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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2591 - 2600

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2591

"What should we do now, Ms. Chipman?" asked someone beside her.

"We don't do anything," Abelyn replied.

Of course, she was not about to let Joan off. She simply needed to make a detailed plan first.

Meanwhile, Joan had held a press conference to address the incident in the photography studio.

"Hi Ms. Watts, I'd like to ask a question. You'd been working as a supervisor in the photography studio when such an incident happened. How did you get through it?" asked a journalist.

"Firstly, I want to thank my ex-husband. When I was having a difficult time and was feeling helpless, he was the one who gave me motivation and hopes," she answered affectionately.

There was a round of applause from the audience...

With Larry's help, the incident with the photography studio had finally been completely resolved that day. Joan had returned to her office after the press conference ended.

"Congratulations," said Jake softly as he walked in.

What's he doing here again? Noticing his presence, she got up and walked over.

"Are you here for me?" Joan asked.

"Why? Don't you welcome me?" he said, then took a seat.

Um... Joan was at a loss for words.

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Ever since Larry had misunderstood her the previous time, she had been more careful to keep her distance from Jake. However, she did not expect that he would turn up at the company that day.

“How’s your business been lately?” he asked, looking out the office.

Observing his actions, Joan realized the true purpose of his appearance.

“It’s been okay,” she replied.

Then, she suddenly spoke into the landline on her table, “Come into the office.”

Very soon, the door was gently pushed open.

As soon as her assistant walked in, Jake’s eyes fell on her, carrying a very affectionate look. Feeling his gaze, the assistant smiled slightly at him, then immediately walked toward Joan.

“You’re looking for me, Ms. Watts?” she asked gently.

“You’ve been working hard recently. You can go home and rest now,” Joan replied straightforwardly.

Her assistant was instantly shocked.

“But today’s a workday,” she hurriedly reminded Joan.

Is she firing me? The assistant stared eagerly at Joan, with a nervous look on her face.

“I know you’ve been working overtime recently, so I want to let you relax for today. Since it’s also the weekend tomorrow, you can rest for longer,” she explained while flipping through some documents.

Oh, so that’s what it is. The assistant held a hand against her chest, breathing a sigh of relief.

“Um... I’m not tired. It’s okay, I can still...”

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"You have to go back and rest today. Or you can go out and play," said Joan firmly as she glanced over at Jake.

Her tone basically made her words an order. The assistant hesitated, wanting to speak. However, she eventually did not and left the office in silence after that.

On the sofa, Jake was absentmindedly flipping through some newspapers, lost in thought. He seemed to have something on his mind.

"Aren't you going to leave?" she asked.

"Soon," he replied.

"If you don't leave right now, someone else would have asked my assistant out on a date by then."

Suddenly, Jake raised his head as his eyes lit up.

She's right. Her assistant's so pretty. She's basically a goddess. Surely there's already a line of men waiting to date her!

"I'm leaving, bye," he said as he hurriedly ran out of the office.

Joan laughed as she watched him go.

And you told me you didn't like her! You said you didn't have the slightest bit of feelings for her. If I didn't force you, you really wouldn't have realized that you liked her.

Indeed, in only two days, Jake's relationship with her assistant had grown by leaps and bounds. At that point, he no longer needed Joan's reminders for him to realize his feelings.

All along, he had taken his gratitude for Joan to be love. However, with the appearance of Joan's assistant, Jake was able to really feel the sweetness of falling in love.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2592

“Congrats!” said Joan, as they sat around in Jake’s living room.

That day, Jake had openly admitted that her assistant, Faye, was his girlfriend. Therefore, Joan no longer needed to worry that Larry would get jealous of him. She could freely interact with Jake from then on.

“It’s all thanks to you,” he replied embarrassedly in a low voice.

“Oh? That’s right. You really should thank me. If I hadn’t scouted for Faye, you wouldn’t even have known that she existed!” she teased, laughing.

As she continued to tease Jake, Faye stood by them with her head lowered, blushing hard.

Noticing her assistant behave so shyly, Joan patted her on the shoulder in comfort. “Don’t be so nervous. Even if he’s the president of a large company, he’s still your boyfriend.”

In reality, she knew that Faye felt somewhat inferior. She was born into a poor family, had no background nor reputation, and did not have any outstanding abilities. Naturally, there were times when she felt small compared to Jake.

“Don’t worry, all that matters is that I like you,” he said as he walked over to hug her.

Raising her head to look at him, Faye nodded eagerly.

“I’m leaving. I don’t want to stay here as a third wheel!” As soon as she said that, Joan picked up her bag and left.

Everyone had thought that Jake and Faye would be able to live happily together after that. However, life was full of accidents, and some things seemed to have been planned out by the gods.

That day, Joan had gone to a café to sign an agreement with the photography studio’s new business partner when she realized that she had forgotten to bring the contract with her. Anxious, she hurriedly called Faye.

“When do you need it by, Ms. Watts?” Faye asked over the phone.

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"I need it now!"

Then, she hung up and turned back to the person in front of her. She said embarrassedly, "I'm so sorry. My assistant will bring the contract over soon."

"It's fine," he replied, taking a sip of his coffee.

Staring at the heavy rain outside, Joan felt very uneasy for no apparent reason.

As time continued to tick by, Joan got increasingly irritated.

Why isn't she here yet? She looked out the window anxiously, her gaze dissatisfied.

"Should we meet another day, Ms. Watts? I have an appointment later."

Looking around nervously for a while, Joan eventually nodded embarrassedly.

"I'm so sorry about this. Maybe there was some congestion on the way here, so she..." she tried to explain.

"It's fine," the man replied, then soon left the café.

As soon as he stepped out, she took out her phone and made a call. However, no one answered the phone.

This brat. What's she doing? How can she be so careless about such an important thing! Is it because I've been too lenient on her, making her so bold and unrestrained?

Joan continued to ponder in anger.

No, I need to make her think through her mistakes tomorrow.

What Joan did not know was at that time, Faye had met with an accident.

At that moment, Faye was lying on a muddy road, bleeding, her face pale.

"Call someone! There's been an accident here!"

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Instantly, a few passers-by gathered around, and soon, the ambulance and police had rushed over.

Bam!

As soon as Joan got back to the photography studio, she slammed the office door shut with a serious expression on her face. The employees outside watched her fearfully.

“What’s going on with Ms. Watts? She looks really angry.”

At the same time, Jake was shouting as he shook the woman lying on the hospital bed.  
“Faye, wake up!”

However, there was no response.

“My condolences, sir,” the nurse said solemnly.

Instantly, Jake trembled from head to toe in disbelief.

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No. She can’t have died!

“Please save her. You must have some way, right?” he pleaded as he grabbed onto the doctor’s arm tightly.

“Sir, we’ve tried our best. I’m sorry.” As soon as the doctor was done, he left the room.

Turning around to hug the person on the bed, Jake shouted, “Faye, can you please open your eyes and look at me?”

The others in the hospital could only sigh when they saw that scene.

“That young lady’s really pitiful. She’s gone at such a young age.”

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“Yeah, it’s really too bad.”

Several family members of the other patients talked amongst themselves, feeling regretful as they looked at Jake’s painful expression.

“What did you say? Faye got into an accident?” Joan asked loudly, immediately standing up.

“Yeah. We just found out about it too,” an employee said.

“We should...” Before the employee could finish speaking, Joan had picked up her phone and ran out of the office.

No wonder Faye didn’t get to the café. She got in an accident on the way!

“I’ll go there with you, Ms. Watts!” shouted an employee from behind her.

“It’s fine, I can go by myself!” Just like that, she disappeared from the studio.

Perhaps because the weather had suddenly gotten colder, there were more patients in the hospital than usual. As soon as Joan reached the hospital, she hurriedly ran to the receptionist, out of breath and looking very anxious.

“Which ward is Faye in?” she asked.

The receptionist looked as if she wanted to say something but eventually did not. Without speaking, she pointed toward a ward far away in the corner.

“Faye!” shouted Joan as she pushed the doors open.

However, she was met with the sight of Jake kneeling on the ground, holding the hand of the person on the bed. His face was covered in tears, looking haggard and in pain.

What happened? Why’s he crying? She slowly walked over, looking solemnly at Faye, who was lying on the bed.

Eventually, she mustered up the courage to place her index finger below Faye’s nostril.

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She was instantly shocked.

All Joan knew was that Faye had met with an accident. She did not know that her assistant had passed away.

“Jake, what’s going on?” she asked in a shaky voice, her eyes welled up with tears.

As soon as he heard her voice, Jake raised his head to look at her with a fierce expression.

“You’re a murderer!” he shouted.

She felt lost upon hearing his words, for she had no idea why he was suddenly saying such a thing.

“What are you talking about?”

Before she could finish speaking, Jake swiftly moved in front of her to choke her, glaring at her with a vicious aura.

He did not release his hold on her neck even as he spoke. “If it weren’t for you, why would she die? If you hadn’t asked her to send over some stupid document, why would she become like this!”

Instantly, Joan understood everything.

Shocked by her realization, she collapsed onto the ground, her eyes dimming with sorrow.

“Are you still pretending to be pitiful? I’ll never forgive you. Never!”

Not to mention Jake, even Joan would never forgive herself.

“Wake up, Faye. I’m Joan. Ms. Watts!” Joan said as she shook the body on the bed.

However, Faye did not open her eyes.

“She’s dead!” Jake shouted back at her.

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"Impossible. She must be asleep. Faye won't die!" she said as she continued to shake the body, constantly muttering to herself.

"Don't touch her! You're not worthy!" He then threw her aside.

Unable to take it any longer, Joan eventually broke down, bursting into hysterical tears.

The others passing by shot them a sympathetic look, but could only leave helplessly.

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"I'm a sinner! I'm the murderer! I killed Faye! It was all my fault!" she yelled as she continued to slap herself in the face.

However, Jake never stopped her. At that moment, his hatred toward Joan had reached extreme levels.

"Don't be sad, miss. She's already gone. You can't torture yourself like this because of it!" said a nurse as she helped Joan to her feet.

"Don't stop her. Let her die!" he said angrily.

Bam!

Just then, someone kicked open the door to the ward.

"Joan."

Immediately, Larry ran over to her and took her into his arms.

"What exactly happened?" he asked, wiping her tears away.

"She's dead, Larry. I did it. I killed her," Joan said, choking on her words.

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Looking over at the hospital bed, he frowned, his expression stern.

“Okay, stop talking. Take a rest,” he said as he helped her over to the sofa.

“Rest? Do you even have any right to do that now?” Jake deliberately shouted.

Larry knew that he had liked Faye a lot. As a result, he understood what Jake was going through then and did not rebut him.

“Okay, stop crying. You still have me,” he said comfortingly as he patted Joan on the back.

“What’s the point of having you around? Can you make her come back to life? You’d better not appear in front of me again, Joan. Otherwise, I won’t let you off!” Jake said as he pointed at her.

Unable to take it any longer, Larry roared, “Don’t take it too far!”

Although he had not yet fully figured out what had happened, looking at how Joan was behaving, he knew that Faye’s death had to have something to do with her. Therefore, he did not want to start a conflict with Jake.

“I’m taking it too far? Clearly, it’s your girlfriend who killed mine. Instead, you’re now trying to teach me a lesson?” He then stood up and walked over to Larry.

“Sir, this is a hospital. You’re not allowed to fight!” a nurse said, stepping forward to stop Jake.

At the same time, Joan had grabbed onto Larry’s arm urgently. “Don’t hit him. It’s my fault. It’s all my fault!”

Looking at her crying face, Larry felt heartbroken.

“Don’t worry. I know my limits,” he replied, stroking her hair.

Just then, a doctor entered and said, “Who’s the patient’s family? I need you to sign a document.”

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A few days later, when Caspian and Jessica had found out about the situation, they headed over to find Larry. Caspian asked, "Is Joan okay?"

However, Larry did not reply.

How can she be okay? For the past few days, Joan had been in a state of constant self-blame. She neither ate nor slept, constantly muttering Faye's name. He was worried that if things continued that way, Joan would become depressed.

"Where's she now?" asked Jessica hurriedly.

"In the hospital."

For the past three days in a row, Joan had been in what used to be Faye's ward, kneeling on the ground and refusing to get up.

Without another word, Jessica immediately ran out. On the way there, she made a call to Nancy. Sure enough, she left her child at home and immediately rushed to the hospital as well.

Once in the ward, Jessica said, "Faye's gone, Joan. What's the use of wasting your time staying here!"

"Get up, Joan. The floor's cold," Nancy then said, bending down to help her up.

"Don't touch me! I'm a sinner," Joan said weakly.

Looking at how exhausted she was, Jessica felt heartbroken.

The last time the three of them had met was over a month ago. They did not expect that they would meet again because of Faye's accident.

"Damn it, Joan. Get up right now! Do you think Faye will come back to life if you do this?" shouted Nancy, unable to hold it in anymore.

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She had never seen Joan in that much pain. In the past, even if she had argued with Larry, they would at most give each other the cold shoulder. But right then, it was clear that Joan had disregarded her own life.

"Faye won't be able to rest in peace if she sees you like this," Jessica said.

"Faye!"

Joan then began to cry again, her tears seemingly never-ending.

Looking at the state that she was in, Jessica and Nancy stopped trying to persuade her.

After a while, Jessica turned to Nancy and asked, "What now?"

"I have no idea."

They both could tell that Joan had long fully regarded herself as Faye's murderer. Therefore, no matter what others said, it would be of no help.

"Why don't we use some extreme measures, then," Nancy said with a serious face, turning around to look at Jessica.

She was stunned for a moment but eventually collected herself. Then, she looked expectantly at Nancy, waiting for her to explain her idea.

"Let's just kidnap her home!"

Is this... really okay? Jessica looked doubtfully at Joan, who was still kneeling on the ground. She was hesitant.

Why doesn't she listen to anyone at all! Jessica sighed.

Eventually, after thinking for a long time, the two women finally reached a consensus. They then began to put their plan into action.

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“What are you doing? Let me go! I won’t leave! I want to keep Faye company here!” Joan yelled, struggling against their hold.

“Keep her company? She’s not here anymore, okay!” replied Nancy, using all her strength to support Joan’s thighs as they carried her out of the ward.

“Let me go! Don’t make me hurt you!”

As Jessica and Nancy had already prepared themselves for whatever unexpected situation, naturally, they did not bother about her threats.

“Ah!” Nancy suddenly shouted with a look of pain on her face.

“What’s wrong?” Jessica asked anxiously.

Lowering her head, Nancy looked at the row of teeth marks on her arm. Soon, it started to bleed.

“Are you okay? Put her down! We have to find a doctor,” Jessica said, about to let Joan go.

At that moment, one of them was grabbing onto Joan’s arms while the other carried her legs. They made for a very embarrassing scene as they walked through the hospital.

“No! We have to go. Carry her to the car first!” Nancy shouted.

Without any more hesitation, she then picked up the pace and headed toward the car. Jessica felt heartbroken as she looked at how forbearing Nancy was being.

Soon, Joan was finally shoved into the car. At that point, Nancy’s arms were not only covered with one set of teeth marks. Moreover, it was constantly bleeding.

“Quick, we have to find a doctor...”

“Let’s go home first,” Nancy interrupted.

“But your arm...”

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"I'm fine. I've got medicine at home."

In reality, she was afraid that Joan would cause trouble again in the time that they went to find a doctor.

"Where are you, Faye? I don't need the document anymore. Please come back soon, okay?" muttered Joan, looking as if she was searching for something.

"Jessica, drive."

However, although Jessica started the engine, the two women did not know where to go.

Home? Whose house? Ms. Young's house? But they have a child at home now. If Lucius sees his mother like this, he'll definitely feel upset. Jessica frowned as she continued to ponder. Nancy's house? But her baby's not even one yet. Definitely not.

"Let's go to my house," she suddenly said.

As if she were crazy, Joan then shouted, "No! I don't want to go home! I want to find Faye!"

Clearly, they could not stop worrying about her. The two women then looked at Joan and sighed.

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Soon, the car pulled up at Jessica's villa.

"Where is this place?" Joan looked around and asked anxiously.

"This is my house," Jessica replied.

"Who are you? Why did you bring me here?" Joan yelled shockingly.

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Perhaps because Faye's death was too much to handle for Joan, she would have memory loss from time to time.

"I'm Jessica!"

"Who's Jessica? Was it you who killed Faye? Tell me, was it you?" Joan yelled while having Jessica in a chokehold.

Now, she had a complete mental breakdown.

Nancy's heart sank as she looked at Joan, whom she used to respect so much. At the same time, she began to feel worried about Jessica's safety.

"Jessica, I'm worried that she'll hurt you," she said to Jessica seriously while prying Joan's fingers off of Jessica.

"Joan, let go!" Jessica tried very hard to pull Joan's hand away from her.

"It's okay," Jessica replied in between breaths after she wriggled free from Joan.

"Where's Faye? Where did she go? Why hasn't she come back?" The next moment, Joan asked.

"Faye is dead! Joan, you've to sober up now!" Nancy shouted.

Instantly, an awkward silence permeated in the air around them.

"You lied! Faye isn't dead! She only went on a trip. She said she was tired and wanted to get some rest," Joan murmured while twiddling her fingers.

"Joan, you've to accept the reality," Jessica said softly and looked extremely worried.

Joan lay on the couch, narrowed her eyes, and looked wasted. She still couldn't accept the fact that Faye had died.

"We're going to attend Faye's funeral tomorrow. Since you look weak, I suggest that you should stay here," Nancy proposed.

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"I want to go," Joan suddenly replied calmly.

Joan's reply took them by surprise. Having recollected themselves, they came up to her and stroke her hair.

"Joan, are you alright now?" Nancy asked anxiously.

For two days, Joan looked sluggish and couldn't differentiate her imagination from reality. Hence, they felt hopeful after hearing Joan's reply just now.

"I've to attend Faye's funeral tomorrow." With that, Joan stood up from the couch. However, she went weak at the knees and collapsed on the couch again.

"Jessica, cook some food for Joan now," Nancy hailed excitedly.

Jessica rushed toward the kitchen and began cooking.

Meanwhile, Larry was sitting on the couch in his office and staring at the phone number on the screen. After hesitating for quite some time, he finally made the call.

"How is she?" He asked in a low voice.

"She's better than before," Jessica replied, "and wants to attend Faye's funeral."

They hung up after having a brief conversation.

As Larry looked at the lonely moon from the window, he heaved a sigh and felt a little headache.

The next day, a posse of people arrived at the cemetery.

Whoosh!

All of a sudden, everyone was caught in a downpour.

"What are you doing here?" Jake pointed at Joan's nose and shouted.

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"I'm here to bid my last farewell to Faye," Joan replied as she looked at the tombstone.

"We don't need it! Get out of here!"

"Jake!" Larry yelled.

"I know that you must be downcast, yet no one wishes to see the tragedy befell Faye," Larry said.

His advice fell on deaf ears as Jake had already gone berserk.

"Joan, get out of here! Neither Faye nor I want to see you again!" Jake continued yelling at Joan in front of him.

Instantly, everyone who attended the funeral had their eyes on Joan as though they wanted to listen to gossips.

"I heard that Faye died because of her."

"That woman is a vermin!"

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A few people gossiped among themselves non-stop.

"Hey, what nonsense are you talking about? This is none of Joan's business!" Jessica snapped as she couldn't hold back any longer.

"Who is this lady? Is she a psychopath?"

"I bet she is. We're not talking about her, yet she is making noise here..."

As Jessica wanted to argue with them, Caspian stopped her.

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"That's enough. Stop messing around," Caspian said.

"I'm not messing around. Did you hear what they said?" Jessica shouted.

"That's enough. We can't stop rumors by simply arguing with them. So, you shouldn't meddle in it," Caspian said softly while caressing her head.

Jessica looked around and decided to stop dwelling on it.

Meanwhile, Joan was staring at the tombstone dejectedly. Her tears mixed the rain droplets and fell to the ground.

"Faye!"

Suddenly, Joan rushed toward Faye's tombstone and hugged it tightly.

Everyone was shocked and stunned to see that Joan reacted as such.

"Joan, let go of your hands. Don't touch Faye's tombstone!" Jake said while pulling her arms away from it.

Unexpectedly, Joan somehow managed to hold on to it tightly to the extent that Jake couldn't push her away no matter how hard he tried.

"What are you doing? Do you want to apologize to her here?" Jake sneered and slowly stood up.

"I'm sorry, Faye! It's all my fault!" Joan leaned her head against the tombstone and said in between sobs.

The people around her began to be sympathetic toward her.

"Larry, can you control your wife?" Jake squawked at Larry.

"I respect her."

Jake was at a loss for words upon hearing Larry's response.

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Damn you, b\*tch! How dare you shed crocodile tears here!

“Get lost!”

Suddenly, Jake used all his might to flung Joan aside.

Bang!

Joan’s head hit the tombstone next to her. The next moment, some blood flowed down to the ground.

“Joan!” Larry swiftly made his way to her.

Although Joan was lying on the ground, she still lifted his right hand to caressed Faye’s tombstone. Slowly, her eyes closed despite her reluctance to bid farewell to Faye. Jake glanced at Joan coldly before putting some chrysanthemums at Faye’s tombstone.

“Joan!” Jessica couldn’t hold in her emotions and began sobbing.

As the thunder and downpour grew stronger and heavier, Joan felt that everything in front of her became blurred.

After quite some time, Joan found herself lying on the hospital bed with a drip in her hand. She looked pale-faced while her lips were chapped.

“Doctor, how’s Joan now? Jessica asked a doctor in a shivering voice.

“Ms. Watts’s health condition is worrying,” the doctor heaved a sigh and answered while shaking his head.

“How is she? Please get to the point!” Larry came up to the doctor and asked.

“Ms. Watts’s body is too weak, particularly because she has anemia. Besides, she has overtired herself recently and is slightly malnourished...” the doctor gazed at the patient sympathetically as he explained.

The doctor paused for a while and added, “However, if she can be emotionally stable from now on, her body can still recover.”

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As the doctor said, it was crucial to have a healthy mindset. However, the crux of the problem is that Joan couldn't get past the trauma.

"Faye, please don't go. I beg of you..." Joan kept shaking her head and murmuring nervously.

"Joan, wake up. I'm Jessica," Jessica said to her while shaking her body.

"Faye!" Suddenly, Joan sat up from the bed and looked around the ward with her eyes wide open.

"Jessica, where's my assistant? Where's Faye?" She grabbed Jessica's sleeve and asked. At that moment, she didn't realize that her chapped lips had begun to bleed.

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"Joan, I beg you to sober up," Jessica said while caressing Joan's face gently.

"Larry, I had a terrible dream just now. Faye was gone. She left me a letter stating that she had to return to her hometown to take care of her family. I didn't want her to leave..." Joan murmured as she looked at Larry, who stood not far away from her.

"Joan, that's enough!" Larry suddenly shouted.

Joan lowered her gaze and stopped talking.

"Faye is dead. For how long do you want to remain in a daze?" Larry continued yelling in the ward.

Jessica glanced at them awkwardly, unsure of what she ought to say.

"Joan, you're an adult. I beg you to stop acting childish!" Larry added furiously.

The next moment, tears rolled down Joan's face.

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"Larry, I think that's enough," Jessica gazed at Larry and advised him.

Bang!

Larry flung the door open and left, leaving Joan and Jessica in the ward.

"Joan, Faye met a car accident. It really was an accident, and you don't have to overthink it," Jessica said gently while holding Joan's hands.

"Jessica, do you think I'm black-hearted too?" Joan asked out of nowhere.

"Joan, you're not a vicious person. To me, you're the kindest woman I've ever met. So, please be strong. You still have to run your photography studio and take care of Lucius..." Jessica reminded her.

She's right. I've so many things to do, how can I waste time grieving the past? Joan wiped away her tears and pull herself together.

"I want to go home," After a while, she said resolutely.

Seeing that Joan finally became spirited, Jessica beamed in satisfaction.

"Have you really thought it through?" Jessica wanted to reconfirm.

After all, she didn't want to see Lucius and Delilah affected by her negative emotions.

"Yes," Joan reassured her.

After Joan was discharged, Jessica immediately brought her back to Delilah's house.

"Mom, where have you been lately? I miss you so much," Lucius ran into Joan's arms and said loudly.

"Mom has been busy lately, and so I hardly had time to come back and visit you," Joan came up with an excuse.

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“Mom, what’s wrong with your eyes? Did you cry? Who bullied you?” Lucius asked heartbrokenly while caressing her face.

Joan unknowingly felt sorrow when she was looking at her kid. The next moment, tears began to well up in her eyes.

“Nothing. I stayed up late recently,” Joan replied.

Meanwhile, Jessica was relieved to see that Joan and Lucius still loved each other as before.

“What happened to her?” Suddenly, Delilah dragged Jessica aside and asked. Jessica could sense the worriedness in Delilah’s eyes as she gazed at Joan.

“She should have fully recovered now,” Jessica answered Delilah, yet she wasn’t exactly sure about it.

Given that women had always been fickle by nature, she wasn’t confident enough to assure Delilah that Joan would stay emotionally stable from now on.

“Alright, Lucius. Can you do your homework? Mom has to go to the photography studio to deal with some matters there,” Joan said, patting his head lightly.

“Sure. Go ahead, Mom. Also, please be careful.” With that, Lucius returned to his room.

What a well-behaved and matured kid! Jessica admired Joan as she watched Lucius leaving.

“What’s wrong? Do you envy her? In that case, you should have your own kid!” Delilah teased Jessica and nudged her back.

“What are you talking about, Ms. Young?” Jessica replied embarrassedly.

“Don’t be shy. I mean, it’s a matter of time before you have children.” Delilah went into the kitchen after giving Jessica the piece of advice.

“Let’s go to the photography studio,” After talking to Lucius, Joan held Jessica’s hand and left the house.

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Does she want to bury herself in work right after she pulled herself together? Jessica gazed at Joan in bewilderment.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2599

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2599

Actually, Joan wished to divert her attention to work instead of immersing herself in sorrow.

People tended to imagine things when they were free, and Joan was no exception.

The photography studio was still quiet, while the staffs were busy with work as usual. Nevertheless, Joan knew that they were grieving for Faye.

"Ms. Watts, are you alright?"

"Ms. Watts, are you okay?" Some staff surrounded her and asked.

"I'm fine," Joan gazed at them and replied with an awkward smile.

They were aware that Faye met the car accident on the way to send some documents to Joan. As such, no one dared mention anything about Faye.

"Ms. Watts, these are the recent orders that we've received. Please take a look," A young lady came up to Joan and said softly.

She was the new assistant whom they recently recruited for Joan.

"May I know who you are?" Joan asked as she looked at the beautiful lady curiously.

"She'll be your new assistant," the supervisor reminded.

Joan's body obviously shivered the moment she heard the word "assistant".

I'm afraid no assistants in this world would be more committed than Faye!

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"From tomorrow onward, you'll be their assistant. I don't need an assistant," Joan answered.

The surrounding staffs were taken aback for a while. Nonetheless, they didn't object to her arrangement.

"Can you cope with your work if you assign your assistant to them?" Jessica anxiously asked as she sat on the couch.

She knew that Joan only acknowledged one assistant deep down: Faye.

"I certainly can," Joan answered.

Soon, Joan began to immerse herself in work. Seeing that Joan resumed her busy schedule, Jessica left in silence.

"Is she alright?" Miles away, Larry asked softly while standing by the window.

"Joan is trying her best to pull herself together," Jessica replied over the phone.

"Alright. Please call me if there is anything else." Larry hung up the phone upon instructing.

"Mr. Norton!" Suddenly, his assistant rushed into the office and yelled.

"What is it? Can you be a little more calm and steady?" Larry chided.

"M Group terminated its partnership with us!" his assistant said pantingly.

To his surprise, Larry wasn't shocked to hear the news. That was because Larry knew that the current president of M Group was none other than Jake.

"I understand," Larry replied calmly. Then, he waved his hand, gesturing for the assistant to leave the office.

"Mr. Norton..." the assistant faltered as he looked at Larry.

"Get out!" Larry bellowed.

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After a while, Larry sat on the couch and lit up a cigarette. Actually, he hadn't stopped smoking for a long time. Nonetheless, he couldn't help but get a cigarette as he was in a bad mood.

For many years, Norton Corporation and M Group worked together closely, and their collaboration went well until Jake showed up.

As the new president of M Group, Jake had the power to decide everything, regardless of internal or external matters of the company. Given that he grieved Faye, his desire for vengeance against Norton Corporation grew stronger.

"Larry, what's wrong?" Caspian came in and asked softly.

"Nothing," Larry replied nonchalantly. Then, he turned around and gazed at the staff outside.

Miles away, Jake bellowed in his office, "You must help me acquire the photography studio by any means necessary!"

Feeling that Jake was cold and determined, Hubert was in a dilemma.

"But the photography studio doesn't belong to me anymore," Hubert explained hastily.

"I said, do it by any means necessary!" Jake yelled again.

It looks like he is determined to acquire the photography studio! Well, I'll figure out some ways to do it. Hubert grabbed his phone and walked out of the office slowly.

After exiting the building, He gazed forlornly at the pitch-black darkness outside and heaved a sigh.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2600

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2600

"Ms. Watts, do you have some time tomorrow? I've got something to discuss with you," Hubert said straightforwardly, though he sounded diffident.

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“Sure,” Joan replied over the phone.

Hubert was the previous owner of the photography studio. He handed it over to Joan because his whole family moved abroad. Now, Jake pressured him to come back and retake the photography studio.

The next day, Joan sat on the corner of the café and looked out the window. She looked composed but failed to conceal the sorrow in her eyes.

“Ms. Watts,” Hubert greeted her as he arrived.

“Hubert, what can I do for you?” Joan asked.

“How’s everything recently? Are you okay?”

“I’m doing well,” Joan replied after taking a sip of her coffee.

Nonetheless, Hubert could feel that she probably wasn’t doing well, for she kept avoiding his gaze.

“Ms. Watts, if you feel that running a photography studio is difficult, I’m willing to take over it,” Hubert wiped away the sweat on his forehead and said.

What does he mean? Is he going to snatch the photography studio back? Joan stared at him in disbelief.

“Hubert, you insisted on handing the photography studio over to me back then. Besides, I paid you for it,” she argued.

“You know, I’m just worried that the photography studio would eventually shut down due to mismanagement.” Hubert came up with an excuse.

“Rest assured that our business is good,” she said confidently.

Hubert certainly knew that she wouldn’t hand over the photography studio to him easily.

“I’ll be frank with you. Jake wants to acquire your photography studio,” Hubert declared as though he had given up on giving more excuses.

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Upon hearing it, Joan was startled.

She was aware that Jake was an influential figure, while his family was also powerful in the area. However, she never thought that he would covet her photography studio.

Mm, I think it's all because of Faye!

Joan lowered her head, looking crestfallen.

"I understand," she replied.

"Ms. Watts, I initially didn't want to get involved in this. I apologize to you, for we can't afford to offend M Group!"

Before today, Joan had heard from Caspian that M Group had terminated its partnership with Norton Corporation. Hence, she believed that Jake's attempt to acquire the studio was aimed at taking her down.

She heaved a sigh, feeling exhausted.

"Ms. Watts..."

"Hubert, since this has nothing to do with you, allow me to solve this on my own," Joan interrupted him.

Judging at how determined Joan was, Hubert decided to hold his tongue.

Shortly afterward, the news about the acquisition of the photography studio spread among the staff. As such, everyone couldn't help but feel dispirited deep down.

"What should we do? Our team is going to be disbanded."

"It won't happen. Ms. Watts will definitely come up with a solution."

"How can she overcome it? I mean, M Group is a large conglomerate!"

A few staff whispered among themselves pessimistically on the corner.

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“What are you guys doing here? Get back to your desk!” Joan bellowed.

That was the first time she lost her temper toward her staff.

Fortunately, they didn’t complain, for they understood the reason behind her anger.

“Well, let’s continue working and cherish the last moments here,” one of them said when they were going back to their desks.

Helplessness filled Joan’s mind once she overheard the words.

At this moment, she felt conflicted. On the one hand, she was reluctant to abandon the photography studio and her team, but on the other hand, she felt guilty toward Jake.

“Ms. Watts!” As she was deep in thought, the supervisor stood outside and knocked on the door.

“Come in.”

“Ms. Watts, our photography studio...”

“Don’t listen to the rumors. Please get back to work!” Joan cut in before she could finish.

As such, the supervisor bit her tongue and left the office quietly.

After a while, Joan felt a slight headache. She immediately lay on her desk and closed her eyes to take a break.

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