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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2081 - 2082

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2081

"Huh? Ms. Young isn't back yet?" Joan turned to look at Larry.

"Goodness, it slipped my mind entirely. Hurry up and give her a call," Larry urged at once.

Just after Joan had picked her cell phone up, a crash rang out the next moment. Perchance due to her anxiety, her cell phone slipped to the floor, and the screen cracked.

"What's going on? What's this sense of unease that I simply can't shake off? It's as though something bad is imminent," she muttered.

"Don't let your imagination run wild. I'll call her instead." Larry made the call right away.

However, no one answered even after a long time had passed. Lucius then started panicking, and his eyes grew red.

"Mom, shall we go and have a look at the garden?" he suggested.

"Sure." The three of them hurried over to the garden.

"Ms. Young?" Joan called out, but no reply came from around her.

"Grandma?" Lucius hollered at the top of his lungs.

What exactly is going on? The door is open, so why isn't she here? A trace of fear manifested in Joan's eyes. Don't tell me something has happened to her?

"Grandma!" All of a sudden, Lucius started wailing. "Mom, Grandma is here! Come quickly!"

Upon hearing that, Larry and Joan instantly rushed over, only to be greeted by the sight of Delilah lying on the ground with her eyes closed.

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There was a hint of blood at the corner of her mouth, and she was clutching a flower tightly in both hands.

“Ms. Young! Wake up, Ms. Young...” Joan shook her body forcefully.

“Calm down, Joan. We’re going straight to the hospital, so bring Lucius along! Hurry!” As Larry said that, he scooped Delilah up and strode toward the car.

Thank God, traffic was smooth throughout the drive to the hospital. In the car, Joan grasped Delilah’s petite hand tightly, her eyes shimmering with tears.

“Mom, what’s wrong with Grandma?” Lucius sobbed.

In no time, the car came to a stop in front of the hospital. “Doctor! Quick, there’s a patient here who requires immediate treatment!”

In the flash, doctors and nurses dashed over.

Outside the emergency room, Joan hovered at the door with her hands tightly clasped together. Meanwhile, Lucius dashed his tears away while sitting on the chair.

Such an incident has never before happened to Ms. Young, and she has always been in great health. Why did she suddenly pass out today? Is she keeping something from me?

Click! After an indeterminate time, the light above the emergency room finally went off.

“Doctor, how is Ms. Young’s condition? Is it serious?” Joan promptly blocked the doctor’s path.

“As her daughter, how could you have been so careless? If she hadn’t received timely treatment, she might not have survived. She’s already up in years, so don’t have her bustling about anymore. She must be worn out every day, yes? You should let her rest well. Remember this—once someone gets up in years, accidents may happen anytime...” the doctor lectured.

Trembling, Joan listened to every single word out of the doctor’s mouth.

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He's right. Ms. Young goes to the garden every day. The flowers there require tending, not to mention that there are a lot of them. On top of that, I've been staying in the house for the past few days to lie low, so I haven't been to the garden to help her out...

She hung her head as intense guilt assailed her.

"Alright, don't blame yourself too much. Just have a care in the future, and it'll be fine. On the whole, Ms. Young is quite fit, so it's just over-exhaustion." The doctor then spun around and left.

In the ward, Ms. Young attempted to open her eyes as she lay on the bed, only to realize that she didn't even have that much energy.

"Are you hungry, Ms. Young?" Joan inquired.

"Huh? Am I still alive? I thought..." All of a sudden, Delilah gave a cough.

"What are you saying, Grandma? You're not a hundred years old yet!" Lucius countered.

"Ah, how I love you, my beloved grandson!" At that exact moment, Larry slipped out and went into the doctor's office right next door.

"Doctor, be frank with me. Is there some other problem with Ms. Young's health?" At his question, the doctor opposite him turned conflicted with discomfiture written all over his face.

"Doctor, we have the right to know about Ms. Young's condition," Larry insisted.

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"But the patient herself requested to have her medical information kept secret..."

"This is a matter of life and death!" Larry panicked upon hearing that.

"Alright, then. To tell you the truth, Ms. Young has been diagnosed with cancer..."

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So, it turns out that Ms. Young is well aware of all this! Distress engulfed Larry when he learned about that.

“Is there any possibility of treatment and recovery?” he queried in a shaky voice.

“It can be treated, but Ms. Young herself declined that option.” While speaking of that, the doctor lowered his head.

Well, as long as there’s hope, treatment is imperative!

“Actually, she had been here for an examination two days ago. She came alone then. Her cancer is at the early stage, so operation is feasible, but she said it’s a waste of money...” the doctor expounded.

No wonder he spoke at length at the emergency room door earlier. Under normal circumstances, the doctor would only say a few words after a patient was out of the woods. However, this doctor spoke for close to half an hour. And that was also why he grew suspicious.

In the ward, Joan and Lucius had their gazes pinned anxiously on Delilah while sitting by the bed.

“Okay, that’s enough. I’m not dead yet, so why are you two crying?” Delilah forced a smile.

“Grandma, you really gave us a scare just now,” Lucius murmured.

Joan, on the other hand, knew that Delilah’s condition was definitely nowhere as simple as the doctor had claimed earlier since she looked worse for wear.

“You’re awake, Ms. Young?” Larry suddenly walked in with slightly red eyes.

“Eh, why are you here? Ah, the two of you shouldn’t have called him over when you know full well that he has tons of work to do every day,” Delilah grouched.

A wave of anguish surged within Larry, but still, he tried his best to compose himself.

“Joan, why don’t we go and buy some breakfast for Ms. Young and Lucius? They must be hungry by now.” He patted her on the head lightly.

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“Okay.” In the ward, Lucius and Delilah chatted while laughing. Meanwhile, in the corridor, doctors and nurses were busy going back and forth between the ward and pharmacy with anxious expressions on each of their faces. They were all cautious and serious, afraid of making a single misstep.

“Larry, what exactly is wrong with Ms. Young?” Joan halted in her tracks as she tugged at the hem of his shirt.

She has figured it out, after all. Oh well, that’s par for the course with her!

“She has been diagnosed with cancer, but don’t worry, for it can still be treated. However, she doesn’t want to do so. Thus, you’ve got to convince her...” Larry explained.

What? How could she have kept such a serious illness from me? And it’s treatable, yet she’s giving up? What on earth is she thinking? Does she really have nothing else left for her in this world? Is she not reluctant to part with Lucius? No, I’ll never allow that to happen!

“Okay, I’ll do my best to persuade her to accept treatment!” Joan’s eyes shone with determination.

After buying breakfast, they both went back to the ward.

“Look, Grandma. They’re adorable, aren’t they?”

“Yup! You’re right, Lucius!” The two people in the ward were chatting happily as though Delilah weren’t sick.

“Come, come, breakfast is here. Come and have breakfast...” Joan called out.

She had been standing at the door with Larry for a long time before entering the ward because both their eyes were red-rimmed then. Hence, it was glaringly obvious that they had cried.

“Mom, Dad, why did you take so long? I’m starving!” Lucius exclaimed cheekily.

Thereafter, they all gathered together and had breakfast. They engaged in small talk, particularly the weather, so the atmosphere turned a touch awkward.

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After breakfast, Larry drove Lucius to school, leaving Joan and Delilah in the ward.

“Let’s go and have a stroll in the backyard,” Joan suggested softly.

“Sure! I’m thinking of taking a look at the flowers in the backyard anyway.” Delilah chortled.

She simply couldn’t do without the flowers, her mind lingering on them even when she hadn’t seen them for only a day, wondering whether they would wilt or lack water and nutrients...

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