Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1953

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Slam! The door closed heavily.

Gabriella watched Larry leave with a sinister glint in her eye.

I have to give birth to this kid!

She clenched her fists tightly, digging her nails into the flesh of her palms.

Knock! Knock!

Gabriella looked at the door again, her eyes excited at the thought of Larry turning back for her.

"What's wrong, baby? Are you okay?" Another man hurriedly rushed toward Gabriella.

She immediately frowned in exasperation.

"What are you doing here?" she asked fiercely, her eyes blazing with annoyance.

"What do you mean? Of course, I'm here to see you." He pulled her into his embrace.

"Didn't I already tell you? I don't want to meet you again. Besides, I've already given you the money," Gabriella said coldly.

"How could you say that, baby? I didn't do that with you just for the money. I like you, can't you tell?" he said gently as he caressed Gabriella's head.

She just scoffed coldly in response.

She no longer believed in love or romance. She had already gone through enough. All she wanted at this point was to get Larry and get rid of Joan. Even if it was out of spite, she wanted to get what she wanted for once.

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"If you really love me, then never let me see you again," Gabriella spat coldly.

His gaze darkened instantly.

What a b*tch. She's really burning her bridges, huh?

"Don't you miss me, Gabriella?" he smirked dangerously.

"Did you forget how much fun we had that day?" His sneaky hands started slipping up her shirt.

Gabriella started to panic.

"Get out. We can't be seen together like this. Also, I don't ever want to see you again," Gabriella said harshly in a slightly louder voice.

How can this woman be so cruel? His eyes flashed coldly and he clenched his fists.

"Joan, are you okay?" Dustin patted her shoulder and asked in a low voice.

"I'm fine," she said with a wave of her hand.

For some reason, Joan had kept feeling nauseous ever since yesterday. The doctor said she had eaten something that had gone bad.

"What did you even eat?" Dustin said as he looked at Joan tenderly.

They only emerged from the restroom after a long time.

"Miss, here's your soup." A waiter suddenly approached with a smile.

"I didn't order this though," Joan said with a confused glance at the waiter.

"This man ordered it for you."

Joan looked at Dustin with an awkward smile.

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"You should drink more soup. It's good for you," Dustin said.

Joan had been feeling uneasy for the past few days, but she hadn't been able to put her finger on it exactly and it made her feel even worse.

After the two of them finished eating, they arrived at the beach.

"The doctor said that the beach is good for your recovery," Dustin said in a low voice.

"Come on, let's start," he continued.

Joan looked at Dustin both awkwardly and hesitatingly. She felt like it wasn't a good idea. She was a married woman after all.

"What? Are you embarrassed?" He approached her slowly.

"I'm not embarrassed! I just..." Joan trailed off, looking as if she found it hard to speak.

"It's okay. Everyone here is a stranger. They don't know who we are, so no one's going to spread any gossip about you," Dustin said as he pushed Joan onto the sandy beach.

Joan looked around and failed to find a face she recognized, so she decided to lie down and relax so she could recover quickly.

"Look at those two. They're so sweet. He's actually feeding her."

"Yeah, he's so handsome, too!"

"How sweet. I wish I had a boyfriend like that."

The women next to them kept gossiping loudly. Joan couldn't hear what they were saying exactly, but their heated stares were already telling her everything she needed to know.