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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1961

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"I am full. I will go to my room first." Lucius stood up and walked to his own room.

"I'm almost done too." Delilah wittily stood up and left too.

Now there were only Larry and Joan left in the dining room with an extremely awkward atmosphere.

"Here. Eat some more meat. You have lost weight recently." Larry grabbed some meat and put on Joan's plate.

"Thanks," Joan said in a soft voice.

Her gentleness left Larry in slight astonishment, as she was usually not so courteous towards him.

"Why did Gabriella come?" Joan asked while eating from her plate. There was a deep sorrow within her eyes, but she still tried to act unconcerned.

"Yeah? She heard that you are back. So she came over to see you," Larry replied with a low voice.

What a hilarious excuse. Gabriella longs for me to leave Larry. She even wishes me dead. How could she possibly come to see me? Obviously, she came to see Larry.

"I don't think she was here to see me, right? I was nearly killed by her not long ago," Joan responded with disdain.

Even though she had not found any evidence to back this thought, there was no one other than Gabriella who had so much hatred towards her.

"Let's not talk about her anymore. How about you? Why did you go overseas so suddenly? You didn't even tell me," Larry asked gently.

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Is he trying to change the topic? Plus, how can he be so calm now? The last time when he found out I was with Dustin, he almost lost his mind.

"I went to have a check on my brain," Joan replied faintly.

"What? Are you okay?" Larry immediately put down his fork and sat beside Joan. He touched her forehead and looked straight into her eyes. Why didn't I know about her brain illness?

"It's fine. I just wanted to check on it. There is no problem." Joan smiled.

Right at this moment, she was secretly elated and touched.

He cares for me so much. Why should I suspect him and Gabriella? It must be me who overthink.

Joan shook her head several times, trying to clear her thoughts.

She was indeed a typical woman who got touched easily by small gestures.

Ring... Ring... Ring...

Joan stared at her phone, apparently reluctant to pick it up.

But the phone kept ringing until she had no choice and finally put the phone by her mouth.

"Dustin, what is it? I am still in bed."

Dustin did not mind her temper as he was the one calling at this weird hour.

"Wake up and come out. I have something really important to tell you." Dustin sounded utterly serious on the phone.

Joan could clearly sense the urgency in Dustin's tone.

"What exactly is it? Just tell me on the phone," Joan said while rubbing her eyes.

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“See you at ten. Same old place.” Dustin abruptly hung up on her.

Without much thought, Joan jumped out of bed and rushed into the washroom to freshen up. She had to find out what Dustin wanted to say. In a blink of an eye, she was on her way to the mentioned venue.

Inside the restaurant, the lights were dim while the atmosphere was rather quiet with low music in the background. The air was filled with the fragrance of flowers. Joan pushed the door open and noticed Dustin sitting in a corner.

“What’s so important that you have to tell me in person?” Joan placed her handbag on the seat.

“Come. Let’s eat first,” Dustin responded in a low voice.

What the h\*ck is this? Joan stared at him skeptically.

Looking at his utterly displeased expression with a bitter aura, she had a bad feeling about what was awaiting her. From what she knew, Dustin did not like others to talk when he was angry. Thus she lowered her head silently while cutting the steak on her plate, waiting for the former to start the topic.

“Do you really love Larry?” After a short moment, Dustin abruptly put down the fork in his hand and stared at her solemnly.

What an absurd question. If I don’t love him, why would I marry him? Joan was stunned momentarily.

“Dustin, what’s wrong with you? Of course, I love Larry,” Joan answered firmly.

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