## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1940

Chapter 1940 Death And Separation

The duo worked in tandem and had the wounds on Joan properly cleaned and dressed in short order.

Dustin felt a restlessness and an ache in his heart when he looked at the woman lying in the hospital bed.

Damn that Larry. Damn fine job he's doing, taking care of Joan!

Dustin drove a fist into the wall. Blood oozed out between his fingers.

"No, don't touch me. Please..." Joan muttered. Her brows frowned in deep distress.

"Joan, wake up. No one's touching you," Dustin said.

She quietened down very quickly.

"Here's some saline. After the drip has emptied, swap these up for her," the nurse approached and said.

Dustin looked over and saw four of them. His eyes dimmed in an instant.

Ring, ring, ring...

A look on the display showed that the call came from Jory.

"Hello Dustin. I heard Joan disappeared..."

"Don't tell anyone that she's right here with me." Dustin hung up immediately.

Jory stared at the phone, a little perplexed.

"How is it? Did Dustin see Joan?" Nancy inquired desperately.

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Jory paused and decided to go along with Dustin.

"No, but don't worry. I'll go look for her. Stay put, and don't go anywhere," he replied solemnly.

Nancy was fretting and was in no mood to sit still. The minute Jory stepped away, she too left the house.

"Larry..." muttered Joan as she laid in bed.

Hearing what she said in her unconscious state drew a rueful smile from Dustin.

When would there be a place for him in her heart if that scumbag Larry was all she cared about? There was a glint of despondence in the man's eyes.

"Wake up, Joan." He rocked at the woman's shoulders.

She slowly opened her eyes to a familiar shade of white.

Is this... the hospital?

Joan surveyed her surroundings warily. When she turned to the side to face Dustin, a light lit up in her eyes momentarily before it faded away.

"How are you feeling?" The look in Dustin's eyes mirrored the anguish he felt for her plight.

"I'm okay," she shook her head and replied weakly.

"The doctor said that you may need to have your brain examined. Shall... shall we head overseas for that?" Dustin asked cautiously.

He knew that the chances of her agreeing to this were next to zero. How could she possibly bear to leave Larry behind here by himself?

Joan rubbed her own head. Indeed, she had been knocked around quite a bit when she was kidnapped.

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"Okay," she replied in a low voice.

A rush of delight ran through Dustin.

"I'll go book the air tickets right away, but..." Dustin intentionally pretended to be in a dilemma.

Joan knew what he wanted to ask and waved him off.

She needed to have her head injuries attended to and thought it better not to inform Larry for the time being. If everything went well, she would return and live out the rest of her days alongside Larry. Otherwise, she would stay away overseas for good.

Rather than endure the pain of death and separation, it might be better if she quietly vanished.

The sheets twisted inside Joan's grip as she wrestled with her own crushing emotions.

She had suffered the infrequent bouts of pain for the longest time without anyone knowing. She feared that uncovering the truth of her condition might mean that Larry and she would ultimately be torn apart.

"Alright. Let's finish up this round of drip. I'll start packing up," Dustin said.

"Alright." The tears ran hot from her eyes as she looked outside.

Don't blame me for this, Larry. You know I love you!

Joan's eyes were filled with despair.

Fate had a twisted way of toying with kindhearted people. Those who took it seriously missed out on what was meant for them, and those who waited foolishly would see their destiny return to them.