

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 898

“Mrs. Fuller, you’re back from the trip,” Stella greeted me.

I was so mesmerized by her drastic change that I fell silent for a moment. After a while, I threw a smile at her and nodded. “Yeah. By the way, are you going out with someone? You look gorgeous.”

“You’re flattering me, Mrs. Fuller.” She blushed. We both laughed.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Sasha’s mother. I answered the call as I knew it was around the time that she would ask me for money for Renee’s chemotherapy.

Instead of the usual sobbing I was expecting, the woman sounded calm on the other end. Instead, she forced calmness into her voice and said, “Mrs. Fuller, are you free to come over? Renee wants to see you and thank you personally.”

She sounded rather unusual to me, so I asked in confusion, “Mrs. Brooks, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing. It’s just that Renee wants to express her gratitude for your generous support with her medical fees.”

I promised her I would stop by. I ended the call, bade Stella farewell, then headed to the hospital.

I hated the iodoform smell in the hospital, so I quickened my pace to Renee’s room. Both her grandparents were in the ward with her. They had aged considerably when I last saw them two weeks ago. Now, their wrinkles were more prominent, and they looked haggard.

Mrs. Brooks stood up from her seat when she saw me entered the room. “Mrs. Fuller, thank you for coming.”

I shook my head slightly. They informed me they hadn’t eaten, so I agreed to stay and looked after Renee. Then, they excused themselves and went to the cafeteria. The emotion I felt when I looked at the child was unexplainable.

She lay asleep on the bed with a pale and gaunt face. It was heart-breaking to see such a lovely girl terribly emaciated because of cycles of chemotherapy treatments.

I took a seat beside her bed as I seriously pondered whether I should ask Ashton's help for her treatments. Renee deserved the best specialist out there who could cure her illness. It was just unbearable to see her suffer.

When I was about to message him, Renee woke up and was surprised to see me. "Ms. Stovall..." she called out my name with a quavering voice.

"Did I wake you up?"

She shook her head and looked at me. "Where are Grandma and Grandpa?" she asked.

"They went out for lunch. Renee, are you thirsty? I'll pour you a glass of water."

"It's fine. Thanks, Ms. Stovall."

I smiled faintly and held her bony hand. My heart ached for her. "Are you hungry?"

She just shook her head, perhaps still a little groggy from her sleep. I usually felt awkward around little kids, so we fell into silence. I noticed her gaze drifting from me to the ceiling several times.

"Ms. Stovall, am I dying?" She finally broke the silence.

Her question gripped my heart. The air surrounded us seemed too hard for me to breathe. I tried to suppress my tears and force a smile. "No. The doctor will cure you, and you will get well very soon. After that, you can run outside, play under the blue sky, or even go to the zoo with your grandparents."

"Really?" Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

I tugged on her hand and nodded affirmatively. "Yeah. After you recover, I will bring you anywhere you want. How does that sound to you?"

Suddenly, she looked attentive, even hopeful. "I have not eaten cake and ice cream in a long time. Grandma said I can only eat after I get better."

Her earnest response somehow touched me. "Okay. It's a promise then!"

"Hooray!" she exclaimed. Then she took out a pocket-size notebook from behind her pillow. "Ms. Stovall, my grandma wants you to take this." She passed it to me. "It's my mom's diary. And Grandma said I should thank you for your kind help."

Confused, I reached out for the diary. "Your mom's diary?"

She nodded. "Yes. I don't know what she wrote because I can't read. Grandma said it can help you. Now, keep it in your bag before some bad guys see it. Read it only when you reached home." Thus, I shoved the notebook into my handbag.

We were having a nice talk when her grandparent returned from their lunch. "Mrs. Fuller, thank you so much," Mrs. Brooks said gratefully.

"Don't mention it. Don't worry about her hospital bills. I'll find another way."

"Mrs. Fuller, my husband and I have tried our best. We have decided to give up on the treatment. Renee has gone through so much. We want her to enjoy her childhood to the fullest." Despite the smile, she sounded despair.