Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2095 - 2096

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2095

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable..."

It was the same message, over and over again.

Larry! Where the hell are you at a time like this? You should be here by now! And now you're not even answering the phone! Joan stomped her feet in fury.

"What is it, Joan?" Suddenly, Caiden appeared before her.

Why is he here? How odd.

"Nothing. It's just... Lucius and I are waiting for someone..." Joan smiled faintly.

You're waiting for that scumbag Larry, aren't you? I'm afraid he's at the airport right now.

"Next, let's welcome Mr. Caiden Owens, the sponsor of this event, to come up and say a few words," the headmaster called out.

The crowd gave a round of applause.

You're the sponsor? Joan looked at him in confusion. She found the turn of events somewhat inconceivable.

Caiden merely put on a smile and made his way onto the platform.

"Oh, my. He's quite handsome! And so young too!"

"How true. But it's not meant to be. We're already married."

"Oh, come off it! I'm telling you, he's a self-made tycoon. He built his empire from scratch..."

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Nearby, some women gossiped among themselves.

Joan had never checked on Caiden's history and background, for she had been sure that the two of them would not meet again. Right then, it seemed she had made a formidable... friend. Whether he was friend or foe remained to be determined.

"Dear parents, teachers, and students, good day, and nice to meet you all. I'm Caiden Owens..."

He delivered his speech in such a calm and collected manner. It seemed that he was not a stranger to an event like the one they were having. Joan listened intently to his speech.

"Oh, Mr. Caiden. My husband's on urgent business. He couldn't make it. Could you perhaps join us on our camping trip?"

"Oh, dear. Mine too..."

After Caiden was done with his speech, the site was filled with lively commotion.

Standing on the platform, he searched for Joan, and when he found his target, a mischievous smirk curled up his lips.

"I must apologize, ladies. I'm already representing a student's father on this camping trip. I really do beg your pardon. Perhaps, another time..."

The crowd went crazy.

"Who can it be? I didn't see him with a child just now, did you?"

"That's what I thought. And a handsome man, too. What a shame."

Caiden gradually stepped down from the platform and made his way to Joan. Confidently, he shrugged his shoulders before he sought out Lucius.

"Would you like me to participate in this camping trip on behalf of your father?" Caiden held the child's hand

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Lucius looked at Caiden, then at Joan, and then surveyed his classmates around him. He felt conflicted.

Children had their dignity to preserve too. Every child would have wanted their parents to come with them on the field trip. Lucius had been looking forward to it too, but Larry failed to deliver.

"Mom?" Lucius tugged her arm, looking despondent.

Joan stared at Caiden in front of them, feeling equal parts surprised and guilty. She herself also wondered whether Larry would come or not.

The man neither answered her calls nor replied to her messages. The field trip was about to begin. If she rejected Caiden, and the event started without Larry or he ended up not coming at all, it would only make Lucius feel worse.

"Caiden, do you mind if I make a call?" Joan asked.

She decided to give him one final call. If Larry did not pick this up, she would agree to Caiden's proposal, and the three of them would attend the field trip together.

"Of course not, Joan. I'll support whatever you do." Caiden slowly stood up.

He was well aware that she would surely call Larry, just as he was well aware that Larry would definitely not answer the phone.

"Okay, Lucius. You wait over here with Caiden, alright? I have to make a phone call. Be right back," Joan told her son before she headed to a nearby fence and dialed Larry's number.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2096

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"Sorry, the number you have dialed is unavailable..." Not surprisingly, Larry's phone was still unreachable. No matter how many times she tried to call him, nothing had changed.

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What are you so busy with anyway? You've promised that you'd attend this camping trip with Lucius and me! Now, look at you. Going back on your word like this and not even giving me a heads up. What the hell is going on with you, Larry?

Joan was indeed furious. Everything about her screamed of rage.

This was the first time Larry broke his promise to her. It was also the first time she was disappointed in him.

Joan lost count of how many phone calls she had made and yet none of those were picked up. Frustrated, she switched off her phone as well and returned to where her son had been waiting for her.

"Lucius, listen. Your dad's dealing with an urgent business right now, so he won't be coming so soon. What do you say we let Caiden take his place in the meantime, huh?" Joan gently stroked her son's hair as she delivered the bad news.

Sure enough, she could see a tinge of disappointment in his eyes.

"But Dad promised. How could he just break his word like that? Dad's never like this before," Lucius uttered sadly.

Yes, that much was true. Larry was never like this before. But on that day, Joan could only wonder what had happened for Larry to bail on them like that.

"That's alright, Lucius. You have me. I'll join you on this field trip, alright?" Caiden held the boy's hand tightly in an attempt to comfort him.

"Caiden, won't we get in the way of your work?" Lucius lifted his head slightly and asked the man in all seriousness.

Larry was a sensible child and never liked to trouble anyone. He would not even request his adopted parents, Larry and Joan, for anything unless absolutely necessary.

"Of course not. As long as you need me, Lucius, I can come anytime." Caiden gently patted the kid's shoulder.

What's that supposed to mean? If I remember it right, I don't think Caiden has met Lucius that many times. The way he talks to Lucius though, why does it sound so weird? Joan tilted her head as she sank into her thoughts.

Could the two of them be involved in something I don't know about?

"Hey, Joan?" Caiden snapped his fingers in front of her.

"Ah? Um, what's up?" Joan returned to her senses.

"Oh, nothing. You were staring off into space just now. Come on, the others have left without us," Caiden pointed to a group of people not far away.

"Okay then. We should go too. Here, Lucius, take my hand," Joan smiled.

The few women in front kept stealing glances at Caiden who was walking behind them. They mumbled among themselves. Lucius held onto Joan with one hand and Caiden with the other. The trio of them seemed happy together. It was not wrong to say they were a picture of a perfect family.

"Caiden, thanks for accompanying me on the field trip today," Lucius muttered out of the blue.

"There we go, Lucius. Whenever you need my help, all you have to do is ask." Caiden smiled at the boy.

"Alright, everyone, try to keep up. We're almost there!" The headmaster shouted at the lot from the front of the line.

The children were a happy bunch, and the parents were just as excited. Perhaps they had all been waiting for this day since forever.

But no one knew that Caiden had deliberately arranged everything. He just wanted everyone to know that his relationship with Joan was not an ordinary one, even if meant he might be misunderstood by the majority.

"Caiden, why do you sponsor our school?" Lucius asked, all of a sudden.

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It was actually a rather common and simple question for a child his age. When children got curious about something in particular, they tend to say what was on their minds without putting in much thought. But Caiden interpreted it differently and even doubted the boy's motive.

"Well... that's because I used to be a student here," Caiden made up a lie.

That was not possible, of course. It had barely been ten years since the school was founded. He could not have studied there. But Lucius and Joan did not know about that.

"Wow, that's wonderful, Caiden! Awesome! When I grow up, I want to be just like you and sponsor our school. What do you think, Mom?" Lucius tugged on Joan's arm.