

# In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 982

I was taken aback by how direct Brandon was. However, I did not expect the man to reply without much hesitation, "Fine, we'll accept whatever price you're offering. Although this child is young, she will finally be of some use. She wasn't born for nothing after all. My wife is pregnant again and we need money badly. Please help us to spread the word. My house is also old and needs to be fixed. It's been leaking recently and it's extremely uncomfortable to live here. If anyone else has similar needs and has money to pay us, please bring them here."

I instinctively clenched my hands together. I looked at him and choked out, "Hello mister, we are talking about getting your daughter to provide bone marrow and a kidney for my daughter's transplant."

The man nodded and smiled without surprise. "I'm aware. There have been people like you who've come before. Don't worry, it's my daughter's honor to be of service to you. There's nothing to be afraid of."

I found it difficult to breathe, and I thought that it was due to the small size and intense fumes of the coal stove. For a moment, I could not say anything.

They did not care about the child's body or health at all.

Brandon seemed used to this situation. "Fine. Ms. Stovall will get to know your daughter. Once they're comfortable, you'll pay you tomorrow. In order for your daughter to undergo the surgery, we'll have to take her to the city for a few days. Are you okay with this?"

The man shook his head and said with a smile, "No problem. You can take her anywhere."

The woman looked at us silently. It was clear who wore the pants in this family.

Boris had been quiet the entire time. After hearing what they said, he said to the man, "Can I trouble you for a clean set of female clothes?"

The man was slightly stunned. He quickly nodded his head and quipped, "Yes, I'll go right now!" He turned to the woman and barked, "Go find some clothes for them."

The woman stood up and went through a door. Brandon chatted with the man. I scanned the group of children eating around the table.

They were wearing ill-fitting clothes. Some were wearing layers of dirty t-shirts while others wore thin fur clothes. They were trying to dress warmly as best as they could. It seemed that they had put on all the clothes they could find, but it was evident that it was not enough for them to stay warm.

My eyes landed on a small girl who was squeezed in the corner. She looked to be about three years old and her face was flushed due to the cold. She was busy chewing on food. Due to the cold weather, her nose was running and she wiped her mucus away with her sleeve. However, she did not wipe it all away, and it was spread all over the sides of her mouth and the utensils in front of her.

I could not help but frown. The woman walked out holding a set of clothes and said to me, "Try it on."

I nodded and thanked her before asking, "Can I borrow a dry pair of shoes from you?" My shoes and pants had been completely ruined on my way here. Moreover, it was extremely uncomfortable to wear drenched shoes in such freezing weather.

The woman nodded and rummaged through a cabinet. She took out a pair of new cloth shoes. From its design, I guessed that she had made it herself.

Boris frowned at how thin the shoes were and asked, "Do you have anything thicker?"

The woman paused before shaking her head. "They're all like this!"

I smiled and received the shoes with thanks. I put them on and sat down next to the fire. Ashton had called me, but the poor signal had prevented me from picking up. I could only text him to say that I was not returning home tonight.

The seven-hour journey was too long.

Brandon spoke to the man for a while. He turned to me and said, "Take a look at the child, Ms. Stovall. If all is well, we'll return to A City. Your daughter can be transferred over too. This child doesn't have any identification documents at the moment. Thus, we can only hold the surgery in A City."

I was slightly shocked. I looked at the man walking over to the smallest girl and wiped her mucus away with his sleeve. He grinned at me and said, "Take a look, Ms. Stovall. She might be young but she's obedient. She's not afraid of pain either. I think she meets the requirement?"

The child had no clue why the adults were talking in such a manner. She stared dazedly at me in befuddlement. She probably had not had enough food as she stole a look at her father, then stuffed some vegetables into her mouth. The sauce on the vegetables dribbled all over her.