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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2113 - 2114

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"I believe you," Delilah smiled kindly up at him. "Um, if you all wouldn't mind, I'd like to talk alone with Joan for a bit."

Everyone nodded, slowly filing out of the ward. Joan padded over to the bed and ended up falling to her knees by Delilah's bedside, her eyes reddening with tears.

"Oh, Joan. I've never had a proper chance to chat with you, and now that I finally do, it's under these circumstances," Delilah swallowed the lump in her throat, sounding a little choked up as she continued, "I've always been afraid of viewing you as my own daughter, but meeting you and Lucius is the best thing that has ever happened to me. So, I sincerely ask you to please take good care of Lucius. Who knows if I will really survive this surgery..."

"No! The operation will be a success and you will get better, Ms. Young!" Joan cried out, hiccupping. "I've checked before, and all the surgeons are all the best money can get."

"I know, I know. Dustin is a reliable person when it comes to these sort of life-or-death situations. But just in case, I want to tell you something: Larry is a good man, and now that you're married to each other, you should treasure the time you have with each other. I know Dustin and that Caiden boy both like you, but you have to protect your family. Please don't go down the wrong path..." Delilah's eyes softened.

So she knows everything.

"Ms. Young, Larry is my husband, while Dustin and Caiden are just my friends. I know the difference, and I won't abandon Larry and Lucius," Joan mumbled, scared that the older woman would notice the abnormality in her behavior.

Although, to be honest, she had realized this abnormality a long time ago since she first started hiding in the corner of the hospital ward.

"Okay, you can leave the room now. Ask Larry to come in; I'd like to talk with him as well." Delilah reached out, gently stroking Joan's hair.

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Slowly rising from the floor, Joan walked over to the door and quietly called for Larry as she left the room.

The next moment, tears blurred her vision as the women around her gathered to hug her.

"It's okay, Joan. Don't be like that. Ms. Young will be okay."

"That's right! What about the child? Go on, wipe your tears. Lucius just went to the washroom and is coming right back."

That successfully got Joan to stop crying.

"Everything's going to be fine." Dustin came over and patted her back lightly.

She trusted Dustin, but she couldn't shake the irrational worry that an accident might occur during the surgery.

"Larry..." Delilah waved at him from inside the ward.

The man swiftly made his way to her. "Yes, Ms. Young."

"There are some things I need to tell you. If the surgery fails, I won't get another chance to otherwise," Delilah coughed out.

"I will admit that you're a good man. When I first met you, I did have some misunderstandings towards you..."

Delilah struggled to get the words out, every sentence stealing a part of her energy away from her. The sight tugged at Larry's heartstrings.

"I promise you that I will take good care of Joan and Lucius and you, Ms. Young. Your surgery will go smoothly without a hitch. Have some confidence in yourself, exactly like how the surgeon is confident in this operation."

They chatted for a while, both ignoring the fact that these might be Delilah's dying words.

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This was a dangerous operation, with its own share of risks and hopes. Dustin had been telling everyone over and over that the surgery would definitely succeed because he'd merely wanted to let Delilah have hope.

In reality, Delilah understood her own condition very well. If she survived this surgery, she would have a few extra years left to live; if she didn't, then her life would end here.

And even if it did, she would be leaving no regrets behind.

In the operating theater, Delilah had long since closed her eyes and entrusted everything to fate and luck. Outside, everyone waited restlessly. Joan paced up and down the corridor as she hugged herself, her eyes red and swollen and a permanent frown on her face.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2114

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"Grandma will be okay, right, Mommy?" Lucius asked in a small voice, hugging Joan's legs.

"She'll be fine. Don't worry."

The women from the village sighed, giving the mother and son pitiful sidelong glances.

"He's so young, he wouldn't be able to bear the thought of parting with Ms. Young..."

"Of course, he's been with her since he was little..."

As their conversation grew louder and louder, Joan pulled her son away so that he wouldn't be able to overhear it.

"What were they talking about, Mommy?"

"Nothing, Lucius. Wait for me here, okay? I'll go buy you breakfast," Joan told him, patting his head lightly.

"I'm not hungry," he shook his head. "We can eat after Grandma comes out."

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The lit-up sign above the operating theater finally switched off as everyone held their breaths. Her eyes widening as she saw the doctor exit the theatre and pull off his mask, Joan instantly rushed over to clutch his arm.

She wanted to ask about Delilah's condition, and about whether or not the surgery was a success. But for some reason, she couldn't get the words out of her mouth.

"What's wrong, Joan?" Some of the other women tapped her shoulder. "Joan?"

A wave of dizziness suddenly overcame her, and she fell to the floor.

"Joan!"

The last thing she heard before blacking out completely was Larry calling out her name.

In another ward, Larry sat by the bedside, patiently waiting for Joan to regain consciousness while everyone else gathered in Delilah's room. Fortunately, the surgery had gone well, and she would not suffer from any lingering side effects. All she needed now was to be monitored throughout her recovery process.

"Where's Joan?" The old woman rasped out, glancing around.

"She went out to buy food for you and Lucius."

"Lucius has been waiting for you to wake up so he could eat with you."

The women all chuckled carefreely, a heavy burden lifted off of their shoulders now that they knew Delilah was alright.

"This happened because she's been overworking herself and suffering from large amounts of psychological stress," the doctor clarified, gesturing to a still unconscious Joan. "She'll be fine. She just needs to take care of her own health more."

Nodding numbly, Larry stared at Joan with pained eyes. Recent events regarding Delilah and Lucius had to have been hard on her. Poor thing. He took her hand in his, gripping it tightly.

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"Ugh... Ms. Young..." Joan muttered with much difficulty, furrowing her eyebrows.

"Wake up, Joan," Larry whispered, gently shaking her. "Ms. Young's surgery was a success."

"No, Ms. Young... You can't leave, what am I supposed to do if you leave? And what about Lucius... Ms. Young..." A tear escaped Joan's closed eyelids, slowly trickling down her face.

Even in her sleep, she was worried over Delilah.

"No!" She cried out, coming to and sitting up abruptly.

"Joan, it's me. You're okay." Larry instantly wrapped his arms around her, holding her close in an attempt to soothe her.

"Larry? Where's Ms. Young? Is she alright?" Completely oblivious to her own condition, she couldn't think about anything else other than Delilah.

"Yes, she is. Don't worry." He brushed her hair aside, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Do you want to go see her? I think she's already awake."

Without a second word, Joan climbed off of the bed and ran all the way to Delilah's ward, not caring that she was barefoot.

"Ms. Young!" she yelled out, slamming the door open.

Everyone in the ward immediately swiveled their heads to look at her, the atmosphere growing tense.

"Is that Joan?" Delilah asked weakly.

Upon hearing her voice, Joan burst out sobbing once more. Pushing past the small crowd surrounding Delilah, she stared at the frail, old woman laying on the hospital bed.

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