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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1868

Chapter 1868 One More Pot

"It's nothing, Ms. Young. I'm looking forward to your support in the future," Larry said politely.

He was lost in thought while he gazed at the reunion flower that Delilah had shown him.

"Here, these are for you," Delilah said as she pushed a pot of reunion flowers into his hands.

Larry suddenly felt comforted for no apparent reason.

"Ms. Young, I would like to go out for a walk," Larry suddenly said glumly.

"Turn right at the door and keep going until you see a river. It's especially quiet there..."

Delilah knew that he was feeling grief, so she directed him to a quiet place for some introspection with his flowers.

She shook her head as she watched Larry's departing figure.

Men who were lovesick were the most adorable but they could also be the most stubborn. I do hope that he will be able to be with the person he loves eventually.

Delilah's eyes shined with anticipation on his behalf.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Larry had just left when someone rapped on Delilah's door. It sounded desperate.

"Selena? What are you doing back here? Aren't you supposed to be at work?" Delilah eyed the panting woman before her curiously.

"Ms. Young, are there any extra flowers in the garden? We need them at the supermarket," Selena said at once.

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The potted plants sold in the supermarket were cultivated by Ms. Young, but they were few in number in comparison to common household items and food that the supermarket mainly stocked.

“Yes, there is. What happened?” Delilah asked as she patted Selena on the back to ease her breathing.

“There was a bunch of people today who insisted on buying reunion flowers. They were determined to buy everything we had. The department leader was not agreeable at first but upon consideration, he decided to accommodate the customers’ wishes, for fear that if we don’t, they might cause trouble. That is why...” Selena explained with some embarrassment.

She knew that Delilah did not like to trade on too big of a scale. Moreover, she detested people who threw their weight around.

Delilah frowned in thought. At last, she decided to move everything in her garden to the supermarket.

“Tell your department leader that after this batch, I won’t be selling my goods through the supermarket anymore,” Delilah told Selena sternly.

The latter nodded determinedly.

Not long after, a couple of burly workers from the supermarket came to collect the flowers.

At the sight of her plants being sent away, Delilah’s eyes were filled with pain.

“Ms. Young, we’re short of one pot,” one of the workers called out suddenly. “The customers were very specific about wanting a certain number of pots.”

“That’s all I have!” Delilah replied, anger evident in her tone.

I have already accommodated them and they still find things to complain about! She folded her arms in front of her in bitterness. Seeing this, the worker did not dare to say more to her. Instead, he nudged Selena’s elbow.

“Is it really true that you’ve run out of flowers? We won’t be asking from you anymore after this time,” Selena asked Delilah quietly.

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Selena was an employee of the supermarket, after all. Thus, Delilah did not wish to put her in a difficult position. Her gaze softened at once.

“Go to the river. The man who you rescued yesterday has a pot,” Delilah said slowly.

Before she could say more, Selena had disappeared in her haste.

At the riverbank, Larry gazed at the pot of reunion flowers clutched in his hand with tear-filled eyes. He realized with a jolt that this was the very same river that Joan had fallen into from her accident that year.

“Joan!” Larry screamed at the river.

But there was not even a ripple of response.

Larry gazed at the flowers in his hand and back at the river, his heart aching with sorrow.

“Ah!” Came a yell behind him.

Selena had slipped and fallen. With time being of the essence, she jumped to her feet and ran toward the river without even noticing that her knee was bleeding.

Finally, she caught sight of the silhouette of a man.

“Hey!” Selena called out.

What a familiar voice. Larry spun around.

In the next moment, his eyes widened with shock.

“Hello, I’m Selena,” she panted as she introduced herself. “The supermarket I work at needs these reunion flowers urgently. Could you give me this pot, please?”

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