# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2015 - 2016

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2015

Taking out his phone, the man then made a call.

Ding, ding, ding.

The phone on the table continued to ring. Joan was lying on the bed as she watched the scenery outside. She had not heard her phone at all.

"Mom, your phone is ringing!" Lucius informed her loudly.

"Oh. Turn it off. I'm tired, and I don't feel like picking up the phone," Joan murmured.

When Lucius glanced at the screen, he hesitated. In the end, he took the phone and went out of the room. Joan's face was still turned toward the window, so she did not notice Lucius' action.

"Hello? Dad, when are you going to come? Even Grandma came," the boy hastily asked.

"Listen to me, Lucius. Dad has a lot of things to do recently, but I'll be able to come to you by today. Is your mother fine? How is she now? Did she eat regularly?" Larry worriedly inquired.

"Don't worry, Dad. Mom's awake and fine. She's just a little tired," Lucius explained.

Meanwhile, Joan, who was still in the ward, was tearing up.

Even Delilah's here, but Larry isn't. It looks like he really doesn't want me anymore. She balled her hands into fists as she hung her head.

We used to be so close and sweet with each other. Why did things turn out this way? Melancholy flickered across her eyes.

"Dad, I think you've crossed the line. Mom's already in the hospital for days, but there aren't any signs of you. When she sleeps, she calls for you. Mom really misses you," Lucius quietly said.

Instantly, upset swarmed into Larry's heart.

I miss her too. From the moment she left the country until now. I dream of her every night I sleep. But whenever I think of how she's with Dustin, and whenever I think of the poster they took together, I feel miserable.

"I understand. I have a morning flight, so I'll be able to reach your place in the afternoon. Don't worry, Lucius. Do take care of Mom, okay?"

After a brief while of chatting, they then hung up the call.

Meanwhile, Delilah had been standing in the corner, listening to the boy's call. She could only sigh. After collecting herself, she then stepped into the ward.

It had been days, but not once did Joan mention Larry's name. Similarly, Delilah herself dared not mention him.

I'll leave the matter of the marriage to them. After all, I should let the young couple solve the problem themselves.

"Grandma, what's the matter? Are you tired? I keep hearing you sigh recently," Lucius wondered.

I am tired. Joan's hospitalized, but Larry is nowhere to be found. How can I not feel worried? In fact, Delilah was sorrowful.

"Mom, Dad will be here soon," the boy abruptly voiced.

At that very moment, Joan's eyes lit up.

"Lucius, when did you call him? Dad's busy, so you shouldn't be calling him," Joan gravely uttered.

"Mom, what's the matter? You used to hope that Dad would be by your side when you were sick," the boy muttered curiously.

That was back then. It's different now.

It's nearly the end of our marriage, but what can I do about it? At the end of the day, the baby in Gabriella's stomach is his. That's a fact. If we can continue to live as we used to, why would I ever choose to divorce him?

In the afternoon on the fifteenth of September, Larry arrived.

"Joan, how are you? Are you okay? Are you hurt?" Larry anxiously touched her head.

Joan only sneered in response. Why is he here? Is he here to watch me make a fool of myself?

"Why are you here? Don't you have someone who needs you more back in the country?" Joan hissed.

He's only here after days. That means Gabriella must have been in the way. Gabriella was a woman who was vicious and cruel. As long as she wanted to get something, she would do anything to get it.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2016

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"Don't say that, Joan. I really am worried about you," Larry mumbled as guilt welled up in his eyes.

At the scene, Delilah then led Lucius out of the room.

At the end of the day, the two had to settle the issue themselves.

Larry stared at her, but Joan had her face turned toward the window instead. Both were deep in their thoughts, and the atmosphere in the room was tense.

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"Can you please listen to my explanation? Things are not what you think they are. There really isn't anything between Gabriella and me; I just can't find the evidence to prove that yet," Larry murmured.

What a pitiful joke. He's already done it with her, and he even has a baby in her now. How can he possibly deny his relationship with her now? At those thoughts, Joan tensed up.

The Larry I know wouldn't do this. He used to be bold and responsible. Why is he like this now? Why is he trying to avoid everything?

Fatigue was her default state over the past few days. She did not want to be involved with Gabriella; all she wanted to do was spend the rest of her life peacefully.

"All right, that's enough. I'm tired, and I want to sleep now," Joan mumbled as she lay down and closed her eyes.

Larry could only look helplessly at her, feeling awkward about getting dismissed. He wanted to explain to her, but she refused to listen to him.

A long while later, he stepped out of the room.

Ding, ding, ding.

Larry looked at his phone and accepted the call.

"Larry, we've found the guy, but..." Caspian trailed off.

"But what?" Larry urged.

"He won't admit it," Caspian responded in a disappointed tone.

Those kinds of people were the worst; they refused to take responsibility for what they had done, and they would even blame someone else for it. This must be Gabriella's plan. Who else would try to go up against me?

After leaving the hospital, Larry sat down on a stone bench by the river and began smoking. In the past, he rarely smoked. However, ever since he had a fight with Joan, he started smoking several a day.

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When will you stop, Gabriella? The baby's not mine, but you insist on claiming that I've done something to you that night. Do you really hate the sight of me being together with Joan? A cruel glint flashed past Larry's eyes.

"What's wrong? Did you have a fight with him again?" Dustin asked he strolled into the room.

However, Joan did not reply to him. All she did was stare at the falling leaves outside the window.

"Here, Joan. Have some soup. The doctor said you're recovering well, so we can go back to the country soon." Dustin offered her a smile.

Yet, returning to the country was no longer something Joan was interested in. She did not want to see that woman's face, nor did she want to face that cruel woman.

Life only presented two choices; it was either this or that. Since I can't go back, why should I still feel reluctant to leave everything behind? Joan looked away from the window to stare at her hands.

Who doesn't want a good life and a blissful family? As she gripped the bedsheets, tears welled up in her eyes.

"All right, don't overthink it. I'm still by your side. I'll protect you, okay?" Dustin reassured.

That's right. I'm glad Dustin is still with me. If not for him, I might have died.

Society was a complicated place. There were always people around who tried to set others up. However, there were also people who would give their complete trust to another and support them.

"Mr. Dustin, you're quite nice," came Lucius' voice as he abruptly entered the room.

Sometimes, the boy spoke as if he was an adult. He was all but a mere boy, yet he seemed more mature than some adults. When Dustin first realized it, he was startled.

"Lucius, what are you talking about? Mr. Dustin's always been nice," Joan hastily said.

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"Mom, you don't understand what I'm trying to say. What I mean is that Mr. Dustin is a man we can rely on," Lucius pointed out as he gave the man in front of him a once-over.