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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2271 - 2280

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2271

"All of you, knuckle down! Don't waste time on the irrelevant party." Out of a sudden, a department leader announced loudly from afar.

"Of course! Why would we be affected by some jerk?"

"Absolutely! Someone is way out of his place, but not us."

Everyone there chimed in one after another, obviously satirizing Larry.

At that instant, Larry realized why they treated him in such a manner. They must have read the news about my scandal. Damn! Don't they know that I am a victim as well?

"Actually... Let me explain things to you all. About what you saw on the news, it was merely an accident..." Larry started to defend himself.

"Yeah, right. When you can't find Joan, it naturally becomes an accident."

"Such a convenient accident, isn't it? Sounds to me more like a lousy excuse."

Those staffs kept chattering away.

What excuse? Nothing happened between Jessica and me. I am innocent! In the end, Larry could only sigh at this helpless situation.

Undoubtedly every single of them sided with Joan, but he would not have expected to cast her a cold glance anything different than that.

Nonetheless, shouldn't true friends try to help Joan fix her marriage? What kind of friends are these people?

"Why did you show up around here? Is there anything you need?" At the instant, Dustin's voice startled Larry from behind.

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Finally! He's here! The latter cast him a cold furious glance.

"Where did you hide Joan?"

Who does he think he is to accuse me like this? He's the one who didn't appreciate her in the first place. Doesn't he have any shame? Dustin smiled at him frigidly.

"First of all, I did not hide her anywhere. Secondly, shouldn't you know where your own wife is?" Dustin responded indifferently.

He must be feeling like a cat on hot bricks right now. That's what I want. I want him to panic. I want him to be unable to find her forever!

"Dustin, I knew she was with you recently. Please tell me where she is." Larry threw away his ego and began begging.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know the answer to your question. You should ask someone else." Dustin turned to leave at that.

"Dustin!" Larry could no longer hold his emotions. "If you don't tell me right now, I will sue you for kidnapping!"

This is preposterous! Dustin did not halt his feet, as he had no intention to waste time with this man.

"That's enough. You should leave. Joan won't want to see you either."

"Yeah! Why would she forgive someone who cheated on her?"

"So what if you're handsome? You're just an asshole after all."

At the moment, the provocations from the staff started to suffocate Larry.

"Do any of you know where Joan is? Could you please tell me? I really need to see her now." The man refused to give up.

"No. Just leave. Joan hasn't shown up here since she moved out of her house. You won't be able to get any clues from us," one of the senior employees suddenly stated.

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Fine. Forget it.

Larry reluctantly turned around and started walking out.

Hold on a second! If I follow Dustin, I might be able to find Joan. The man nodded subconsciously at this spontaneous idea of his.

That's it. This should be the best way.

"Yes. Follow him closely. Report to me once you find anything." Larry hung up his phone upon giving his subordinate that order.

Such an irony. How did I end up like this? Larry let out a self-deprecating smile.

Joan, is this really over between us? He wandered towards the balcony and gazed at the horizon with his decadent eyes.

Love is such a vulnerable thing... So is marriage. People always say marriage is the graveyard of love, but I disagree completely. Our marriage has always been great and stable. If not for that accidental kiss, Joan and I would still be together happily.

Larry massaged his forehead, feeling a headache brewing at the back of his head.

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Out of a sudden, Caspian emerged from the door and boomed loudly, "Larry, how's it going?"

Since when was he discharged from the hospital?

"What are you doing here? Go back to the hospital!" Larry commanded angrily.

How can I possibly be resting in such a situation? If so, I'm afraid you and Joan would have divorced by the time I got out of the hospital.

Caspian was heartbroken when he saw Larry in such a dispirited state.

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“Larry, let me go look for her. Please leave it to me. I will explain for you since she doesn’t want to see you,” he suggested anxiously.

Indeed. If Caspian’s the one who talks to her, the outcome might be different. But we don’t even know where she is!

“Joan has moved out,” Larry said faintly.

In slight bewilderment, Caspian backed out a few steps. He had predicted this development, but it had happened sooner than he expected.

“It’s okay. I will find her.” Caspian patted Larry’s shoulder firmly and left the office after that.

Larry was left alone sitting on the couch, his moist eyes staring perplexedly at the ceiling.

This is the first time we’ve had such a serious argument. This is also the first time she has separated herself from me. What’s next? Is she going to divorce me?

“What did you say? That’s impossible. Joan seemed fine that day we met. How could she move out so abruptly?” Nancy questioned with a puzzled look.

“Nancy. This is for real. What did you guys talk about that day? Did she mention anything about her moving out?” Caspian was stomping impatiently around the room as he spoke.

“Nope. That day, Joan said she didn’t want to talk about Larry, so we had a good time shopping together.”

What a foolish woman. If Joan refused to talk about it, the situation’s probably serious! How could you actually think she was fine?

Caspian shut his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to collect himself.

“Fine. I understand. One more thing. Dustin is a good friend of Jory. If he happens to mention anything to him, you have to tell me.”

Hearing that, Nancy put up her guard instinctively. Dustin is caught in between this? That’s not surprising. After all, he has been waiting for Joan all this while.

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“Got it. I promise I will call you if anything occurs.” Upon saying that, Nancy ended the call.

“Who was it? You sounded so emotional.” The second she hung up, Jory’s voice echoed from the living room.

“Um... It was just an old friend. He was in trouble with his work, so he called to seek my advice.” Nancy walked towards Jory and sat down slowly beside him. “Jory, could I ask you something?”

The man turned towards her and gently put a strawberry between her lips.

Even though they had been married for years, he still treated her as if she was his first crush. Nancy felt extremely loved by the way he pampered her.

“What is it? Speak your mind,” Jory responded softly.

Nancy worded her question carefully. “If I have a conflict with your best friend one day, whose side will you be on? Mine or his?”

Jory was startled for a while, but soon his expression resumed to normal. To him, this was an irrelevant question, as he would never allow this dilemma to occur.

“Such a thing won’t happen,” he answered.

“I said what if. Please answer me.” She shook his arms flightily.

“Nancy, I’m a reasonable guy, so I will side whoever has the right reason. Or else, I will keep myself out of it and side neither.”

Nonetheless, Nancy was somewhat disappointed with his frank answer. Even though she wanted him to be honest, yet at this point, she might prefer a white lie.

“Alright, stop overthinking things. Nothing will happen between you and Dustin. The both of you are from different worlds, and you two hardly meet once a month. I see no chance of conflict.” Jory wrapped his arm around her waist and comforted her.

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But what if one day, they argue because of Joan?

Never mind. Asking more questions won't solve anything. I'll just go with the flow.

"How is it?" Dustin grinned. "I cooked it."

"You really have a lot of tricks up your sleeve, Dustin! I never knew you could cook such an amazing lobster thermidor! Your future wife is going to be the happiest woman on earth," exclaimed Joan.

So, are you happy? As Dustin watched her scarf down the food he cooked as his heart welled up with satisfaction. He would cook her lobster thermidor for the rest of her life if it made her happy.

"Larry went to the supermarket today to look for you."

Upon hearing that, Joan put down her cutlery, looking a little embarrassed.

"He didn't say much." Dustin shrugged. "I guess he wanted to clarify what happened in the newspaper article to you."

After a long pause, Joan finally spoke up, "Don't tell him where I am. I still want to live in peace for a while longer." She'd long since given up on that man.

There was no way in hell that she would forgive him for cheating on her! Although it had happened once before, that time had been a trap set up by Gabriella! However, what happened this time was different.

"Do you have no plan in forgiving him?" Dustin asked pointedly.

Joan hesitated.

To be completely honest, she was just mad that Larry didn't pull away when Jessica kissed him. She'd never seriously considered divorcing him and had merely planned to teach him a lesson.

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“Let’s not talk about that anymore,” she smiled at him before getting right back to savor the lobster thermidor. “Dig in! Your cooking is really good.”

Dustin’s eyes darkened. Joan changing the topic meant that she still secretly cared about her husband, even if she refused to show it.

Swallowing his disappointment, he faked another laugh. “If you like it so much, I’ll cook it regularly for you from now on.”

Meanwhile, Caspian had gone through hell to finally find out where Joan was.

“Joan, what happened between Larry and Jessica was all a misunderstanding,” he hurriedly explained as soon as he found her.

It has nothing to do with me anymore, regardless of whether it was a misunderstanding or not, she lamented.

“Just go home, Caspian. And if you really think of me as a friend, don’t tell Larry that I’m here,” Joan sighed. “I don’t want to see him.”

She doesn’t want to see her own husband, but would rather stay here with Dustin?

Caspian shook his head with a hint of disdain in his eyes.

He was very clear of everything Larry had done for her and the things he had to shoulder for her sake. How could this woman be so cruel as to give up on their relationship just because of an accident?

“Are you really going to abandon Larry after everything you’ve been through together? Did you know that he stayed up day and night to resolve the problems with his company, and every time he took a brief moment to rest, he would mumble your name in his sleep? And that time he went out of the country, his first thought was to come back to see you as soon as he’d settle all the matters. Can you please stop messing around? You have no idea of the stress he’s facing now,” pleaded Caspian.

For a second, Joan’s heart squeezed in pain, but the coldness in her gaze quickly reappeared.

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She knew that Larry was in pain and had always had it rough. But she also knew that Jessica had accompanied him throughout those rough times; buying lunch for him, chatting with him, and even buying clothes for him. On the contrary, she knew nothing about his condition as Larry's wife.

She should have been the one to do all that for him, but he'd allowed someone else to do it instead.

"Forgive me for being blunt, Caspian, but don't you think that Larry and Jessica are more compatible together than he is with me?" Joan suddenly asked.

Caspian's expression hardened. He was aware that Jessica had always been interested in Larry, but he'd never been willing to accept the hard truth.

The only thing that comforted him was that Larry only had eyes for Joan, and no one else.

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"I know what you're trying to get at, but the situation has changed. Larry and Jessica's relationship is purely professional, and they are nothing more than friends and colleagues. If you don't believe me, you can ask Jessica yourself," Caspian tried to explain.

Colleagues? Even colleagues might one day turn into lovers. Then, get married and spend the rest of their lives together. What a joke. The term "professional relationship" is nothing more than a flimsy lie.

"I think that's alright," she shook her head. "I'm tired, and I want to rest."

Why in the world is this woman being so stubborn? Just what does she want Larry to do in order to earn her forgiveness?

In a low voice, Caspian inquired exasperatedly, "Then, can you tell me what is going on between you and Dustin? I've seen him come here several times already."

What else could happen between me and Dustin? We are just good friends.

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Failing to detect the suspicious tone of Caspian's voice, she replied, "He comes to visit occasionally because he cares for me as a friend."

Huh? That's it? No way. If I remembered correctly, Dustin has been in love with her for a long time. Is she also cheating on Larry?

"Let me remind you that you're a married woman, Joan. It would do you some good to not interact too much with this kind of scummy man, or others will start to run their mouths," he told her matter-of-factly.

If she was going to insist on standing her ground, then he had no more reason to spare her dignity or pride. When it came down to it, Caspian would always side with Larry.

"What are you trying to say? There's nothing between Dustin and me! You tell Larry to stop accusing me of things I didn't do because my conscience is clear!" Joan retorted.

She was truly mad and offended now. How dare Larry question my morals! I've never done anything stupid to stain his name!

"This isn't Larry's opinion but mine," Caspian clarified. "I've wanted to tell you this for a long time, but do you know what the employees at Norton Corporation have been saying about you? They call you a wolf in sheep's clothing, a scheming b*tch, and a shameless woman who will just go with anyone. No matter how well Mr. Norton treats you, you will never be satisfied. Besides, you seem to care a lot about Dustin and Caiden as well."

Joan's mind went blank. Suddenly, the man standing in front of her had become frightening. Caspian had never once talked to her in such a passive-aggressive, accusatory manner before. What is wrong with him today?

"There's nothing going on between them and me. Dustin is my good friend, and Caiden is my junior from school who has also saved my life," she replied firmly.

Caspian internally scoffed. He wasn't going to fall for that. A man and a woman could never be "just friends". They were merely labeling their relationships as they saw fit, taking what they needed from each other.

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“Oh, grow up, Joan! If Dustin wasn’t in love with you, then why would he be at your beck and call? If Caiden wasn’t in love with you, then why were you the first person he called and asked to take care of him and cook for him?”

Joan was rendered speechless. She would admit that the two men did like her, but she didn’t return their feelings! She had a husband whom she loved very much!

“You’re overthinking it. There’s nothing going on between us.”

“Let me ask you one more question. If you divorced Larry one day, who would you choose? Caiden or Dustin?”

What kind of question is that? How could I ever get divorced with Larry? All I want is to teach him a lesson.

She didn’t want to continue this conversation any further. “I’m tired. Please leave me alone.”

She shouldn’t have expected for him to understand her point of view. After all, they came from completely different worlds and backgrounds. But she never would have thought that Caspian was such a materialistic, snobbish person.

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What? Did I strike a nerve?

A corner of Caspian’s mouth curved up in satisfaction as he reveled in his success. This woman’s attitude and dishonesty had to be the result of Larry being too lenient on her in the past.

“So what do you plan to do?” he pressed on.

Joan didn’t have any plans and she wasn’t going to take any measures. All she wanted was some time to herself to think things over.

“I have no plan,” she repeated. “Please leave.”

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Caspian scanned his surroundings and gave her another dirty look.

“Sure. Please think carefully, because I need an answer soon.” With those parting words, he left the premises.

Think about what? Divorcing Larry? Or making up with him?

Just as Joan was wallowing in her own self-deprecation, Dustin walked over.

“What happened? I thought I saw Caspian,” he commented.

“He was here,” answered Joan.

Why was he here? Did Larry send him? What a coward! Not only is he too scared to meet her himself, but he’d also made someone else try to solve his problems on his behalf! Dustin bit the inside of his cheek, suppressing the rage that flared up inside him.

“Dustin, I think it’s best if you don’t come over as often from now on,” Joan suddenly announced. “I don’t want anyone else to have any misunderstandings about me.”

He’d expected that she would suggest this sooner or later and had already mentally prepared himself for it.

“No problem,” he replied wryly. After all, he respected her decisions.

“Hey, Caiden,” Jaden called out from the sofa in the living room. “Why haven’t you been meeting up with that senior of yours from school? I heard that she has fought with Larry.”

He had given up on the idea of Caiden and Noelle getting together a long time ago.

“Mmm, I know.” Caiden flipped a page of his magazine in disinterest.

What? Why is he suddenly so... stoic? Jaden slowly approached him, curiously looking at his friend up and down.

“Are you alright? Do you feel sick?” He reached out to touch Caiden’s forehead, comparing the man’s body temperature with his own.

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He doesn't have a fever, so why does he look so drained?

"Your stupid little sister won't leave me alone," Caiden complained dryly. "Tighten your leash on her or something. I don't have the time to hang out with her. I have to work and try to work on a relationship, so go and find her another boy-toy to keep her entertained."

Oh, so it's because of Noelle! Jaden smiled. It seemed that Caiden still cared for her, even if it was not much.

"No wonder Noelle has been in such a good mood recently."

Of course, she is. Why wouldn't she be after ordering him here and there every day?

He had no clue how she had so much energy. First, it was the zoo, then an amusement park, then a bar, a nightclub, and the cycle repeated itself over and over again. And if he refused any of her requests, she would throw a tantrum and tell on him to her family members!

"Let me tell you this, from tomorrow onwards, sit her down and talk to her. I'm truly tired," groaned Caiden, then he got up and headed back to his own room.

Oh. So he's actually mad. Jaden stared at the back of Caiden in amusement.

Lying in his bed, Caiden tried to get some sleep. He tossed and turned and tried counting sheep, but to no avail—he just couldn't sleep. He picked up his phone, scrolled through his contacts, and found Joan's number eventually.

After hesitating for some time, he ended up calling her.

"What's up?" Her voice sounded groggy and tired, tugging at his heartstrings.

"Um... How have you been? Sorry I haven't had the time to visit you lately."

"It's fine. I'm doing alright," came her instant response. "Don't worry about me and take care of yourself." Please don't come for a visit. If someone sees you here with me, I don't know what to tell others.

Alright? Is she merely putting up a strong front, pretending that she is fine when she is actually hurting inside? Why doesn't she allow herself to be a little vulnerable in front of me?

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"I heard that Larry had an affair," Caiden probed purposefully.

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So Caiden knew too. Well, the story had made front-page headlines. Joan huffed and took a moment to regain her composure.

"Mmm." Her answer sounded straightforward yet weak, even to her own ears.

"What do you plan on doing?"

"Nothing. I'll go with the flow and let fate take the wheel. It's not as if I want more things to happen," she muttered.

Caiden wondered if her answer meant that she still had some hope in Larry.

Larry was obviously very important to her, so there was no doubt that she was feeling down. But where is she now? He'd heard that she'd moved to a place where no one was able to find her.

"Joan, let's meet up tomorrow," he declared.

Joan did a double take. She didn't want to meet up with anyone, let alone Caiden.

"Is there something you want to talk about? We can do it through the phone."

"Yes, there's something very important. I need to go now, but I'll text you the address and time." With that, he immediately ended the call.

Actually, he didn't have anything to do. He just didn't want her to reject him outright.

"Huh, Caiden? I don't have the time to meet up! Hello?" Joan stared at her dimming phone screen, sighing helplessly.

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Something important? Will something happen if I don't go? She felt a migraine coming on, so she raised her hands to massage her temples.

Oh no, give me a break.

"What's wrong? Why do you look so troubled?" Delilah fretted, approaching Joan.

"Hm? It's nothing, Ms. Young," Joan hurriedly greeted her, getting to her feet. "Why are you here?"

"This is my house, Joan. Am I not welcome here?" Delilah handed her a lunchbox. "This is for you. Lucius said he wanted dumplings, so I made extra for him and for you. Go on, have a taste."

"Thank you, Ms. Young," Joan chuckled. Delilah was always caring for her.

The older woman eyed her surroundings, breathing a sigh of relief when she realized that Joan had everything she needed. Opening up the refrigerator revealed that it was stocked with various fruits and vegetables, and there were also traces of cooking in the kitchen. At least Joan knew how to look after herself.

Delilah smiled in satisfaction, but she was unaware that the traces of cooking had been left behind by Dustin.

"How is it?"

"It tastes wonderful, Ms. Young," Joan answered happily. "Why don't you have some yourself?"

"No, no. I've eaten today. You should eat some more meat, all that junk food isn't good for health." Delilah eyed the various packets of instant noodles in the cabinets.

"I know. I only eat them every once in a while."

The truth was that Joan hadn't eaten well for two days straight before Delilah's visit today due to a lack of appetite.

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Humans were strange creatures. When you wanted to go on a diet and lose weight, your body would adamantly refuse to show any changes. But when you fall into a pit of depression and lose all the energy to stay on a diet, your body weight would suddenly drop.

A few days was all it took for Joan's body to feel lighter as she had lost more than ten pounds.

She wasn't sure if she should be happy or sad since Larry used to joke that she had gotten a little chubbier after giving birth.

"Eat slowly" reminded Delilah. "If it's not enough, I can cook more for you right now."

"It's alright, Ms. Young!" Joan rushed to stop her. "This is more than enough, I swear. I won't even be able to finish everything."

Delilah sighed in pity as she watched Joan eat the dumplings. How does a happy, normal family end up like this?

"You should sit down and have a proper talk with Larry. The kids miss you too," she suggested. She was aware that Joan loved Lucius more than anything in the world, and hoped that the mention of Lucius would motivate Joan to go back to her family.

Just as she'd expected, Joan froze slightly, sadness flashed through the depths of her eyes. She'd moved out because she didn't want the children to be affected by her fight with Larry. At the same time, she needed some time to herself, but now...

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"How is Lucius?" Joan asked, raising her head.

"He keeps talking about you and Larry during dinner and wishing for you to go home."

In the blink of an eye, Joan was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt.

"Please give me some time to take everything in, Ms. Young."

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She couldn't muster up the courage to face Larry's disloyalty, nor to face any other man. She knew she had to talk this out with him, but she needed some time to gather her thoughts.

"Alright, I'll wait for you. Lucius is doing well, so don't worry about him too much. The most important thing is that you take good care of yourself, remember to eat your meals daily, and also go for a walk from time to time. Staying indoors all day is unhealthy for you," reminded Delilah.

She understood very well how hard it would be for a woman to recover from a bout of sadness, and how many times Joan must have cried after that incident.

"Oh? Hello there, Ms. Young," Dustin's voice suddenly called out as he walked in.

Why is he here? Delilah stared at him in confusion. From the way he changed his shoes to slippers and how he stored them away, she could tell that he knew this place well.

"Do you come here every day, Dustin?" she asked.

"Nope. Joan stopped me from coming back here a few days ago, but I wanted to drop off some groceries," Dustin hurriedly replied. "I figured that she should have run out of them by now."

So he had been the one looking after her all this time.

How could this be? What if Larry found out?

"What's going on here, Joan?" Delilah clutched Joan's arm.

"Nothing's going on. Dustin is just concerned about me, as you can see." Why does everyone assume that she and Dustin are having an affair?

"That's not it, Joan. You're currently stuck in a sensitive phase in your relationship; you shouldn't be interacting with other men this intimately. What would Larry think?"

But Joan didn't think much of it.

She hadn't done anything wrong to Larry. Hence, she couldn't stop others from saying whatever they had in mind.

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"I was wondering why you left the supermarket in a hurry every time work hours were over, Mr. Silverman! I never knew that you were visiting Joan!" A female supermarket worker suddenly popped out of nowhere, exclaiming loudly.

Is this a prank? Why is she here? Joan's eyebrows furrowed, perplexed as she spotted the girl from afar.

She didn't think that she was that close with this girl to the extent that she would come to pay her a visit. On the other hand, Delilah, sitting beside her, had an unsettling gut feeling that a storm was heading their way.

"Why are you here? Do you need something?" Dustin frowned, not a single hint of kindness in his expression.

"Since Mr. Silverman has come all the way to visit Joan, I thought that I should do the same too," the girl puffed her cheeks out indignantly, holding her chin high in the air.

She's just here to start a fight, isn't she?

Joan slowly got to her feet, went near the girl, and asked politely, "Are you here to see me? Is there anything I can help you with?"

Hmph. What a slut. She has a husband and children at home, but still trying to steal someone's man! The girl clenched her fists, her gaze sharpened.

"Yeah, I'm here to see you."

Slap!

The words had barely left the girl's mouth when her palm flew across Joan's face, leaving an angry red imprint on her skin.

"Joan!" Delilah ran over, pulling Joan to stand behind her.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Dustin roared. "Leave now!"

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Dustin has always been so warm and forgiving, but now he has lost his temper because of this woman? What a joke! The girl scoffed, softening her voice into a whiny one as she pouted, "What's wrong, Mr. Silverman? You've never scolded me before?"

She has the gall to stand there and play the victim when she was clearly the one who hit Joan? Delilah instantly walked forward, pushing the girl back. "I knew you are here to start a fight! What right do you have to stand here and hit Joan? Who do you think you are?"

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Delilah had blown her top off.

Regardless of whatever Joan had done wrong in the past, that didn't mean she deserved to get assaulted by some random stranger!

"Why did you hit me?" Joan immediately demanded.

Is that really a question? It's because you're a b*tch.

"Joan Watts, you're a married woman, so why are you using Mr. Silverman's affections for you and treat him like your servant? Go back to your husband! Oh, right, Larry Norton has found himself a younger, prettier woman, hasn't he? You came crawling to Mr. Silverman because you're thirsty for attention, aren't you?" screamed the girl.

"Shut up!" Dustin shouted back at her.

At that, the girl desperately looked towards her boss, her eyes filled with tears.

"Your manager and I are just friends and colleagues. There's nothing going on between us," Joan tried to explain.

That's bullsh*t! Everyone in the supermarket knew that Dustin had a crush on her a long time ago. Why else would he still wait for her to come back when she hasn't shown up at work for such a long period of time. He should have just fired her straightaway!

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“Stop pretending! Everyone knows very well that you’re a b*tch who just hates being alone, and can’t live without the help of a man!” The venomous words left the girl’s mouth without a second thought.

Trembling, Joan took a few steps backward. Is that really the workers’ opinions of her? I must be a fool to have treated them like her family!

“Don’t listen to her,” Delilah reassured her. “She’s just saying that because she’s jealous of you.”

“I don’t want to see you in the supermarket from tomorrow onwards,” declared Dustin. “We don’t need an employee like you.”

“Come on, Mr. Silverman! I’m doing this for your sake!” the girl acted cutely, stubbornly trying to explain to Dustin. “Look at her! How could she be so shameless? If she really wanted to be with you, she should have divorced Larry a long time ago!”

Dustin wasn’t sure how to respond to that, causing Joan to feel rather awkward.

“Take your employee away, Dustin,” Delilah demanded loudly. “This is my house, and we do not welcome her here!”

He glanced between Joan and Delilah before he dragged the girl out of the house eventually.

After sending her away, Dustin went back into the house and tried to comfort Joan. “Don’t take her words to heart. She just said that in a fit of rage.”

Joan raised her head to fix him with a stern stare.

That employee had been right. Dustin had done so much for her, but she’d constantly taken his efforts for granted because she was selfish.

“I don’t think you should come to visit me anymore, Dustin. Also, I want to quit my job,” Joan told him firmly. She didn’t want to add to his burden any longer, and she also needed to maintain her distance from him.

Dustin was caught off guard as he didn’t expect this.

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"Have you thought about what you want to do from now on, Joan?" Delilah suddenly asked.

Dustin watched Joan's reaction closely, anticipating some sort of change of heart.

"I'll cross the bridge when I get to it," Joan smiled weakly. "For now, I need to rest for a few days. I'll recover and go back to normal soon, so don't worry."

Delilah felt really bad for her.

"If that's what makes you happy. Now that Joan has made her decision, let's not bother her any further, Dustin." As she said that, Delilah tugged on the man's arm and led him out of the living room.

"Ms. Young, wait!" he protested loudly as they arrived at the entrance. "What she needs now is someone to comfort her! I can't just leave!"

"Watch yourself, Dustin," the old woman quietly reminded him. "Joan isn't divorced yet. If you really want the best for her, you should wait until she and Larry officially end their marriage before you pursue her."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2279

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2279

Dustin fell silent, not knowing how he should respond to that.

Why does everyone know about his feelings for her but Joan?

After a shared moment of silence, they both agreed to leave the house.

In the living room, Joan had plopped down onto the sofa and was flipping through a magazine absentmindedly. From now on, she had to make plans for her future and start a new life.

Larry Norton, no matter who you choose in the end and what you do; none of it will have anything to do with me. I made this decision because you suspected me of cheating on you, not the other way around.

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Joan took a deep breath and there was sorrow in her eyes.

Everyone had to overcome the countless challenges in life. Love was nothing more than an additive to life, so one wouldn't die without it. The most important thing was that one had to be happy with oneself.

"Are you alright, Joan? I heard you have moved out!" Nancy frantically asked through a phone call.

"Yeah," Joan leaned back in her seat. "I wanted some peace."

That doesn't mean that you have to move out! You could have gone on a solo vacation or something! Nancy was not convinced.

"Have you not been in a good mood recently? Why don't we go on a holiday? I haven't had some fun in a long while," suggested Nancy.

Hmm... That sounds like a good idea. I haven't had fun in a long while too.

"Sure, let's go on a trip." With that, she hung up the phone. She needed to do some research on where she wanted to go, what she wanted to do and buy, and so forth.

"Hey, Caspian. Joan and I are going on holiday. Make sure to inform Larry so he won't worry too much," Nancy later called Caspian up and told him.

"Got it. Thanks, Nancy."

They chatted for a few minutes before hanging up.

In the meantime, Larry had fallen asleep on his desk, just like he had for the past few days. There were dark circles under his eyes, and his face looked sallow.

"Larry?" Caspian called out but there was no response.

He decided to back off and let Larry sleep, knowing that he hadn't taken a good break in a long time.

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After some time, Larry woke up. He stretched his back as he moved from his desk to sit down on a sofa.

"What time is it?" he groaned, looking dazed and lost.

"It's five in the afternoon—time to go home."

Larry huffed internally. Work hours may be over, but he didn't have a home to go back to anymore.

"Nancy just called me to say that she's going on a holiday with Joan," Caspian went on.

Larry's eyes lit up, then dimmed just as quickly.

He remembered having once promised Joan that he would take her on a trip around the world. Unfortunately, due to his work and schedule, he was never able to carry out his plan.

Larry hung his head low in guilt and defeat.

"Alright," he answered curtly, picking up his coat and preparing to leave the office.

"Where are you going?"

"To look for Jessica. Her money has arrived."

"No need to look for me," Jessica suddenly appeared in the doorway. "I'm already here."

"And just in time, too," Caspian commented sarcastically.

"Come on, Mr. Norton! I'm in a good mood today, so I'll treat you to dinner." Jessica proudly pointed to herself.

"No, thank you." Larry tried to slip past her and walk away. "You can go with Caspian."

"Come on, Mr. Norton," whined Jessica as she grabbed ahold of his arm. "Just relax. I won't drink any alcohol, and I'll stick to juice this time. I promise."

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"You wanna come with us, Caspian?" She glanced over her shoulder at the seemingly jealous man.

"I'll pass. I still have some work to do," declined Caspian. The truth was that he wanted to go, but he didn't want to disturb them.

"Maybe next time, then. Let's go, Mr. Norton."

Unable to shake Jessica's grip off, Larry relegated himself to being dragged into her car.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2280

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2280

If this were any other time, he would have pushed her away without thinking twice. He just couldn't bring himself to do so knowing that Jessica had just lost both her parents recently.

"How are things between you and Joan?" Jessica brought it up during the drive. "I heard she moved out of the house."

The feelings she harbored towards Larry were purely platonic—it had nothing to do with lust, love, or even admiration.

"I'm just letting whatever happens, happen," Larry slowly replied. "I've been busy, anyway."

Looks like things aren't going well. Jessica gave the man beside her a sidelong glance.

"What do you think I can do so that Joan will come back to you?"

"What do you have in mind?" Larry instantly shot back. If Jessica got into trouble again, he doubted that Joan would spare him a glance ever again. "Just don't do anything, and that's the best way to resolve the problem."

"Um... What I meant to say was what if we changed our relationship? Would that improve the situation?" Jessica inquired.

What does she mean? Change our relationship to what?

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“We could be like godsiblings or something!”

Larry stared at her, the gears in his brain grinding to a halt.

Huh? Did she hit her head? Is she high on something? Where did that come from?

“Don’t tell me that you secretly enjoy the feeling of me pursuing your affections?” Jessica raised an eyebrow.

Bullsh*t! What the hell is she thinking!

“Enjoy? It is more like being tortured!”

Geez, you don’t have to go that far... Jessica pouted. It wasn’t as if she’d done anything horrible to Joan. If she were an evil, scheming woman, she would have gone after Joan with an axe a long time ago!

“So it’s settled. From now on, you’ll be nothing more than a big brother to me!”

That might actually work as it meant she’d given up on pursuing him. Larry felt a content smile grow on his face.

“I’ll have dessert too, thanks.” Larry handed the menu back to the waiter at the restaurant.

“Yes, sir.”

Jessica stared at him incredulously from across the table. He doesn’t like dessert nor anything sweet, so what has gotten into him?

“Don’t you hate dessert, Larry?”

Huh? How does she know that? I guess she’d done her homework when she was trying to pursue me. Larry hid a laugh behind his cup of tea.

“I don’t, but you do.”

Jessica did a double-take, not used to him being this caring towards her.

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Her heart skipping a beat, she fixed her gaze on the ground as a bright red blush bloomed across her cheeks.

“Hey, don’t get it wrong. You’ll make it seem as if we’re dating.” Larry rolled his eyes.

Her brief moment of fantasy instantly shattered. “Just shut up and immerse yourself in this warm atmosphere! Why can’t I be shy and demure for once? Why can’t I revel in the feeling of being adored for once?”

Ahem! He choked on his tea.

He’d met women who were straightforward before, but none of them was like Jessica. Where did she even find the courage to say something this embarrassing out loud?

Whatever. It’s not as if she was a “normal woman”, he reminded himself.

“Are you okay?” She nearly jumped out of her skin, handing him a napkin on the table. “Make sure you are okay! Who’s going to get the bill if something happens to you?”

“Didn’t you say you were going to treat me? Why am I the one footing the bill then?” He furrowed his eyebrows, raising his head to stare at her.

“Are you kidding me? Today is the first day that we’ve become ‘siblings’, so it’s normal that you have to treat your little sister to a meal! Don’t tell me you are going to sting on me?” Jessica shrugged before taking a sip of her beverage.

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