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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2891 - 2900

Chapter 2891 Harmful Innocence

"I'm serious, Joan. Leave Larry. You two are not suitable for each other," continued Della.

If she had simply asked Joan to leave Larry, perhaps Joan would have complied. After hearing those words, however, Joan felt an unexplainable wave of anger and annoyance.

What does she mean by saying we are not suitable for each other? How can one determine if someone is suitable for oneself or otherwise? If I'm not suitable for Larry, does that automatically make her a fit for him? Joan let out a dry laugh, her eyes filled with contempt as she glared at the woman in front of her.

Love is something mutual between both parties. As long as one party does not reciprocate the other party's feelings, the relationship would be filled with troubles and turbulence.

How could she not understand such a simple principle? Joan turned her head away, refusing to give the woman in front of her the time of day.

What kind of attitude is this? Della felt her anger rising. She sure can be arrogant! Out of the blue, Della grinned and took Joan by her hand and pulled the latter towards the couch. As Joan fell onto the soft landing, Della held up her wine glass and announced, "Come on, let's get drunk tonight!"

What is Della up to? Why did she ask for me? What's her purpose? For me to accompany her as she drinks? Or get me to leave Larry? Joan was totally confused.

Della smirked subtly. All these were part of her carefully thought-out plan. Della was not a fool. She always carried out her schemes with absolute precision and caution. Unfortunately, unbeknownst to Della, Jake's and Larry's men were in the same hotel she was in, possibly foiling her perfect plan at any time.

"Sorry, I don't drink." Joan turned down the invitation without hesitation. Who knows what horrible things she'll do to me if I get drunk.

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Best to be wary in this day and age.

“What, you’re looking down on me too? First Larry, now you? Why is that? Am I not good enough?” Della cried out while downing the liquor, a look of agony and heartbreak on her face.

Joan’s heart softened at the sight. For some reason, Joan found herself sympathizing with Della. Huh... all this is caused by loneliness. If she had a boyfriend, surely she wouldn’t be in such a pathetic state.

Speaking of which, what is with Larry? Why did he refuse to be with this woman? Whether it’s their family background or personal abilities, they truly are a good match for each other. So why does Larry keep rejecting her?

Joan shook her head with a sigh. Love truly is powerful and strange, making one feel whole for a second and destroying them the next.

“Quick, Joan! Pick out a song for me!” As she was speaking, Della shoved Joan to the side towards the karaoke machine.

Without much thought, Joan started selecting songs for Della.

Seeing Joan so absorbed in her task, Della’s lips curled up into a sneer. In a swift motion, she picked up the drink that she had poured for Joan and slipped in a pill before handing it to Joan.

“Here! You have to have at least one drink tonight. Just this one!” Della forced the glass into Joan’s hand.

Joan stared at the drink in her hand, conflicted.

“Chill out, the alcohol content in this is not high,” Della quickly assured.

Joan swirled the glass in her hand. The alcohol content in this really isn’t high... Oh whatever, having one won’t kill me. After a moment of hesitation, Joan placed the glass on her lips and started drinking.

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Perfect! May the show begin, Joan Watts! Della kept her eyes on Joan as the victim downed the drink unsuspectingly, gloating at Joan's predestined fate.

"So tell me, what do you think about Larry?" Della asked Joan innocently.

Joan blinked at the question and diverted her gaze. That's a hard question to answer!

For some strange reason, Joan found herself relying on Larry and trusting him blindly despite thinking of him as a stranger. Not only that, but images of Larry would randomly pop up in her mind, whether she wanted it or not. It seemed to be completely out of her control.

"Where are they? Have you found them?" In the meantime, at a corner of the lobby, Larry questioned one of his men.

"We only saw Ms. Duff, but no one else. Ms. Duff had entered a private room. It seems as if she's going drinking," reported the man immediately.

He was not aware of Joan's presence.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2892

Chapter 2892 Uncontrollable Desire

Della? Drinking alone? Here? What is she up to now? Something's not right. This isn't like her! Larry scratched the back of his head, deep in thought.

"Are you sure she's alone?" Larry narrowed his eyes and asked in a low voice.

"Yes, I'm sure. I only saw her entering the private room alone." They were not aware that there was a back door in the private room Della was in.

"Since you're not up for drinking, Joan, how about some juice instead?" Della handed over a glass of juice.

Seeing the cold woman a moment ago smiling warmly at herself, Joan began to lower her guard. After all, how would she know this was all part of Della's scheme?

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“So Joan, do you really not like Larry at all?” Della probed gently as she walked in front of Joan.

Do I not like him? It’s not that I don’t like him either, no... but rather... I barely even know him! We hardly even spend time with each other, of course, I’m not going to have any fantasies about anything happening between us.

Even though Joan reasoned with herself, a blush crept up her face inadvertently.

At Joan’s reddened cheeks, realization dawned on Della. Ah, it’s not that she doesn’t like Larry, she just hasn’t realized her true feelings for him.

Della scoffed coldly before taking a seat on the couch and sipping her wine slowly. No matter what, I won’t let this b*tch get her hands on Larry! Joan Watts, just wait and see!

Della clenched her fist and tightened her grip on her glass, clearly displeased.

Ring! Ring! All of a sudden, Della’s phone blared. Peering at the caller ID, an evil gleam flashed through Della’s eyes as she quickly picked up the phone.

“You’re here? Well, come on in!” With that, she hung up.

“Joan, I’d like to introduce you to a friend of mine. He’s super handsome!” winked Della with a charming smile.

He couldn’t be more handsome than Larry, could he? Joan broke into a huge grin.

Thud! Just then, the door opened and a man sauntered into the room.

“Joan, let me introduce you to my friend, Zachary!” Della led the man towards Joan in an eager manner.

Odd, why would she suddenly introduce me to one of her friends? Last I check, we aren’t very close. I was even kidnapped here!

Face to face with the man, Joan gave him an awkward smile as a greeting.

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Something's wrong, I can feel it. Deep in her heart, Joan felt uneasy, as if impending danger awaited her. Instinctively, she moved a few inches away.

"Come. Have a drink," insisted Della as she led Zachary to the table.

Nevertheless, Della no longer forced Joan to drink. She had no doubt that the drink Joan had downed just now was most definitely more than enough.

"Ugh..." Out of the blue, Joan stumbled abruptly. Out of reflex, she propped her body against the wall for support.

What's going on? What do I get a headache? Why am I feeling so hot all of a sudden? Weird, am I coming down with a fever? Joan instinctively placed her palm on her forehead. I really am burning up... However, it wasn't just her forehead. Her cheeks, arms, belly... her entire body felt as if it had caught on fire.

Joan's body temperature flared up as she felt herself growing more restless by the second. She clenched the corner of her clothes and squeezed her eyes shut, taking deep breaths in an attempt to calm herself down.

Da*n it! An uncontrollable desire arose in Joan's heart, a thirst for the opposite gender. Joan quickly gripped her collar tightly, terrified that she would do something indecent.

Joan's struggle did not escape Della's eyes, especially since the latter was expecting this. Della stood up gracefully from her seat and made her way towards Joan, amused. "Joan, are you okay? What's wrong? Are you feeling uncomfortable? Do you have a fever?"

Della asked gently as she feigned a look of concern.

"I... I feel awful..." Joan stammered, sweat dripping down her forehead.

Of course, you would feel awful! That was an entire pill! Suddenly, Della smirked before shoving Joan onto the man on the couch forcefully.

The second Joan came in contact with the man's skin, it was as if she had found her lifeline. She quickly and hungrily ran her hands up and down his body.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2893

Chapter 2893 Lust

"I feel terrible. Please... please save me," Joan pleaded softly as she slipped her hand beneath his shirt.

"It's all up to you now, Zachary!" With a final sneer, Della turned and left the private room.

You're really playing with fire here! Zachary thought to himself as Della's silhouette disappeared in his peripheral vision. With that, Zachary pulled Joan deep into his embrace and caressed her cheeks gently.

"What's going on? Why is she still not coming out? Are you certain that she entered the room?" whispered Larry impatiently, still standing at the corner. He had staked outside the room for a while now, observing for any unexpected motions. Hours passed but there was still no sight of Della emerging from the room, nor did anyone else enter.

Larry glanced at the watch on his wrist, feeling something amiss but could not place his finger on it.

"Mr. Norton, that private room has a back door!" One of his men appeared abruptly in the lobby, gasping for air as he reported the discovery.

No wonder! Da*n it, Della! You have some nerve! You are one sly, scheming, manipulative bit*h!

"Quick! Take me there!"

True enough, Larry caught a glimpse of Della's silhouette a small distance from the back door.

"Did anyone go inside?" Larry interrogated the man standing beside him.

"I think I saw a man went in earlier," replied the man instantly.

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Huh? What in the world is going on? A man went into the room, but Della came out instead? Unless... Someone else is in the room!

Larry became alert. It can't be Joan, can it?

Meanwhile, in the private room, Zachary had pressed his body against Joan, while Joan had let her lust overpower her reasoning. She no longer knew what she was doing.

"It's so hot... please... help me...!" Joan kept her hands placed on Zachary's chest as she cried out.

"Babe, let's take off our clothes first, shall we? Once our clothes are off, it won't be hot anymore." Zachary swallowed as he kept his eyes on Joan's chest, his fingers slowly unbuttoning her top.

Bang! All of a sudden, Larry slammed the door open and barged inside. Rage coursed through his veins as he saw a half-naked Joan beneath a man's body. Without hesitation, Larry pulled Zachary away and punched him in the face, hard. Before long, Zachary's face was swollen with bruises.

"Somebody, keep an eye on this b*stard!" Larry spit at Zachary before taking off his coat and covering up Joan's indecent state before carrying her up.

"It's so hot, I'm melting..." The woman in his arms squirmed under the effect of the drug. Her hands wandered to Larry's muscles, giving them a greedy and not-so-innocent squeeze.

Her touch caused Larry's body temperature to rise. Staring down at the woman in his arms, he swallowed, a look of lust and desire flashed across his gaze.

It had dawned on him that she had been drugged.

Larry quickly rushed into a room upstairs.

"Joan, wake up. Wake up! It's me, Larry!" rasped Larry as he gave Joan a few gentle slaps across her face. To his dismay, she ignored him completely and continued to undress on the bed.

Da*n it, Della! How can you be cruel enough to f*cking drug her?

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Within minutes, Joan was completely exposed in front of Larry. At the sight of her snow-white skin, her bare breasts, and her alluring long legs, Larry felt himself slowly losing control over himself.

Thump! Out of nowhere, Joan yanked Larry onto the bed and pressed her lips onto his skin, moving downwards, tracing her kisses from his cheeks to his lips, his neck, his chest...

At last, Larry snapped, unable to suppress his lustful desire any longer.

With that, a night filled with passion began.

As the dawn broke, rays of the morning sun peeked through the windows and into the room, enrapping the pair in its golden bask. The couple was entangled in each other's embrace, not wanting to let go.

"Mmm..." Joan stretched her body, preparing to turn away.

Sensing the motion, Larry pulled her closer, locking Joan deep in his arms.

At the contact of a man's chest, Joan's eyes flew open.

"Ahhh!" An ear-splitting scream pierced through the silence.

Joan bolted up immediately, panicked etched on her face. She then yanked the covers away, only to realize that she was completely nude.

Seeing how embarrassed and frustrated she was, Larry could not help but feel amused.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2894

Chapter 2894 Utter Confusion

"You, get up! Now!" Joan shrieked and slapped Larry on his shoulder.

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Without a hint of hesitation, Larry threw away the covers, exposing himself in all of his glory in front of her. Joan reflectively pulled up the covers to shield her vision. Her cheeks were beginning to feel warm as she averted her gaze.

“Put on your clothes!”

Under her order, Larry quickly fished his clothes from the floor and started to get dressed. He broke out into a low chuckle, amused. We’re already an old married couple. I can’t believe she still feels shy.

Sh*t! I’m doomed! How could I have accidentally slept with Larry? What am I gonna do now?

Joan scratched the back of her head in frustration as fear flashed across her eyes.

“Why? Do you want me to stay a little longer? I don’t mind.” As he was speaking. Larry leaned closer to Joan. Joan immediately shrunk away, maintaining a distance between them.

Silly girl. She is even defending herself against her own husband! Larry smiled.

Thud! The door of their room was slammed open abruptly. A few journalists barged in.

“Mr. Norton? What are you doing here?” one of the journalists asked, surprised.

“He’s right, Mr. Norton. Could you have... did you...” another journalist stammered.

In reality, Larry had expected this outcome. Naturally, there wasn’t a trace of surprise on his face. Joan, on the other hand, was terrified as she covered every inch of her skin with the blanket.

“Who sent you here?” questioned Larry coolly.

The two journalists that had spoken before exchanged glances, hesitating as they fidget awkwardly. However, the few journalists behind them had long taken a few photos of the scene.

“Um, Mr. Norton. Please excuse us, we seemed to have entered the wrong room...” With that, the two journalists hurried out of the room, keeping their heads lowered and avoiding eye

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contact. Nevertheless, the other journalists continued clicking the shutters on their respective cameras in a bold manner. All that mattered to them was the humungous scoop!

As the group departed, Larry closed the door behind them before making his way towards Joan and taking the covers off her. His heart ached upon seeing her trembling body and terrified gaze.

“They have already left, don’t worry. Here, you can put on your clothes now,” Larry promised gently. Staring at the face in front of her, Joan’s mind drifted into a daze.

Da*n it! Joan Watts! Pull yourself together! This is Larry Norton! Joan pinched her thigh with all her might, snapping herself out of her thoughts.

“Say uh, don’t go around telling people about what had happened between us last night! I must have had too much to drink to have done this. After today, we’ll each go our own way, not owing each other anything. After all, you’ve taken advantage of me last night as well. Call it a night with benefits if you may,” Joan told Larry sternly as she got dressed.

To her surprise, Larry suddenly hugged her from behind and leaned closer to her ear. “Don’t you think last night was... magical?” whispered Larry in her ear. His warm breath on her skin made her hair stand on end.

Joan was startled out of her wits. Her body froze in its place as her breath quickened, along with her heartbeat. Oh gosh! What is wrong with me? Could I have fallen into his traps... fallen for him?

Joan raised her fists to hit her head, but her movements were blocked by Larry.

“Silly girl! Did you think this would change anything? We’re meant for each other. The special connection we have isn’t something you can just run away from or refuse to acknowledge! I’ll wait for you, for you to regain your memories. Even if it takes me a million years! And once you do, we will remarry! Cross my heart!” Larry declared.

Hold... hold on a sec. Remarry? Does he mean that we were already married? To each other?

That’s impossible... The events of last night... that wasn’t my first time? Joan turned around and stared intently at the man in front of her, her gaze filled with curiosity.

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“Who exactly are you?” she interrogated sternly.

Who he was, however, was not of importance. What really mattered was the fact that her feelings towards Larry had not changed, just that right now, she refused to accept it.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2895

Chapter 2895 One Remaining Trump Card

“Once you’ve regained your memories, you’ll understand everything.” Larry picked up his jacket and made his way towards the door. He stopped abruptly as a thought flickered across his mind. He turned around to face Joan with a smirk, “Ah, right. What happened between us last night would have most likely made the headlines by now.”

What? Oh, no! That’s it! It’s over! My reputation and innocence have gone down the drain! Joan paced back and forth as anxiousness filled her heart before stopping in her tracks. Wait, no! The most important thing right now should be saving Abelyn!

“Larry! We have to rescue Abelyn! She’s still in the hotel, hurry!” Joan grabbed Larry by his arm, preventing him from leaving, her words inked with tremendous worry.

Instantly, Larry became alert and raised his guard. He fished out his phone and dialed a number. “Dustin, come over! We’re going to rescue Abelyn!”

Joan held Larry by his hand and led him to the room where she was locked in while praying for Abelyn’s safety.

“There it is!” Joan announced, pointing at a room in front of them.

“Joan! Larry!” Some distance away, Dustin sprinted towards the duo. He had lost count of how many red lights he had run over on his way to the hotel, but that was not the most important thing to him at the moment.

They asked for the room key from the receptionist. As they finally flung open the door, disappointment fell when they saw the room empty.

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What's going on? Abelyn was here, I'm sure of it! Joan turned the room upside down in search of Abelyn, but to no avail. Tears started streaming down her face in panic and anxiety.

"Larry, we really were in this room! Why is Abelyn gone?" Joan sobbed as she hit Larry on his shoulder, her face distorted in pain.

At once, Larry pulled her tightly into his embrace in order to comfort the weeping woman. "It looks like they've moved. Dustin, check the surveillance cameras!"

The trio barged into the security control room of the hotel without hesitation. As expected, Abelyn had been carried away by a few men. It looked as though she was unconscious.

"What are we gonna do? What if she got into trouble? What if she's harmed? It's all my fault! It's all my fault..." Joan wept as she repeatedly hit herself on her head, blaming herself for what happened to Abelyn.

After Larry made sure Joan was safe with Caspian and Jessica, he and Dustin went out on a search for Abelyn's location. Larry had no doubt in his heart that Joan would beat herself up to no end if anything were to happen to her friend.

Unfortunately, after Abelyn had been taken away, they had lost track of her.

Wait! Joan had been locked up for so long! Maybe she can tell us something!

Larry poked his head into the car. He stared at Joan and asked carefully, "Joan, do you know who was the one that kidnapped you and Abelyn?"

It was Della! Joan widened her eyes at the memory. That little b*tch!

"Della. Della kidnapped us," replied Joan quickly, her voice trembling.

I knew it! Larry balled his hands up into fists, his nose flared in anger. When on earth is Della going to quit? What else could she possibly have planned? Larry turned and headed to the balcony, his eyes darkened by rage as he kept his gaze on nearby trees.

"Where are you?" He asked through the phone with no hint of emotions in his voice.

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“Why? Does the great almighty Mr. Norton finally miss me? Didn’t you already have a beauty in your arms?” retorted Della, her words laced with sarcasm and envy.

Not only did Joan not sleep Zachary as she had planned, but it was also Larry with whom Joan had spent the night! I basically made it easy for her, fumed Della as she gritted her teeth in anger.

“Let us talk.”

Talk? What’s there to talk about? You have already rescued your dear damsel in distress, what else do you possibly want to talk about? Every corner of the media today is about you and Joan! Don’t you already have what you want?

“Pardon me, Mr. Norton. I’m busy today.” With that being said, Della was fully prepared to hang up.

“Della!” thundered Larry all of a sudden.

“Don’t you go too far! I’m sure you’re fully aware that I have been lenient in order to maintain the peace between us. If you go too far, I will not hesitate to make you regret what you’ve done for the rest of your life!” threatened Larry over the phone.

Did he just threaten me? Who does this son of a b*tch think he is? Not bothering to give a reply, Della cut him off. She only had Abelyn left in her hands, and she was not going to give away her one remaining trump card so easily.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2896

Chapter 2896 Last Source Of Help

Upon noticing the miserable look on Larry’s face, Joan’s heart sank. Looks like even Larry is powerless this time.

Meanwhile, Dustin was pacing at the side, panic seeped through every inch of his bones. “We don’t even know where they’ve gone. That’s the biggest problem!”

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Caspian and Jessica smile wryly upon seeing Dustin's torment. Their hands were tied as well, despite wanting to help.

"Don't worry, Dustin. I will not stop until we find Abelyn! I will help out on any matters concerning Joan." With a final pat on Dustin's shoulder, Larry picked up his coat and walked out.

Joan kept her eyes focused on the diminishing silhouette, her heart filled with worry.

Guess there's only one way left! Larry took out his phone once more and scrolled through his contacts before landing on a number. He quickly pressed "call", tapping his feet impatiently as the line beeped.

"Mr. Duff, there's something that I need your assistance with," announced Larry the second the other person picked up.

You guessed it. Their last source of help was none other than Fred Duff, Della's father.

"What? Della kidnapped Joan? That girl must have gone crazy! Don't you worry, I will teach her a good lesson!" After hearing the situation from Larry, Fred declared in anger before bursting into a fit of coughs. Larry was concerned for the old man's health even through the phone.

"Are you alright, Mr. Duff? Are you sick?" Larry asked gently. It was no secret that Fred was in his golden years. It wouldn't be a surprise if he wasn't as healthy and fit as he used to be.

"I'm alright. The weather has just been a little chilly lately. I'll be fine after taking some meds."

After all, that was nothing new to Fred.

It was sad that Della had changed.

If she hadn't met Larry, perhaps she would have obeyed Fred's orders no matter the circumstances, but now, her mindset seemed to have changed. She was no longer the mature, kind, and generous woman she once was, but rather, she had become immature, sensitive, and stubborn.

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Fred already knew of the possible outcomes. Even if he were to call Della now to interfere with her plans, Della would not listen, unless some huge changes were to happen. Such as... me losing my life.

The two men conversed for a few more minutes before hanging up. After the call, Larry lifted his head to gaze at the starry night, his eyes filled with grief.

You used to be such a kind person Della, why have you become so... arrogant and unreasonable? What changed you? Larry heaved out a sigh, feeling a sense of loss, before turning to leave.

In the meantime, after they had ended the call, Fred immediately dialed Della's number.

"Dad? What's wrong? It's so late now, why the sudden call?" Della annoyance seeped through the receiver.

Fred let out a few coughs before clearing his throat and started lecturing his daughter.

"Della, Larry and Joan are already married! Why must you get in their way?" Fred huffed as he reprimanded Della, agitated.

All parents only wish for the best for their children! As a father, who wouldn't want their children to thrive? Unfortunately, Della makes him worry about her.

"Dad, this is none of your business! What happens between me and Larry is none of your concern! Stop interfering!" snapped Della.

You're right! thought Fred. If you weren't my daughter, how would I have gotten involved in this mess?

"Free Abelyn at once! And stay away from Larry. Stay away from Joan. Just live your own life, will you?" Fred tried to persuade her.

Alright then, Larry! Finding my dad to help fight your battle? How despicable of you!

"Dad, I told you! Stop worrying over this, I have it under control! There's something else I need to do now, bye!" With that being said, Della hung up instantly. However, unbeknownst

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to her, Fred was coughing up blood on the other end due to his anger towards her stubbornness.

“Mr. Duff, are you alright?” one of his housemaids rushed forward in exclamation.

Within minutes, Fred was sent to the hospital.

“Ugh...” What’s going on? What’s with the sudden headache? Della massaged her forehead in an attempt to relax. It’s probably nothing.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2897

Chapter 2897 Where Is She

Let Abelyn off? No way! Larry, you should give up that thought. Unless you exchange her with Joan. Della processed her emotions and walked forward.

Meanwhile, the moment Larry stepped into the living room, Joan rushed forward and asked, “How is it? Have you found her?”

“Don’t worry. We’ll definitely find her. I’ve already sent people to look into it. They’ll notify us once they’ve found something,” Larry comforted while patting Joan’s shoulders lightly.

The others in the living room were staring out the window gloomily.

In the office, Jake slammed the newspaper in front of Della before growling out, “Della! Look at what you’ve done!”

Della had anticipated his reaction, so she simply grabbed the newspaper and tossed it into the bin calmly.

She never expected that something like that would happen. And that Larry would be at the hotel then.

“Ms. Duff. Aren’t you going to give me an explanation?” Jake was furious.

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What's there to explain? What's done is done. It's not like I could turn back time. Della glanced at him and remained silent.

Bang! Jake slammed his fist onto the desk, startling Della. It seemed like he would not let her off easily.

Della got up slowly and walked over to Jake with an indifferent expression. "Jake, you should know that accidents happen. It's just like how Larry appeared when you were proposing to Joan last time. These things are out of our control."

Her calm composure surprised him, for he knew that she used to go all bonkers whenever Larry got close with other ladies. What's with her sudden change in behavior? I can't believe how calm she is. Jake could not figure her out.

Regardless, he still wanted an explanation from her.

"That's not what you told me! Della, you should know my character by now. I never give up halfway, and I never forgive those who try to stand in my way," he warned Della.

Naturally, Della was used to his temper.

Did he think that I was the same naive girl back then? She snickered at his underestimation of her abilities.

During her time in the country, she had taken the opportunity to increase her power and partnered up with several big shots in the industry. As such, she no longer needed to fear being oppressed by Jake.

"What happened has happened. It's a fact that Larry and Joan slept together. So why don't you start planning for your next step instead of focusing on the past?" Della reminded him.

Her advice sparked Jake's attention.

Indeed. What happened has happened. Rather than wasting my time thinking about it, I should start planning my next move.

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Besides, Della's no longer the same naive lady that first stepped foot into the country. She's slowly but surely becoming one of the big shots in the industry. It's only a matter of time before she can reach my level.

Jake had actually realized Della's ruthlessness early on. With that, he turned and left her office.

At the same time, Abelyn was still lying on the bed, asleep and unaware of what was happening outside.

Thud! Just then, Della walked in, her expression frigid.

Woken up by the sound of the door, Abelyn blinked her eyes open before struggling to sit up.

"How is it? Are you comfortable?" Della asked in a mocking tone as she walked toward her before pinching her cheeks.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2898

Chapter 2898 Easily Manipulated

What is the b*tch up to now? And where did she bring Joan to? Abelyn glared at the woman in front of her, displeasure evident in her eyes.

"Where did you bring Joan to?"

Joan? Della scoffed as she did not expect Abelyn to be concerned about Joan when her own life was at risk.

Smack! Della slapped Abelyn, turning the latter's cheeks red in an instant.

What a loyal friendship they have. Della stroke her hair lightly before bending down and whispered in Abelyn's ears. "Joan? She escaped without you."

Impossible! Joan would never leave me behind. Della must be lying to me. Abelyn shook her head forcefully.

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“Don’t believe me?” Della threw the newspaper at her. “She’s currently getting intimate with Larry. I reckon she’s too busy to care about you.”

As Abelyn stared at the intimate photo of Joan and Larry, tears began to well in her eyes.

Could it be that she’s actually telling the truth? Joan, did you really abandon me? Where is your conscience?

Abelyn held her tears back, trying to stay strong.

What a dumb woman. She actually believed what I told her. Della smirked.

“Why? Finally seeing her true colors? Look at how she betrayed you! I mean, why is she taking so long to save you? She knew that you’re with me, after all.”

Della was trying to sow discord between them and it worked. Abelyn could not hold back her tears any longer.

Yes! Cry all you want! Della was elated upon seeing how aggrieved Abelyn looked. She then walked toward the window with her eyes narrowed.

Joan, seems like you’ve gained one more enemy.

Abelyn felt helpless. After all that she had done for Joan, all she got in return was a betrayal. At that moment, hatred took root and started to grow within her.

Achoo! In the living room, Joan sneezed suddenly.

“What’s the matter? Did you catch a cold?” Larry rushed over and felt her forehead.

Joan shook her head in response. However, she had a throbbing headache worrying about Abelyn. She wondered if Della had done anything bad to her.

“Larry, is there still no news of her? I’m certain that Abelyn is with Della. So let’s go and find Della, okay?” Joan was pacing back and forth anxiously.

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Larry wanted just as much to find Abelyn so that he could appease Joan's worry. However, Della had been trying hard to avoid him. She had ignored his calls and even managed to shake off the people that he sent to track her.

"Calm down. This is not as simple as it seems. Dustin and I are already brainstorming for a solution," Larry consoled her.

"How long will that take?" Joan exploded in frustration.

A week had passed, and they had no trace of Abelyn's whereabouts. Not to mention, they had failed at their multiple attempts at tracing Della.

As more time passed, Abelyn lost hope of ever being saved. Gradually, the trust that she had for Joan turned into hatred and resentment. Joan, did you really abandon me? Why would do this to me? I never wrong you in any way!

Della was pleased with how things were turning out according to her plan.

"Still think that I'm lying to you? It's time for you to wake up, Abelyn! She's not worth your loyalty! She's nothing but a two-faced woman!" Della advised Abelyn with fake concern.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2899

Chapter 2899 Executing The Plan

It seemed to Della that Abelyn was an easy target to manipulate.

Maintaining a cold front, she was secretly celebrating her victory of successfully manipulating Abelyn.

Abelyn lowered her head and fell into deep thought. When she raised her head again, a flash of resentment could be seen crossing her eyes.

Joan, since you're so heartless, don't blame me for returning the favor!

"What do you want me to do?" Abelyn asked.

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What else? Of course for us to work together and deal with that b*tch, Joan!

"I see you've finally gained some clarity! Well, it's simple. First, I'll let you go. Then, you'll need to pretend that you're in a pitiful state and that you've managed to escape by yourself." Della explained carefully.

It sounded like a decent move. Abelyn nodded in response. If she was being honest with herself, the fact that Dustin did not bother to look for her as well hurt more than what Joan did.

It seemed to her that the relationship Dustin shared with Joan was more important than her life.

Abelyn turned her head and stared out the window, her gaze frigid. How could he abandon our friendship all for the sake of a woman? What a joke!

"Okay, I got it."

With that, Della had succeeded in setting up the perfect plan. Little did Abelyn know that Joan and Dustin were actually worried sick about her.

"L-Larry, what should we do? It's been so many days. I'm afraid that Della might have done something bad to Abelyn," Dustin said as his voice trembled.

Due to this incident, he finally realized his true feelings for Abelyn.

"Don't panic. We'll continue our search for her."

"How can I not panic? It's been over a week. What should I do if something happens to her?" Dustin exclaimed as his eyes started to fill with tears.

From his reaction, everyone could tell the feelings he had for Abelyn. Nonetheless, there was still no point in panicking. As the current situation stand, the fact that they could not even locate Della meant that finding Abelyn would be nigh impossible.

Knock! Knock!

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Somebody knocked on the door and everyone in the living room tensed up. Larry pulled Joan into his embrace to protect her.

“Open the door!” a weak voice called out.

The voice sounded familiar.

All of a sudden, Dustin raised his head and rushed toward the door. The moment he opened it, Abelyn fell into his embrace.

“Abelyn! Wake up! It’s me, Dustin!” Dustin exclaimed as he shook her shoulders. However, she did not react.

At the hospital, Abelyn was lying on the bed with her eyes shut and an IV drip hooked to her arm. The corner of her lips was bleeding and she looked deathly pale.

What happened to her? Dustin stared at her, grimacing as his heart ached for her. At that moment, he wished that he could take her pain in her stead.

Just then, Abelyn opened her eyes slowly. I-I’m at the hospital? She checked out her surroundings.

“Dustin,” she cried out as she reached out her right hand.

“I’m here now, Abelyn. You have nothing to be afraid of. I’ll stay right with you.” Dustin grabbed her hand while looking deeply into her eyes.

Abelyn shifted her gaze to look at Joan.

Joan’s swollen eyes were filled with tears.

Joan! The b*tch that abandoned me! Abelyn shook her head hard in an attempt to clear her mind.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2900

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Chapter 2900 It Only Made Sense

Joan, I'll never forgive you! I treated you with sincerity, but you chose to betray me instead.

The look in Abelyn's eyes turned cruel as she stared at Joan.

Watching from the side, Larry turned suspicious as he witnessed the change in Abelyn. He stared intently at Abelyn, trying to see through her.

"Abelyn, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. You wouldn't have been hurt if it wasn't for me. I'm really sorry!" Joan apologized as tears rolled down her cheeks.

Abelyn turned to look at the flowers outside the window in an attempt to tune out Joan's apologies. Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she grabbed onto the sheets, trying to suppress the hatred within her.

Joan, from now onward, we're enemies!

Everyone was focusing on Abelyn's injuries; no one noticed the change in her expression.

"Alright. Now that Abelyn's back, we can finally let go of our worries. The doctor has said that Abelyn's injuries are light, and she will recover after a few more days at the hospital," Larry announced.

Abelyn turned her head back and forced a smile for everyone.

"I'm sorry to make you guys worry. But I'm fine now. So you should just head back and rest. I'll be fine with Dustin here," she assured as she tapped on Dustin's arm.

"Huh? Oh, sure. You guys should head back. I'll stay with her." Dustin played along.

"No!" Joan exclaimed.

Everyone stared at her, confused.

"I'd like to stay," Joan offered.

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Joan's concern seemed fake to Abelyn at that instant.

"No need. Joan, your body is weak. You need to head back and rest."

Best friends? The term seemed meaningless to Abelyn now.

In the end, Joan and Larry left, leaving Dustin and Abelyn in the ward.

Although Abelyn had returned, Joan could not get over the incident. As for Larry, he had some uneasy thoughts.

Due to his vast experience in reading people at work, he was certain that Abelyn held evil thoughts toward Joan.

Finally, he could not hold it in any longer. He sat in front of Joan, held her hands, and asked in a serious tone, "Joan, did you have any disagreements with Abelyn?"

Joan thought about it and nothing came to her mind as nothing happened when they were trapped in the same room back then. She looked at him and shook her head.

Larry thought to himself, Could there be a misunderstanding? Or am I overthinking things?

"Why? What's the matter?" Joan asked, worry evident in her expression.

In the end, Larry told her what was on his mind.

"Impossible!" Joan exclaimed and shot up from her seat.

"That's nonsense! Abelyn is like a sister to me, and she has always been protecting me! There's no way she would hold negative thoughts toward me. Larry, I'm warning you, don't talk bad about her, or I won't ever forgive you!" Joan exclaimed before storming her way upstairs.

The villa they were at was new. After Larry found Joan, he bought it and got her to move in.

Joan did not agree at first but eventually relented due to safety concerns. Furthermore, they had already slept with each other.

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