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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1597

Larry was working on his phone as he stood behind the door. He had been using his phone to read the reports that his assistant sent and would deal with certain matters when needed.

Just then, a nurse with a cart walked over.

“Hi Denise, are you here to deliver the meal?” asked Larry with a smile.

As requested by Larry, the hospital specially assigned Denise to take care of Joan’s diet. Naturally, that cost extra.

“That’s right, Mr. Norton.”

Denise didn’t look at Larry, and she sounded a little off when she said, “I, uh, I better head in now, Mr. Norton.”

“Okay, Denise. Thank you,” replied Larry politely before asking, “Denise, are you troubled? Or are you in a bad mood or something? How about I take over for you?”

Larry suggested sweetly when he saw how distracted Denise was.

He could help take care of Joan anyway, and it was right for him to take over if Denise was burdened.

“No, no. It’s fine. I can do it. You don’t need to worry at all, Mr. Norton,” replied Denise quickly as if she didn’t want to trouble Larry.

Larry didn’t push when he saw how reluctant she was. The two of them weren’t close anyway, and they only knew each other on a professional level.

Denise pushed the cart into Joan’s room.

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"Hey Denise, you're here," greeted Joan politely when she saw Denise there.

"Yeah, Ms. Watts. It's time for lunch," replied Denise with a skin-deep grin on, "This is what the hospital prepared today. Here, let me feed you."

"Wow, everything looks good today."

Joan was grinning like a kid. She never noticed anything off with Denise and was simply happy to see the delicious meal.

Larry entered the room just then.

"Why are you so happy over a meal? It's as if you've been starving," teased Larry lovingly.

Joan ignored him and picked up her cutleries to chow down.

"Ms. Watts, wait," interrupted Denise suddenly.

"What's wrong, Denise? Is something up?"

Joan didn't know what was up or why Denise was acting so strangely, so the former asked curiously.

"N-no, I just made a mistake and thought that I saw something in the food," answered Denise. She looked like she was struggling to speak up, and grinned awkwardly when she added, "Ah, these old eyes of mine are getting worse. Sorry, Ms. Watts."

"Denise, that is not true. You're only a little over thirty. How is that old?" replied Joan with a smile. She thought that Denise was just joking.

Larry stood at the side and stared at Joan without saying a word. For some unknown reason, he felt like something was off with Denise that day, but he couldn't quite put a pin on it. It's as if she is hiding something...

Unfortunately, he had no way of figuring the problem out since Denise refused to voice up. All he could do was to observe from the side.

Joan picked up the spoon and sipped some soup.

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"Wow, that is amazing. Denise, the hospital chef's cooking is getting better!" praised Joan instantly. She showed no signs of hesitation and was ready to dig in.

"M-Ms. Watts, the food might not be cooked properly. Let me get you something else."

Denise finally spoke up when she saw how Joan was about to eat up. The former had been struggling for a while, but she had since made a decision. The gaze in her eyes was filled with sorrow.

Joan got curious and was stunned momentarily. She simply stared as Denise put the food back into the cart.

"What's wrong, Denise? Just tell us if there is anything troubling you. I will help you if I can."

Larry finally figured out what was up. There must be something wrong with the food.

Denise panicked after hearing what Larry said.

"I-I..."

Denise hesitated. She didn't know what to say, but the sweat forming on her forehead had betrayed her and showed everyone just how nervous she was at that moment.

"The food was poisoned, wasn't it? Who is the culprit? I know you don't want to hurt anyone, so just tell me the truth, Denise. We won't make things difficult for you."

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