

## Chapter 989 There Is Always Goodbye

Anthony was standing outside the door, his ears practically glued to it.

Denise looked at him, her eyes filled with anticipation and worry. “What's wrong? Has Daddy woken up?”

Speaking of which, Anthony shook his head at her, struggling to speak. “No, you and Nat have been in there for so long, feeling worried, I came to check.”

Denise was speechless.

The hopeful look on her face instantly fell.

Given the current situation, whether Kenneth woke up or not was a heavy topic for them.

Seeing Denise had fallen silent, Anthony changed the subject and asked directly, “Where's Nat?”

Denise glanced to the bathroom. “She's in there.”

Anthony nodded. “All right. Since everything's fine, I'll wait for you outside.” With that, Anthony walked out of the room.

After he left, Denise then headed towards the bathroom.

Natasha sat in front of the mirror. Even though she didn't leave the room, she heard every word between the two.

Though her heart was filled with heaviness and struggle, she immediately changed her expression when Denise returned.

When she looked at Denise, the corners of her mouth lifted slightly. “What's wrong?”

Denise shook her head. “It's nothing. Tony was worried, so he came to check on you.”

Natasha let out a sigh. “Indeed, we've been in here for quite a while. Let's go. It's time to head out.”

Seeing that there wasn't a trace of disappointment on Natasha's face, Denise nodded, then walked behind her, gently guiding her outside.

When Natasha went out, Spencer was examining Kenneth.

Seeing her come out, Spencer rose to his feet.

“How's it going?” Natasha asked.

Spencer looked at her and spoke naturally. “All conditions and vital signs showed he has recovered quite well—”

“If he's recovering well, then why hasn't Daddy woken up yet?” No sooner had he finished speaking than Denise immediately followed up with a question.

Spencer looked at her. “The location of your father's surgery was too close to the nerve tissue, a very complex area. It's not something that can be explained in a sentence or two. His physical recovery is going well, but whether he can wake up or not will depend on his willpower.”

Upon hearing this, Denise lowered her gaze and said softly, “In the end, it all comes down to relying on Daddy himself.”

“Denise!” Natasha looked at her cautiously.

Denise pursed her lips, remaining silent.

Spencer assured, “It's okay.” As he said this, his gaze shifted back to Denise. “You're right. As a doctor, all I can do is do my job well. As for the rest, it's up to the patients themselves.”

“My daddy is not a patient!” Denise suddenly raised her voice, looking up at Spencer with a determined gaze. “And my daddy will definitely wake up!”

When he heard her words, a smile tugged at the corner of Spencer's mouth before he responded, “Yes, you're right. I believe so, too. Your dad will definitely wake up!”

Denise looked at him with a steadfast gaze, not uttering another word.

Meanwhile, Natasha, standing to the side, remained silent as she listened.

She was not a dreamer. On the contrary, she was the type who was too grounded in reality. As time ticked away, her confidence had long since faded.

She was becoming increasingly uncertain if Kenneth could wake up.

Soon after dinner, quite a few people started to come in.

Only three hours were left to see if Kenneth would wake up.

The room was filled with people to the brim, yet no one spoke. All eyes were intently fixed on the person lying on the bed.

The three hours felt like an agonizing century to them.

And so, as time ticked away second by second, the room plunged into silence the moment the clock on the wall struck the hour.

The air seemed so suffocating that even breathing became stifling.

At that moment, Denise looked at the person on the bed, shaking her head. “No, no, Daddy won't!” As she yelled, she ran out, crying.

“Denise!” Benjamin looked at her, fearing that something might happen to her, and immediately chased after her.

The atmosphere in the room was tense.

Upon seeing the situation, Anthony sadly lowered his gaze, his eyes brimming with unshed tears. Redness spreading across the rims.

Off to the side, Dave watched, his fist slamming hard into the wall.

Looking at Kenneth, his eyes conveyed an indescribable complexity and regret.

Mike and Luke watched with tears welling up in their eyes.

Everyone in the room was struggling to accept the reality.

Only Natasha.

She sat on one side, watching quietly, without any significant emotional fluctuations or changes in expression. It was as if she had anticipated the outcome all along. She just watched Kenneth, her gaze devoid of any surprise or shock.

A moment later, Natasha suddenly requested, “Dave, there's something else I might need your help with.”

When Dave heard her remark, his gaze shifted towards her. “What is it?”

“I'm planning to take Kenneth back to the castle, and while we're there, tidy up a bit. We're planning to leave this place!” answered Natasha.

Hearing this, Dave stared at her. “Are you leaving now?”

“It's not that immediate. After all, packing things up takes a day or two, but... more or less,” she confirmed.

Dave furrowed his brows at her answer. “All of you don't need to be so anxious about Kenneth's current situation.”

“What difference does it make if he leaves a day earlier or later, given his current state?” Natasha retorted.

“But—”

“I miss home,” Natasha suddenly said.

Dave looked at her, suddenly at a loss for words.

He could voice out all the reasons to plead for her to stay, but for that comment, he found himself at a loss for words.

After contemplating for a moment, he nodded. “All right, I understand. I'll handle the arrangements. Just send me the date of your departure.”

Natasha gave him a slight smile. “Thank you.”

“No need.” After that, Dave didn't say anything more and turned around to walk outside.

Natasha didn't notice anything amiss. She withdrew her gaze and looked at the person lying on the bed. She asked, “Kenneth, you're like me, right? Wanting to go back.”

Meanwhile, Spencer, who was standing not far behind, glanced at Natasha before also walking outside.

At an empty, uninhabited flat land, Spencer looked at Dave, directly handing him a cigarette.

Dave looked at him in surprise. “You smoke?”

“I don't usually do, but now, I feel like it,” he answered.

Dave didn't stand on ceremony and directly reached for a stick.

Spencer lit it for him.

The wind blew at that moment, carrying the smoke away with it.

Spencer glanced at him. “You find it hard to let go, don't you?”

Dave gazed into the distance. “There's always goodbye for every reunion. I'd rather he never came if I knew this was the outcome.”

Spencer narrowed his eyes at him as he said, “I'm talking about Natasha.”

Dave paused smoking, his gaze shifting towards Spencer. His eyes narrowed slightly. “What do you mean?”

Spencer chuckled, “Don't look at me like that. I mean no harm. Besides, I know exactly what you're thinking!”