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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1615

Having a child of her own and becoming a mother gave her the emotional dimension to deeply grasp the anguish and despair of her father, having been forced into doing what he didn't want to.

I'm so sorry! But it's too late.

There was no more chance for her to redeem herself, nor could she make up for the damage she had caused to everyone.

Looking at Gabriella, Joan knew that she had finally realized her mistakes. Without saying anything else, Joan turned around and left.

"Look after yourself and take good care of your child. Don't repeat your mistakes."

With that, Joan disappeared at the corner of the street.

Listening to the words Joan left for her and watching Joan's figure getting smaller and smaller as she left, Gabriella nodded solemnly.

There was no turning back to what happened in the past. The only thing she could do was to live the rest of her life well and look after her child, just like what Joan said to her—be a good mother.

After settling the matter which had been bothering her, Joan returned home in a bubbly mood. The way Gabriella looked when Joan left assured her that her painstaking efforts didn't go to waste, after all.

When she reached home, she tiptoed back, trying to avoid catching Larry's attention.

Nevertheless, Larry noticed her right from the minute she entered the door. Just when Joan was about to walk into the bedroom, Larry started, "You're back."

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Joan was notably astounded. She thought she could go back to the room without being discovered, but she was still uncovered in the end.

"That's right, Dear, I'm back," with a smile, Joan replied.

"Where did you go? Didn't you promise to tell me about that when you reach home?"

Larry put aside the things he had been occupied with and looked at Joan with an ambiguous half-smile.

"Hey, you were the one who told me you'll let me know what you were doing outside when you come home, and now you're trying to slip past me without telling me what you were up to. How guileful. If you don't give me a proper explanation, I'll teach you a lesson."

Larry rubbed his palms together as though he was going to tan Joan's hide.

"Alright, alright, I'll tell you, okay? But you have to promise not to be angry after I tell you about it," Joan answered helplessly.

She was going to conceal it from Larry lest he disagreed. However, seeing as such, there was no way she could shy away from it anymore.

Hence, she gave an honest and exhaustive account of what she encountered when she went shopping that day, particularly that she saw Gabriella selling fruits at the roadside and that she gave her three hundred thousand.

Listening to Joan's description, Larry broke into a smile and brushed his finger softly down her nose as he said, both amused and annoyed, "Silly girl, why would I be angry over such a matter? Since Gabriella regretted her actions and was pregnant now, lending her a helping hand is understandable. Nevertheless, with her temperament, are you sure it was genuine repentance?" Larry uttered rather sternly as he was afraid that Joan might have been fooled.

"Probably." Joan was a little uncertain as well. "Because the way she looked convinced me that she was indeed remorseful about her past misdeeds. Even if she was deceiving me, we're only losing three hundred thousand. Just think of it as I've slipped up helping an ingrate."

Laughing, Larry held Joan in his arms and let her sit on his leg.

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"Nonetheless, we have to discuss the money you've stacked away without my knowledge."

Larry grinned wickedly at Joan. "Well, if you can't provide a reasonable clarification, you'll have to get prepared for some bodily torture."

Brushing his palm against Joan's haunch, Larry was a little turned on.

"That's not some money I've stacked away from you. That's the allowance you give me every month," Joan countered discontentedly with her face flushed red as she felt Larry's palm on her.

"I don't care. The money I give you is for you to spend. Any residual is considered a secret stash."

Larry had made it clear that he wanted to take advantage manifestly, so it was impossible that he would compromise.

Joan got up hurriedly from Larry's embrace and straightened out her clothes which had been mussed up by Larry.

"Hmph, how could you say that I have a secret stash? Hasn't that always been men's privilege? All your money should be kept and managed by me. I don't care. Hand over all your possession to me now!"

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