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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1613

Ever since Joan became Larry's fiancée, he was afraid that she would be reluctant to spend, so he would transfer a hefty sum into her bank card monthly. And now, she was a rich woman who had a stipend of a few million.

After thinking for a long time, she transferred three hundred thousand from her bank card to her backup card. Pocketing the card, she then changed before going to the study and saying to Larry, "Dear, keep an eye on our baby, okay? I'm going out for a while."

"Why are you going out again when we'd just come home? And where are you going this time?"

Although Larry trusted her completely, he still wanted to know where exactly she was going.

"I'll tell you when I return, okay? Let me keep it a secret first, Dear," Joan murmured mischievously as she kissed him on the cheek.

"I don't mind letting it slide, but there's a condition," Larry drawled solemnly as he stared at her.

"Well? What's your condition?" Joan inquired.

"Kiss me again." Larry acted very much like a child who was throwing a tantrum.

"Alright, then."

Giggling in exasperation, Joan kissed him lightly on the mouth once more.

In a flash, Larry hooked his arms around her neck and kissed her passionately.

After a sizzling kiss, Joan hastily pushed him away. Panting slightly, she then rolled her eyes at him. "You're happy now, yes? I'm leaving, then. Take good care of our baby, okay?"

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“Don’t worry. But come home earlier!” Larry urged in contentment.

“Will do.”

Having answered him, Joan then left.

When she reached the place where they took a break after shopping earlier, she started looking for Gabriella.

However, she didn’t find any signs of her even after circling the spot where she had set up a stall just now.

At a loss, she could only inquire about her whereabouts from the proprietress of a grocery store by the roadside.

“Madam, I’d like to ask about the pregnant lady who was selling fruits by the roadside here earlier. Do you know where she went?” she asked the middle-aged woman who ran the grocery store politely.

“She was driven away by the city council just now, so she’s most likely selling fruits in the alley ahead. Ah, she’s quite pitiful! Her husband is really lousy to have her sell fruits alone while pregnant. Say, she has truly been dealt a bad hand in life!” the middle-aged woman lamented sympathetically.

“Thank you, Madam.”

After thanking the proprietress of the grocery store, Joan headed in the direction she had pointed earlier.

Finally, she caught sight of Gabriella in the alley by the intersection.

At that moment, Gabriella was doing her best to promote her wares. Unfortunately, there wasn’t much traffic here, so few were willing to buy fruits.

She then sat there dejectedly with her head hung low, seemingly contemplating something or other.

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Joan silently walked over to her, but she didn't realize that someone was approaching and kept her head lowered.

Joan was in no hurry either, merely standing there wordlessly.

Seemingly sensing a presence beside her, Gabriella then swiftly lifted her head and blurted, "Would you like to buy some fruits..."

When she made out who it was, she abruptly gaped in surprise. A moment later, something seemingly occurred to her, and she hurriedly dipped her head.

"Would you like to buy some fruits, miss?"

She wanted to pretend that she didn't know Joan, but the obvious tremor in her voice betrayed her.

"Gabriella Ward, aren't you going to look up at me when we were once best friends?" Joan murmured in a calm and unruffled voice as she looked at her.

"You've got the wrong person, miss. I'm not the Gabriella Ward you spoke of. I'm just a fruit vendor."

"You're Gabriella Ward, so stop pretending. There's no point in doing so."

At that, a bitter smile bloomed on Gabriella's face. Knowing that there was no escaping the inevitable, she raised her head in a self-deprecating manner and remarked, "So what if you recognized me, Mrs. Norton? Are you here to mock me?"

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