## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1817

Joan quickly got on her feet when she saw the two men about to fling their fists at each other

"Stop it, both of you. It's late. Why not you head back first, Dustin? Thanks for your coat," she said, giving it back to him.

Dustin looked at her hesitantly. He was afraid Larry would do something to her.

"It's still early. Why not all of us have a talk?" Larry said with a snicker on his face.

Joan looked at the man in confusion. What's wrong with him? Does he have to speak like that?

"I'll see you tomorrow, Dustin," Joan said, waving her hand at him in a dismissing manner.

Dustin turned to leave, but Larry refused to let him go in peace.

The latter sneered, "Do you guys want me to go to another room so you guys can have some personal space?"

That comment made Dustin lose all his cool.

Pow!

Before Dustin could heave Larry a punch, the latter had already beat him to it.

"Larry! Stop it!" Joan shouted desperately for him to stop, but her efforts were futile. Larry's anger was not appeared.

"You're the one who failed to protect her, so don't take it out on me!" Dustin snarled back and got on his feet, ready for a fight.

The two men charged at each other, and a ferocious fight ensued.

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"Stop it, you two! Stop!" Joan cried out anxiously, but none of them paid any attention to her.

As the fight intensified, Joan felt that she had to do something. When she saw Larry raising his fist again, she dashed in between the two, causing a blow to land right on her nose.

"Joan! Are you okay?" Dustin asked distraughtly, rushing closer to her.

"Did you just take my punch for this man?" Larry's eyes turned red as he glared at her.

Joan glowered back at him with undiluted anger shining in her eyes.

"That's enough, Larry!" she yelled.

Larry stared at her, hurt and rage in his eyes before he left without another word.

"Are you okay?" Joan looked at her friend remorsefully.

Dustin was injured all over. There were bruises on his arm, his face, and his legs. Larry had learned to fight, so Dustin had clearly been no match for him.

"I'm fine," he said, wiping away the blood at the corner of his lips.

As Larry made his way to his room, his mind swirled with thoughts. She's even willing to get hurt because of that man? Bang! The man ran his fist right into the wall once he got back to his room. Blood streamed down his knuckles at the impact.

He walked over to the window and looked down at Joan and Dustin on the beach.

"I'll put on a bandage for you," Joan offered, pulling Dustin back to the hotel.

She caught a glimpse of the man looking down at her from the window as she walked into the hotel with her injured friend.

"What happened between you and him?" Dustin asked.

The woman did not answer. Upon seeing her emotionless face, Dustin knew better than to probe further into the topic.

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Suddenly, he let out a scream of pain.

"Can you please be gentle! It's painful!" he groaned, touching a wound of his beside his lips.

"I'm really sorry," Joan hastily apologized profusely as she looked at him.

The man's gaze softened when he beheld the dispirited woman.

It did not take an observant person to know that Joan had a lot going on in her mind. It seemed like she and Larry were not on good terms.

Although this was good news to Dustin, he still wanted her to be happy.

"You should head back to your room already. I can take care of everything on my own," Dustin said, snatching the cotton buds from her hands.

"Why?"

"I know your heart and mind are not here," Dustin muttered.