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Everyone's attention turned toward the entrance.

What is he doing here? Joan furrowed her eyebrows slightly.

"Joan." Larry gradually approached her.

"Oh, who is this? What is he doing here at our supermarket?"

"That's right. He is the assh*le that can't keep it in his pants."

The ladies began to make snide remarks. Obviously, Larry knew they were talking about him.

"What are you doing here?" Joan looked at him inquisitively.

"Something has happened to Lucius," Larry whispered to her.

"What? How can that be?" Joan dashed out of the supermarket.

Behind her, her colleagues were all filled with concern.

"What happened?" Joan demanded to know.

Larry didn't know either as he had just received a call from Lucius' homeroom teacher.

Soon, their car arrived at the school gate.

"Hello, are you Lucius' parents?" A young and beautiful teacher approached them and asked.

"That's right. I'm his mom while he is Lucius' dad. What happened to my son?" Joan grabbed onto the teacher's arms anxiously.

"Calm down. You will be able to see him soon. Your son is really extraordinary." The teacher grinned before leaving.

What's going on? Now that we're here after hearing something happened to him, why doesn't the teacher seem to be bothered?

"Dearest teachers and fellow students. How are you? My name is Lucius and the topic of my speech today is 'My Mom and Dad'."

That's Lucius' voice!

Joan quickly turned around and followed the sound.

"Mrs. Norton, your son is really awesome. He is the first one to go up on stage," the teacher highlighted beside them.

Suddenly, Joan's eyes were filled with tears.

Larry hugged Joan tightly as if to comfort her.

"Conflicts are inevitable once two people spend a long time with each other. My parents too are the same. However, for some strange reason, they always make up a few minutes later. Not this time though. It has already been two days, and yet, they have not made peace." Just as he spoke, Lucius' eyes darkened.

Very quickly, his speech ended and he was greeted with a round of applause.

"Finally, I would like to thank my parents for giving me their unconditional love and patience. I strongly hope that they will reconcile as soon as possible." With that, Lucius bowed deeply in Joan and Larry's direction.

Finally, Joan couldn't contain her emotions. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she rushed to hug him.

"Alright, Joan, please maintain your composure. We are at the school after all," Larry comforted her as he gently patted her on her shoulder.

"Mom, Dad," Lucius ran toward them the moment he came down from the stage.

"Forgive me for using such an inappropriate method in trying to get both of you here." Lucius lowered his head in guilt.

"Foolish child, it's not your fault. You're my son." Joan's voice was trembling when she hugged him tightly.

"Come, Mr. Norton. Let me take a family picture for the three of you," the homeroom teacher suddenly suggested.

Joan quickly wiped her tears away and carried Lucius to face the camera.

"Mmm-hmm. Not bad. Here's the picture, Lucius. If Mom and Dad quarrel again, you can show this photo to them," the teacher suggested with a smile.

Suddenly, both Larry and Joan smiled in response.

Lucius' actions had caused both of them to feel guilty as they didn't expect their conflict to have affected their son.

Nevertheless, the matter between them was unresolved.

"Larry, I don't want to drag on this any longer," Joan plainly remarked.

"As for Lucius, we will hide it from him for the time being. When he is older..." Joan's eyes were heavy with sadness.

Is she that eager to divorce me? Just so that she can go and see Dustin? Larry clenched his fists as his eyes filled with rage.

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"Joan, tell me the truth. Why are you in such a hurry to divorce me?" Larry grabbed Joan's hand tightly.

What a ridiculous question. Other than the child Gabriella is carrying, what other reason can there be? Giving him the side-eye, Joan responded with a snort.

"What is it? Cat got your tongue? Do you need me to say it?" Larry snapped.

Fine. Just spit it out. I want to hear what you actually have to say.

"It's because of Dustin, isn't it? After our divorce, you can return to his side!" Larry glared at her.

Suddenly, Joan's eyes burned with rage.

What is he thinking? Am I really that disloyal in his eyes? Balling her fingers into a fist, Joan's eyes were filled with contempt.

"Larry, you started this. Why don't you reflect on your own mistakes instead of blaming them on others?" She stared coldly at Larry.

How dare he doubt my relationship with Dustin? From the beginning, I have made it clear that we're only friends. Until now, he still uses this as an excuse to suspect me.

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself when Dustin was hugging you that day. Don't think that I'm unaware that Dustin has always been waiting for you," Larry bellowed.

So what? Did I do anything to betray you?

"I don't want to talk to you anymore. Whenever you are free, let's just sign the divorce papers. After that, you can move out," Joan asserted coldly before turning to leave.

Any broken-hearted lady would always seek a clean breakup. Ideally, they would go their respective ways and never see each other again.

She didn't deny that she really loved Larry. It was just that she couldn't control everything in life. Being separated didn't mean she no longer loved him. She just wanted him to be responsible for the child Gabriella was carrying. After all, the child was innocent.

"How did it go? Did you manage to resolve it?" Dustin quickly asked.

Joan shook her head in silence.

It appeared that they had reached the end of their marriage. Sighing, Dustin felt that it was a waste.

Ring! Ring!

When Joan saw who it was, she quickly answered the call.

"Joan, are you free today? Let's go out for a meal," Nancy suggested softly.

"Sure."

After setting the time and venue, they ended the call.

"Sigh, I'll be heading out for a while." Joan patted Dustin on the shoulder.

He gestured an okay sign to her.

In the café, Nancy was sitting in a corner, sipping coffee. When she saw Joan's figure hurrying in, sadness filled her eyes.

"Nancy." Joan spotted Nancy the moment she entered the restaurant.

"Joan, you're here."

"How are you? Are you feeling any better?"

"Mmm-hmm, I'm fine. Joan, I heard about you and Larry. What happened? Do you need to go to such extremes as to file for a divorce?"

Joan sneered. Just as expected, I suppose Larry must have called you to talk to me about this?

"We have crossed the point of no return," Joan replied plainly.

What's that supposed to mean? All this while, their love had survived everything, no matter how difficult it was. Why is she giving up now? Curious, Nancy looked at Joan quizzically.

"Nancy, I have made my decision after giving it a lot of thought. I'm tired and no longer want to torment myself. To be honest with you, Gabriella is carrying Larry's child. On top of that, she has pestered me many times to divorce him."

"I'm sure you know by now how ruthless Gabriella is. She will never rest until she achieves her goal. Instead of letting her repeatedly hurt me and the one I love, I figured it's better that I let go. We won't be in each other's way anymore," Joan explained.