

Chapter 79 - I'll pay.

Nahida woke up the next day feeling very restless. He couldn't stop thinking about his father, something he hadn't done for a long time. He wondered if his father was that ill.

"If my mother menseger me, he must be very ill... Should I go there now ?" Nahida sighed and took a cold shower. He put on one of his clothes that had survived the fire and went out.

He arrived at reception and saw Nazuna talking to some customers, so he didn't speak to her and left the hotel.

Nahida went straight to the convenience store opposite his hotel. Yuki was there, serving a customer. The customer was carrying a small basket full of cleaning products.

It was Nahida's neighbor.

As soon as she saw him, she spoke to him. Nahida talked to her while smiling. Yuki noticed Nahida's discomfort and finished attending to the old woman as quickly as possible so that she could leave.

In less than five minutes, Nahida and the old woman said goodbye, and she left the store carrying a bag full of products.

"Don't you like her?"

"She's very nosy. Ever since my grandmother ran the hotel, she'd always come in and talk about how the hotel wasn't attracting customers."

"I see. But she wasn't wrong, was she?"

"I didn't think you'd say something like that."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Yuki ducked his head, embarrassed. Nahida smiled at him.

"There's no need to worry. She was right, but my grandmother always felt sad when she heard things like that. She knew her hotel didn't make money but loved working there."

"I see..."

"But let's stop talking about it. I wanted to ask you a favor."

"Favor?"

"I have to go to the hospital to visit my father, and I need you to receive the products I bought. Since Nazuna or Rias couldn't open the door and attend to the delivery men, Yuki had to do it."

"Sure, I'll do that. But I didn't know your father was ill."

"He doesn't live nearby. He lives practically in the center of Tokyo with my mother and sister. They live in a small residential apartment. I don't have much contact with them even though I don't live that far away."

"I see... I've never seen your parents."

"I don't think they ever came here after my grandmother died. I was left alone."

"..."

"All right, I'm going now."

"I hope your father gets better soon."

"Me too."

Nahida left the convenience store and headed for the nearest train station to catch the train to central Tokyo. The hospital was nearby. All the way there, Nahida was very nervous.

He was worried about his father and how he would act in front of his parents and his sister (if she was there). It had been long since they talked, so it would probably be awkward.

Haaaa~~

Nahida sighed and closed his eyes while waiting for the next station to arrive.

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Nahida left the station and opened the map. He put in the hospital address his mother gave him and followed the map until he arrived there. The hospital was quite large.

He went to reception and said his father's name for information. After they tell him which room his father is in, a nurse helps Nahida get there as quickly as possible.

Nahida's father was not in the hospital's emergency area but in a regular room. Nahida felt calmer because of this.

"That's the room." The nurse smiled and bowed to Nahida before leaving.

Nahida took a deep breath and slowly opened the door.

When he did, he saw the two people he hadn't seen in months—his mother and father.

His father was lying in bed, covered in a white blanket, with his eyes closed. He had a respirator in his nose, and a machine that checked his heartbeat was beside the bed.

His mother was sitting beside the bed.

"I'm here." Nahida knocked on the door a few times and entered. After that, he closed the door.

His mother turned to him. A faint smile appeared. "You've finally arrived." That was the first thing she said before getting up and walking over to him.

His mother was already quite old; she was 62 and had a lot of gray hair. But even so, she looked younger than usual because of her skin.

She approached and hugged Nahida.

Nahida hugged her and stroked her head as she was much shorter than him. Nahida could feel his mother's body shaking. She was crying into his chest.

He realized that the situation was worse than it seemed.

'What happened in these months that I didn't keep in touch with my family?'

Nahida's mother then turned away from him and wiped the tears from her face.

"How is he?" Nahida asked.

"Not well. I didn't quite understand, but the doctor said he had a heart attack."

"Heart attack?!"

"They said he needs to have an operation, but the cost is too high. What's more, the success rates for surgery are low. I said I couldn't afford it. They sent him to this room, and now we're waiting."

"..."

"I don't know what to do, son..." His mother started crying again.

"..." Nahida continued to stare at his mother and father and clenched his fists. Then he sighed and walked over to his mother. "Don't worry, I'll pay."

When his mother heard his words, she couldn't believe it.