idea and design. You'll learn something."

Benjamin nodded. "Got it."

Just then, Denise came over. "Nat, I brought you dessert!"

At the sight of her approaching with a cake, Natasha arched a brow lazily. "You can actually bring yourself to give it to me?"

"Of course! After all, you're my most beloved Nat."

Natasha grinned.

When Denise reached her mother, she placed the cake beside the bed. Then, she could not resist remarking, "You're too lazy that you're still in bed at this hour, Nat."

"Um, I'll get up, then?"

"No!" Anthony promptly interjected, even as an indiscernible glimmer of distress flittered across his eyes. "She has gone out for a long time, so it's fine for her to stay in bed. Just rest, Nat." He flashed her a smile.

"You're always acting kind, Tony!" Denise grumbled.

Anthony did not take it to heart.

leaning back against the bed. By then, Denise had cut the cake and scooped some with a tiny spoon to

Natasha opened

went on tiptoes and carefully fed

eaten it, Denise asked with wide and sparkling eyes,

bobbed her head. "Well, not

smile bloomed on Denise's face.

"Sure."

fed Natasha, Anthony and

before Natasha, he

feels good!"

likewise went over and massaged her shoulders.



chuckled. "You'll all spoil  
spoil you," Anthony said before  
"Yes!" Benjamin nodded.  
course!" Denise  
when Natasha suddenly frowned and cried out in  
for a moment.  
Natasha shook  
worried expression showed  
the sleeve on  
he saw the bandage on her arm, his brows scrunched  
pulled her sleeve down.  
is your arm bandaged?" Denise asked. Gingerly lifting the  
a tad embarrassing. I slipped on my way upstairs and  
a flash, all three children swung their gazes  
you don't believe  
them  
the stairs. There's probably still a mark where I  
much, there was nothing more the triplets  
Nat? Here, I'll blow on it for you," Denise offered. Leaning forward, she  
Spencer has already bandaged me up,  
fall, yes?" Benjamin asked, eyeing the bite mark on  
Natasha batted her long and delicate eyelashes. Indeed,  
Kenneth's way of putting  
triplets. "Do you know of the practice whereby people bite each other's arms  
Benjamin and Denise shook  
couple bites each other on the arm, leaving a mark in a vow of loyalty to stay faithful to the relationship  
forever,"