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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1612

"No, please don't!"

All at once, Gabriella got onto her knees and hastily picked up the fruits that were scattered all over the place.

The officer from the city council, on the other hand, ignored her pleas. After shooting her a glare, he then stalked away.

Kneeling on the ground, Gabriella burst into tears as helplessness swamped her.

Why? Just why are there still people who want to pick trouble with me when I'm already in such dire straits? I just want to survive and take good care of the child in my belly! It's such a simple wish, so why can't I even have that?

Desperation engulfed her. If it weren't for the baby, she truly wanted to jump off a building right then and there.

However, she couldn't do that, for life still had to go on.

She promptly calmed down and resumed picking up the fruits from the ground with anguish written all over her face.

All that was witnessed by Joan, and a mix of emotions overwhelmed her at the sight.

Indeed, she deserves such retribution after having committed so many evil deeds. In that, she didn't pity Gabriella in the slightest, but she was currently with a child.

This is a fitting end for her, but the child is innocent. There's no reason the child should suffer alongside his or her mother.

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At that thought, an idea occurred to her, and she was increasingly resolved to put it into action.

Meanwhile, Larry had no idea about everything that had happened.

At that time, he was focused on something on his cell phone, so he didn't notice the commotion that had transpired a near distance away.

But even if he did witness it, he probably wouldn't have had any sympathy for Gabriella. After all, she shouldn't have done all that if she hadn't wanted to pay the price.

If she hadn't schemed and plotted, hatching conspiracy after conspiracy, she would still be the high and mighty daughter of the Ward family.

When one's motives weren't right, it would only bring calamity upon oneself. After all, curses, like chickens, came home to roost.

"Larry, I'm a bit tired, so let's go home," Joan said to Larry beside her as she stretched wearily.

By then, Larry had also put his cell phone away. Smiling, he replied, "Since you're tired, let's go home quickly. Leslie might have woken up, and he might even be giving his grandmother trouble."

"True, true. Let's go, then."

As Joan held his arm intimately, euphoria flooded her.

Contrary to the saying that one would only appreciate something after having lost it, she was particularly appreciative of everything she had right then.

The more trials and tribulations one experienced, the greater one's cognizance of the preciousness of life.

As they held hands, both vowed to cherish each other until death do them part.

The moment they arrived home, Joan swiftly went to the bedroom to look in on her child.

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Before leaving, she had specially informed Vivian that she was going out. Presently, Leslie was already awake, and Vivian was conscientiously feeding him milk.

"I'm back, Vivian. When did Leslie wake up?" Joan greeted respectfully.

"Just a while ago. He cried when he woke up, so I fed him milk. Now, he's all docile."

Vivian's eyes brimmed with love as she looked down at her grandchild in her arms.

"I'm sorry for having troubled you, Vivian. I'll take over."

Joan was a tad embarrassed at having gone out shopping and leaving the child to her.

"Hey, why are you saying that? It's my pleasure to take care of my own grandchild, so don't always be a stranger with me!"

Vivian feigned disgruntlement.

"I got it, Vivian."

Joan nodded obediently. Gosh, I've indeed been a touch too formal with her! I've got to remember not to do it anymore, lest it affects my relationship with her.

A while later, Vivian handed the child back to Joan and went about her own business.

After Joan had finished feeding the child and cradled him intimately for some time, he dozed off again.

Only a handful of days had passed since he was finally a month old, so his life was basically eating and sleeping. Rinse, repeat.

Placing him on the crib, she then quietly left the room.

"Where are you going, Joan?" Larry asked in concern when he saw her leaving the bedroom.

At that time, he was working in the study.

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“Nowhere. I’m just going to the living room to watch television, so you don’t have to bother about me. Just concentrate on your work.”

After flashing him a sweet smile, Joan then went to the living room.

As she sat there, she took out her passbook and bank card from under the table in the living room. They contained the money she earned herself and the stipend Larry gave her regularly.

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