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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2911 - 2920

Chapter 2911 Last Resort

Jake later walked into the room, asking kindly, "Are you ready, Joan?"

Joan sat unmoving from her position on the sofa, ignoring him.

His gaze sharpened, and his tone grew cold. "Today's our big day, and everyone's waiting for us outside. The least you could do is cooperate with me."

Cooperate? By faking a smile and shaking hands with the guests outside? She scoffed. It was an impossible task for her.

Ted barged through the door. "Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Ledger is here."

Jake cleared his throat and readjusted his suit jacket before following his assistant out.

So this was all just a show put on to impress his snobbish, high-class peers! Joan was deep in thought. Is there anything else I could still do at this moment?

Picking up her handbag, she pulled out a small packet of powder and poured it all into a glass of water on the table.

I told you, Jake, I am not getting married to you!

Mustering up all her courage, she downed the entire glass of water and lay back down on the sofa, her eyes fluttering closed.

"Where's Joan? She's running late!" Jake demanded in a low voice as he and Ted later huddled in the corner of the lobby.

"Perhaps she's a little tired," Ted stammered out.

Without waiting for the assistant to finish speaking, Jake made a beeline for the dressing room. Upon his arrival, rage flared up within him when he spotted Joan asleep on the sofa.

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Is this d*mn woman trying to make me into a public humiliation?

“Joan! Wake up! The ceremony is about to begin!” Jake shouted, but got no response.

“Joan!” Still nothing.

The realization dawned upon Jake like a flash of lightning, and he rushed over to her. When he tried to shake her awake, blood started trickling out of her nose.

“Joan!”

The panic set in.

“Mr. Wilson, it’s nearly time...” Ted entered the room, his jaw dropping at the sight before him.

“The wedding will proceed as usual. Go over to the other room and inform the backup bride and groom there to take our places,” Jake instructed before picking Joan up in his arms and running out of the room.

Backup bride and groom? Ted’s mind went blank.

The truth was that Jake had hired some actors to play the bride and groom in Joan’s and his place, just in case some sort of accident were to happen at the wedding ceremony.

“Wake up, Joan! Hang in there!” Jake held onto her lifeless, doll-like body for dear life as he ran and ran. How could she do such a thing?

Tears started blurring his vision and dripping down his face.

“Doctor! I need a doctor!” He burst through the main entrance of the hospital, screaming as loudly as his sore throat would let him. “Help!”

Several hospital staff instantly rushed to his aid.

Jake later found himself pacing back and forth in front of the emergency operation room, his mind filled with only prayers for Joan to be alive.

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After what seemed like an eternity, a doctor finally came back out with a stern expression on his face. "If you'd been even a minute late, she might be dead by now. She tried to commit suicide by overdosing on sleeping pills, but we've already flushed the drugs from her system. You'd better take good care of her from now on."

Wiping away beads of sweat on his forehead, the doctor walked away.

Suicide by overdose... Do you really hate me that much, Joan? Jake stood frozen, staring blankly off into the distance. Meanwhile, Joan lay motionless in a hospital bed with an IV drip connected to her wrist, looking frail and sick.

"Larry! Joan tried to kill herself!" Jessica burst into Larry's office, yelling frantically.

The man was currently taking a nap, head buried in his arms atop his desk. Naturally, he didn't catch a single word that she had said. Even in his dreams, he was lamenting over the fact that it was the day of Joan's wedding ceremony and the fact that she was getting married to someone else.

"Hey! Are you listening to me? I said Joan tried to kill herself!"

He instantly jerked awake, scrambling to his feet. "What? Where is she? How is she now?" he demanded, grabbing hold of Jessica's shoulders.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2912

Chapter 2912 Nothing To Worry About

"The hospital!" The words stumbled out of Jessica's mouth as she pointed outside the office.

Soon, news of Joan's attempted suicide had spread throughout Larry's friend group, who all gathered in her ward at the hospital.

Jake didn't even have the energy to chase them away. All he could think about was wishing for Joan to wake up.

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Larry, on the other hand, swore to himself that he would not let Jake off the hook so easily for this accident.

“Is this what you meant by ‘taking care of her’?” Jessica fumed, gesturing to a still-unconscious Joan.

“Shut up!” Jake roared back. His patience was already wearing thin, and he wasn’t in the mood to listen to anyone’s yapping.

My, my. Is he throwing a fit? This is all clearly his fault! If it weren’t for him forcing Joan to marry him, she would have never resorted to this!

Jessica pursed her lips in indignance, focusing her pained gaze on the woman lying in the bed. Everyone in the room fell silent as they waited for Joan to wake up.

“Ugh...” There was a sudden movement as Joan slowly raised her hand to rub at her temples.

“Joan,” Larry quickly pressed closer to her. “You’re finally awake...”

She opened her eyes with much difficulty, scanning her surroundings before forcing a weak smile on her face.

“Why are you all here?” she rasped out. “I’m fine. Just came down with a fever, that’s all.”

Nancy’s chest squeezed painfully. Even in this condition, Joan refused to let anyone else worry about her.

Jake merely stared at her, guilt and regret written all over his face. He had had an inkling that things would somehow turn out this way, and yet, he still stubbornly went on with the wedding. If she really did die, then what’s the use of all my influence, social standing, and power?

Previously, he had been so focused on exacting revenge against Joan and Larry that he had even considered killing her off. But the moment she actually tried to commit suicide, he discovered how much he cared for her and didn’t want to let her go.

“I’m hungry for meatloaf.” Joan suddenly spoke up.

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"I'll go buy some!" Caspian instantly ran out of the room.

Elsewhere, the wedding was still going on as if nothing had ever happened, but the atmosphere in the hospital ward was strained and awkward. Jake stared quietly at Joan, unsure of what to say.

Meanwhile, Joan glanced at Larry, a mixture of emotions swimming in the depths of her eyes. The emotions she was feeling were making her scared. She didn't dare start up another relationship so quickly and so easily, let alone let herself fall for another person.

Jessica and Caspian, having read the room, had both left a long time ago.

"I'm sorry, Jake," Joan muttered, turning to face him. However, an apology seemed useless after everything that had happened.

Fine. Jake secretly admitted that deep down in his heart he still cared for her, but that didn't mean that he would give her up to Larry.

"Stop talking," he replied. He knew that further discussion would do them no good. There was no turning back for the two of them from now on.

"I think I've made myself very clear," Joan said nervously, her eyes growing visibly wet. "Please do this for me."

Her pitiful, cautious manner pulled at Larry's heartstrings. This should have all been left up to him to resolve, but she ended up having to shoulder all of the burdens by herself.

"What do you mean?" Jake retorted.

"Let me go." Joan's voice trembled as she spoke. That was all she wanted.

Upon hearing that, Jake immediately turned away from her and got up, walking over to stare sadly out the window. So, she still wants to leave me. Maybe it's truly time for me to give up on this relationship...

Sniffing slightly, he squeezed a smile onto his face. "You wanted to move out, right? Sure, I'll agree to it."

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Joan perked up at that, some color returning to her face. She hadn't expected that he would agree so quickly.

Unbeknownst to her, Jake just didn't want to lose her completely, and couldn't think of a better way to make her happy than fulfilling her wishes.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2913

Chapter 2913 So Close Yet So Far

After hesitating briefly, Jake left the room, leaving Joan and Larry alone together in the room.

"How could you be so stupid as to do something like that?" Larry gripped her hand with a strength that greatly contrasted the soft tone of his voice and the pain in his eyes. "What if something happened to you? What am I supposed to do then?"

For some reason, Joan felt strangely safe with the man in front of her, but she didn't want to admit it, not even to herself.

I can't! She didn't understand Larry enough, and she couldn't allow herself to be blinded by his kindness and generosity.

It was natural for Joan's wariness against love to have increased gradually over time. After all, she had been through torture after torture and was no longer the naïve woman that she once was.

Sensing a change in her mood, Larry's grip on her hand tightened. "What's wrong? Is there something on your mind?"

I have too much on my mind, actually. She pulled her hand away from him, looking past him and out the window.

"The weather has been getting colder recently," she said casually.

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Why is she changing the topic? Larry fixed her with a perplexed look. Is she still apprehensive about being vulnerable with me?

“Are you feeling alright, Joan? Does something still hurt?” he inquired hurriedly.

“Larry, don’t come looking for me again. I want to be left alone for a while to gather my thoughts. Too many things have happened lately, and I need to take a break from it all,” she replied, her tone tired and pleading.

Is she chasing me away? But we’d just been sharing a nice moment together! Or was it all just my imagination?

Her sudden request confused him greatly and upset him. Is she still rejecting my advances?

Fine. I’ll do what she says then. Larry got to his feet slowly and left the room without another word.

Joan’s breath hitched in her throat as she watched the back of his silhouette slowly grow farther and farther away. She didn’t want him to go, but she was currently too drained to care much for anything else.

She thought that perhaps living alone would be the best choice for her. That way, Jake would not cause trouble for Larry, and Larry would not have to worry about her safety.

Contemplating several possibilities, she slowly drifted off to sleep.

Creak...

The door was slowly and carefully pushed open. Hypersensitive after everything that had happened to her, Joan instantly heard the sound and awoke from her sleep, sitting up in bed as she squinted at the intruder.

Huh? What’s Abelyn doing here this late at night?

“Abelyn? Are you feeling any better?” Joan asked.

How could she afford to care about other people when she just nearly died? What a joke. Abelyn scoffed internally.

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"Much better. What about you? Poor thing; how have things been for you recently?" Abelyn neared her bed, lightly stroking Joan's hair.

"I'm fine. It's all in the past now, anyway. What about you? You've recovered fully, right? To be honest, I've always felt guilty toward you... You wouldn't have gotten injured in the first place if it weren't for me."

Joan hung her head apologetically, fiddling with her fingers.

So you do know that it's your fault! You're aware that you're the harbinger of misfortune! Abelyn's hand clenched into a fist by her side, her gaze growing sharp. Nonetheless, it was too late. No matter how well Joan tried to treat her, no matter how much Joan cared for her, they were never going to return to the way they once were.

Everything had ended the moment Joan decided to abandon her.

"It's nothing. I don't want to reminisce about the past," Abelyn cleared her throat and changed the subject. "Have you been holding up well?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2914

Chapter 2914 Sixth Sense

"I guess. The doctors said that I can be discharged after a few days of rest," Joan told Abelyn excitedly.

The latter narrowed her eyes, a murderous aura emanating off of her.

"Where's Dustin? He didn't come with you?" Joan asked, cocking her head to one side.

What? Does she miss Dustin or something? Abelyn swallowed back her rising disgust and wrath before forcing her voice to stay calm as she replied, "Oh, he's been busy lately, so I came alone."

The truth was that Dustin had no idea that she had come to visit Joan.

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“Ms. Watts, it’s time for your medication.” A nurse entered the room, her nose wrinkling in dissatisfaction at the sight of Abelyn. “What are you doing here? Family visiting hours are long over.”

Joan hurriedly explained, “She’s my friend.”

“Friends aren’t allowed in here either. All visitors are required to leave the hospital before eleven o’clock at night.” The nurse gave Abelyn a suspicious sidelong glance.

Knowing that she wouldn’t be able to argue with the nurse, Abelyn decided to take her leave. She hadn’t expected the hospital staff to be so petty regarding curfew.

Joan furrowed her eyebrows together as she watched her friend leave, feeling regretful that she couldn’t talk with her more.

The nurse thought otherwise. She had seen many visitors come and go in all her years of working at the hospital, and had learned to see through people’s facades and figure out their true intentions.

“Ms. Watts, I think it’s best if you don’t get too close to that woman,” she advised her patient.

Huh? Joan’s eyes widened. But Abelyn’s my best friend who has always been willing to sacrifice her own life for me! Why would the nurse say such a thing?

She stared up at the nurse in confusion.

“It’s just a suggestion.” The nurse left with those parting words, sighing as she closed the door behind her. Sometimes, ignorance was bliss.

Meanwhile, Joan hadn’t taken any of the nurse’s advice to heart at all. In her eyes, friendship and sisterhood were more important than anything else. Even if Abelyn ended up hurting her, she would always choose to forgive Abelyn.

But would she really hurt me? Joan stared blankly out the window at the pitch-black skies outside.

“Dad!”

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Della pushed the door open lightly and said her greetings. She hadn't anticipated for her father to return to the country so soon.

Standing off to one side, Larry had a calm and unreadable expression on his face.

Fred turned around and took slow steps toward his daughter, fixing her with a stern gaze as his back remained ramrod straight.

Slap!

His palm flew across her face.

Both Della and Larry were rendered speechless; this was the first time that Fred had ever laid his hands on his own daughter.

Fred had always felt sorry toward Della for being absent throughout most of her childhood and letting her grandparents be responsible for raising her. After bringing her back to live with him, he had done nothing except spoil her and indulge her. Yet, he had just slapped her in public.

Fred couldn't stop the oncoming coughing fit that abruptly overcame him, clutching onto the front of his shirt.

"Dad..." Della whimpered, her eyes filled with tears.

So she acknowledges me as her father, but still refuses to heed any of my warnings!

It was true that Della was his one and only daughter, as well as the only heir to his company. But if she was acting out or her performance was below par, he didn't mind donating all of his wealth to a charity.

"Please calm down, Mr. Duff." Larry had instantly rushed over to him, patting the old man's back in a reassuring motion.

You a*shole. You must have said something about me, or else Dad would never bear to hit me like this! Holding her sore cheek, Della glared venomously at Larry, hatred boiling up within her.

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Naturally, Fred could tell exactly what his daughter was thinking. Looking up at her, he said matter-of-factly, "This has nothing to do with Larry. I investigated everything by myself."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2915

Chapter 2915 Two Choices

Fred thought that maybe it was about time for him to start properly disciplining this daughter of his, lest she became even more rebellious and unruly.

"I'll give you two choices. One: you'll manage the company well and expand the business instead of focusing your energy on meaningless things, and forget everything that happened here. Two: you leave the family and the company to pursue whatever your heart wishes. I will not stop you, but I will not care for anything you do or anything that happens to you in the future."

What? Is he trying to cut off our father-daughter relationship? Della stared at her father incredulously, tears overflowing before she even realized it. All because of Joan?

No! I won't accept this!

"Mr. Duff, maybe you should sit down and have a proper discussion with Della about this. What she needs right now is proper rest." Larry spoke up, not wanting to see the two family members turning on each other.

Hmph! How dare he pretend to be the hero in this situation! He's nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing! Della harrumphed and stomped out of the office.

Fred made his way over to a sofa, sitting down on it dejectedly.

"I apologize for all the trouble you must've been through, Larry. I've always been worried about my daughter even prior to this, so I'd like to ask a favor from you..." he sighed, his tone gentle as he talked about Della.

Larry was surprised. From his point of view, there seemed to be nothing that Fred couldn't overcome, and there was no problem that he couldn't solve.

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“Della is still young, and she has yet to truly understand the ins and outs of the business world. All of her prior achievements have to be credited to other people helping her behind the scenes. My health is deteriorating day by day, and I’m not sure how long I have left. If I pass away one day, I hope to leave my company in your care. Of course, you will have to give the company back to Della after she has grown up and matured sufficiently.”

He sounded as if he was saying his dying words. Larry couldn’t stop the shivers that ran up his spine as he watched Fred’s body shake from the force of his coughs.

Has his sickness truly gotten so bad that there’s no chance of recovery? Larry’s eyebrows knitted together in worry.

“Don’t tell Della about this yet. I want to let her enjoy her life and be reckless for a while longer.” Fred got up and slowly made his way to the study. “Maybe she’ll learn her lesson after my death.”

For some reason, Larry was left feeling incredibly sad and helpless. Only parents would go to such lengths to show their love for a child.

Ring... His phone suddenly rang from his pocket.

“Larry, we need to talk.” Jake sounded upset even through the static of the phone call.

“Sure.” Larry swiftly ended the call and got up to leave. There was nothing for them to discuss except about Joan. It was time for this to end, once and for all.

In her hospital ward, Joan was reading through a magazine, looking to be in much better condition.

“Where’s Larry?” Jessica asked as she came in, placing a plastic bag of fresh fruits on the side table.

Joan stiffened for a brief moment, then forced a smile.

“I told him not to come. I needed some time to myself to gather my thoughts.”

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Jessica's expression instantly switched from happy to solemn upon hearing that. Did they get into another fight? Joan has just escaped death. Why can't Larry just reel in his temper for the time being?

"It has nothing to do with him," Joan quickly added. "It's me."

Huh? Jessica tilted her head to one side as she stared at her friend.

Joan's next words left Jessica even more confused. "Jessica, I need you to help me look for a new place to stay."

Jessica could tell that Joan was clearly interested in Larry, and various media outlets had already exposed the rumors of them dating. So why is she still avoiding him like the plague? Besides, she's obviously still in love with Larry, even if she refused to admit it to herself.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2916

Chapter 2916 Keeping Secrets

"Okay," Jessica replied. Since Joan didn't want to elaborate any further, she wasn't going to push the subject. She knew that Joan had to have her own reasons for doing the things she did.

After a few days of being under observation in the hospital, Joan was finally discharged. Other than Jessica, no one else knew where she would be moving into.

"Are you sure you're all right with living here alone?" Jessica fretted, one hand on Joan's shoulder. "Won't you get scared at night? Maybe I should move in with you..."

Scared? What's there to be scared of? Joan shook her head. She really needed her own space and time to think.

"Then, what if Larry—"

"No!" Joan cut her off before she could even finish her sentence.

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Jessica could tell that Joan was already starting to grow a bias toward Larry. As such, she promptly shut herself up and left as soon as they had completed all preparations.

Afterward, Joan sat on a swinging chair in the yard, staring at the endless blue skies and fluffy white clouds above her as she let out a relieved sigh. Won't it be great if everything could end right now, and everyone would go on with their own lives?

Her phone kept ringing, but she didn't notice it at all, completely lost in her own thoughts.

"What?" Larry's jaw dropped as he confronted one of the doctors at the hospital. "Joan was discharged? When? Where did she go? Who took her?"

"She was discharged yesterday, sir. A woman came to pick her up."

It wasn't Dustin nor Caspian, but a woman? Was it Jessica? Maybe Nancy or Abelyn? But that doesn't sound right. If it was really one of them, they would have notified me beforehand!

"It was me." Jessica sat on a sofa in the living room, hanging her head as everyone else crowded around her.

"Why didn't you tell me?" demanded Larry.

Why else? Because Joan didn't want me to. Jessica pursed her lips uneasily. If she told the truth, Larry would be upset. On the other hand, she would be misunderstood if she hid the truth.

Whatever. I'll be the villain just this once.

"She needs to rest and recover, so I found a quiet place for her to do just that," she mumbled out timidly.

Has she gone mad? Caspian fumed.

They were all aware that Joan needed rest, but they couldn't let her do it by herself. With no one by her side to look after her, who's going to take responsibility if something happened to her?

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In a rush of anger, Caspian grabbed hold of Jessica's collar and shook her, as if trying to get her to come to her senses. "Where is she? Where's Joan right now?"

Jessica's mind went blank when she saw his contorted expression of rage. Despite so, she couldn't possibly go back on her promise to Joan and tell them the address of where she lived.

"Well... She'll probably come back as soon as she feels better!" Jessica insisted. "Don't get all worked up. She'll be fine, I swear."

Seeing that she wasn't going to reveal Joan's whereabouts anytime soon, Larry and the rest of them decided not to force the answer out of her.

They all knew Jessica's personality well and that she had to have her own reasons for keeping Joan's address a secret. Although, that didn't mean that they would give up on trying to find it out.

Larry plopped down onto another sofa and squeezed his eyes shut, massaging his temples. He told everyone else to leave him alone for a quick break, and they did just that.

Only Jessica couldn't shake the antsy feeling in her heart.

At that exact moment, Joan was laying on the couch flipping through a magazine absentmindedly, bored to death. All she could think about was Larry, but there was no way she could see him now.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2917

Chapter 2917 Dark Intentions

Knock, knock, knock! Joan immediately jumped at the sound, her heart leaping into her throat.

Who could it be? She slowly made her way over to the main entrance and took a look at the intercom only to see that it was Abelyn. How did she know that I'm staying here?

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Of course, Abelyn understood Joan all too well.

“Abelyn?” Joan quickly unlocked the door and swung it open. “What are you doing here? What’s wrong?”

Seems I guessed right. She does live here. The corner of Abelyn’s mouth curved up into an almost indiscernible, satisfied smirk.

“Why didn’t you tell everyone that you were discharged? We were all so worried about you,” she quickly schooled her face into a frown. Of course, that was all a lie—Joan’s safety was the last thing on her mind.

Joan shrugged. “I just needed some time alone.”

That was perfectly fine by Abelyn. That way, no one would be able to get in the way of her plans.

Joan had been a little shocked by Abelyn’s sudden appearance, but she quickly let her guard back down.

“How have you been?” Abelyn probed meaningfully, looking around at her surroundings. “Have you gotten used to living here yet? Do you need any help?”

It appeared that she’s living alone.

“I’m doing all right. I don’t really need anything else.”

For some reason, Joan gradually grew uneasy in Abelyn’s presence. She could tell that something about her friend felt off, but just couldn’t place her finger on it.

The two of them exchanged small talk for a while before Abelyn left. After all, she had only come to scope out Joan’s living situation, not to do anything bad to her yet. There was a time and a place for everything.

Dustin immediately rushed to Abelyn as soon as she came back home, demanding to know, “Where were you?”

“I just went out for a walk,” she laughed. “Relax. I’m perfectly fine, see?”

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Scanning her from head to toe for any visible injuries, he exhaled a breath of relief when he found none.

He had been constantly on edge ever since Abelyn came back, but couldn't pinpoint the reason why, which made him very nervous.

"Come on, let's go out to eat!" She linked her arm through his, dragging him out through the door.

Elsewhere, Della was throwing a tantrum and screaming at Larry. "You piece of sh*t! You told on me to my father!"

He merely ignored her, not wanting to get into another argument.

Realizing that she was not going to get a rise out of him, Della deflated and plopped onto a sofa, gulping down her tea angrily.

Just as he was about to walk out of the office, she got up and ran to block his path. "We need to talk, Larry."

The steely determination on her face made him want to laugh out loud. First Jake, and now her too? Gosh, seems like there are so many things happening to me all at once.

"What do you want to talk about?" Larry sat back down.

"Why did you call my father here? What exactly are you planning?" Della snarled. Her horrible attitude was starting to make Larry see her in a completely different light.

"First of all, your father came here of his own will, not because I asked him to. Second of all, I'm not planning anything, and you know this better than anyone else."

Larry leaned back in his seat and loosened his tie. Della had always been the one who had ulterior motives, so it was entertaining to watch the pot call the kettle black.

Della, who got what he was implying, quickly changed the topic and asked instead, "How's Joan?"

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Larry instantly stiffened at the mere mention of Joan's name coming out of her mouth. Is she going to try something again?

"Don't you dare touch a single hair on her head," he seethed. The temperature in the room dropped several degrees.

Della scoffed, throwing her hair over her shoulder with a haughty look on her face. What's with that reaction? It's not like I'm going to eat Joan alive! Besides, even if I didn't make a move on her, there would most definitely be someone else out to get that d*mned woman!

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2918

Chapter 2918 Just Another Pawn

"I don't even know where she is, so why would I hurt her?" Della rolled her eyes. In fact, this was the main reason why she had come to find Larry.

She was trying to indirectly let him know that she had no idea where Joan was so that he would not blame her if anything were to happen to Joan.

Naturally, she was confident in Abelyn's efficiency and trusted that something huge would happen within the next few days.

"Why are you asking about her?" Larry retorted, narrowing his eyes. "It's not like the two of you are close."

"I'm just asking out of pure concern," she pouted. "I hurt her in the past and still feel sorry about it."

Ah... The lies I tell... Of course I don't feel sorry at all.

They chatted for a while longer before Della left, smirking to herself. Just you wait, Larry. You've got a big storm coming your way.

Ever since Fred returned to the country, Della's movements were restricted. As a result, there were many things that she couldn't do while under surveillance.

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“What? You want to delay the plan?” Abelyn complained loudly through the phone. “But I already found out where she lives!”

She was only working together with Della to get revenge on Joan, but Della had an annoying habit of ordering her around without a care in the world.

That was because Della understood Abelyn, and she knew that the man whom Abelyn was in love with, Dustin, also used to be in love with Joan.

“Chill out. Patience is a virtue,” Della told her calmly. She didn’t want to lose one of her pawns so easily. “We’d better advance carefully. If we get found out, all your dirty deeds will be exposed to the world. You can’t say I didn’t tell you so.”

Abelyn swallowed her anger back, carefully considering Della’s words. I guess she does have a point... We can’t rush this, or else our carefully laid-out plans might all go to waste.

“Who are you talking to, Abelyn?” Dustin approached her.

Her gaze darting away from him, she quickly hung up the phone. “Oh, just a friend!”

Why does she look so nervous? He fixed her with a perplexed stare.

“What’s wrong? Did something happen?” He held her face in his hands, squeezing her cheeks gently.

Abelyn couldn’t stop herself from laughing happily as she stared at the handsome face she had grown all too familiar with. She wrapped her arms around him tightly, showing no sign of letting go of him.

What’s going on? Dustin furrowed his eyebrows slightly.

And just like that, Abelyn’s plan had to be put on hold for several days.

Meanwhile, Caspian had been constantly clinging to Jessica and asking her about Joan. However, he kept getting brushed off and fed random excuses every time he tried. Larry had also ordered several of his men to go and investigate Joan’s whereabouts. His attitude toward Jessica was now colder than it used to be.

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Jessica knew deep in her heart that although no one was saying it out loud, they were all blaming her for this chaotic situation.

“Larry?” she asked timidly as she approached him.

The man turned his face away from her, training his gaze on the file in his hands and staying silent. Why is she pretending that we’re still close friends and “god siblings” when she wouldn’t even tell me where Joan is?

“Come on, don’t be mad. You’re making me feel guilty,” she pouted, clutching onto his arm and shaking it cutely like a child asking for a piece of candy.

Then stay feeling guilty. Larry kept his mouth shut and offered her no response.

After a long, insufferable period of trying to get Larry to react to her, Jessica finally caved.

“Ugh, fine!” She threw her hands up in the air. “I’ll tell you! But you absolutely have to promise me one thing!”

“Tell me what?” Larry set down the file.

“I’ll tell you her address, but you can’t go look for her! You can watch her from afar and provide her protection that way, but you cannot, under any circumstances show yourself to her! If not, she’s going to accuse me of betraying her again,” she whined sadly as conflicting emotions swam in the depths of her eyes.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2919

Chapter 2919 Always In Mind

Naturally, Larry couldn’t blame Jessica or question her intention. She was trying to protect Joan, who was living alone. She finally told him the truth so he could watch over the latter discreetly.

“Jessica, you’ve grown,” he murmured and patted her on the head.

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However, his compliment offended her.

“Larry, promise me you won’t divulge Joan’s whereabouts to another soul,” Jessica said bluntly.

She didn’t want to be called a traitor. Yet, little did she know that Joan had told Abelyn.

“Don’t worry.” He flashed a smile as he left the office. A look of relief crossed his features.

Larry headed to the address given by Jessica and found it effortlessly.

Joan, why are you doing this? You know that hiding wouldn’t solve anything.

Meanwhile, Joan stood in the courtyard as she breathed in the fresh air. Days like these relaxed her and suited her best.

I wonder how they are doing now. A smile tugged at the corners of her lips when the image of Larry filled her head.

Lately, she had been pondering over their relationship, but there didn’t seem to be a solution. However, her current life was quieter and less chaotic than before.

From a distance, Larry was debating with himself about Joan’s reaction in his car. It was natural for him to prioritize her feelings since she was the love of his love. He wanted to knock on the door so badly to see her, but he couldn’t muster the courage. The sight of him might disgust her.

Knock... Knock... Knock...

Mm? Who could it be?

An old lady was knocking on Joan’s door. Larry widened his eyes to see who it was.

“Clara! What brings you here?” Joan opened the door hurriedly and greeted her neighbor.

“Here, I’ve baked a cake. Would you like some?”

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Ever since she moved in, Clara would stop by to chit-chat or share some home-cooked foods. The kind elderly was doing it at Jessica's request.

"How is it? Does it taste good?"

Joan nodded in response. "Yeah, it's delicious."

Clara smiled. "Joan, why are you living here alone? Are you single?" she asked tentatively.

Am I still a married woman? It was a complicated question for Joan.

"Yeah, I don't have a boyfriend." For some reason, Larry's face popped up in her mind again.

Clara was very much excited by her answer. She thought the young woman was perfect for her son who had never had a girlfriend.

"Tell me, what is your ideal type of boyfriend?"

Ideal type? Joan fell into a deep thought. Indeed, she had never really thought about her expectations of a man before. She believed in true love and destiny, just like what she saw between Jessica and Caspian.

"Hmm... Well, I never thought about it." she replied awkwardly.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2920

Chapter 2920 Jealousy

Clara chortled as her excitement grew.

"Mom!" Suddenly, a man appeared.

Larry, who was watching them from afar, was furious when he saw the new arrival.

Clara grabbed onto the man's hand. "Joan, this is my son."

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"Hello, I'm Johann." He held out his hand in greeting.

"Hello, I'm Joan."

Clara let out a chuckle at their reserved demeanor. She would very much be happy if Joan could be her daughter-in-law.

"Mom, let's go home before the food gets cold."

"All right, until next time, Joan." Then the mother-son duo left.

Joan's lips curled into a contented smile as she watched them walked out the door. Such a filial son.

Bang! Furious, Larry hit the steering wheel hard. He hated to see another guy around her.

He started the engine and sped back to the company.

Bang!

The door burst open with such force that Jessica jumped. Larry stormed in, blinded by fury. She walked toward him and tried to read his expression.

What's going on? Didn't he meet Joan? What's with that gloomy face? Did they fight? Argh, I better get out of here.

Jessica spun around to leave.

"Stop right there!" Larry yelled.

"Larry, what can I do for you?" She forced a smile and batted her eyelashes at him as she approached.

"Stop it. Now, tell me. Who is that old lady? And what the heck is with that guy?"

What old lady? Which guy? Jessica couldn't understand a single word at all.

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“Quit pretending! I saw it with my own eyes. An old hag knocked on Joan’s door with a slice of cake, and a jerk walked into her house just like that,” Larry ranted.

She realized who he was talking about. He’s so rude to call Clara “an old hag.”

“Actually, I arranged for Clara to check in on Joan. The old lady has lived there for a long time, and she is familiar with the area. That’s it.”

“What about that guy?”

“What guy?” Jessica tilted her head in confusion. She didn’t ask a man to check on Joan.

“Larry, you must be mistaken. I never asked Clara for the favor. There’s no man,” she explained.

Larry was livid. He knew what he saw.

“Tell Joan to move out of that house now. My gut feel tells me that man is up to no good. What if he does something bad to her?” he said as he walked toward the window.

He’s jealous! Jessica looked at the back of his head with a wry smile. She was interested to know who the mysterious man was.

Larry closed his eyes and took a deep breath to calm himself.

“Okay. I’ll find out who he is. By the way, I don’t think there’s anything going on between them, so will you stop being jealous?”

“Who said I’m jealous?”

His expression darkened at her words. It was a foolproof sign of his jealousy. Nevertheless, Jessica dropped the subject. She looked away and picked up the newspaper to read.

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