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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1966

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So Joan is more than welcome at his office, but not me? What a jerk!

Gabriella's fists coiled taut and her gaze became piercingly cold.

Well, damn it all! I want every single employee at Norton Corporation to know that I'm pregnant with Larry's child!

"I get insecure at times, Lars. You know I wasn't always this way. It's just that I keep getting worried about the child ever since I got pregnant..." Gabriella trailed off.

Larry sneered next to her.

She brought it upon herself! It's only natural that she gets punished for all the heinous things she did.

"Lars... our child is kicking me. Ugh, it hurts..."

Larry finally went home late at night after sending Gabriella to the hospital and dealing with her tussle. He opened his and Joan's bedroom door, then tip-toed in.

He gently closed the door whilst mentally shushing himself for fear of waking Joan, who was sound asleep.

"You're back," she stated in a growl-like voice.

"Yeah." The tips of his ears burned a bright red from embarrassment.

I wonder if she misunderstood. He never expected Gabriella to butt in on their call earlier.

"Did your overtime shift go on until this late?" Joan asked. Her voice was eerily bland and emotionless.

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She really wanted him to tell her the truth, but it didn't seem like he was going to because he kept dodging the topic.

"Yeah. It's really late now. Why haven't you gone to bed?"

"I couldn't sleep."

She had called Norton Corporation earlier. The receptionist informed her that Larry had left the office long ago.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling poorly?" He took her into his embrace and tenderly kissed her forehead.

But for some reason, Joan felt numbed by his actions.

She couldn't feel the warmth of his hug. Despite laying against his chest and being circled by his arms, she felt like there was a huge gap between them—like she could no longer reach out to her husband anymore.

"I'm fine, maybe I slept too much in the day."

She gazed at the night sky outside her window. Despite being held in Larry's arms, she couldn't help but feel weighed down by a mixture of loneliness, helplessness, and disappointment.

"Any news about Gabriella recently?" Joan suddenly asked. Her dulled eyes bore into him.

Larry stiffened. It took a while before he could react as guilt flitted across his eyes.

"I'm not sure. It's been a long time since we've been in contact," he lied in a whisper.

Upon hearing this, Joan snorted inwardly. You were obviously together earlier. Yet, you dare to deny it? Why is he hiding it from me if nothing really happened between them?

Should I just let him go?

Joan's chest tightened with sorrow as she held her tears back.

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The two of them remained in their absent-minded hug as they waited for night to pass. Joan gazed at the crescent moon that lingered alone in the night sky. It seemed like she was brooding over whether she should let go of her marriage. Meanwhile, Larry shut his eyes as if he wanted to escape from reality. They stayed this way until the crack of dawn.

The following day's morning sun crept into their room. However, Joan didn't feel the least bit of warmth.

"I'm off to work," Larry announced. He then picked up his briefcase and left.

Sadness flickered in her eyes as she watched him leave.

"What's wrong, Joan?" Delilah hurriedly asked when she noticed how upset Joan looked.

The latter took a glance, then shook her head without saying anything.

Love is perhaps the one thing that puts people through hell; people face dilemmas and torture themselves with worry and frustration for love. Even the most perfect-looking marriage may, in reality, be torn and battered at the seams with hidden problems.

Delilah's heart sank as she left for the garden with a sigh

She had witnessed Joan and Larry's relationship blossomed, so it was natural that she wanted them to grow old together. Yet, now it seemed like trouble was brewing in paradise.

"Mom, what's wrong? You don't seem happy these days..." Lucius ran up to hug Joan on the knees. He looked up at her with round eyes full of concern.

"Maybe I've just been feeling a little tired... Come on now, let's get you to school before you end up being late." Joan stroked the boy's hair.

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