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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1997 - 1998

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1997

"Sure." Larry ended the call.

Meanwhile, Gabriella was jumping in joy.

Did I hear wrongly? Larry actually agreed to have dinner with me? Can it be that Joan has brought up the divorce with him? Gabriella sneered while her eyes let out an icy glare.

Joan oh Joan, it appears that you have lost your charm. In the end, Larry has chosen me.

Looking out the window, Gabriella clenched her fists while emitting an intimidating vibe.

When the man beside her saw how happy she was, his heart sank. He knew that Larry must have agreed to her request. In this world, is Larry the only one that can make her happy? The man couldn't help but sigh.

In the end, I am nothing but a tool. But I really love her.

In the restaurant, the dim candlelight, soothing music, intoxicating red wine, and mesmerizing scent of flowers, simply made for a warm and romantic environment. Gabriella took a sip of red wine as she looked excitedly at Larry.

"Larry, have you been very busy lately? Look at you, you seemed to have lost a lot of weight." Gabriella reached out her hand to touch his cheeks.

When Larry avoided her hand, it suddenly caused her to feel awkward.

"It's alright. I'm just a little busy." Larry put a piece of steak in his mouth.

"Lars, you have to take better care of yourself." Gabriella's heart pained to see him like that.

"Gabriella, do you remember how much I have drunk at the nightclub that night?" Larry carefully probed.

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Suddenly, Gabriella's gaze turned cold.

Why is he asking this all of a sudden? What a party pooper. And to think we finally got to share a meal.

"Erm... I forgot. Why do you ask?" She threw the question back at him.

"Oh, actually, I just went to the hospital for a checkup and the doctor commented that my stomach wasn't well. Hence, he advised me to cut down on my drinking. Therefore, I just want to know what my threshold for drinking is so that I can set my limits." Larry smiled on purpose.

So, that's why. Gabriella heaved a sigh of relief.

Is she feeling sensitive about it? Or else, why does she look so nervous? It seems that's the limit of her emotional capabilities. Larry sneered.

"That day... I have really forgotten. I can only remember the table filled with bottles..." Gabriella commented half-heartedly.

It doesn't matter how many bottles there are. The more he drank the more drunk he became. Who knows how many bottles there really were? Gabriella continued to eat her steak.

Meanwhile...

"Joan, are you hungry? Do you want to have dinner?" Dustin patted her on the shoulder.

"How can we eat? Can't you see how much work there is? Besides, why did you give them the day off? Now, only both of us are left here doing the work. We still need to wait for the goods to arrive..." Joan complained.

Dustin laughed in response.

Given that she was in the mood to argue with him, it meant that she had forgotten about Larry, at least for now.

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"If you really feel tired, you should take a break. After all, I didn't ask you to come," Dustin mumbled.

It was true that he didn't do so. However, she couldn't bear to see him do everything while she did nothing at all.

In the end, she was still a loyal friend.

"Stop talking to me. I have no time for jokes." Joan gently pounded her own shoulders.

Dustin smiled at her as this was his plan after all. He had wanted to exhaust her with work so that she wouldn't be able to think of that fool, Larry.

However, both of them didn't expect to run into the very people they didn't want to meet, doing something they didn't want to see in such a large city.

"Joan, are you alright? Let's just go." Just as he spoke, Dustin pulled her away.

"I'm not leaving!" Joan shoved his hand away as her eyes glared at the restaurant nearby.

Both of them were smiling happily. Larry looked chivalrous while Gabriella was dressed to the nines. Furthermore, there was no one around, creating a quiet and romantic atmosphere for them.

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From the looks of it, they really looked compatible with each other.

Tears welled up in Joan's eyes.

Liar! You big fat liar! Despite saying till death do us part and declaring to love me forever, you have begun dating Gabriella before we have even completed our divorce. Are you that desperate?

Joan sniffled as she tried to calm herself down.

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"Alright, stop watching. Let's go home." Dustin hugged her tightly.

He was aware of how sad she felt. Even though she had initiated the divorce, she was still devastated by what she saw.

"Dustin, I wasn't seeing things, was I?" Joan suddenly asked.

How am I to answer her? Dustin hesitated for a moment before choosing to remain silent.

"Come, let's go home." She dragged Dustin to leave.

Back in the restaurant, Larry wasn't aware of what was going on outside. His focus was on trying to get more information from Gabriella.

The matter has to be resolved sooner or later.

"Lars, what's wrong with you today? Why do you keep asking me strange questions?" Gabriella probed.

Did he notice something? That shouldn't be the case. My plan was water-tight.

Larry stared at Gabriella inquisitively. His first few questions were elementary and didn't yield much information. But his final question was the key to revealing everything. Although he still needed to validate it.

"Gabriella, do you still remember the scar by my back? Recently, I cut myself with something sharp, causing the wound to split open. Therefore, I need to apply some medication on it. As Joan has been ignoring me and pestering me for a divorce, I wonder if you could..."

"I can. Not a problem at all," Gabriella exclaimed quickly.

"Do you still remember the scar?" Larry let out a mischievous smile.

"I do. How can I forget? That night, I even stroked it for a long time as it pained my heart to see it," Gabriella murmured shyly.

At that moment, Larry knew the truth.

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There is no scar on my back at all. So how can she even remember it so vividly?

I guess it must be another man that she remembers.

Larry snorted.

Ring! Ring!

When Larry saw who was calling, he quickly answered.

“Alright, I understand. Hmm...”

“Gabiella, there’s something at work I need to deal with so I have to take my leave. Do you want me to send you or are you fine going home yourself?” Larry asked softly.

After all, he had to make sure his act was perfect. Or else, she would definitely suspect something given her intelligence.

“Lars, you should go on ahead. I’m fine by myself,” Gabiella replied with a smile.

“Alright.” Larry turned and left.

“Hey, Lars, come over to my place tonight after you finish your work. I’ll help you apply your medication.”

Larry left without a response.

Women really love to make assumptions.

“Hey, Larry, what’s wrong with you today? Why are you drinking so much liquor?” Ms. Young looked at him with concern.

Should I call Joan? Delilah took out her phone and started making the call.

“No, Ms. Young, don’t call her.” Larry snatched her phone away.

He really is a loyal man, but why is he doing this? Delilah shook her head and sighed.

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Forget it, I'll just let him be.

For the whole night, Larry sat at the table drinking while Delilah watched him from the sofa, just in case anything happened. The situation continued until he fell asleep, sprawled on the table.

The next day, sunlight shone through the windows and brought with it a gentle warmth. Larry rubbed his eyes and stretched himself.

"Are you awake?" Delilah anxiously asked.

"Ms. Young, you're up early." Larry yawned.

"What do you mean up early? I stayed up the whole night," Delilah grumbled.

Initially, she assumed she could sleep once he had passed out from drinking too much. But he ended up shouting Joan's name the whole night instead.

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