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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1646

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When Joan seemed to be limping, Dustin couldn't help but take a closer look. Only then did he realize she was wearing a pair of slippers with her leg wrapped in a thick bandage.

"What happened to your leg?" Dustin stood up from his chair.

"It's nothing. When I brought Leslie to the hospital yesterday, I lost my shoe along the way. After that... I accidentally cut myself," Joan explained.

Dustin's expression grew anxious. "What? Is that all that happened?"

He came over to support Joan and led her to the sofa by the door. Rolling up her pant leg, he examined her wound. Realizing the awkwardness, Joan subconsciously retracted her feet.

"This isn't the first time I'm treating you." Dustin ignored her resistance as he took the first aid kit from her.

"I brought the first aid kit because I wanted to help you treat your wounds. Look at the bruises on your face..."

"It doesn't matter as I'm a man after all. No man cares that much about his face."

After unwrapping the bandage of Joan's leg, Dustin brought out some cotton buds and alcohol to help her disinfect her wound.

As the alcohol burned, Joan retracted her leg by reflex. Raising his gaze at her, Dustin's eyes felt as if they were giving her the warmth of the sun.

"Does it hurt? I'll be gentler so just bear with it a little longer. If it's not cleaned properly, you will be at risk of infection."

Dustin applied some white powder evenly over the wound. After that, he tore off some gauze and carefully bandaged her leg.

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His actions were gentle as he was worried about causing her pain. However, Joan's heart was flooded with a mix of emotions.

Many years ago, when she fell on the basketball court, it was Larry who anxiously carried her to the school clinic. Also, it was Larry who treated her wound for her. All this while, she hated clichés but she couldn't deny the saying that "the ones you love the most are usually the ones that hurt you the most".

"Why don't I help you with the wounds on your face?" Joan suggested meekly. Dustin wanted to decline but Joan preempted, "Just treat it as my way of thanking you. Or else, I feel that I can never repay my debt to you..."

As Dustin stared right into her eyes, she could feel his gaze pierce through her heart as he peered deep into her soul.

When her hand came into contact with Dustin's face, he could feel his heart flutter. However, he tried his best to suppress his urges.

When Larry beat him up, he felt as if his body was about to split open. But when she sat by his side, treating all his bruises, he suddenly felt the beating was well worth the pain.

As Joan's warm breath blew across the surface of his neck, it set his heart ablaze. After all, he was ever ready to welcome her into it.

Reaching out his hand to hold her wrist, he placed his thumb in the middle of her palm. As the warmth of her hands permeated into his body, he immersed himself in the comfort that it brought. Greedy for her breath, he stared longingly at the reflection in her eyes.

As Joan's lips parted slightly, a faint pinkish hue began to appear on her cheeks, making her look like a Barbie doll. As for Dustin, he felt like he was a child admiring her through a glass barrier from afar.

Despite the vastness of the world, you are all I that I want.

As Dustin's hand curled around her porcelain white neck, Joan was suddenly jolted by his unfamiliar breath. Regaining her senses, she struggled free from his hand and stood up at once.

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Despite his intimate gesture, Joan was cognizant that she was still married and knew where to draw the line with him.

As she left the room in haste with the first aid kit she brought, her heart pounding furiously. After an intense struggle in her mind, the rational part of her finally beat back her emotions.

After that, Joan reminded herself to be more prudent and level-headed.

At that moment, a girl holding a big bunch of flowers was calling out on the streets to sell her wares. She was about seventeen to eighteen years of age and her features were both youthful and exquisite. With her hair tied into a simple ponytail, she looked as if she was a student who had a retro sense of fashion. With a vibrant smile, she held up the flowers toward Joan.

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