

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 981

Naturally, this eighteen-hour car ride was exhausting.

Boris prepared water and bread for Brandon. I started to eat next to the car, and Brandon followed suit. "There are about twenty-seven families in this village. However, the population is considerably higher. Every family has seven or eight children. I'll bring you around later. If there aren't any problems, I'll contact a doctor as soon as possible to start the surgery," he said.

I was slightly confused and frowned. "The surgery can take place so soon? It isn't easy to find a suitable bone marrow and kidney donor," I said in surprise.

He ignored me and gobbled up the rest of the bread and gulped down a few mouthfuls of water before proclaiming, "Let's go!"

The villagers stayed on the hillside. Perhaps it was because of the recent rain, but the roads were flooded with mud and water. One step in and our shoe would sink in, making it really difficult to walk. Soon, our pants were also covered with dirt.

Brandon was used to it. When he saw Boris and me struggling, he frowned and said, "Don't walk clumsily. Find places where there are rocks or where people walked before you and step there."

I nodded and raised my head. There were still a few hundred meters to walk. We were not driving because it was impossible for the car to move in the mud. On such rainy days, only bullock carts were used.

Boris and I followed him for a while. We noticed that the sky was darkening. Luckily, our phones still had battery and we used the flashlights to light our way.

We arrived after much difficulty. Both Boris and I were covered in mud to our knees and our shoes were full of water and dirt. It was extremely uncomfortable. Brandon stood outside a house and shouted, "Is there anyone home?"

A black stray dog was leashed to the door. When it heard someone coming, it started to bark fiercely. A rope was tied around its neck but I was still frightened as I stood next to Boris.

The house they were standing in front of was built with red bricks and some parts were covered in black tiles. It was built in a slipshod manner and from afar, it looked like it was going to collapse at any moment. There was a patch of concrete floor in front of the house with a black coal stove on top. There was also a thin weather-worn film on top. When the wind blew, one corner of the film that had been stained black would flap and produce noise.

A hunchbacked man walked out of the house. He had probably heard someone shouting outside. He pushed the old wooden door open and stuck his head out to

see. When he saw who had come, he smiled to reveal a row of yellowed teeth and said, "It's you, Mr. Dumphy."

He rushed to greet us. He was wearing black clothes that gleamed with an oily sheen. I peered closer at it and noticed that the clothes were originally grey and had fur. They were dirty from constant wearing and all the fur had become matted and coated by layers of dirt which was the source of the oily sheen.

"I brought friends with me to visit your house. Are you done working?" Brandon spoke to the man in the local dialect. The man nodded hastily.

He replied gruffly in the local dialect, "Yes, we're done. Come in and sit. It's freezing outside."

Brandon led us into the house. When we went in, I was immediately stunned. The house was only about twenty square meters, but there were seven or eight children and a frail woman huddled around a coal stove. They were cooking something on the stove.

The fifteen-watt lightbulb provided a dim glow. I could barely make out the contents in the steaming pot. It was some vegetables and a few slices of meat.

A few children noticed that there were guests. They quickly stood up. When they realized that they were lining up against the wall, they scattered.

Brandon was accustomed to this. He spoke to the children in the local dialect. I could not understand what he was saying and took a seat next to the stove. I placed my hands near the stove to warm them up. His stocky legs stood in front of the fire and took up most of the space.

The man shot the woman a look and she stood up. She looked at me and spoke stiffly in the local dialect, "Sit next to the fire here and warm yourself."

I hastily tried to reject her but she had already stood up and spoken to the children. They gathered at a small wooden table nearby. The woman scooped out some vegetables from the pot into chipped bowls and placed them in the middle of the table. The youngest child looked to be about three or four years old while the oldest seemed to be about ten years old. They held up their bowls and scooped rice in before digging in.

The man told Brandon that we should sit and eat alongside the children. Brandon turned him down and said, "We've come for a reason. When the children received their check-ups, the doctor realized that one of your children has a compatible blood type with my friend's daughter. She's sick and needs a bone marrow and kidney transplant. We discussed it with you previously and if you're okay with the price we're offering, let's make the arrangements. The little girl is waiting for the surgery!"