Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2025

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The man awkwardly scratched the back of his head and mumbled, "Gabriella, you were asleep? I'm sorry. Did I disturb your rest?"

Right then, Gabriella sobered up.

Wait. Why is he here? Didn't he use to call me before he comes?

"Wait. How long have you been standing here?" Gabriella hastily surveyed her surroundings with anxious eyes.

"Quick! Come in." She dragged him in.

Darn it. No one's following him, right? Gabriella had found out that Caspian was following and investigating her for some time. It'll be over for me if Caspian finds out about this man. Thus, Gabriella scurried to the balcony and looked downwards.

Good. There aren't any cars that I don't recognize downstairs. She heaved a sigh of relief at that revelation.

"Didn't we agree that you won't come over unless you call? What if something happens because you break that rule? What's wrong with your brain?" Gabriella punched the man's chest.

Hold on. I should be angry at him. Almost immediately, Gabriella strode toward the couch and lay down.

How shameless is he to come to me? She scoffed.

All men are playboys and dishonest people, including this one.

However, Larry was the only exception. He had loved Joan for so many years, and not once had he ever thought of giving up on her. In fact, she was the only person he would ever think of.

At that moment, Gabriella found herself feeling envious of Joan. Even though the latter had no money, talents, nor intellect, she had a man who loved and took care of her without ever thinking of giving up.

"Gabriella, I missed you," the man whined as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

Ever since Gabriella was pregnant, the two only met in secret. They could not hold hands in public nor go on dates. It was fine in the beginning, but as time passed, the man grew agitated.

"Don't touch me!" Gabriella flung his arm off her.

What's the matter with her? Why is she angry? The man studied her carefully, confounded by her strange behavior.

"What's wrong? Are you in a foul mood today? Come, let's have a walk." With those words out of his mouth, the man moved to pull her to a standing position.

"I've told you not to make me mad! You disgust me," Gabriella shouted.

Her words made the man freeze.

What? It's true that I look like some playboy, but I've never laid a finger on another woman other than her. To take care of Gabriella, the man did not even visit bars and other entertainment venues that he usually went to. But now she's saying I disgust her?

"Gabriella, what are you trying to say? I called you earlier, but you seemed to be in a bad mood. I thought you were feeling unwell, and that's why I rushed to your place, hoping to be able to do something for you. How can you treat me in this way? That's right. I love you; I really do. But I'm a man, and I have my dignity too. I'm nice to you, but that doesn't mean you can treat me horribly for that," he bellowed.

How can he sound so righteous after messing with another woman? Who gave him the right to?

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Gabriella turned grim when she heard his loud volume.

"Don't you already have someone else? What a joke. Why are you here when you can't even resolve your own problems?"

What the hell? What does she means by someone else? Why don't I know about it?

"Gabriella, did you make a mistake? I don't have anyone else. Ever since you were pregnant, I haven't been in touch with any other women," the man explained as he tapped her shoulders.

Liar. Why can't he just admit it? Maybe I'd have forgiven you if you were honest. But even now, you're still lying to me.

He's the same as all other men!

"Gabriella, I think I need to explain something to you. When I was showering, my sister was the one to pick up the call, so don't dwell on that," the man voiced as he scratched his head.

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That was his sister? The light in Gabriella's eyes returned immediately. No wonder she sounded like that

"It's fine." Gabriella dusted her hands.

Good. Everything's solved. She then stood up and walked toward the kitchen, her mood much better than before.

The man quickly stopped her and pushed her toward the living room. "What would you like to eat? I'll make it for you. It's tough for you to cook now, so just sit here for a while."

For a moment, it felt as though the man was Gabriella's husband.

Stop. The one I love is Larry. I can't change my mind. She clenched her fists, determined.

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"Ms. Young, is there someone targeting you?" Joan asked softly.

Delilah did not respond.

Her lack of response was a silent agreement, and Joan knew it.

It seems like Gabriella is targeting the people around me now. Joan balled up her fists until her knuckles were white.

Noticing her action, Lucius quietly queried as he held her hand, "Mom, what's wrong? Are you unhappy?"

Joan only ran her fingers through his hair and gave him a small smile.

Maybe Lucius is the only one who can comfort me now.

"Mom, I have a question for you," the boy voiced with a disappointed expression.

Then, he continued, "Are you going to divorce Dad soon? Also, who's that woman to Dad the other day?"

No one wanted them to divorce, especially Lucius. After all, he had just gotten a complete family.

Joan's heart sank.

Should I tell him about it now? Our relationship eventually will come to an end. A trace of melancholy darted past her eyes.

"Lucius, if Dad and Mom are separated one day, will you be upset?" Joan inquired.

To her surprise, Lucius' eyes lit up instead.

"Mom, I just want you to be happy. You can do anything as long as you're happy." Lucius then hugged her, hoping that his embrace could give her strength.

His actions moved her.

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That's right. I still have many people who love me in this world. Who cares about men when I have my son?

"Thank you, Lucius," Joan whispered.

Creak. Someone quietly opened the door.

He's the only one who'll open the door so carefully. Joan's brows knitted.

When will he move out? He can't possibly keep staying here now that we're about to divorce, right? As Joan gritted her teeth, she decided to have a talk with the man.

"It's getting late, Lucius. Why don't you go to bed?" the woman mumbled as she kissed the boy's forehead.

Glancing between Joan and Larry, he nodded understandingly before running back to his room.

"Larry, let's have a talk."

About what? The divorce? I don't want to divorce you. There's nothing between Gabriella and me.

"Joan, there's really nothing between Gabriella and me. Don't doubt my words because I've never done anything to wrong you," Larry swore.

Nevertheless, Joan only sneered in response.

Is he still trying to fool me even at a time like this? How can he not know what he has done? She averted her face, not wanting to see him any longer.

"Why won't you believe in me? The baby in Gabriella isn't mine. I'm telling you the truth. We've found the man today. Soon, the truth will be out. I'll show you the father of her baby," Larry said to her.

His words stunned her.

Is he truly speaking the truth? The baby in Gabriella isn't his? Joan stared at him skeptically.

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But Gabriella loves Larry so much. Why would she have another man's baby? At that though, Joan hesitated. Should I trust him or not?
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