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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1946

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He looks really cool! Twisting her waist seductively, the woman slowly made her way toward Larry.

She leaned closer to the man and flipped her hair alluringly. "Hello, handsome! Are you all by yourself?"

Larry lifted his head slowly and tried to focus his gaze on the woman with squinted eyes.

"Joan Watts, is that you? You've finally come back to me?" Larry rubbed his eyes and asked excitedly.

The woman's face fell within seconds.

Who the hell Joan Watts? Looks like he's badly hurt from a relationship. Joan must be his girlfriend.

"You look so lonely. Do you need a companion?" the woman asked languorously as she took the wineglass and finished the wine in one gulp.

Larry pulled her into his arms with a sudden yank.

"Joan, I missed you so much!" He nuzzled his nose into the woman's collarbone, mumbling Joan's name non-stop as he did so.

"I'm not Joan watts!" the woman yelled in anger.

Even though she was keen on flirting with Larry, she was reluctant to be a substitute for his woman.

"Joan!" Larry continued to mumble that name as he tightened his arms around the woman.

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“Let me go! I’m not Joan! This is nonsense!” The woman struggled and slapped on Larry’s chest constantly, anger and irritation rising within her.

The strong fragrance from her body caused Larry to come to his senses out of a sudden. He realized at once that it was not Joan who was in his arms at the moment and pushed the woman away instinctively.

“You’re not Joan Watts! You’re a woman without any sense of shame!” Larry pointed at her and snapped.

The woman’s face turned grim. Fury burned in her eyes, and she had to resist the urge to pick up a wine bottle and smash it on the man’s head!

“Have you gone nuts? You know what? Continue dreaming of your Joan! I’m not interested in a crazy man like you!” She then scoffed and strutted off in her platform heels, her hips swaying from side to side as she did so.

The liveliness of the nightclub was not the least bit affected by the dramatic moments between Larry and the woman a while ago.

At the same time, another woman dashed into the nightclub hastily. She grabbed hold of a waiter’s arm and asked anxiously, “Where’s Larry?”

The waiter shook his head, saying, “I haven’t seen him.”

Gabriella’s eyes hardened upon hearing that.

Tonight’s indeed a golden opportunity for me! I mustn’t let other women latch their claws onto him before I can!

After scanning every corner in the nightclub, she finally spotted a familiar figure in one of the corners.

“Lars, why are you here? You’ve already drunk so much!” she asked coyly.

Gabriella tactfully worded her question, wanting to double-check if the man was really drunk.

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Intoxicated by the alcohol, Larry's mind had drifted into dizziness. He continued to take mouthfuls of wine without sparing any glance at her.

She snatched the wineglass from Larry coquettishly. "Lars, you're drunk. You can't drink anymore."

He finally looked up at her with a slight frown on her face.

"What are you doing here?" Larry's frown deepened into a scowl as he raised his voice.

Huh? He can recognize me? Is he not drunk enough yet?

"Lars, it's a bit late now. Don't drink anymore. Let me send you home," she probed gently and reached her arms out toward him, intending to help the man up from his seat.

"Get out of my way!" Larry scowled, inflamed as he forcefully pushed her away.

"Gabriella Ward, you must think I'm drunk enough to not be able to recognize you, right? Let me tell you this! I'm repulsed by your disgusting body odor! It stinks!" Larry growled after taking another sip of the wine.

Gabriella immediately felt overwhelmed. She sniffed hard at a few spots on her body with a puzzled look on her face. Body odor? I can't smell anything except my perfume!

Fine, since you're making a fuss that I have got a disgusting body odor, I'll go for a change in perfume to suit your taste.

"Waiter!" she called out loudly.

"Get me this a bottle of perfume. I only want this brand." After jotting down the brand on a piece of paper, she handed it to the waiter.

That is the exact brand of the perfume Joan uses. Larry Norton, I'm sure you won't be able to differentiate between her and I later.

Clenching her fists, a sense of maliciousness flickered in her eyes.

I don't believe you can escape from me this round.

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“Joan, please come back to me. Oh! How I miss you! Lucius misses you, and Ms. Young misses you as well,” Larry murmured as he put his head on his hands on the table.

Gabriella leaned closer to him and listened attentively.

Where did Joan Watts go?

She gazed at the man with a quizzical look on her face.

“Lars, where did Joan go? Why’s she not back yet?” she asked tactfully.

“I’ve no idea. I’ve spent so much time looking for her, yet she has been hiding from me...”  
Larry continued to grumble.

Upon hearing his words, the woman’s lips twitched into a smirk.

Here comes my chance! The lucky star is obviously shining on me! Larry Norton, I finally have you in my hands tonight! Her sly smile widened, and she ended up laughing cunningly at the thought.

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