Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2031 - 2032

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Lucius gazed suspiciously at Joan's words. He could not quite shake the feeling that something was seriously wrong, but was unable to voice it out.

"But Mommy, I don't know why but I always feel like that woman is bad news when she comes here," Lucius mumbled.

Of course it was bad news. Gabriella was a proud woman who wouldn't let anybody stand in her way of what she wanted. Looks like it's going to be a tough one.

"All right, be good and go to sleep." Joan caressed Lucius's hair gently.

Very quickly, he shut his eyes as was told. Joan pulled the quilt over him and left his room.

Gabriella was still on the couch rifling through some magazines.

When did she become so thick-skinned? She's still here!

"What are you still doing here?" Joan asked coldly.

Does this b*tch need to be chased out with a stick? Gabriella glared at her with an expression of disdain.

"Joan, I have always been straightforward, and I would like you to do the same. Tell me when you and Larry are getting a divorce," Gabriella asked bitterly.

At the look of desperation on Gabriella's voice, Joan sneered.

What's the rush? If the child in her womb is really Larry's, why is she constantly bugging them to get a divorce?

It looks like this situation has more to it than meets the eye.

"As I've told you before, in regards to the divorce, I would be more than happy to sign the papers if Larry agrees to it. You have my word that I will leave and be out of your lives after that," Joan said with conviction.

Joan had pushed all the responsibility onto Larry. He was the only weak spot of Gabriella. Gabriella had loved Larry for so many years and had given up on him. It's a shame that Larry had never spent any time on her. Joan felt rather fortunate with that.

"Joan, stop playing games. You must divorce Larry immediately. My stomach will be getting bigger soon. Don't you care about what people might say about Larry? About his infidelity?" Gabriella said fiercely.

She made it sound as if she had always had Larry's best interest at heart.

"I'm going to bed," Joan said plainly. "You should go home too, it's late already."

I'm not in the mood to look at her or even discuss matters with her. We shall see what Larry's investigation yields before we take another step.

This is what love is. If the man treats his woman well, she would trust him unreservedly. Joan had felt resentful when Larry's trip abroad to visit her had been delayed for many days. They've since made up and naturally, she would choose to be on Larry's side, to trust him.

"Joan, don't get too pleased with yourself. I'm telling you, this child is Larry's. This is beyond the shadow of a doubt. You'd better get a divorce, or else..." Gabriella glared at Joan as she left her threat hanging ominously.

Or else what? Deal with me? Assassinate me? Scold me? Ruin my life?

What wouldn't she do? It was laughable. If I am scared of her, why would I even meet her? Joan's eyes flashed with disdain.

Gabriella flared up at Joan's silence.

"Joan, I'm going to kick your ass," Gabriella said as she approached with an ugly look of rage on her face.

What's she doing? Is she crazy?

"Gabriella, calm yourself. You're carrying a child," Joan said with a frightened look toward Gabriella.

This is Ms. Young's home. If this woman came here to cause trouble, I'm the one to blame!

"What is it? Are you scared?" Gabriella said forcefully.

Is there something wrong with her brain? She would rather risk her baby's safety and pick a fight with me?

"Calm down, will you? No matter what, the child is innocent. Tell you what. I'll send you home and you get some rest for you and the baby. As for the matter of the divorce, I will talk about it with Larry."

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Gabriella's eyes flashed with coldness all of a sudden.

But suddenly, a terrifying idea appeared in Gabriella's mind. Perhaps Joan being worried about it gave Gabriella the idea.

If I have a miscarriage, the cause of it would be Joan! She would be a murderer!

It was Joan who had caused me to lose my baby!

Gabriella turned and ran toward the table. She grabbed a pair of scissors and stabbed herself in the stomach.

"Ah! Joan, you killed my baby! You are a murderer! Larry..." Gabriella screamed as she clutched her stomach and clung to the wall for support.

In a split second, the floor was covered in blood, as was Gabriella.

Joan was stunned. She did not expect Gabriella to harm her own child. She is the biological mother of that unborn child!

This woman is insane! Completely insane!

Joan hurriedly grabbed her phone to dial a number.

"Hello, is this 911? I have a pregnant mother here, I need..."

Gabriella laughed coldly at the sight of Joan's worried look as she spoke on the phone.

"Are you scared now, Joan?" Gabriella taunted. "I will forever be at odds with you because you are my mortal enemy. You've not only stole my man, you killed my child as well. You are a sinner!" she pointed a vicious finger at Joan and screamed.

"Gabriella, save your strength. The ambulance is on its way. Save your energy." Joan hurried over to help Gabriella up, but with a hard shove, Gabriella threw Joan back against the wall.

"I don't need your pity, please stop looking at me like that. Who do you think you are? You're just an ordinary village peasant. I don't understand why Larry likes you. Why do you have to steal my man from me? Now that you've killed my child, I'm going to make you regret it for the rest of your life. I want you to live in guilt forever!" Gabriella said coldly.

She nearly fell down a couple of times. Joan attempted to help her up each time but was rudely rebuffed. Perhaps she had already hated Joan to an unimaginable degree.

Humans tend to perform desperate acts when they were irrational. Perhaps after many years, she would look back and remember that she had a child but was killed by Joan before it came into the world.

"Doctor, over here! Hurry!" Joan cried.

At this point, Gabriella was already unconscious on the floor.

"Gabriella, wake up. We're at the hospital," Joan said as she violently shook her elbow.

But Gabriella remained motionless.

"Why did you do that for? That was your flesh and bone! Even if the baby isn't Larry's, but it was still yours!" Joan's voice was unsteady.

She suddenly felt guilty. If she had divorced Larry earlier, such a thing would not have happened.

"What? At the hospital? Okay, don't panic. I'm coming right over..." Larry hung up the phone as he rushed out of his office.

At the moment, Gabriella was still unconscious in the operating theater.

She did not know what was going on in there.

Joan was pacing nonstop by the door. Her face was full of panic.

What am I going to do? Will the child be safe? Her hands were clasped in front of her in anxiety.

That was Gabriella's firstborn!

"Gabriella, wake up." Joan sat next to her bed and held Gabriella's hand in her own.

Her pale face and purplish lips made her look very weary.

D*mn it, how could she do something so stupid? Joan rubbed her head in frustration, her eyes filled with pain. However, she did not expect danger to be lurking just around the corner.