

Yo Daddy 761

Chapter 761 Be Resolute And Decisive In Life

"We have a situation here!" said Thalia.

"What is it?" Natasha asked.

"He ran out alone and wouldn't take our calls. I know a situation when I see one." Thalia smacked the table. "Call him again."

"I don't think that's necessary, though."

"I beg to differ!"

I really want to convince Thalia that it's not necessary. Natasha was stumped.

"Fine, if you won't do it, then I will." Thalia snatched the phone and made the call. It was too late for Natasha to stop her.

Natasha hoped no one would pick it up, but someone did. Eventually.

"Hey, Nat," said Kenneth softly.

Just when Thalia was about to go into a tirade, Natasha quickly covered her friend's mouth and took her phone back without missing a beat.

Thalia wanted to complain, but Natasha placed a finger to her lips.

Fine, Nat. You go ahead, then.

Natasha returned to her seat and put her phone to her ear. "Kenneth."

"What's wrong? Did something happen?" The little tussle did not escape Kenneth.

Natasha looked at Thalia and lowered her voice, "No. My phone fell just now."

"I see," said Kenneth. "What's the matter?" he asked again.

Natasha was trying to come up with a suitable response, but Thalia was already staring intently at her. If Natasha wouldn't say anything, she would.

Retracting her gaze, Natasha asked, "Is Alexia better?"

"Almost."

"She's gone back to DX as well?"

"No. Mike told me," answered Kenneth truthfully.

Natasha nodded. "I see. I just wanted to see how Alexia's doing. She did get hurt saving us."

"I know. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

"Okay, there's that, then."

Natasha was going to hang up, but Thalia frowned. She wanted to stop her friend, but Kenneth blurted, "Nat, are you... jealous?"

Thalia kept giving her looks.

I don't like this. Natasha responded, "No. I just wanted to remind you that you shouldn't give her the cold shoulder. She did save us after all."

"That's not what you really think, or that's what I hope, at least. But I could tell that you're genuine," said Kenneth.

"Good that you know." A smile curled Natasha's lips.

"Of course. I'll be back tonight," Kenneth said again.

Okay. I get the implication. She looked at Thalia and saw a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Something just came up. Talk to you later." Natasha hung up right away.

Thalia was wiggling her eyebrows as she sized Natasha up.

Feeling her scalp tingling, Natasha said, "You heard everything!"

"Uh-huh." Thalia nodded, smiling. "And that was some high EQ answer. You made yourself look like a saint and reminded him. Well, you did a lot better than I would have."

Natasha flashed her a smile. "You flatter me."

"But a word of advice. You can never trust men. Be on guard. Especially around Kenneth."

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "So you're telling me you'd be on guard if you were dating Spencer?"

"Um, well..." Thalia froze for a moment, and then she mused over the question. "That thought hadn't crossed my head until now, but I think I would be on guard. You know how good-looking he is."

"I can imagine how tiring that relationship would be."

Thalia answered, "Not if it's Spencer."

"Even if it's Spencer, boredom can and will seep in. However, that's not how real love is supposed to be like, Thalia."

"Then what is it supposed to be like?" asked Thalia.

Natasha looked at her. "Before you met Spencer, what do you think love should be like?"

Thalia mulled over that question for a while. Slowly, she said, "I don't give a d*mn about what love is."

"Good. Then you know what you should do moving on."

A look of sadness flowed into Thalia's eyes. "But I can't not give a d*mn when it comes to Spencer. I just can't."

Chapter 762 The Love Of Parents

Natasha raised a brow upon hearing that. "You want to go to DX to have a look?"

Thalia arched her brow as well. "I can't sneak into DX, but I heard from Denise that she's shown up a few times. Furthermore, it's a must for me to meet her!"

"Wait, so Denise told you that?"

"Mm-hm!" Thalia nodded smugly.

Natasha's lips curled into a smile. This was the first time someone took her side and thought about things from her perspective. She could deal with this matter herself, but it was great having someone who supported her unconditionally.

Subsequently, she was reminded of something. "Does Darknetz know you're here?"

A hint of resignation flashed across Thalia's eyes. "No. If they knew, they might think I'm a traitor.."

"Is there really no way for Darknetz and DX to meet in the middle, then?" asked Natasha. She was worried about the three kids. This was something they had to face.

Thalia's brows furrowed at that, and she shook her head. "It's challenging, as far as I'm concerned."

Natasha narrowed her eyes.

"Are you worried about the kids?"

"It's something they have to face down the line," said Natasha calmly.

Thalia picked up her cup of coffee and took a sip. "I thought your style of education was more relaxed. Why are you worried all of a sudden?"

"They're my children. Of course, I'd be worried. I'd think matters regarding them, but ultimately, the choice is theirs," Natasha responded.

After Thalia heard that, her gaze softened. "You're the best mother I've ever seen. If there were a class for motherhood, you'd ace it."

"Even when I'm practically leaving my kids to their own devices?"

"It seems like it on the surface, but you'd step in when it matters most. I've seen many families over my adventures. Most parents would either control their children or abandon them. Some families literally place their whole pride on their children's success. If their children fail to live up to their expectations, they'll be thrown into the dungeon of humiliation. Not many children actually feel safe and secure around their parents. However, you manage to provide your kids with that. The three little ones are outstanding."

A smile hung on Natasha's lips. "I wasn't raised by my parents. Grandpa did that. Back then, I left Kenneth all because of the children. To be honest, I never thought I could raise them, let alone raise them this well. I didn't really do anything. Sometimes, I think they're the ones who saved me."

Thalia leaned closer. "Children learn by example. There's a reason your children grew up brilliant."

Natasha was silent for a moment, then she nodded. "True. I am rather brilliant."

Thalia was about to continue with her compliments, but she stayed silent for a while as she didn't know what to say next after hearing Natasha's words. The next second, she looked at Natasha and said, "That's not how one should respond to compliments..."

Natasha smiled. "I was just agreeing to your words."

Thalia smiled as well. The duo proceeded to have a good, long chat. Both of them had only a few friends, and they seemed to understand each other at that very moment.

"Oh, right, we're straying from the main topic. Even though the feud between Darknetz and Kenneth is going to be quite a challenge to solve, Kyle's not a bad guy. He won't do anything to the kids just to get at Kenneth. Don't worry about that. The worst that can happen to the kids is having them quit Darknetz."

"But will Kyle let them go?"

"Definitely not," said Thalia. "It's not every day you run into geniuses like Anthony and Benjamin."

"So what do you think he'll most probably do?"

She's worried about the children's future. A few moments passed in silence, and then Thalia frowned. "I have no guesses, but I can guarantee they won't lay a finger on the three little ones."

"I don't share your trust in him, I'm afraid," said Natasha.

"So... Do you have other plans?" Thalia asked.

Natasha shook her head. "Not for now. But if Kyle lays one finger on them, there will be hell to pay. I will destroy Darknetz even if that means breathing my last!"

It was supposed to be a regular chat, but Thalia felt tension hanging in the air. "You want me to tell Kyle that, don't you?"

Chapter 763 Did Not Hold It In

Night had descended, and Natasha was sound asleep. Then she noticed someone crawling on top of her.

"Nat," a whisper called out to her.

Is this a dream? Natasha frowned and buried her head in her pillow.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes, a small smile tugging at his lips. He did not give up right away. Instead, he leaned down and gave her a kiss.

Natasha made a muffled noise, but she didn't get up.

Oh, so this is how you want to play, huh? Kenneth slid his hand under her shirt. She wasn't wearing anything underneath, as she went to bed right after a shower.

It was supposed to be a simple tease, but the touch of her bare skin lit up the flame of desire within him, burning him up. And the thought of it ending with just a tease was thrown out the window.

He slid his other hand into the pillow and held her head up to deepen the kiss. Finally noticing the weight pushing down on her and the kiss, of course, Natasha woke from her dreams.

"Kenneth?" Through the dim illumination, Natasha made out who it was.

Kenneth did not let her go just yet. He wanted to have a better taste of Natasha. He moved his hand all over her body, and Natasha shivered from his touch.

"Nat..." he whispered.

"Yes?" drawled Natasha, her voice filled with sweet seduction.

"You're gorgeous." He nibbled on her earlobe.

Natasha closed her eyes, a smile curling her lips. Without saying anything, she threw her arms around Kenneth's neck. "Well, I'd like a show to go with that compliment."

Kenneth stared into her eyes and huddled closer. He then whispered something into her ear, and the air was filled with the scent of lust shortly after.

More than thirty minutes later, the couple was lying on the bed, Kenneth holding Natasha from behind. Her skin glimmered like pears under the light, sweat glistening on her neck and forehead. That only made her more attractive.

"Nat."

"Yes?"

"Why aren't you saying anything?" Kenneth stared at the lady leaning on his chest.

Natasha heaved a sigh. "I don't even have the strength to talk."

Kenneth smiled. He then huddled closer and whispered, "Nat, I thought you could take on a group of enemies in a fight. You should have more stamina than this."

"But this isn't even a fight," Natasha mumbled.

"Why can't it be?" Kenneth lowered his voice. "Besides, I was the one who started it, you know."

Natasha was about to sleep, but she opened her eyes and turned around to face him, her face flushed. "That makes it worse. How can you even have the strength to talk?"

Even with the dim light, Kenneth could see her well, yet now that she was inches away from him, he thought she looked gentler and even more gorgeous than usual. Suddenly, he raised her chin and went in for a deep kiss.

Eventually, he let her go. "You're easy to satisfy, Nat," he whispered. "Talking isn't the only thing I can do. I can go for another round."

Just when he was about to go for another round, Natasha covered her face with the blanket. "No. You're going to break me." She slid under the blanket.

Kenneth smiled at that.

Only when she was sure Kenneth wasn't making another move did Natasha cautiously stick her head out, her gaze firmly on Kenneth.

Well, it has been exhausting for her lately. Kenneth stopped teasing her. "Fine, since you're exhausted, I think I can let you rest for a couple of days," said Kenneth.

Natasha responded, "You should've thought of that before you touched me in my sleep."

"Sorry. That was meant to be a tease, but... I couldn't help it!"

Natasha was rendered speechless.

"But don't worry. I'll try my best to keep it in for the next two days."

"Kenneth Hamilton!"

A chuckle escaped Kenneth's lips, and he pulled Natasha into his embrace.

She leaned on his chest, the sound of his heartbeat calming her down.

Suddenly, Kenneth said, "Nat, there's something I have to say." There was solemnity in his voice.

Natasha looked at him in confusion. "What is it?"

Solemnly, Kenneth looked at her. A moment of silence later, he said, "Next time you're in a room with me, don't hide under the blanket."

Feeling perplexed, Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Why?"

Chapter 764 The Results Are Out

Right after Natasha had fallen asleep, someone's phone lit up. Kenneth picked it up, but when he saw the content, his eyes narrowed. He glanced at the sleeping Natasha and got up quietly. Then he changed into his clothes and left the room.

Spencer was in the lab, staring at the test results. A dark look crept onto his face, his eyes overshadowed by a hint of malice.

At that moment, Kenneth opened the door and walked in. Noticing the report Spencer was holding,

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "The results are out?"

Spencer stared at the papers, keeping his silence, but the look on his face betrayed his thoughts.

Kenneth approached Spencer and extended his arm. Promptly, Spencer handed the report to him.

Kenneth took a look, and he frowned. He had no idea what these numbers meant, but judging from the look on Spencer's face, things were not looking good. "Just tell me what this means." Kenneth looked at him.

Spencer stared back as well. A moment of hesitation later, he took a deep breath. "That's the cure, all right."

"And?" If this is really as simple as it looks, he'd be jumping around for joy, not brooding like a moody kid.

"There's one element in this cure that only Boss has. I have no idea what it is. I can create the cure, but without that particular element, it's not going to work," said Spencer.

"So you're saying we still only have one dose of this." A frown creased Kenneth's forehead. No wonder he looked like he just saw something terrible. Kenneth held the report in silence.

Spencer looked at him. "I have no idea what to do now, so I called you."

Kenneth looked at him. "Just feed it to Thalia."

"I would like to, trust me." Spencer looked at him. "But Nat is my friend as well. I don't want any of them to get hurt."

There was a hint of surprise and a hint of dilemma in Kenneth's eyes. "This is more complex than I expected."

Spencer said nothing. He had hoped for better results, but this was just bad.

Kenneth inhaled deeply. A few moments later, he looked at Spencer. "Do we have any alternatives?"

"No. We must have that particular element if we want to make another dose of this cure." Spencer shook his head.

Kenneth pursed his lips, his jaw tightening up.

Spencer slammed the table with his fist, and he stared at the ground, blaming himself for this failure. "I thought I was smart enough and that nothing could get in my way. I can't believe I'm challenged by something so trivial. That's years of training wasted."

Kenneth stared at the report again. Even though he knew nothing, he still tried his best to get something out of it. "Not everything happens as we want it to."

Spencer said nothing in return.

A moment later, Kenneth tucked the report away and looked at Spencer. "Are you sure this is the cure?"

Spencer nodded.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. It seemed like he had noticed something.

Noticing Kenneth's silence, Spencer asked, "Did you find something?"

"Something's off."

"How so?"

"He only had this on him because Nat said she would help. But Boss is a paranoid man. He wouldn't have given the cure away that easily."

Spencer frowned as well. "So you're saying..."

"As I said, he's a paranoid man. He trusts no one. He might have thought Nat would run away the moment she got her hands on the cure," said Kenneth.

"True..." Spencer narrowed his eyes.

"Then that settles it. Something is off."

Spencer looked at him, surprised. When he first saw the results, all he could think of was the one he should save. That, or how they could get their hands on that mystery element.

It was a tough call to make, and he knew Kenneth would fall into the same dilemma when he was told of the situation, yet he never thought Kenneth would assess this matter from another viewpoint.

Honestly, I'm impressed by how calm he can be. "So what are you suspecting?" asked Spencer.

"I'll need you to reassess this cure." Kenneth tossed the report back at Spencer.

A conflicted look flashed in Spencer's eyes. "You don't trust me?"

"No. I'm just saying that you might find something else if you just look closer."

Chapter 765 Denise The Healer

Spencer's eyes darkened, and his face fell. "You know you're making me angry, don't you?" He cocked his eyebrow.

"Of course." Kenneth looked at him. "But if you're smart enough, you won't do such a silly thing."

Spencer stared back at Kenneth, and he mocked, "Get off your high horse, Kenneth. I know you'd want to do the same thing, no?"

"Yes," Kenneth answered honestly, the look in his eyes indifferent. "It's honestly a much easier way. The easiest way out in this situation, in fact."

Spencer sized the man up in silence.

Kenneth continued, "But I won't do that for now. Not unless I've figured out the whole truth. A simple cure isn't valuable enough to make me lose my rationale."

A smirk curled Spencer's lips. "Honestly, the fact that you said that either means you're mentally tough, noble, or you don't care about Nat enough."

If it were Spencer, he wouldn't have let Thalia suffer. If Kenneth does like Nat that much, he won't let her suffer as well. We should all be selfish in matters of the heart. Being all noble is just... foolish.

A smile broke out on Kenneth's lips. He said hoarsely, "I'm not a noble guy indeed. I can be as underhanded as need be, but if I were to do that, I'd have killed you the second we got the cure. This conversation wouldn't have happened."

"Ah, right. That's the real you." Spencer looked at him.

"But I'm sure she would leave me forever if I had done that."

Spencer paused for a moment. That's true. Nat would do that. And to think all I've considered was the one to get this cure, not what they would do after that.

"Nat's not the kind of person who'd sacrificed herself just to save someone else. She's not the kind of woman. She treasures her life more than anyone, but I know what she'll do in this case." Kenneth looked at Spencer. "She'll let Thalia live."

Spencer looked at him, and he tried to say something, but nothing came out of his mouth.

"Even though Nat transferred Thalia her blood out of her kindness, she never thought things would turn out this badly, but she still thinks this is her fault. And she thinks the children are the reason Thalia is here. We cannot deny that. Perhaps it's an obligation, and perhaps it's because of their new friendship,

but one thing's for sure—Nat will save Thalia.”

“So, what are you trying to say?”

“I need time to think. And this might be the only cure we have for now, but it's not necessarily so in the future. We always have a chance as long as we're alive. I was able to get the cure once, so I can definitely do that again,” stated Kenneth solemnly.

Spencer pursed his lips but said nothing.

Kenneth looked at him for a while. He tensed up a little, a spark of fury burning within him. But in the end, he left without saying anything.

Spencer was left in the lab. As he glanced at Kenneth's disappearing figure after the door closed, a complicated look appeared in his eyes.

Instead of going back to the room, Kenneth went around to get some fresh air. He would be lying if he said he didn't want the cure for Natasha.

Every time he thought of how she tried to hold it in while the poison kicked in, it felt like someone was stabbing him over and over with a knife. Everything he told Spencer was also a warning he was telling himself.

It was times like this that they must stay calm. One rash move could cost them everything. Kenneth took a cigarette out, lit it up, and had a few slow puffs.

He seldom smoked. Only when he was frustrated. Nicotine was the only thing that could stop him from doing anything rash. He held the cigarette between his fingers, and his brows knitted in a frown.

Swirls of smoke twirled around him, and before he knew it, the ground around him was littered with cigarette butts.

Right at that moment, someone called him softly from behind, “Daddy.”

He turned around only to see Denise holding a doll in her arms. She seemed adorable and delicate while dressed in pajamas and a pair of tiny slippers.

The sight of Denise made Kenneth's frown ease up a little. “Denise? Why are you still up?”

Denise inched closer. “I was going to get a glass of water, then I saw you.” She then looked at the cigarette butts on the ground. “Are you bothered by something, Daddy?”

Kenneth placed Denise on his lap. “It's nothing.”

"You're lying, Daddy," Denise grumbled. "You only smoke when you're upset. Nat told us that."

Kenneth was surprised. "Nat did? When?"

Chapter 766 I Am Awesome

The first thing Natasha saw when she woke up was Kenneth lying right beside her. He looked elegant, yet a slight frown tinged his forehead. He had a distant look even in his sleep, yet she thought that only added to his allure.

The sight of him made her smile, her eyes shimmering. He had been working for long hours lately. Seeing him the first moment she opened her eyes was a rare treat indeed.

She extended her arm and slowly brushed her fingers across his face. If it was possible, Natasha hoped this quiet morning would never end. But when her finger touched his lips, Kenneth's eyes snapped open. Shocked, Natasha tried to pull her hand back, but Kenneth grabbed it.

She raised her head to look at him. All of a sudden, Kenneth leaned closer and gave her a deep, passionate kiss.

When he finally let go, Natasha looked at him. "So you were pretending to be asleep?"

"No. I just woke up."

"It sure doesn't look that way to me," muttered Natasha.

Kenneth leaned closer. "Why does it matter? Were you trying to do something to me, Ms. Watson?"

Natasha put some distance between them. For the last few days, he had ravished her far too much, and she was worried he might do it again. "No." Natasha shook her head seriously.

Kenneth narrowed his eyes. "Why are you backing off?" He pulled her into his embrace and rested his chin on her forehead. If he could, he would've merged the two of them together. "Here, let me hold you for a bit longer."

"Just a hug?" Natasha raised an eyebrow.

Kenneth paused for a moment. "Do you have something else in mind?"

Natasha immediately shook her head.

"Nat, they say sometimes no means yes."

"If you try anything stupid, you'd really kill me." Natasha shot Kenneth a solemn look.

It wasn't every day she flashed that look. It was serious yet coy at the same time. Kenneth wanted to ravage her, but he knew she had been taking in a lot lately, so he held it in.

That did not stop him from teasing her, however. "You're exaggerating."

"Not at all. If that continues, my bones will break!" said Natasha.

Kenneth stared at Natasha's face for a while, and he smiled. "I'll take that as a compliment, then. Are you trying to say I'm superb in bed?"

Natasha narrowed her eyes. "Why do I sense you're behaving smugly, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Really?" Kenneth asked.

"Should I hand you a mirror, so you can have a look?"

Kenneth shook his head. "No need for that. The look on your face tells me all I need to know."

Natasha burst into laughter. "Men are so full of themselves!"

Kenneth muttered, "I was saying that I could see my reflection in your eyes. You were thinking about something else, weren't you?"

Natasha was rendered speechless.

"Wait. Do you think I'm not good in bed? Hm, I don't mind proving myself," muttered Kenneth.

Natasha instantly brought the conversation to a close. If she didn't, she might not get out of bed the whole day.

Then, she quickly sat up. "I-I'm hungry. I need to eat something."

Kenneth looked at her. "Are you sure?"

Natasha shook her head. "Yes. I have anemia, so I need something to replenish my health." Before Kenneth could say anything, Natasha got up, yanked some clothes over, got changed, and darted into the bathroom.

Kenneth lay on the bed, smiling. However, the moment she closed the bathroom door behind her, his smile froze.

Ten minutes later, Natasha was done washing herself up. She changed into a long casual dress, the hem

covering her ankles. She looked even taller than she was in that dress.

Makeup wasn't her favorite thing in the world. She only rubbed some sunscreen over herself, yet her skin still looked like a freshly-peeled hard-boiled egg. Supple and perfect. Her skin was flawless like a supermodel's.

Kenneth stared at her as he changed into a dark-colored shirt. He wanted to do matching outfits. "Let's go." He held her hand, and they went downstairs.

When they arrived at the dining area, Spencer and Thalia were there as well. Thalia quickly waved at Natasha, and the latter took a seat across from hers smilingly.

"The coffee is amazing today. You should have a cup," said Thalia.

Natasha nodded. "All right! I'll try."

The housekeeper went ahead and prepared another cup of coffee.

"Oh, and this is awesome too. You should have some," said Thalia.

The housekeeper smiled, nodded, and left.

Natasha looked at her. "You have quite an appetite today."

"I guess so," Thalia replied.

Chapter 767 Natasha Seems To Know Everything

As her exquisite-looking eyes narrowed, Natasha looked down to eat in silence. Her lush eyelashes exuded an indescribable innocence as they folded downward.

Just as Thalia was about to say something, Natasha picked up her coffee and nodded. "Today's coffee is really good."

Thalia was instantly distracted by the words as a gleeful smile descended upon her face. "Really? I knew you would like it!"

Natasha nodded with certainty. "I do. Did you make it?"

"Mmm-hmm." Thalia nodded.

"Where did you get it from?"

"It's a secret," Thalia replied with a mysterious grin, eliciting a smile from Natasha.

"That said, I'll give you a can since you like it."

"I want two!"

"Why are you so greedy? They are really expensive." Thalia knitted her brows.

"Obviously, one isn't enough. I'll finish it in two days," Natasha replied.

Thalia stared at her for a few seconds before relenting. "Fine. I'll give you two cans since you have such good taste. However, you had better not get any greedier!"

With her coffee in hand, Natasha teased, "We'll see about that."

"You..."

Faced with Natasha's smile, Thalia reciprocated with one of her own.

Listening to the delightful chatter in the background felt like torment to Spencer, for he was overwhelmed with guilt and complex emotions.

It was just as Kenneth had said. He was one of Natasha's few friends who, despite seldom seeing each other, were emotionally in sync to an extent greater than that of someone related by blood.

Now that such an idea had entered his mind, he was forced to admit that he couldn't bring himself to face her.

Eating with his head hung low, Spencer clearly looked troubled. Kenneth, who was sitting beside him, threw the former a glance as if he could read his mind.

"I'm done with my meal." At that moment, Spencer suddenly got to his feet.

Thalia was stunned. The sight of the barely touched food on his plate elicited a furrow of her brows. "But you hardly ate anything."

"You guys carry on." Without another word, Spencer got up and left.

Staring at his leaving silhouette, Thalia let out a sigh.

It was then that Natasha stopped her. "Ignore him. Let's continue eating."

"Somehow, this just feels weird," Thalia remarked.

“Eat!” Natasha gave her a look without another word.

Right then, Kenneth heard his phone ring. After receiving it to check, he headed outside to take the call.

Even though Natasha was eating calmly, one could tell she was clearly troubled from the look in her eyes.

At that moment, the three children came downstairs and threw themselves at Natasha.

“Nat.”

Denise came up to Natasha in a cutesy manner. “Good morning, Nat.”

After giving her hair a tousle, Natasha remarked smilingly, “It's late, you lazy bum. Time to get something to eat.”

Denise broke into a sweet smile before settling down on the seat closest to Natasha. “I want to sit right next to you.”

Natasha responded with a chuckle.

At that moment, Anthony greeted, “Good morning, Nat.”

“Morning. Go ahead and grab a bite,” Natasha instructed.

Anthony and Benjamin subsequently took their seats.

It was then that Thalia complained, “Come on, all of you only have eyes for Nat. What about me? I'm nothing but a pitiful and lonely soul.”

The children obviously got the hint.

Denise leaned over and placed her head on Thalia's arm. “Thalia, you'll always be in our hearts. Not greeting you doesn't mean we don't love you, all right?”

No one could stay angry in the face of Denise's charm offensive.

Consequently, a vibrant smile descended upon Thalia's face. “You're the best, Denise. Muack, muack!”

“Muack, muack!” Denise reciprocated.

Their banter caused Anthony and Benjamin to furrow their brows.

“What in the world?” Anthony questioned.

Thalia rolled her eyes at him. "It's none of your business!"

"Exactly!" Denise seconded.

The unfolding scene in front of her brought a faint smile to Natasha's face.

Anthony didn't comment further as he frowned at the coffee in Natasha's hand. Without any hesitation, he walked straight to the kitchen and returned with two glasses of milk.

"Nat, drink some milk."

"I'm having coffee."

"Milk is more nutritious and will supplement your health," Anthony insisted.

When Natasha gave him a look, the unsettled Anthony averted her gaze by reflex. Finally, he placed the glass of milk in front of her. "You have lost weight recently. Milk will help strengthen your body."

Watching her coffee being taken away and replaced with milk, Natasha maintained a slight smile instead of protesting.

Chapter 768 Cringier Than A Soap Opera

Without a second thought, Thalia nodded. "Okay, I'll go with them first."

As she continued eating, she instructed, "Boys, hurry up and eat. We'll be going over soon."

Benjamin nodded.

As for Anthony, he simply raised his gaze to give Natasha a look before going back to his food.

After the meal, Thalia and the children headed to the shooting room.

Before they left, Anthony threw Natasha a glance as if he had something to say.

Noticing the look on his face, Natasha queried, "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing much. I just want to remind you to drink less coffee and alcohol!"

"I know..." Natasha nodded in acknowledgment.

Just as Anthony was deliberating on something, Thalia's voice rang out. "Are we going or not?"

"Coming!" Anthony answered.

"Men shouldn't dawdle that much." Just as she spoke, Thalia headed off with Denise in tow.

Anthony didn't respond to the remark and quickly followed Thalia after giving Natasha a look.

Benjamin, who was beside him, asked curiously, "What's up with you?"

"What do you mean what's up with me?" Anthony threw the question back at his brother.

"It's unlike you not to respond. You would usually have a ready retort to whatever Thalia has to say," Benjamin teased.

Anthony seemed distracted to him.

"What's wrong with you today?" Benjamin asked again.

It was then that Anthony snapped out of his thoughts. "What?"

Benjamin let out a sigh. "What's wrong with you over the last two days? Why do you look preoccupied?" Anthony asked.

"Was I?" Anthony denied.

"Don't you think I understand you well enough?" Benjamin pressed on.

Anthony knew that he couldn't get Benjamin off his case unless he gave the latter something. Pondering for a moment, he explained, "It's nothing much. Daddy just instructed me to keep an eye on Nat due to her weak health."

"Did Daddy say that?" Benjamin asked.

"He did. Don't you know about it?"

"When?"

"Some time ago. He wanted us to watch after Nat."

Benjamin's brows furrowed. "Wasn't that a long time ago?"

"No, it wasn't. He just said it a few days ago. Can't you see that Nat has lost weight?" Anthony spoke as he walked.

When Benjamin turned around to look, he saw Natasha standing by the door in a light-colored dress. From her tall and slender side profile, it was evident that she had indeed lost weight.

"You're right. She does look thinner," Benjamin commented.

"That's why you should keep an eye on her too. Remind her to take something more nutritious instead of drinking coffee all the time," Anthony suggested.

"But coffee and wine are her life!" Benjamin protested.

"It will take her life if she consumes too much of them," Anthony countered.

"Stop exaggerating!"

"Just remember to watch her closely instead of being engrossed in your project," Anthony reminded.

Benjamin nodded in the end. "Fine, I know what I must do."

"Let's go," Anthony suggested as both of them quickly caught up with Thalia.

Meanwhile, Natasha stood by the door and watched Kenneth, who was still on the phone.

She then shifted her gaze upstairs with narrowed eyes.

Without a moment's hesitation, she got up to her feet and walked up to Spencer's lab, where she knocked on the door.

Despite not getting a reply, she pushed the door open and walked right in.

Inside, Spencer was seated at his desk. After throwing him a glance, Natasha took her seat right opposite him.

However, Spencer continued working with his vials without looking up.

"Is the result out already?" Natasha spoke suddenly after observing him for a while.

Spencer froze momentarily before continuing with what he was doing.

In spite of his silence, Natasha could tell that it was a tacit affirmative.

"Come on; tell me what's wrong?" Natasha asked candidly.

"What do you mean what's wrong? The result isn't out yet. We might still need to wait a day or two," Spencer answered.

His reply triggered a faint smile on Natasha's face. "Spencer, you might be able to fool someone else

with those words but not me.”

Faced with Spencer's silence, Natasha took a deep breath. “Both you and Kenneth look out of sorts in the morning. Does he already know?”

The more Spencer refused to speak, the more Natasha was sure of her supposition.

“Is it about the cure?” Natasha asked with a frown. She then mumbled, “If it weren't, both of you wouldn't be reacting this way...”

Staring straight at Spencer, Natasha added, “Spencer, are you really going to let me continue speculating?”

Only then did Spencer stop whatever he was doing and raise his gaze to look at her.

“After knowing each other for so long, can't we just speak candidly, Spencer?” Natasha asked.

Spencer steeled himself and looked her in the eyes. “The results are out.”

An indiscernible glint flashed across Natasha's eyes.

Spencer then took a deep breath. “The vial does hold the antidote...”

“But coffaa and wina ara har lifa!” Benjamin protastad.

“It will taka har lifa if sha consumas too much of tham,” Anthony countarad.

“Stop axaggarating!”

“Just ramambar to watch har closaly instaad of baing angrossad in your project,” Anthony ramindad.

Benjamin noddad in tha and. “Fina, I know what I must do.”

“Lat's go,” Anthony suggastad as both of tham quickly caught up with Thalia.

Maanwhila, Natasha stood by tha door and watchad Kannath, who was still on tha phona.

Sha than shiftad har gaza upstairs with narrowad ayas.

Without a momant's hasitation, sha got up to har faat and walkad up to Spancar's lab, whara sha knockad on tha door.

Daspita not gattin a raply, sha pushad tha door opaan and walkad right in.

Insida, Spancar was saatad at his desk. Aftar throwing him a glanca, Natasha took har saat right opposita him.

Howavar, Spancar continuad working with his vials without looking up.

“Is tha rasult out alraady?” Natasha spoka suddanly aftar obsarving him for a whila.

Spancar froza momantarily bafora continuing with what ha was doing.

Chapter 769 The Truth About Spencer And Thalia

Spencer's eyes darkened as he scrutinized Natasha.

All he saw was a relaxed expression and a languid look in her eyes. Nowhere did he manage to find a hint of anger in her.

“Are you serious?” Spencer asked.

“Do I look like I'm joking?” Natasha countered.

Nevertheless, Spencer was filled with hesitation still.

“Don't worry; your secret is safe with me. I'll definitely not tell Thalia about it.” Natasha made a last-ditch effort to reassure him.

Staring at her, Spencer paused momentarily before relenting in the end. “Fine, I'll tell you.”

Natasha straightened her posture immediately and was all ears. “Go on.”

As Spencer took a deep breath, his eyes seemed to drift away to another time. “Many years ago, I met Thalia went I was traveling in a far-flung place...”

Natasha remained seated while listening to Spencer relate the past. When he finally got to the end, she couldn't help but knit her brows slightly.

“Are you saying...”

“That's right. That man was Thalia's father.” Spencer nodded as a sorrowful look descended upon his face.

If it wasn't for that, there was no way he would have rejected such a wonderful girl.

Natasha's eyes began to sparkle gradually now that she finally knew what Spencer meant by owing Thalia his life.

Lips pursed and brows knitted, she finally understood how complicated the matter was.

Any other reason would have been easier to overcome but to have killed her father...

Narrowing her eyes, Natasha nodded. "All right. I understand."

Spencer gazed at her. "Nat, I know the debt is mine and that I shouldn't burden you with it, but I'm left with no choice. Never have I hated myself so much for my own incompetence. If only it were possible, I would be willing to compensate you with my own life!"

"Spencer, you don't owe me anything. And don't you forget about the number of times you have saved me," Natasha comforted him.

If not for Spencer back then, I would have been bullied terribly...

Spencer stared at her, his eyes brimming with conflicting emotions.

"That's why you should go ahead and do whatever you want. I'm fine with it," Natasha replied as she stared right into his eyes.

Spencer was shaken. "But you..."

"It's just an antidote, and it's not like my life is under immediate threat. Besides, there might only be one, but it isn't the only solution," Natasha added.

"But what if..."

"That will be up to you. I have faith that with your capabilities, you'll definitely come up with something."

Gazing into her eyes, Spencer felt torn inside.

Nonetheless, Natasha flashed a carefree smile. "Enough talk already. The matter's settled." With that, she got up to leave. However, when something struck her at the last moment, she turned around. "By the way, I would suggest that you keep this from Thalia. Otherwise, she'll refuse to take the antidote."

"Nat..."

Natasha grinned at him. "Also, no one can change the past. If you really feel that you have let Thalia down, leaving her isn't the right solution. Instead, making amends is!"

"Making amends?"

Natasha nodded. "Yes, making amends. Spend the rest of your life making it up to her as a way to repay

your debt.”

When her words left Spencer stunned, the smiling Natasha got up and left.

Just when she placed her hand on the doorknob, Spencer stood up suddenly. “Nat...”

Natasha stopped in her tracks.

“Thank you.”

Natasha turned around and said, “That's not what I want to hear.”

“Don't worry. I'll do my very best to develop the antidote!”

“That's more like it.” Flashing a wide grin, Natasha opened the door and left.

Spencer's gaze was filled with conflicted emotions as he stared at her leaving silhouette. Once the door closed behind her, he tightly clenched both his fists.

After walking out the door, Natasha slumped against the wall right after she turned a corner.

As she lifted her head slightly, her reddened eyes betrayed her emotions despite the calm look on her face.

Her chest heaved as she tried to get a grip on herself.

She didn't regret the decision one bit but was nevertheless saddened by the outcome.

She had let her children and Kenneth down, a feeling made worse when it came to Terence.

Earlier in her life, she had ignored their concerns in her pursuit of the truth. And now, she was disregarding their feelings again by unilaterally making a decision.

As a result, she had failed a duty as not just a granddaughter but also a mother.

Leaning against the wall, Natasha took a long time to get her emotions under control.

It wasn't that she lacked the desire to continue living. The danger of coming over had required her to be prepared for death.

“But what if...”

“That will be up to you. I have faith that with your capabilities, you'll definitely come up with something.”

Gazing into her eyes, Spencar felt torn inside.

Nonetheless, Natasha flashed a carefree smile. "Enough talk already. The matter's settled." With that, she got up to leave. However, when something struck her at the last moment, she turned around. "By the way, I would suggest that you keep this from Thalia. Otherwise, she'll refuse to take the antidote."

"Nat..."

Natasha grinned at him. "Also, no one can change the past. If you really feel that you have let Thalia down, leaving her isn't the right solution. Instead, making amends is!"

"Making amends?"

Natasha nodded. "Yes, making amends. Spend the rest of your life making it up to her as a way to repay your debt."

When her words left Spencar stunned, the smiling Natasha got up and left.

Just when she placed her hand on the doorknob, Spencar stood up suddenly. "Nat..."

Natasha stopped in her tracks.

"Thank you."

Natasha turned around and said, "That's not what I want to hear."

"Don't worry. I'll do my very best to develop the antidote!"

"That's more like it." Flashing a wide grin, Natasha opened the door and left.

Spencar's gaze was filled with conflicted emotions as he stared at her leaving silhouette. Once the door closed behind her, he tightly clenched both his fists.

After walking out the door, Natasha slumped against the wall right after she turned a corner.

As she lifted her head slightly, her reddened eyes betrayed her emotions despite the calm look on her face.

Her chest heaved as she tried to get a grip on herself.

She didn't regret the decision one bit but was nevertheless saddened by the outcome.

She had let her children and Kannath down, a feeling made worse when it came to Taranca.

Chapter 770 A Stepmother For The Children

Natasha's eyelashes fluttered a moment before she replied without looking up, "No."

As he stared at her, a solemn look descended upon Kenneth's face. He then got up to leave without another word.

In response, Natasha grabbed his sleeve. "Kenneth."

When the latter turned around, his expression couldn't be any frostier.

Natasha hesitated for a moment before finally admitting, "Yes, I did see him."

As Kenneth stared at her, his eyes looked like a bottomless abyss, sending a chill down the spine of anyone who peered into them.

Natasha took a deep breath. "Kenneth, the cure isn't the only one out there."

The moment he heard those words, Kenneth immediately knew the conclusion to their discussion.

Just as he turned to leave, Natasha threw herself forward to hug him from behind.

"Listen to me, Kenneth." Natasha clung tightly to his back.

Kenneth's body trembled slightly as his fists clenched by his sides. His deep voice, tinged with suppressed emotion, rang out. "I'm not surprised by the choice that you made, but don't you think you're being too cruel to me, Nat?"

"I know," Natasha murmured from behind him. "You're not the only one. I'm also being cruel to the children and Grandpa."

"In that case, why can't you be a little more selfish?" Kenneth asked.

At that moment, Natasha released her grip and circled to his front. As she raised her gaze to look at him, it was clear that she was trying hard to stay strong. "Kenneth, you know, better than anyone else, that I'm not the kind that likes to sacrifice myself for others. In fact, I'm someone who will do anything to protect myself..."

"Then?" Kenneth stared intently at her, for he knew that there was no changing her mind.

"But I don't like to be in the debt of others," she added.

"Is that the decision you wanted to tell me about?" Kenneth questioned.

"Thalia came here and got poisoned because of me. On top of that, she helped me in the hospital and protected the children time and again. After all that she has done, there's no way I can make the selfish choice," Natasha explained.

"Nat, when it comes to your life, it's all right to be a little selfish."

"If Dave was in Thalia's position, what would you have done?" Natasha retorted.

Kenneth was stunned by the sudden question.

"Look, you would have made the same choice as I did," Natasha added.

"It's different—"

"No, it's not," Natasha interrupted him.

"Dave and I have faced death countless times. Either one of us would have readily sacrificed ourselves for the other."

"Are you saying that only your friend is considered true while mine isn't?" Natasha countered.

"How are you even friends with Thalia?" Kenneth snapped.

"How are we not?" Natasha threw the question back at him.

"Nat..."

"Thalia and I have known each other for three years now. Even though she doesn't know my identity, I have always known hers."

"Nat..."

"The fact that we have not faced death together doesn't mean our friendship is less significant compared to yours. To me, she has long become a friend of mine." Natasha enunciated every word of hers clearly.

Slightly shaken by the fact she was angry, Kenneth comforted her, "Nat, that's not what I meant."

"I don't have many friends, Kenneth, but you're well aware that once I've decided to care about someone, I'll never change my decision," Natasha asserted.

Kenneth replied indignantly, "Nat, you're only saying all these to stop me from going over."

"Even though that's my objective, those words still come from the bottom of my heart."

“Are you planning to let me watch you suffer again?” Kenneth asked, his eyes slightly reddened.

Looking at him, Natasha took a step forward, “Kenneth, I understand how cruel this is for you. I'm sorry, but you'll have to bear with this pain. Just think of it as my vengeance over what you have done to me in the past, all right?”

“Nat, those are two entirely different matters!”

Natasha leaned closer to assuage his fears with a hug. “I know, Kenneth. I guarantee that I'll stay alive come hell or high water.”

Cognizant that Natasha had made up her mind, Kenneth knew that his struggles and protests would only fall on deaf ears.

Standing still awkwardly, he asked, “What are you going to guarantee it with?”

Natasha pressed herself against his chest. “With my honor.”