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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1611

“Dear, Leslie had just gone to sleep, so why don’t you accompany me shopping? I want to buy a few things,” Joan implored coquettishly.

“Let me sleep for a bit more. I’ll go with you when I wake up,” Larry mumbled groggily.

Then, he rolled over and continued sleeping.

When Joan saw that he was ignoring her, she decided to resort to her ultimate means.

“Ouch, please let go of my ear! Darling, please have mercy on me! I’ll go, okay?”

Larry hurriedly pleaded for mercy when he abruptly sensed a bolt of agonizing pain assaulting his ear while still sleeping soundly.

“Hmph! I called you to get up, but you just wouldn’t listen! Serves you right!” Joan declared smugly, looking all proud of herself.

Ugh! What bad luck! Larry groused with a long sigh as he rubbed his red ear. Then, he grudgingly allowed her to drag him out the door.

Shopping was in a woman’s nature, and that saying was spot-on.

Despite her usually weak and fragile appearance, Joan became an entirely different person when she shopped. It had been three hours, but she showed no signs of fatigue, looking very much energetic instead.

“Darling, I don’t remember you being so fond of shopping before we got married,” Larry remarked on a sigh.

“That’s because I had no time back then. After having experienced so much, I really wasn’t in any mood to shop at that time. Besides, you didn’t have time to accompany me either.

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Later, I got pregnant, so it was out of the question to shop with a protruding belly. But now, we can come and shop often!”

Joan’s eyes darted around enthusiastically, seemingly just not having enough of it.

Upon hearing that, Larry almost broke down. Once or twice is fine, but to go shopping often simply won’t do!

However, Joan was enjoying herself, so he couldn’t bring himself to burst her bubble. Thus, he said nothing but continued to accompany her shopping in silence.

When Joan was feeling a tad tired, she sat on a bench by the roadside with Larry to rest for a bit.

At that precise moment, she suddenly glimpsed a familiar yet foreign figure by the roadside.

The sense of familiarity stemmed from the fact that she was once acquainted with her, but at the same time, it was foreign because she no longer bore any semblance to the person she once knew.

It was Gabriella.

After such a long time, she again spotted her among the crowd.

Presently, Gabriella was no longer dressed in the beautiful and dazzling clothes of the past, nor did she have a domineering air anymore.

She was merely an ordinary woman, and time had smoothed all her sharp edges. Dressed plainly, she was actually selling fruits by the roadside.

With a huge belly proceeding her, Gabriella promoted her wares relentlessly even as she chose fruits for her customers.

She was all alone, rendering her lonely and pitiful.

In truth, selling fruits was something she was forced to do. To secure a better life for her child when he or she was born, she wanted to find a lucrative job quickly.

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Alas, she was pregnant, so even if she was willing to do menial and backbreaking work, no one would employ her. Having no other choice, she bought a bunch of fruits with the little money she had left and set up a roadside stall at a crowded place.

The issue of dignity and pride no longer mattered, for survival was the greatest problem staring her in the face.

Unfortunately, even when she was at the stage where she had to sell fruits by the roadside, she couldn't make a living properly because an officer from the city council came over shortly.

"Who allowed you to sell fruits here? I've told you countless times that setting up a roadside stall here is strictly prohibited!" the officer asserted sternly while glowering at her.

"I got it! I'll leave. I'll leave right away!" Gabriella blurted in panic.

She once feared no one and nothing, but now, she was starkly afraid of the city council.

"Hah! You say that every single time, but I don't think you'll learn unless I teach you a lesson!"

Despite Gabriella's huge belly and her downcast expression, the officer didn't sympathize with her the slightest bit. As a trace of disdain flashed across his eyes, he overturned her fruit stall.

"You simply don't learn, huh? Have you finally learned your lesson now? If I see you setting up a stall by the roadside again, I'll overturn it without a single word!" The officer wore a cocky look.

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