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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2091 - 2092

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2091

How he wished life could go on this way, with the two of them supporting each other and living together in harmony. Caiden loved the feeling of living a peaceful and stable life.

He just wasn't sure if he would be lucky enough to marry her.

"What do you feel like eating, Caiden? I'll cook for you," Joan called out as she approached the kitchen.

"Anything's fine. I'll have whatever you make," Caiden quickly replied.

Uhh... What kind of answer is that? How would I know what he likes or doesn't like?

Forget it. I'll just whip up a few common dishes. Joan picked up her knife and got to work.

"By the way, Joan, Larry called you a while ago. Do you want to call him back?" Caiden remarked, acting nonchalantly as he flipped through the magazine again.

Joan suddenly froze.

Oh, no. Larry's going to lose it if he finds out I'm at another man's place and even cooking for him! What should I do? Should I call him and explain myself?

She looked at the time and realized that it was getting late.

Never mind. I'll just get this over with for now and talk to Larry when I get home.

As Joan kept herself busy in the kitchen, her phone on the table began ringing once again. This time, Caiden chose to ignore it. He didn't have to look at it to know that it was Larry calling. He wanted Larry to misunderstand the situation, and it would be even better if the couple ended up leaving each other.

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Soon, the dining table was filled with an array of dishes. Caiden was pleased by the unknown yet familiar scents coming from the food.

“Come, Joan. Let’s eat together,” he offered happily.

“Oh, uhh... It’s fine, Caiden. I have to go now. You know Ms. Young’s still at the hospital, so I’ll have to prepare her food. Your food’s ready. I don’t know if you’ll like it, but give it a try. See you!” With that, Joan took her purse and phone before rushing out.

“Hey! Joan! You haven’t eaten either! You’ll be hungry...” Caiden called out from behind.

Ms. Young? Yeah, right! You’re off to see Larry, aren’t you? Caiden’s brows furrowed.

There’s so much food. How am I going to finish everything? The man put down his fork and spaced out while staring at the ceiling.

In truth, he was a great cook who could probably whip up better food than the dishes laid out on his table. It was just that he didn’t usually cook, and that he really wanted to try Joan’s cooking.

Joan swiftly hailed a cab and headed to the hospital.

Panting, she barged into the ward and sighed with relief upon seeing Delilah.

“What’s wrong, Joan? What’s the rush? Did something happen?” Delilah gazed at her curiously.

A man stood by the window, looking cold and displeased.

Joan knew that Larry was mad.

She also knew that she shouldn’t have done what she did without letting him know.

“Where did you go?” Larry slowly turned around.

Joan began to wonder if she should tell him the truth. If I tell him the truth, he’ll definitely be mad. But if I don’t, he won’t be happy either!

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This is... such a tough situation.

“Hey, Joan, what are you thinking about? Larry’s asking you a question,” Delilah reminded.

“Oh, uhh... My friend wasn’t feeling too well, so I dropped by for a visit,” Joan answered sheepishly.

“Which friend?” That was certainly a question worth pondering over.

“Nancy. Yeah! She’s been feeling sick lately, so I went to look after her for a while,” Joan blurted.

She’s lying! She obviously went to Caiden’s place. Why is she trying to cover it up? Larry became increasingly perplexed as he stood before Joan.

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What is she afraid of? Why would she have to lie if nothing actually happened between them?

“Joan.” The atmosphere tensed up as Larry walked toward her.

Does he already know? Joan glanced at him anxiously, trying to avoid his gaze.

“I have things to deal with at work, so I’ll be leaving now. I’ll leave Ms. Young to you.” The man left right after saying that.

Joan immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

Delilah watched the entire ordeal, clearly aware that Joan had lied.

Silly girl. You’re such a bad liar, but you chose to lie right at Larry’s face. It’s no wonder he’s mad!

“Did you really drop by Nancy’s place?” asked Delilah while drinking some milk.

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“Huh? Yeah, I just got back from there,” Joan responded diffidently.

“Seriously... Why aren't you telling the truth?” Delilah shook her head.

Joan felt awkward. That's because I don't want him to misunderstand me! But how did she know I was lying?

“You knew, Ms. Young?” Joan gazed at her, full of curiosity.

“Of course. Do you have any idea how many times Larry called you? He was so worried, and yet you still lied to him after coming back here. You went to Caiden's place, didn't you?”
Delilah looked out the window in a slight daze.

Despite seeing Joan as her own daughter, the older woman spared no effort in pointing out anything she didn't agree with.

So he does know. He just chose not to talk about it. Joan felt a little upset. Then, why didn't he ask me about it instead? He wasn't like this before.

“Well, if Larry didn't bring it up, that means he still trusts you. Don't overthink, but don't do something like that again either. And what's going on with Caiden, anyway? Why would he get you to cook for him...”

Delilah asked so many questions that Joan didn't know where to begin. Even so, there was no denying that Joan was alive because Caiden had saved her. Otherwise, she would have been dead by now.

“Okay, Ms. Young, are you hungry? Let me cook something for you.” The woman walked straight into the kitchen.

Delilah wasn't too pleased with her response, but she understood why the latter was behaving this way. Well, there are some things I don't have to know—as long as she does. I'm sure she's smart enough to make the right decisions.

Meanwhile, Lucius got along well with his classmates in school. Every child had dazzling smiles on their faces.

“Is everyone here?” asked the principal.

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“Yes!” the students responded.

“I have good news for everyone. We’ll be having a field trip, and your parents will be coming along. It’s going to be a camping trip...” The principal announced excitedly. “Isn’t that great, children?”

Every teacher and student looked forward to such an event, and so did a large majority of parents. Many parents had requested this as it was a great way for them to bond with their children.

Yet, Lucius wasn’t too happy.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to take part in the field trip; it was just that Larry had always been busy with work while Joan had to look after Delilah. There was no way they could make time for such the boy’s school activities.

“What’s wrong, Lucius?” the homeroom teacher asked gently.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to join the camping trip,” Lucius explained.

The teacher felt stumped. It hadn’t been easy trying to organize such a trip; how could anyone pass up on it just like that?

“How about this? I’ll give your mother a call and talk to her about this, okay?” The teacher caressed the boy’s head.

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