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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1965

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"In that case..." Joan loosened her grip and continued, "Send over some desserts to him. You can put it on my tab."

She never liked owing favors to others, much less receiving gifts from strangers.

A lively crowd gathered outside. Several couples embraced on the roadside as if they were whispering sweet nothings to each other.

"Is this seat taken?" A man's voice sounded from behind.

She turned around and saw the person who had bought her the coffee earlier.

"Go ahead." Joan responded almost immediately.

"Thanks for the dessert." The man smiled at the plate in his hands.

His dimpled smile was mesmerizing. It reminded her of the first time she met Larry, who stood out with a gentlemanly charm at the time.

"Thanks for the coffee," Joan mumbled.

"Are you here on your own?" the man continued.

She nodded. A trace of sorrow lingered in her gaze.

After chatting for a bit, they shared pleasant impressions of each other and exchanged numbers before heading their separate ways.

"Mom, you're back! I thought you were going to leave me again." Lucius propelled himself into Joan's arms.

"Now, why would I do that to my little man?" She caressed the boy's head.

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"Let's eat now that you're back. Larry won't join us for dinner since he's working overtime," Delilah explained.

Is he really? Or is he at Gabriella's place?

A cold glint flashed across Joan's eyes.

She then pulled out her phone and dialed Larry's number.

"Hey Joan, I'll be working overtime tonight. There's a lot to deal with in the office, so I'm not coming back for dinner," Larry muttered.

He only ever speaks like this when he's lying.

Joan snorted grimly.

Larry had always been indifferent and ruthless with the business side of things, but this cruel mask of his would fade away before Joan. He couldn't bear lying to the woman he loved.

"Lars, what are you doing? Who are you on the phone with?" a familiar feminine voice sounded from the other end.

Joan wasn't an idiot. She instantly recognized who it belonged to-Gabriella.

"Are you busy now?" Joan probed.

"U-um, about that. Yeah, I have to go. Bye." Then he abruptly cut off their call.

Busy doing what? Taking care of Gabriella? And the child in her stomach?

Joan's eyes reddened at the thought of this.

Delilah noticed and scrambled over to her. "Joan, are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Ms. Young. I think I'll rest up since I'm not feeling too good. You guys go on with dinner."

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Seeing the grim expression on Joan's face as she dragged herself to the room, Delilah couldn't help but sigh. What a shame.

Some people are just destined to live difficult lives, like how it's not always smooth sailing for certain relationships. Perhaps this obstacle will reveal the value of their relationship. It all depends on how they resolve it.

Ms. Young paced back to the dining table and scooped some food into Lucius' plate.

"Grandma, what's wrong with Mom?" The boy's face scrunched worryingly as he looked at Delilah.

"She is just a little tired, so you let her rest up and don't disturb her after dinner, okay?" She gently tapped on the child's forehead.

"Okay!" the innocent boy agreed with a wide smile.

Meanwhile, Larry stared daggers at the woman before him. "Gabriella!"

Time and time again, she kept showing up at his office with her pregnant belly on show. It wouldn't come as a surprise if anyone felt suspicious after seeing this recurring sight.

"Oh, come on, Lars. I didn't even do anything wrong..." She pouted at him.

"You showing up in front of me is the biggest mistake!" Larry roared mercilessly as he pointed at her.

Gabriella's eyes grew cold at this.