

## Chapter 991 Overcoming This Hurdle

Natasha also understood that principle all too well.

However, no matter how nonchalant she appeared, only she knew what was truly in her heart.

The hurdle before her also required her to take things one step at a time.

No one could replace, nor could anyone be replaced.

Her eyelashes were adorned with glistening dew.

Spencer's features held an indescribable depth and somberness. He looked at Natasha. "I'm not forcing you, but if you don't take the antidote soon, I'll have to draw your blood again. Your body can't handle it anymore. If this continues, the two of you will end up lying side by side." As he spoke, he looked sternly at her. "If you'd rather lie here than have a healthy body to take care of Kenneth, I'll still respect your choice."

Natasha pursed her lips, remaining silent for a long while before finally speaking. "You don't need to provoke me with words. I understand the reasoning."

Hearing that, Spencer nodded repeatedly. "Though you understand all the principles and are aware of everything, you still manage to make people worry!"

Natasha lifted her cool gaze to look at him.

Spencer simply admitted, "Anthony asked me to inquire about it." Then he added, "Not just Anthony, but also Benjamin and Denise. Each of them asked me at different times."

Natasha remained silent.

"Natasha, there are still many people who care about you," Spencer emphasized as he looked at her.

At that moment, Natasha looked up, her eyes cool and clear. "Don't worry," she said. "I'm not at the point of seeking death. No matter what happens, I will always choose to live."

"Then—"

"I will take the antidote," Natasha said, her gaze fixed on him. "Tonight."

At that point in the conversation, it would be pointless for Spencer to continue asking questions.

As such, he nodded. "All right, I understand."

Watching Natasha remain silent, Spencer rose. "Then you should rest well. I'm going out first."

Natasha remained silent while Spencer left.

As the door closed, Natasha's gaze deepened as she looked at Kenneth's face.

After Spencer left, Anthony just stood outside.

As Spencer came out, Anthony looked up at him.

Even without Anthony saying anything, Spencer knew what the boy wanted to ask.

He looked at him and began to speak. "I've said it."

Upon hearing that, Anthony looked at him. "And then?"

"Then you were scolded by Nat," Spencer stated truthfully.

Anthony frowned.

"You know how Nat talks," Spencer said, looking utterly innocent.

Anthony furrowed his brows, then spoke. "I'm going in to talk to Nat."

Just as Anthony was about to push the door open, Spencer saw that and immediately grabbed the boy, pulling him back.

"What are you doing?" Anthony asked him.

Spencer looked at him. "I've told her everything, including things I shouldn't have said. Moreover, Nat made it clear to me that she knows what to do. So, let's give her some space now."

"But—"

"She will take the antidote," Spencer said.

Anthony looked at him. "How did you know?"

"Because I understand her!" said Spencer.

Anthony frowned and looked at him.

"In the past, when your grandparents passed away, she was able to overcome such a huge impact. If she could do that, why couldn't she do the same now?" Spencer asked.

"Back then, Nat was still young. She harbored resentment, which is different from now."

"It's different, but no matter what, Nat is not the type to give up easily," Spencer said, looking at Anthony. "Nat still has responsibilities to fulfill. She won't let the tragedy of the old burying the young happen again."

Anthony fell silent.

Seeing him silent, Spencer reached out and patted the boy's shoulder. "Anyway, don't worry about it. Nat will be fine."

Anthony glanced at him. "Spencer, don't you think Nat seems quite disillusioned with the world?"

"Disillusioned with the world?" Upon hearing those words, Spencer raised an eyebrow.

Anthony nodded. "I can't quite put it into words, but ever since I can remember, Nat has always been this way. She always seems indifferent and uninterested in everything. She lacks enthusiasm. Apart from the incident when she discovered the truth about our grandfather's death, I've never seen her truly excited about anything."

Listening to Anthony's account, Spencer was also carefully reminiscing. Seeing the boy had finished speaking, he paused momentarily and asked, "And?"

Anthony's brows furrowed deeply. "I just feel that if it weren't for us three or our great-grandfather, it seems like Nat has nothing to hold onto in this world." After saying that, Anthony looked up at Spencer as if seeking agreement or a rebuttal.

Spencer replied, "You're worried that Nat may do something foolish?"

"I don't think she'll do anything at this stage, but I'm always worried..."

"Understood!" Spencer nodded.

Anthony looked at him, his gaze shifting before he asked, "Don't you have anything to say?"

Spencer narrowed his eyes lightly and said, "You know, I had the same feeling when I first met Nat. In fact, I even asked her about it."

Upon hearing that, Anthony instantly perked up. "What did Nat say?"

"When I first met her, she was quite tenacious and fearless about everything. So, I asked her!"

"What did she say?"

"Here's what Nat said, 'If I were the only one left in this world, my purpose would be to seek revenge. Nothing else really appeals to me. Ironically, fate has decided that my life has another meaning, so I cannot die.'"

Upon hearing that, Anthony frowned. "Why do I get the feeling that Nat is even more disillusioned with the world?"

Spencer looked at the boy. "Nat is naturally a carefree person. Life and death may not really scare her, but I believe she is definitely not a person who hates life. On the contrary, ever since she met you all, she has changed quite a lot. She has transformed from a person who rarely smiles to a very gentle person. This kind of change, you wouldn't understand."

"Is that true?" Anthony asked.

"Of course. It's a pity that you didn't get to see what Natasha was like before you were born. She was so tenacious, so indifferent to others. Compared to now, I think she was more carefree back then!" said Spencer.

Anthony listened, his lips pursed. It was hard to tell what he was thinking.

Spencer knew exactly what the boy was worried about. He reached out and patted Anthony on the shoulder. "Don't worry. The thing you're concerned about won't happen. You, Benjamin, Denise, and your great-grandfather are her greatest motivation. So, don't worry," Spencer said softly.

Anthony looked at him, hesitated momentarily, then nodded. "I understand."

Spencer chuckled. "All right, it's getting late. You should rest too. Give Nat some more time. Tomorrow, she will definitely be a brand new Natasha."

Anthony looked at him and nodded heavily.