Chapter 988 Time To Wake Up Approaching

The room was eerily quiet in nighttime.

The children kept their father company until very late. In the end, they couldn't resist falling asleep.

Dave had two beds brought into the spacious room, which caused the place to seem filled to the brim. The kids made do, lying down wherever they could.

Natasha wasn't asleep. She was lying beside Kenneth's bed, watching him with wide eyes.

As time ticked away, there was still no sign of Kenneth waking up.

The golden hour for when he could still wake up was fast approaching. No one spoke of it, but she knew everyone was on tenterhooks.

Frankly, Natasha didn't know if he would wake up, but her intuition told her that he would.

She believed that Kenneth, a person of such pride, would allow himself to lie there indefinitely.

That was simply not his style.

Watching his open hand, Natasha wrote and drew on his palm with her slender finger.

"Kenneth, you'll wake up, won't you?" Natasha was lying by his bedside, gazing intently at him.

However, the person on the bed still showed no reaction.

Watching him, her tears fell uncontrollably. They followed along the corners of her eyes, dropping one by one onto the bedsheet.

Natasha drew countless words and drawn countless circles on his palm before she inevitably fell asleep.

However, just as she fell asleep, Kenneth's hand suddenly moved. He gently held the hand resting in his palm.

The next morning, Natasha suddenly opened her eyes. Feeling as if she had been dreaming, she turned her gaze to Kenneth. However, when she saw him still lying there, her heart gradually sank again.

Anthony seemed to notice something. He looked at her and asked, "Nat, were you dreaming?"

Natasha sat up straight, looked at him, and nodded. "Mhm!"

"What did you dream about?" Anthony asked.

"Your dad waking up!" Natasha said.

Speaking of that, Anthony looked at Kenneth. After a moment of silence, he said, "Yes, Daddy will definitely do it!"

Natasha smiled. "People often say dreams are the opposite of reality. It seems they're not wrong after all..."

Seeing the disappointment on Natasha's face, Anthony spoke up. "Nat, you're too tired to rest properly. Why don't you go lie down on the bed?"

"No need. I'm not tired!"

"How can you not be tired? Ever since Daddy's incident, you've been staying here non-stop. Nat, you always tell us to live well and eat well, but what about you?" Anthony asked.

"Am I not doing well?" Natasha retorted.

Anthony sighed, then looked at Denise, signaling her to do something.

Denise stepped forward. "Nat, isn't this the outfit you wore when you arrived? You should freshen up and change your clothes. Surely, you're not planning to wait for Daddy like this, are you?"

Natasha looked down at herself, realizing something she hadn't noticed if her daughter hadn't spoken about it.

Furrowing her brows, she said, "I was in such a rush when I left that I forgot to bring a change of clothes!"

"I've brought it for you!" Denise said.

Natasha looked at her.

"Thalia reminded me!" Denise said.

Hearing that, Natasha was slightly taken aback. "I didn't expect her to have such a thoughtful side!"

"So, Nat, would you like to freshen up and change your clothes?" Denise asked.

After some thought, Natasha nodded. "Hmm, okay!"

"That's more like it. Daddy loves the smell of your hair. What will he do when he wakes up and sees your hair all dirty?" Denise asked.

Hearing those words, Natasha pursed her lips wordlessly.

Denise looked at her brothers. "Tony, Ben, I'm going to help Nat freshen up. I'll leave this place to you guys!"

Both Anthony and Benjamin nodded in agreement.

Following that, Denise guided Natasha toward the bathroom.

In the bathroom, the fog was thick and hazy.

Natasha was soaking in the bathtub, her eyes staring off into space as if she was daydreaming.

Considering Natasha's physical condition, Denise stayed by her mother's side.

Seeing that Natasha remained silent, Denise suddenly spoke up. "Nat."

"Hmm?"

"What if, just what if, Daddy never wakes up? What should we do?" Denise asked, tears streaming down her cheeks as she spoke. The room was so misty that it was hard to see her tears.

Upon hearing that, Natasha turned her head to look at her daughter. "What exactly are you referring to when you ask 'what should we do'?"

Denise lowered her gaze, avoiding Natasha's eyes, and muttered, "I don't know. With Daddy like this, I feel as if the sky has collapsed... The world seems so meaningless now."

Natasha knew about Denise's feelings for Kenneth. She lowered her gaze, looking at her daughter. "Do as you see fit. Besides, the sky hasn't fallen, has it?"

"Nat, I feel bored on your behalf. What will you do in the future with Daddy being like this?" Denise asked.

Natasha blinked and spoke slowly. "You don't need to worry about me. In the past years, didn't I still manage to get by without your father? Moreover, I even raised you all!"

"Things have changed since Daddy's been around, though..."

"Yes, you're right. Things have changed," Natasha murmured. "Now, I bear even greater

responsibilities. I have to take care of you all. In the future, I'll have to look after your grandfather and your great-grandfather, too. All these are my matters now!" As Natasha spoke, she splashed some water on herself, bathing.

Although she was reluctant to admit it, as time ticked away, Natasha began to make that preparation gradually.

Listening to Natasha's words, Denise felt a heaviness in her heart, unsure how to express herself.

In her eyes, Natasha had always been strong. Yet, at that moment, beneath that strength, there seemed to be a touch of heartache.

Seeing that Denise had fallen silent, Natasha said, "All right. Regardless of the outcome, it's not something we need to worry about now. Can you hand me the bath towel? I'm done showering!"

Upon hearing that, Denise stood and went to get a bath towel for Natasha.

After taking a bath, Natasha changed into fresh clothes. Denise was holding a hairdryer, drying Natasha's hair. Meanwhile, Natasha sat in her wheelchair, her vacant gaze fixed on the mirror.

Denise knew that no matter how reassuring or indifferent Natasha's words might sound, it was all just an act.

At that moment, Natasha must be feeling the saddest.

Denise didn't speak, simply helping dry her mother's hair.

Just as they were almost done, there was an urgent knock on the door.

"Nat, Denise?"

Upon hearing the shouting from outside, Natasha and Denise exchanged a glance. Then, they turned their attention toward the direction of the door.

Although they didn't say anything, it seemed as if they both tacitly agreed that it had something to do with Kenneth...

"Go open the door!" Natasha said in a low voice.

Denise nodded, then immediately headed toward the door.