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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2019 - 2020

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2019

So what? He's still my son. Who should he be biased toward if not me? You? The outsider? Joan nearly rolled her eyes at Gabriella.

"Let's go, Lucius. It's time for us to change." With that said, Joan grabbed the boy's hand and headed toward the bedroom.

"Ms. Ward, if you think that our child is rude, then feel free to go to another place with a more polite child. You shouldn't waste your time here," Delilah frigidly said.

She would not let anyone insult her family, not even when the boy was not biologically related to her.

"I..." Gabriella fell silent.

Fine! I'll leave. A cold look flickered past her face.

"Lars, let's go. They don't welcome us here," Gabriella said as she shook his arm.

"Larry, didn't you say you want to visit the garden? The flowers are blooming now, so you should take a look at them," Delilah interrupted.

Gabriella was the only one she wanted to get rid of; she still wanted Larry to stick around.

"Okay, Ms. Young. I'm going to take a look now." Larry swung off Gabriella's arm and walked out of the house.

Damn it. These pieces of trash must have a death wish to do this to me. Who do you think you are? As Gabriella glared at Delilah's house, a thought popped into her mind.

"Hey, there's something you're going to do. Remember, you have to be in disguise when you're doing this," Gabriella coldly instructed.

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Huh? What is she up to this time? On the other end of the line, the man listened to the woman's instruction despite feeling perplexed.

Whatever. I'll do anything for money.

"How would you like me to do it?" the man queried.

"I want you to give your all," Gabriella replied.

What? I'm not hearing things, am I? That'll be murder! Maybe I should reconsider this.

"Miss, I can't do that. You should know that although I'd do most things, there's a line I won't cross. Moreover, the prices vary."

Damn man. Just cut the crap and tell me if what you want is money. Neither of us is an idiot, so who are you trying to fool? Fury was burning bright in Gabriella's chest.

"Three times the original amount. Don't worry. I'll make sure your money won't go to waste."

"Deal," came the swift response.

Gabriella then ended the call. A malicious grin grew on her lips as she wondered, How will Joan deal with this?

If a love-struck man would love the others around the one he loved, then a woman in anger would not let the ones around her enemy off. Gabriella, the ruthless woman she was, was one of them.

"Grandma, where are you going? It's raining outside. Don't go out." Lucius tugged Delilah's arm.

The elderly woman crouched down to pat his head and smile at him.

"I want to go to the garden to take a look at the flowers," she explained.

She adored those flowers, and she had poured much effort into growing them. Naturally, she would want to take care of them.

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“Ms. Young, it’s raining really heavily outside. Why don’t you stay in today and go out to see them tomorrow instead?” Joan suggested anxiously.

“Don’t worry. It’s really close. You should rest up at home and spend more time with the boy. I’ll be right back. It’s fine.” Delilah gently patted her shoulders.

Yet, for reasons unbeknownst to her, there was a foreboding sense in Joan’s heart as she stared at Delilah’s departing figure.

“Mom, why am I suddenly feeling worried about Grandma? I’ve never felt this way before now,” Lucius suddenly said.

He’s feeling the same too?

No. I must be overthinking things. How can anything happen to Ms. Young? She’s only taking a look at the flowers in the garden.

“Come on, Lucius. Mom’s going to play some games with you, okay?” Joan flashed the boy a reassuring smile.

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“Mom, can you really play games with me? Have you recovered? I’m scared that you’ll be tired,” Lucius quietly muttered.

His words moved her. He’s such a sensible boy. It doesn’t matter if I get tired. For him, I’m willing to.

“Oh my dear flowers, this must be a tough day for you,” Delilah muttered under her breath when she reached the garden.

She had forgotten to move some of her plants into the room, so those were all soaked by now. Thus, Delilah quickly got to work. As she was too busy, she did not remember that her door was still unlocked.

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Bang!

What's that noise? Delilah wondered. However, she saw no one around when she raised her head.

That's strange. I clearly heard something earlier. Could it be Joan?

"Joan?" Delilah called out.

Silence.

Forget it. I must have been hallucinating just now. Delilah returned to her work.

"Ah!" All of a sudden, a figure darted past her and punched the back of her head. Delilah passed out.

"Mom, why isn't Grandma back yet? She's usually back by now," Lucius mumbled.

He's right. She only went to the garden to move some pots. She wouldn't need such a long time. Joan furrowed her brows. Could something have happened to her when she was on the way there? Worry overtaking her mind, she quickly took out her phone and called Delilah.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable."

What's going on? Why can't I get through to her? Where did she go? Joan's frown deepened.

Ding, ding, ding.

When Dustin saw the name on the screen, he was excited.

"Hello, Joan. What's up?" he eagerly asked.

"Ms. Young went out earlier to the garden, but she hasn't come back yet," Joan nervously said to him.

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“What? It’s almost a day since she went out? I got it. Stay calm. I’ll be right over. Also, stay at home and don’t come out. You haven’t fully recovered yet.” With that said, Dustin ended the call and rushed to the garden with an umbrella in his hands.

Indeed, the door to the garden was wide open.

“Ms. Young, are you in there?” Dustin shouted, but no one replied to him.

Boom! came the deafening sound of thunder, and the man by the doorway shuddered.

“Ms. Young, it’s time for dinner,” Dustin continued shouting.

Yet, there were still no responses. At that moment, he panicked and ran into the greenhouse.

No one was around, but the pots by the corner were wet. That should be Ms. Young’s doing, but where is she? She’s gone.

Dustin spent a long while shouting in the garden, but still, he could not find Delilah.

“Hello? Joan, are you sure Ms. Young went to the garden? I don’t see anyone here.”

“I’m very sure. She even told us before she left that she’d be back soon, but she’s still not home,” Joan quickly said.

At that moment, a grim look crept upon Dustin’s face.

That means something happened to her. That must be it.

“All right, don’t worry. I’ll look for her right away. Stay at home and don’t come out, okay? Take care of the boy.” Dustin ended the call.

Joan was hurt, and now, Ms. Young is missing. I refuse to believe that there isn’t any connection between these two events. Who is behind this? Why are they so persistent in this? Dustin clenched his fists as his eyes burned with rage.

Could it be Gabriella? But why would she do this to an elderly woman?

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“Larry, Ms. Young’s missing,” Dustin snarled.

This must have something to do with him.

“What? Where did she go missing?” Shocked, Larry jumped to his feet.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Gabriella was rubbing her stomach, carefree as she watched the television.

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