Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1990

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Should I bring up the divorce with him? Joan was hesitant about it.

"Ms. Young told me that you are having a fever," Joan remarked when she entered the room.

Larry didn't respond to her.

Is he asleep? She approached him slowly.

"Larry." Joan gently patted him on his arms.

However, he didn't move at all.

When she put her hand on his forehead, she was shocked.

"Larry, wake up. Quick, take your medication before you sleep." Joan panicked.

This fool of a man! Why isn't he taking his medicine despite having a fever?

"Joan," Larry mumbled as he pulled her into his embrace.

"I'm here. Take your medication." Joan gently stroke his hair.

"Don't leave me." Larry buried his head into her collar bone.

At that moment, Joan's heart wavered.

I don't want to leave him. But, I don't have a choice.

The next day, the morning sun shone through the windows. Larry was hugging Joan tightly with a blissful expression on his face.

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When he opened his eyes and saw Joan in front of him, he was shocked to realize it wasn't a dream at all.

He subsequently grinned in satisfaction.

"Urgh..." Turning around, he rubbed his eyes as it was already daylight.

"You're awake. Have some soup first, and here's your medication," Joan uttered softly as she walked toward the bathroom.

Both of them were feeling awkward but pretended to be calm instead.

Breakfast was quiet as both of them hardly said a thing. Once they were done, Lucius went to school while Delilah tended to her garden. As for Joan, she grabbed a piece of bread before heading out. Finally, Larry felt lonely after he was the only one left in the small dining room.

She hasn't forgiven me. His gaze darkened at that thought.

Wait, that's not right! Suddenly, his eyes flashed with anger when he remembered seeing her hugging Dustin last night.

Suddenly, rage welled up within him when he realized everything was real and he wasn't dreaming at all.

"Joan, what are you going to do about it?" Suddenly, a colleague approached and looked at her noisily.

What is she talking about? Joan looked at the woman guizzically.

"Come on, what are you being shy about? We're all ladies here. We understand." The woman patted her on her shoulder.

Joan was increasingly puzzled.

"What are you talking about? I really don't understand."

The woman was surprised but quickly recovered her composure.

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"Last night, didn't Dustin send you home?" the woman asked curiously.

"That's right." Joan nodded.

"Did he just leave after that?"

How else did she expect it to be? I can't let him stay, can I? I am not that liberal. Besides, he is just a friend.

"Joan, is something wrong with your brain? Dustin is such a good man. Why don't you treasure..." Suddenly, the woman became furious.

"I've already told you not to concern yourself with this. We have told her the same but she just doesn't listen."

"That's right, let's get back to work," the other women urged.

"What are you ladies talking about?" Suddenly, a familiar voice rang out from behind.

"What else other than your marriage?" One of the ladies giggled.

Dustin blushed at once.

As there weren't many employees at the supermarket, Dustin treated them more like friends than subordinates.

"My goodness, it's still too early for that." Dustin laughed awkwardly.

"Hey, Mr. Silverman, what kind of girls do you like? Let me introduce one to you."

"That's right. It's best if we can keep the good stuff within our circle."

The group of ladies burst into laughter.

When Dustin looked at Joan, he saw her focused on reading the documents she had on hand. She didn't take notice of the surrounding noise at all.

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Read full novel here https://myfinder.live/ Bam! Suddenly, the doors to the supermarket were busted open.