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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1640

Larry approached Joan from behind. She regained her senses only after he put his hand on her shoulders. After pondering for a long while, she finally uttered, "Do you still trust me?"

Before Larry could answer, she added, "Within the next few days, I plan to move out with Larry. He is still young and needs me by his side. Hence, I want to raise him myself."

The moment she finished, he tightened his grip on her shoulders, digging his nails into her flawless, pale skin. Despite the pain she felt, she didn't flinch at all.

Larry roared, "Leslie needs you? Are you saying that he doesn't need me, his father? Have you been planning this all along? Why do you need to make yourself sound noble? I think you must have already decided to return to Dustin's side and take Leslie with you. Let me tell you straight up. Don't even think about it!"

Joan was sick of the repeated quarrels they had and wasn't bothered to explain herself anymore. Since he didn't believe in her, there was no point in doing so anyway.

"Since that's what you think, so be it. Let's stop arguing. I'm already fed up."

Deep down in his heart, Larry hoped that Joan would protest and tell him he was wrong, asserting that there was nothing going on between her and Dustin. Instead, the calmness and indifference she displayed simply caused him to lose his mind.

The next moment, he pushed her forcefully onto the bed. With his sanity lost, he felt the need to show his dominance over her. He could only feel secure with her underneath him.

"Argh! No! Larry, you b*stard! Get off me!" Joan struggled vehemently as if she was about to be raped. She didn't expect to have said something like that while attempting to resist.

"You have finally said it out loud. Are you really that desperate to leave me?" Larry scoffed, "Isn't this normal for us?"

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Joan's resistance was visibly too weak to fend Larry off. By denying him, she had only served to fan the flames of his lust instead, strengthening his urge to dominate her.

"You are my wife. What's wrong with us making love?" He restrained both her hands with one hand and pinned her leg with his own. When she was unable to struggle anymore, he used his free hand to untie the knot of her bare-shoulder top.

Joan had no choice but to let him have his way. This was the first time she found him frightening.

As the moonlight shone through the window, he could clearly see her porcelain white figure. Brushing his fingertips over her breasts, he felt as if they had grown perkier ever since Leslie was born. As he let out a muffled moan, he allowed himself to sink into madness and ravage her.

Joan had no choice but to give him free rein. She felt that he was both familiar and distant at the same time. When she was suddenly seized by sudden sharp pain below, as if she had been pierced raw, she cried out in agony. However, her cries only served to excite Larry further.

Suddenly, she opened her eyes. "Larry, I hate you." As tears streamed down her cheeks, she wasn't sure if they were caused by the pain or something else altogether.

It wasn't until the morning light shone through the full-length windows onto her bedsheet did Joan awake from her dreams. She vaguely felt Larry's fingers run along her cheeks together with his love and affection.

Unfortunately, there was no one beside her. Shoving the blanket aside, the pain she felt below served as a reminder of everything that had happened the night before. She didn't expect him to take her like a beast.

Deep down, despite how rough he was, she knew that he had submitted to her will. However, there was no time to think about Larry now. Feeling fearful, she tidied herself, grabbed her bag, and ran right out.

Leslie!

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When she left her rented place, she had intended to have a proper discussion with Larry. If negotiations failed, she would then leave with Leslie and raise him alone. However, she didn't expect Larry to act with such insanity, causing her to leave Leslie alone in her place.

"Leslie?" Ignoring the pain she felt, Joan rushed toward Leslie's bed.

His face was red everywhere. As she gently patted his cheeks, she called out his name repeatedly. However, he was still in deep sleep.

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