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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1844

Chapter 1844 You Are Unreliable

Upon a simple glance at her phone, Joan noticed she had received a call from Larry.

“Joan, can you head into the room and see if there’s a document on the table?” Larry asked.

She rushed into the room without further ado and saw a document on the table.

Joan asked, “Yes! Do you need me to bring it over to you?”

“Yes! Please send it over as soon as possible!” Larry answered in a hurry.

Hearing his reply, she dare not delay because the man seemed to be in a desperate need of the document.

“Alright, I’m on my way!” Joan assured him once she made her way out.

Unfortunately, she was caught in traffic when she was on her way there.

Larry made another call and asked, “Hello? Joan? Where are you? Are you reaching yet? What’s your estimated time of arrival?”

“Calm down, Larry. I’m caught in traffic.”

“Hurry up! I need it for an important conference!” He hung up the call after he delivered his instruction.

Perhaps he was in a hurry—he couldn’t be bothered to mind his choices of words at all.

“Sir, please hurry up! I’m in the middle of something!” Joan requested in a quivering voice because she was afraid the board of directors would give Larry a hard time.

The driver answered, “Miss, I’m afraid that’s impossible because of the current situation.”

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They were caught in heavy congestion when it was just another weekday. In fact, it wasn't even the peak hours of the day.

Staring at her watch as time went by, Joan got increasingly anxious.

As she was about to cry, she asked, "Sir, do you know any nearby shortcut? I'm really in a hurry!"

The driver glanced at Joan with an innocent look and answered, "Miss, you need to stop yelling at me because there's nothing I can do."

Soon, she received another call.

Larry could barely suppress his frustration. He asked, "Joan, what on earth is wrong with you? It has been half an hour! Have you made your way over with a bike? Even if it's a bike, you should have long reached! Where the heck are you?"

"Larry, I'm still on my way! I'm just a few corners away! Please calm down and wait for me!" Joan explained.

Suddenly, the driver announced, "Miss, I'm afraid it's going to take at least another twenty minutes before we can get out of this heavily congested road."

She glared at the driver and wondered if he had deliberately announced it to irk her when it was evident she was in a hurry.

"What? Twenty minutes? Joan, are you sure you're not messing around with me? If you can't reach here in time, just be frank and stop wasting my time! The shareholders are going to pick on me for being unreliable again! You don't have to bring those over anymore! I should have dealt with it because you're not reliable at all." Larry hung up the call immediately after he finished his orated speech.

Joan was stupefied because Larry had never been so harsh with his words.

She knew it must be an important conference. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been so harsh with his words and raised his volume against her.

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When the driver saw Joan's disappointed look, he asked, "Miss, are we still heading over or not?"

He asked in a hushed voice because he had heard the content of the duo's conversation since Larry was at the top of his lungs.

"Yes!" She looked out the window in an attempt to divert her attention from the harsh remarks.

In the end, a single drop of tear streamed down her cheek.

The driver tried to console the dejected woman. "Miss, are you okay? You shouldn't take his words personally because he seemed to be in a hurry."

He started being a nice guy when he was the one behind the duo's conflict a few minutes ago.

Joan enunciated her reply, "I'm fine."

As the congested traffic finally cleared up, the driver added, "Miss, it's perfectly fine for a man to be ambitious. In fact, you should consider yourself lucky because of his ambition. Otherwise, he couldn't support the family. On top of that—"

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