Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1806

Joan did not want to behave like a lunatic. Besides, she was sapped of all her energy after hiking all the way up to the top.

"Come on, don't be such a bore. It's not like you come hiking every day. You need to vent all the frustration you keep in your heart," Dustin urged, patting her on the shoulder.

Despite his attempts at persuading her, all Joan could think about at that moment was her bed. "I'm so tired. I just want to rest. There's nothing I need to vent about. I'm serious."

Dustin looked at his passive companion and took out his phone with a sigh. "One, two, three, smile!"

"Hey, why didn't you tell me you're taking a picture? I didn't have time to pose!" Joan complained, combing her hair with her fingers.

She looked disheveled after all the climbing. Her legs, her arms, and her face were all smudged with dirt.

"Don't be so fussy. I should stop going easy on you from now on. I'm gonna start training you," Dustin chided, looking at her from the corner of his eyes.

After lingering at the hilltop for a while, the two went down as the moon drew nigh. Although the surrounding was almost pitch dark, Joan was not fearful. The night inexplicably calmed her down. It was probably because she had not gone hiking for some time.

She was spent, but satisfied.

Suddenly, she let out a sharp cry. "Ah!" Dustin dashed back toward her when he heard her shriek.

"What's the matter?" he asked with concern and worry written all over his facial features.

"Nothing. I just need to rest a little. I might have sprained my ankle." Joan's face contorted in pain as she spoke.

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The man looked at her ankle and confirmed that she was really hurt. Without further ado, Dustin squatted down and put her on his back before going down the hill.

"What are you doing? Put me down. You're going to tire yourself out like this," Joan insisted, squirming in an attempt to get down from his back.

"Stop moving. We're not reaching the exit anytime soon if you're walking on your own. I still need to get some sleep," he scowled, rejecting her request outright.

Joan looked at the ill-lit sky and relented.

There were a few other hikers who were headed down the mountain with them.

"Wow, look at that man. He's so handsome!" a woman commented enviously.

"What a beautiful couple. The boyfriend is so sweet to his girlfriend," the woman's companion added.

All Joan could think about was Dustin. She felt so bad for putting him in such a situation. The sweat on his forehead rolled down his collarbone furiously, soaking his shirt. Joan wiped his sweat away whatever way she could despite feeling a little awkward.

"I should take a picture of them. I bet they'll go viral on Twitter," the woman from before said as she took out her phone.

"Hey, you'll need to get their permission first," her friend reminded her.

"It's okay. It's not like we can see their faces from where we're standing anyways. Their backs are facing us."

The woman snapped a photo of Dustin and Joan as she spoke.

Dustin's body had grown so numb he lost track of time. He almost did not realize they had already reached the foot of the mountain. Joan dipped her head and looked at him worriedly, afraid that he would collapse.

"It's too late to get back safely now. We should just put up the night at a hotel," Dustin suggested while panting heavily.

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Joan could not bring herself to make any further requests, so she went with his plan and followed him into a nearby hotel.

"What? There's only one room left?" Joan exclaimed with her eyes wide in disbelief.

"You heard that right. Many people come here to hike these days, so our hotel only has one available room now. It's no big deal for a man and a woman to stay together in one room. We're living in the 21st century after all," the receptionist said.

At that statement, Joan's eyes widened a fraction. What? Dustin and I aren't even a couple!

But this was the only hotel around the area – they had no other option.

Dustin took a careful look at Joan before suggesting cautiously, "Why don't we just stay here tonight?"

"Of course not. How am I supposed to explain the situation to Larry after I get back?" Joan questioned.