## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1971

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Her pitiful act was for nothing, because Larry knew her well enough to see through her facade.

"I met Joan earlier today, and she kept targeting me... She even tried to hit me! Look what she did to my arm, Lars! It's all bruised..." Big, fat tears rolled down Gabriella's cheeks.

"Quit acting, Gabriella. I'm well aware of Joan's character, as well as yours. I've tolerated you long enough. This ends today! I don't care whether you choose to abort the baby or give birth to it. However, I will compensate you with a large sum so you can take the money and disappear from my sight forever!" Larry unleashed all his pent-up anger and frustration.

He never wanted to see this woman again. Even if the child was really his, he knew he couldn't stand sharing a life with Gabriella. He could never tolerate having such a heartless and unscrupulous woman by his side. The thought of it brought a bitter taste to his mouth.

"N-No. I will never abort our child, Lars!" Gabriella howled furiously.

Larry glared at the woman before him in disgust.

The biggest mistake he ever made was going to that bar when Joan was away.

Larry threw one last glare at Gabriella, who sat on the sofa before leaving her. He decided then and there to come clean to his wife. He didn't care if she refused to forgive him; all he knew was he had to tell Joan the truth.

"Lars!" Gabriella called out desperately from behind him.

However, he didn't even spare so much as a glance at her.

"Larry, what do we do now?" Caspian queried in a low voice.

He was worried about Larry and Joan.

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Their love was something that he acknowledged greatly; those two had been through hell and back. However, what happened with Gabriella wasn't any ordinary issue that happened between couples. Hence, they couldn't turn a blind eye to her.

"I'm home." Larry sounded fatigued as he dragged himself through the door.

But Joan didn't respond at all. She sat in the living room and focused on watching a show with Lucius.

"Dad, you're home!" The boy pounced into his arms.

"There's my little man!" Larry stroked his head whilst quickly glancing in the sofa's direction.

Joan turned to face the other way and left for the kitchen where Delilah was. There, she offered, "Let me help, Ms. Young."

"You two should talk things out. Sometimes all it takes is patience and communication to solve the problem." Delilah comforted softly whilst slicing the tomatoes.

Joan hesitated for the briefest second before resuming with her neutral expression.

"Things have already happened. There's nothing more to say," she stated coldly.

Silly girl... there must be something more to it. Why on earth would Larry do something so dumb?

Then again, I suppose that's just how stubborn we women are. We refuse to hear others out after assuming they're bad people.

"I still think you should talk to him," Delilah mumbled.

Meanwhile, Larry stared at the television screen whilst Lucius sat in his lap. However, his mind flooded with images of Joan's face.

She must really be mad at me.

Disappointment crept into his darkened face.

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"Dad, what's wrong? Why do you look so upset?" Lucius whispered as he looked up at Larry with a pair of narrowed, inquisitive eyes.

"Mom was like this too. Did you guys fight? Because if you did, then you should give in to Mom. As men, we must be responsible and compassionate." Lucius motioned a 'V' sign at Larry whilst grinning.

When did this boy become so mature? He even knows how to navigate adult problems.

"Now, why would we fight? Your mom and I are as fine as ever, don't worry." Larry ruffled the boy's head reassuringly.

Dinner was soon ready, but Joan didn't have an appetite. Regardless, she still forced herself to join them in the dining room since she didn't want Lucius to feel like something was wrong.