# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2551 - 2560

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2551

"Larry, did you see the news?" Caspian asked right after barging in.

"No," Larry replied plainly.

"Dustin has met an accident," Caspian added.

Larry froze for a moment before checking the news online.

It appears to be true, should I feel relieved about it? Larry closed the page and continued with his work.

He always believed in karma. It was just a matter of time before those that do evil receive theirs. As for Dustin, his time has come.

"But..." Caspian stuttered as he stared at Larry.

"Just spit it out or leave," Larry snapped.

"Larry, I heard the accident had something to do with Joan."

Larry raised his head immediately. He gave Caspian a puzzled look as he waited for his explanation.

Ten minutes later, he was filled in on what had happened.

"Where is Joan now?" Larry asked.

"At the hospital," Caspian replied.

"Come, let's go there now!" Larry grabbed his jacket and left.

In the ward, Joan was sitting on the floor. She couldn't peel her eyes away from Dustin as if she was worried she would miss something.

But now, he was already a vegetable.

"Joan, what do you plan to do?" Jory asked.

At that moment, tears streamed down her cheeks, as she didn't know what to do.

"Dustin ended up like that because of you. Hence, you will have to bear the responsibility for your actions," Jory added. "Going forward, you will take care of him until he awakes."

Joan knew that taking care of Dustin was the least she could do. All she wanted right now was for him to wake up soon.

"Do you have any problem with that?" Jory asked.

"No, don't worry. I will take good care of him," Joan replied resolutely while wiping away her tears.

When he turned to look at Dustin, Jory's eyes were filled with sympathy.

Dustin, given how much you like her, this is the best I can do for you.

"Come, please make way, I need to change the patient's drip. Are you family? You need to watch over him..." the nurse remarked as she went about her job.

"Miss, when will he wake up?"

"I don't know."

By then, only Joan and Dustin were left in the ward, resulting in a somber atmosphere.

Someone had said that feelings were more important to men than women. But for Joan, she was just as loyal as any man.

"Joan?" At the door, a familiar voice rang out.

"You're here," Joan replied softly.

Larry knew that she was going through hell right now. He was obviously aware that she and Dustin were close friends. But definitely did not expect her to have committed so many appalling things with him.

The accident came so suddenly that he still couldn't believe it was real.

"Do you already know?" Joan suddenly asked.

"Mmm-hmm. I do. Aren't you going to explain?" Larry asked.

What's there to explain? Dustin is already a vegetable. Hence, some truths may never be revealed.

Joan stared intently at the man lying on the bed and ignored the one at the door.

"Larry, let's just give Joan some space," Caspian suggested from behind.

However, Larry wanted to face the problem together with Joan.

No matter what happened, she was the woman he truly loved. As long as she explained herself to him, he would definitely choose to forgive and forget.

However, Joan didn't share his sentiments at all.

There was once when she wanted to remarry Larry and spend the rest of her life happily with him. But now, there was no way she could promise him anything as she was now obligated to take care of Dustin. She didn't want to drag Larry into her problems.

"There's nothing to explain. Please leave," Joan murmured softly.

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"Joan, you are my wife and I'm your husband. Let's face this together..."

"We are already divorced," Joan interrupted him.

Larry was dumbfounded and didn't know how to respond.

She's right. We're divorced. But, don't we still mean something to each other?

"Joan, what Larry meant was that he wants to solve this problem together with you. We can find the best doctors and hospitals to treat Dustin," Caspian explained.

"There's no need to. The doctor has said that it's of no use. Furthermore, Jory has already tried," Joan added.

At that moment, all that was left in her heart was pain and sadness. Joan had always hidden her emotions and appeared strong in front of Larry. After all, she didn't want the man she loved to worry.

"Larry, your phone is ringing, it's from overseas," Caspian reminded as he pointed to Larry's phone.

When he saw who it was, Larry left the ward to take the call.

"When? I won't be able to make it. There's something here I need to deal with," Larry replied.

"I understand. In that case, I'll try my best..."

When she overheard Larry's conversation, Joan knew that he was going to be very busy with work again.

To her, that was a good thing as he would not have the time to be concerned with her trivial problems.

"Joan, there's something I need to deal with. Call me if you need me. I know you're blaming yourself for what happened. But, I will face this together with you." Larry left right after he spoke.

After glancing at Joan and then at Larry's silhouette, Caspian ran after Larry.

"Larry, why didn't you clear the air with Joan?" Caspian asked.

"There's no point in doing so as she is too emotional to listen right now. The only thing I can do is wait till she's ready," Larry replied.

For some reason, Caspian felt that he no longer understood Larry as well as he used to. Before this, Larry would never let Joan get involved with anything related to Dustin. For something which could have been done by a nurse, he would have forbidden Joan from caring for him.

"For the time being, you should stay here and watch over Jessica and Joan. Call me if something happens and don't hide anything from me," Larry instructed with his finger pointing at Caspian.

"Yes!" Caspian acknowledged.

It was normal for Larry to travel overseas occasionally. Of course, it wasn't for fun but for work instead.

"Are you sure? You gotta be kidding me," Jessica mumbled as she was peeling an apple.

"I'm not joking at all. Therefore, if you are free, please check on Joan at the hospital," Caspian continued.

Getting off her seat, Jessica walked up to him and looked him in the eye.

"No, is what you're telling me really true?" Jessica asked as she munched on the apple.

"Why would I lie about something like that?" Caspian snapped.

The next moment, Jessica was stunned.

"I never expected someone as calm and reserved as Joan to have made such a foolish mistake," she mumbled.

"We don't yet know what the truth is, so don't go around spreading baseless rumors."

Jessica was certainly not going to slander Joan's reputation. Not to mention that she had already seen Joan as her own sister.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Caiden was flipping through the newspapers languidly.

Finally, when he reached the last page, his hands suddenly froze.

As expected, he saw the news about Dustin's car accident. Furthermore, he could see Joan's figure in the picture of the scene.

Does she have something to do with it?

"Caiden, what are you doing?" Suddenly, Caiden's mom came down the stairs with a slight smile on her face.

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"Nothing, just reading the papers," Caiden answered.

The moment she heard his reply, she quickened her pace and snatched the paper away from him.

"There's nothing interesting to see there. Come, go shopping with me," she suggested on purpose.

"I have something to do, so I'll need to go first." Just as he spoke, he picked up his phone and left the Owens family villa.

Is he going to see Joan? Behind her, was someone watching with a concerned look.

"What is it? Where is he going?" Keith walked out of the study and asked softly.

"He says that he's tired and wants to go out for a stroll," she quickly replied.

Looking at the silhouette from afar, Keith had his suspicions.

After leaving the villa, Caiden gave Joan a call. He wanted to invite her out for a chat but was rejected.

"Where are you? I'll come and see you," Caiden asked.

"Don't come. I'm not free and there's nothing to talk about between us." Just as she spoke, Joan ended the call.

However, he knew that Joan was on the brink of mental collapse. Hence, he went to see her still.

"Are you sure that's what you want to do?" Caiden asked softly.

He didn't expect her to forgo her own feelings for Dustin's sake.

"What else can I do?" Joan snapped without looking at him.

Regardless of what happened, Dustin was bedridden because of her. There was no way she could be at peace in a relationship with someone else.

"Joan, both of you are just friends. He ended up this way because of an accident. There's no need for you to blame yourself over it," Caiden continued to counsel her.

He was still in love with her. But more importantly, he wanted her to be happy.

He knew that if she allowed herself to wallow in her guilt, she would slowly become numb to it. In fact, she might even develop psychological problems sooner or later.

"No, this is my fault," she replied softly.

Caiden was heartbroken to see how dejected she looked. He had never seen her so helpless and cold before.

"Why must you insist on thinking that way?"

Suddenly, he felt that Joan was just being stubborn, but he had no way of convincing her otherwise.

Joan didn't reply. All she did was walk up to Dustin's bed and wipe his hand.

Just like that, the days passed one by one. Dustin was still in a coma while Joan would care for him every day.

As Larry understood what was going through her mind, he didn't comment on what she was doing. Caspian and Jessica had tried their best to counsel her but their efforts were simply futile.

"Joan, even if you don't marry anyone for the rest of your life, Dustin will still not wake up!" Jessica yelled in exasperation.

It had been a long time since she watched the developments between Larry, Joan, and Dustin. As someone watching from the sidelines, she felt indignant for Larry.

She knew that even after Joan had made her stand clear to Larry, he would never let her go even if it meant staying single his whole life. After all, his stubborn temperament would never allow him to do so.

"I know," Joan casually answered.

In that case, why do you insist on tormenting yourself and others along with you?

"By taking care of Dustin, you have already done the best you could for him. But what about Larry? Have you considered his feelings? How long more do you want him to wait? Three years? Five years? Or his entire life?" Jessica had lost her patience and was visibly outraged.

"I didn't ask him to wait for me. Furthermore, we have broken up and I have made it equally clear to him. In fact, you should counsel him instead." Just as she spoke, Joan picked up the thermos from the table and left.

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There really is no helping her. Why does she need to unnecessarily complicate something that's really simple?

Dustin, when will you ever wake up! Staring at him, Jessica was tempted to give him a slap despite knowing how inappropriate it would be.

"I'm out of ideas. I did everything I could," Jessica lamented on the office sofa.

When he saw how dejected she was, Caspian knew that her persuasion had failed.

"What did Larry say?" she asked.

"What else can he say? He'll probably continue to wait," Caspian replied.

Given how both of them are dragging their feet, they really are made for each other. Jessica sighed.

As Larry had intensified his efforts at work, Norton Corporation's expansion made it the top conglomerate in the city. In second place, was the company owned by the Owens family.

"Mr. Owens, congratulations."

"That's right. It's really unbelievable for someone as young as you to have expanded your business overseas. You have already exceeded the achievements of your predecessors."

During the banquet, many elderly businessmen surrounded Caiden, trying to ingratiate themselves with him.

"Thank you for your kind wishes. Nevertheless, there's still a lot more for me to learn from all of you," Caiden replied at once.

At that moment, Caiden's parents were delightfully lapping up the crowd's praises of their son.

"Does Caiden have a girlfriend? That's my daughter over there, do you see her?"

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"That's right. What kind of girl does your son like? Isn't it about time he got married?"

When Caiden's mom saw him toasting and socializing from afar, she felt a sense of pride.

Finally, the Owens family has a worthy heir. "Why don't you introduce your son to my daughter..."

In one corner, Larry was sitting by himself, looking lonely.

He never enjoyed such events but couldn't avoid them for fear of jeopardizing business relationships.

"Larry, don't you want to talk to them?" Caspian suggested.

What's there to talk about? Business? There no need for me to talk to that hypocritical bunch. Relationships? We don't even have a relationship to speak of.

"You should go ahead and enjoy yourself. Don't mind me," Larry insisted as he took a sip from his drink.

When Caiden saw Larry in his condition, he was surprised.

"What's up? Bad mood?" Caiden gradually approached and asked softly.

"What do you want?" Larry replied without even looking up.

"How are things with Joan?" Caiden asked with concern.

"None of your business," Larry snapped.

He really is a frosty one. Taking a seat beside Larry, Caiden swirled his wine glass as sympathy filled his eyes.

He was sincere in hoping that Larry and Joan could find happiness together. However, no one had expected to see Dustin come in between them.

"Larry, let's go. Since there's nothing for you to do here, why don't you send me home?" Jessica came over and patted Larry on his arm.

Staring intently at Jessica, Larry looked up and asked, "Have you finished your negotiations? Is the deal done?"

"Don't worry, it's done. They agreed to invest," Jessica answered confidently as she patted her own chest.

However, she was unaware of how unpredictable the business world was. At any second, whatever that had been agreed could be reneged upon just as quickly.

"Are you sure?" Larry repeated his question.

"Affirmative. So, let's go." Just as she spoke, she held his arm as they left together.

When Caspian saw both of them leaving, he quickly put down his glass and walked after them.

"Larry, where are we going? I want to go home!" Jessica exclaimed in the car, puzzled as to what he was doing.

"To the hospital," Larry snapped with a chilly expression.

We're going to see Joan, again! Jessica was upset as she looked at him. Sometimes, she felt that he should really give up on Joan, but he was simply too stubborn to do so.

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"Larry, let me ask you a hypothetical question. If Dustin doesn't wake up and Joan has to look after him all her life, what are you going to do?" Jessica asked on purpose.

"I'll wait for her my whole life then," he replied.

To have made such an irresponsible decision for himself, I'm afraid he has gone mad.

"No!" Jessica yelled.

"Larry, I'm begging you, alright? Joan doesn't dare to face her feelings, but it doesn't mean you must waste your entire life on her," Jessica pleaded.

He believed that one day, Joan would return to his side once Dustin came out of his coma. Until then, all the three of them needed was time. After all, he was willing to wait, even if he had to do so till old age.

"Shut up! Stop talking about this or you will have to get down," Larry muttered heartlessly.

Forget it. Persuading him is just a waste of time. With her eyes filled with rage, Jessica turned her face away and looked out the window.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Joan was carefully wiping Dustin's face. When he saw two figures enter, she wasn't surprised at all. As for Larry, he had seen her clean Dustin countless times to the extent he had stopped feeling jealous.

"How has he been recently? Any improvements?" Larry asked.

"He's still the same and has made no progress at all," Joan answered while she worked.

Watching Dustin lie on his bed, Larry didn't feel a shred of emotion.

"Doctor, is this man still able to wake up?" Suddenly, Jessica grabbed the doctor by his arms and demanded.

After glancing at Dustin and returning his attention to Jessica, the doctor shook his head without a word.

He didn't mean that Dustin couldn't wake up. Instead, he just indicated that he didn't know if or when Dustin would.

"Stop asking. No one knows if he will ever wake up," Joan softly chided.

Damn Dustin for being in the way! As Jessica clenched her fist, the intimidating vibe she emitted caused the doctor to not dare utter another word.

"Call me if there's anything." Just as he spoke, Larry left the room.

"Alright," Joan replied.

By now, both of them seemed to have gotten used to ending their conversations that way.

As Jessica looked at Joan and then at Larry's leaving silhouette, she suddenly felt curious.

Just like that? And he's leaving? Did he come just to check on Dustin?

She no longer understood what was going through his mind.

"Alright, stop trying to contemplate what Larry is thinking. A lady of your standards will never understand," Caspian commented affectionately as he gently knocked her on her head.

"What do you mean a lady of my standards? Come here, you..." With that, she chased after Caspian.

When she saw how both of them bantered, Joan was suddenly filled with envy. Once upon a time, she and Larry were loving. It was just a pity that they could never return to those times.

Humans are mysterious creatures. They will only learn from their mistakes. But these mistakes will cause them to lose what they have gained from it. Perhaps, that is the nature of life. Joan heaved a deep sigh and went back to work.

As life went on, an implicit understanding gradually formed where no one would talk about what happened between Joan and Dustin.

Everything sort of became routine.

"Urgh..." Suddenly, Dustin grunted.

When Joan raised her head to check, she didn't see any movements and went back to sleep on the sofa.

And then, he grunted again.

Joan sprang up from the sofa and quickly scanned her surroundings.

I must be hearing things. There's no one else in here other than Dustin and I. How can there be another man's voice? It must have been a dream. She scratched her head in desperately as if to wake herself up further.

Smash! The vase suddenly crashed onto the ground.

What's going on? Joan turned on the lights in the room to check.

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As the lights illuminated the room, she was shocked. The next moment, tears gushed out of her eyes like a waterfall.

At that moment, Dustin was staring blankly at her, curious as to what was going on.

"Dustin, you're awake," Joan gasped.

"Who are you?" he asked.

His words shocked her further. He... has lost his memory?

"Do you really not recognize me?" Joan questioned at once.

"Do we know each other?" Dustin continued his questions.

Faced with his reaction, Joan couldn't tell if she was sad or shocked. From her perspective, it was already a miracle to see him wake up from his coma.

"Alright, let's put that aside first. Are you hungry? Or thirsty?" she asked at once.

"Mmm-hmm, I want to drink some water," Dustin replied.

It's wonderful! He's finally awake! Joan was so emotional that she hugged him tightly, sobbing at the same time.

Her first reaction was to call Larry to tell him the good news. But after checking her watch, she decided against it as it was already late.

The next morning, Joan ran out of the ward to find the doctor. She wanted him to give Dustin a full checkup, to which the doctor readily agreed.

"This really is a miracle. To be honest, none of us expected that he would wake up. Ms. Watts, all the credit goes to you," the doctor remarked in delight.

As Dustin's doctor, he naturally hoped that his patient would recover as soon as possible.

"Doctor, how is he now? Will he have other problems?" Joan asked with concern.

She was worried that he might fall back into a coma anytime.

"So far, we haven't detected any other issues. But since he has awoken, he wouldn't fall back into a coma." the doctor declared with conviction.

Having heard the doctor's reassurances, Joan heaved a sigh of relief.

"In that case, can he recover his memory?" Joan continued to ask.

"That will depend on himself." Once he was finished, the doctor left.

It didn't matter if he recovered his memories or not. As long as he was alive, that was all that matters.

Meanwhile, Larry was sitting in his office, skimming through a magazine. He was oblivious to what was going on at the hospital.

"Mr. Norton!" Suddenly, a voice he hadn't heard for a long time called out.

"Larry, Della is here," Caspian informed as he opened the door to let her in.

"What brings you here?" Larry asked as he stood up.

"I'm here to see you. I heard that you've been waiting for Joan. So how has it been going? Not planning to give up?" Della asked as she took a seat on the sofa.

Give what up? Joan? That will never happen. As vigilance filled his eyes, Larry stood up and walked to the window.

"Do I still have a chance?" she asked.

She never liked beating around the bush. Hence, she always spoke her mind.

"Della, I hope that we can be friends for life," Larry stated.

He couldn't make it anymore more obvious. But, Della was already used to being rejected by him.

"Come, let's go and see Joan." Just as she spoke, she walked out of the office.

Worried that she might cause Joan trouble, Larry quickly went after her.

"Why do you want to see her?" Larry asked. Della gave him the side-eye but didn't reply.

Soon, their car stopped at the hospital entrance. At that moment, Joan was out taking in the sun with Dustin.

"Joan?" Larry stared at both of them in disbelief.

He is awake!

After Della glanced at Larry and then at Joan, she smiled in response. Since I'm unable to get him to open his heart to me, I might as well wish them all the best. As for Dustin, she believed it was just a matter of time before he backed out.

"Dustin?" Larry subconsciously called out to him.

When Dustin saw Larry approaching, he grabbed Joan's hand nervously.

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"Joan, who is he? What is he doing here?" Dustin asked her anxiously.

"Don't worry, he is one of your friends," Joan explained as she patted him on his shoulder.

But why do they look so hostile? As Dustin looked at the approaching duo warily, he was filled with terror.

He could sense that they were not friendly to him, and that was indeed the truth.

"Don't you remember?" Larry walked up to him and asked.

When he saw the unfamiliar sight of Larry, Dustin nodded without a word.

"He doesn't remember anything at all," Joan explained.

With his eyes will with suspicion, Larry scrutinized Dustin. "What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor said that there's nothing more they can do, it's all up to him. Nevertheless, it was a miracle for him to even wake up," Joan replied with a smile as she gave Dustin a satisfied look

But for some reason, Larry felt that the smile was especially jarring and forced.

If only one day she could smile that way at me, it would feel wonderful indeed. At that moment, Larry felt optimistic about the future.

After all, now that Dustin was awake, it meant the time he could get back together with Joan had been brought forward. He was suddenly filled with anticipation for the day Dustin recovered his memories.

Della walked up and said to Joan, "Joan, as for what happened last time, I would like to sincerely apologize to you. As I had left too abruptly, I didn't manage to say sorry."

In the face of the sudden apology, Joan didn't know how to react. She had already forgotten about the incident and didn't expect Della to remember. Hence, she appreciated the thought.

"Ms. Duff, that's water under the bridge. Look, isn't everything wonderful now?" Joan remarked on purpose.

She was never one to hold a grudge, especially toward Larry's business partners.

"What did you say? Did you disrespect Joan? Joan, don't worry, let me protect you." Just as he spoke, Dustin stood up and quickly stood in front of her, looking the part of a knight in shining armor.

When she saw the adorable side of him, Della suddenly couldn't help but snort in laughter.

"Joan, did she bully you? Don't be afraid, I'll help you get your revenge!" he continued.

When he saw what happening, Larry felt a sense of dread and displeasure.

Larry could obviously see that Joan had a special place in Dustin's heart despite him losing his memory.

"Alright. Ms. Duff is only joking. So please calm down," Joan quickly reassured him.

"Since when did you have a sense of humor?" Della remarked as she laughed.

"Dustin!" Suddenly, someone they hadn't seen in a long time approached.

"How is he? Is he alright? Does he have any other problems?" Jory scrutinized Dustin as he asked Joan.

"Other than losing his memory, he is largely doing fine," Joan replied.

With a delighted expression, Jory gave his best friend a sympathetic look.

His sentiments were exactly the same as Joan's. As long as Dustin was awake, it was a God given miracle.

"Who are you? Are you my friend?" Dustin suddenly asked as he looked at Jory.

Jory was so moved by his words that he almost teared up.

As both of them had been the best of friends, a few words alone were enough to quickly break the ice.

Soon, the news of Dustin's recovery quickly spread, causing Caspian and Jessica to take notice. However, instead of Dustin's health, they were more concerned about Larry and Joan's relationship.

"Larry, what did Joan say? Do you need Jessica to talk to her?" Caspian asked softly in the office, looking worried.

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"No," Larry replied.

When he saw how calm Larry was, Caspian was puzzled. Nevertheless, he left the office without saying anything further.

"How did it go? What did Larry say?" Jessica asked anxiously.

Looking at her, Caspian shook his head in silence.

Forget it! If he is not concerned, there's no reason for us to be. Jessica turned and left.

"Joan, what was our relationship previously?" Dustin stared at her and asked.

Briefly stunned, Joan averted her gaze as she didn't want to answer his question.

"We were friends," Joan pretended to act casually as she replied.

Despite knowing that he would one day recover his memory, she didn't have the courage to tell him about their past.

"Is that so? And yet, here I was, thinking that we were husband and wife," Dustin mumbled as he took a bite from the apple in his hand.

At that moment, Joan felt an inexplicable bout of sadness.

"In that case, what kind of man do you like?" Dustin asked again.

Why is he asking such a nosy question? Joan looked at him with a smile.

"Someone nice." Her answer was simple but deep at the same time.

"Do I look like someone nice to you now?" he followed up at once.

At that moment, Joan was stunned. You do but as a friend. She laughed awkwardly and pretended to not have heard him.

As Joan gradually grew closer to Dustin after spending so much time together, Larry began to worry.

After twenty days, when Dustin was well enough, the doctor recommended he be discharged. Hence, both of them could no longer stay together.

"Joan, I don't want to be away from you," Dustin insisted softly as he grabbed onto Joan's hands tightly.

"You have recovered now, and it's time to learn how to take care of yourself," Joan comforted him.

In truth, half a month ago, Dustin had recovered his memories. But he hid it from Joan as he didn't want her to leave him.

"In that case, what should I do when I miss you?" Dustin asked on purpose.

He knew that Joan was definitely someone responsible.

"You can give me a call," she replied with a smile.

Looking at how calm Joan was, Dustin heaved a sigh.

I was better off sick. That way, she wouldn't keep thinking of ways to reject my requests. Suddenly, he smiled mischievously as his eyes had an insidious glint to them.

"Joan, what's your relationship with Larry?" he asked on purpose.

Joan stopped what she was doing and walked up to him. Gazing intently at him, she felt something was amiss but couldn't tell what.

"Why are you asking about this all of a sudden?" She avoided answering.

"No reason. I'm just worried that he will steal you away from me," Dustin replied in an affectionate manner.

He hasn't changed a bit, always letting his imagination run wild. Turning away to hide her sadness, she let out a gentle sigh.

Have I lost myself in this? Was it really a good idea to have cared for him unconditionally? She was worried that he would cling to her just like how he had previously done.

"What's wrong?" Dustin asked.

"Nothing. Come, let's pack quickly. It's time to go home." Just as she spoke, Joan began to get busy.

The weather was good with clear skies all the way. Everything simply looked perfect. By the side of the road, there were a few stray cats rolling around languidly.

"Alright now, I'll go off first." Just as she spoke, Joan turned to leave.

"Wait, where are you going?" Dustin grabbed her arm and asked.

"I'm going home," she replied.

Dustin smirked, looking upset. Going home to see Larry?

"In that case, who will cook for me?" Suddenly, Joan's gaze darkened.

"Erm, I'll hire a maid for you."

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"I don't want a maid, I only want you." His words infuriated the approaching figure.

"Dustin, Joan is my wife, not yours," Larry snapped.

Turning around, Dustin was met with a fearsome gaze and an icy cold expression.

I don't care if they're married or not. But as of now, Joan belongs to me!

"Joan, so, you are married to him," Dustin remarked on purpose, lowering his head.

"No, I'm still not married," she quickly corrected him.

At that moment, Dustin smiled.

I still have a chance. Furthermore, I've spent a lot more time with her now than last time.

"Larry, you should go first. Dustin has just recovered..." Joan walked up to Larry to explain, worried that he would somehow get into an altercation with Dustin.

"Joan, I'm sure you're not aware that this so-called patient has already recovered his memory. He can already do everything by himself. However, he just wants to rely on you," looking at her, Larry answered her intently.

How is that possible? I'm sure I would know if Dustin has recovered his memory.

"Enough, stop spouting nonsense."

Unable to get through to her, Larry finally left in disappointment. Looking at the forlorn figure, Dustin smiled to himself.

"Come, Joan, I'll treat you to baked ribs today." Just as he spoke, Dustin pushed her in.

"Are you just going to let Dustin do whatever he wants?" Della asked softly in the car.

Larry responded with silence. He felt that there it was time to have a proper talk with Joan.

"Didn't you go and pick Joan up? Where is she?" Delilah asked.

"She's busy," Larry coldly replied before heading straight into his room.

What can she be busy with other than caring for Dustin? Delilah smirked before leaving.

Someone has said that love should be approached carefully. Or else, one would encounter many new experiences. At the same time, one would also grow and learn from those experiences.

"Jessica, aren't you supposed to explain yourself to me?" Caspian asked while sitting on the sofa.

"What's there to explain? There's nothing to explain at all," Jessica replied.

What a joke. The third party has already emerged and yet she has nothing to say? Caspian's eyes were filled with contempt.

Jessica was never one to be long-winded. For whatever she had explained before, she would never repeat herself.

"What is your relationship with Jasper? You must explain it to me," Caspian bellowed.

"I'm working. So, don't disturb me," Jessica snapped as she typed furiously on the keyboard.

At that moment, she was oblivious to the fact that he was on the brink of emotional collapse.

When he saw the woman he loved ignoring him, he finally slammed the door and left.

"Next time, stay away from my girl." In a park, Caspian warned the man in front of him.

"I like her and I will pursue her," Jasper replied defiantly.

How dare he speak with such impudence! The rage within Caspian began to swell.

"She already has a boyfriend."

"It doesn't matter. We will compete for her fairly. She will be the one to decide who the winner is," Jasper declared confidently.

Caspian was puzzled as to where Jasper derived his confidence from to act so brazenly.

"She will never choose you," Caspian reminded him.

"Who knows," Jasper replied with a shrug.

It was now obvious that a war was about to break out.

When Jessica finished her work, it was only then did she notice Caspian was gone.

Where did he go? She picked up her phone and made a call.

"I feel like having some desserts," she suggested coquettishly.

"Sure." Just as he spoke, Caspian ended the call.

Strange, since when did he become so cold? Jessica shook her head and began to rack her brains.

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"She likes mousse cakes," Jasper quipped.

He really has done his homework. Caspian responded with silence.

From then on a bloodless war had begun.

"Your cake." Caspian placed the cake on Jessica's table.

However, no one answered him. Only when he walked to the balcony did he realize that she had fallen asleep in her chair.

Meanwhile, in a café, Dustin taunted the man opposite him, "What's wrong? Are you jealous?"

"When will you stop messing around?" Larry questioned.

Snorting, Dustin gave him the side-eye without saying a word.

He wasn't messing around. In fact, he was seriously fighting for his happiness this time.

"Why are you hiding the fact that you have recovered your memories?" Larry continued to ask.

It's none of your business. Dustin replied with disdain, "I not hiding anything."

This bastard may be able to deceive Joan but there's no way I will fall for his tricks.

Everything indicates that his body and his mind are fine. And yet, he insists on clinging on to Joan.

"Dustin, why are you doing this? Is it because you like her? Is that why you want her to stay by your side?" Larry asked.

Only he is capable of carrying out such despicable behavior.

"I have always liked Joan," Dustin replied.

All this while, I have never competed properly with him. That has been my mistake all along.

Very good, he has indirectly admitted to it. Larry took a sip of coffee before getting up to leave.

In the room, Joan was lying on the bed, utterly exhausted. After tucking her in, Larry rested his cheeks on his hand as he stared at her.

She is just as pretty as always but looks a lot more haggard now. Whenever he recalled that Dustin was the cause, Larry couldn't help but feel disappointed.

She is obviously mine but yet act as if she is Dustin's wife.

"What's wrong?" she mumbled as she turned around, gradually opening her eyes.

"It's nothing. You should continue to sleep," Larry replied.

"I can't sleep anymore," Joan hugged him tightly by the waist.

At that moment, Larry could feel her love for him.

"Why don't you believe me?" Larry suddenly asked.

His words piqued her curiosity. "What are you talking about?"

"Dustin has recovered his memory and is deceiving you all this while." Larry jerked her into his embrace and tried to feel the warmth from her body.

"Larry, I know that I have neglected you recently. But can you please trust me for once?" Joan replied, burying her face in his chest.

He wasn't worried about Joan. Instead, it was Dustin that he was concerned about. He was sure that amidst their interactions, Dustin would definitely have designs on Joan.

Sensing that she would not believe him, Larry stopped trying to explain. After all, he didn't want to wreck the beautiful moment on Dustin's account.

When Joan awoke the next morning, the first thing she did was to find a maid for Dustin. However, for some strange reason, none of them wanted the job, as if they had all agreed to refuse her.

"Hello, is this Mrs. Johnson? I'm looking for a maid that can cook..."

"I'm sorry, I have already found a job." With that, she ended the call.

Unknown to her, Dustin had made arrangements beforehand.

She had promised him that before she found a maid, she would still be responsible for his household chores.

Checking the time and realizing it was getting late, Joan had no choice but to change. When she walked past the living room, she ran into Delilah.