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"I'm fine. I think I can't handle white wine. Miss, get me a beer instead!" Joan's voice slurred.

Has she lost her mind? She's absolutely wasted! The restaurant owner shook her head disapprovingly.

"That's enough now. It's getting late, so you should hurry home and rest up," the restaurant owner refused curtly.

"No! I don't want to go home. I can't let Lucius see me all wobbly and drunk like this. No, I'm not going back!" Joan then kicked her legs in a child-like tantrum.

"Oh? So you remember that you have a child at home, huh? I suppose you're not completely irresponsible. But look how haphazard you look... Who on earth pissed you off to get you so drunk?" The restaurant owner grumbled as she excused herself out of the private room.

Meanwhile, Dustin remained by Joan's side whilst patting soothingly on her back. Dustin couldn't help but stare viciously into the space, knowing that someone had caused her so much pain.

This was the woman he loved dearly and wanted to spend the rest of his life with, so he refused to stand by and watch as she experienced such humiliation.

"How are you feeling? Better?"

"Let's get out of here. I'm too embarrassed to stay," Joan murmured in between her hitched breathing.

How can someone drunk still care about trivial things like dignity and humiliation? She's already made a huge fuss. What's left for her to worry about? Dustin sighed to himself.

"Okay, where would you like to go?"

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Joan snorted inwardly. Where else can I go? I obviously can't go home, so a hotel is my only option for tonight.

"About that... can you drop me off at a hotel in the city? I was originally planning to look for Nancy tomorrow, so it'll be convenient if you could. I can't go home smelling like alcohol tonight," Joan uttered nervously.

Oh? She must be decently sober if she can still think so logically, Dustin thought.

"Come on." Dustin helped her onto her feet and led her out of the private room.

"Take care, okay?" the restaurant owner called out from behind.

Joan then turned around and bowed clumsily, apologizing for the ruckus she had caused earlier. She also cooed, "Shhh! Please don't tell Ms. Young or Lucius about today! I can't be a bad role model for my child."

Upon hearing that, the restaurant owner burst out giggling.

That silly girl is too adorable.

"I shake it off, I shake it off..." Joan sang out whilst bawling. Her voice boomed aloud with a hint of sorrow as if she were the only person in the car.

Dustin stared wide-eyed at her untamed way of expressing sorrow.

She was never like this before. Yeah, she got drunk here and there, but she drank to get herself to sleep then. So why is she suddenly behaving so wildly instead of getting sleepy? Did reality hit her that hard? The thought of this made Dustin's face darken to a gloomy grey.

"Joan, aren't you going to call Ms. Young?" he reminded with a gentle tone.

"Right." Joan then took out her phone and dialed Delilah's number.

"Ms. Young? I did something big, huge! So I won't be back tonight," Joan mumbled whilst swaying drunkenly.

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“Joan, where on earth are you? Are you drunk? Who’s with you now? When are you coming back then? Didn’t I tell you not to go out and drink alone?” Delilah’s furious voice screeched from the phone.

“Ms. Young, how could you say that? I just drank a little... just a smidge,” Joan giggled.

At this, Delilah scoffed inwardly. Has this girl lost all sense of reason? She hasn’t been herself ever since she got home today. Now, she’s drunk somewhere out there? Moreover, it’s already so late, and she still hasn’t come home!

“Hurry up and tell me your address now. I’m coming to fetch you.”

“Oh, it’s fine. I’m not coming home—”

Dustin then snatched her phone and said, “Ms. Young.”

Dustin? The two of them are out together? Delilah’s brows scrunched in suspicion.

Dustin continued to explain, “Joan won’t be going home tonight because she’s worried Lucius will be negatively affected by her drunken state. Don’t worry. I’m taking her to a hotel for the night, and I’ll send her home tomorrow morning.”

Thank goodness he’s by her side, or else I might actually worry myself sick. But... is it appropriate for the two of them to be out together this late at night? What will happen if Larry finds out?

Oh, to hell with it! He’s overseas now, so he won’t know as long as the three of us keep our lips tightly shut.

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“Okay then, Dustin. I’ll leave it up to you.”

The two then said their goodbyes before hanging up.

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Next to him, Joan wiggled around in the front passenger seat. She was hollering loudly about how unfair life was, about how the gods above were cruel.

Is there a screw loose in her head? What's up with the sudden pessimism? Dustin let out a long and exhausted sigh as he drove on.

Not long after, their car pulled up in front of a hotel.

"Alright, we're here. Careful now," Dustin cautioned as he held her hand and helped her off the car.

In the lobby, the receptionist shook his head apologetically. "I'm sorry, sir. We're heavily booked for tonight. We only have one room available."

At this point, Joan felt utter discomfort from the alcohol earlier. She winced as pain traveled down her body and nipped at her limbs uncomfortably.

"It will have to do then," Dustin settled the payments in a flash. He then scooped Joan into his arms and carried her upstairs to their room.

Moments later, Joan lay sprawled out on the bed. She mumbled longingly in her sleep, "Larry... I miss you..."

Even in her dreams, all she thinks of is him. Dustin's chest sank heavily at this. Larry is perhaps the only man whom she'll love in her entire lifetime; I doubt any other man would get even the slimmest chance to win her over.

"Here, have some water." Dustin tapped gently on her arm to wake her.

She must have felt Dustin's presence as her arms suddenly snaked around his waist into a chain-like hug. For a fleeting moment, Dustin's heart pounded erratically inside his chest.

"Joan, let me go."

He knew that she probably mistook him for Larry.

His suspicions were confirmed when Joan's hug tightened on his waist as she cried out, "Larry, why did it take you so long to get back?"

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“Have some water.” Dustin carefully lifted the glass of water from the table over and passed it to Joan.

He desperately wanted to hold her, to have pillow talks, be intimate, as well as share the same bed with her. However, he refused to take advantage of her while she was drunk. He could never bring himself to hurt her like that.

So he sat on the sofa next to Joan and watched over as she tussled all night long.

The morning sun permeated through the curtains. Its warm light then dappled onto the ground. On the bed, Joan’s arms extended into a stretch. Then she let out a big yawn before gradually opening her eyes.

Looks like the weather’s nice today. Joan’s lips curled in delight.

Wait. Why doesn’t this look like my room? Am I not at home? Where is this place? Right away, Joan sprung out of bed. The hairs down her arms stood straighter.

Unable to contain the fear that rapidly surged inside her, Joan shrieked, “Ahhhh!”

“Why are you screaming so early in the morning?” Dustin groaned huskily.

His eyes seemed to darken with irritation and tiredness. It was most likely because he didn’t sleep a wink last night.

“Why are you here, Dustin? And why am I here? What the devil is going on?” Joan’s voice rattled as she tried to steady her emotions.

She knew that the man standing before her would never do anything outrageous in her disadvantaged state. Yet, her heart still raced because she couldn’t quite recall any of yesterday’s events.

“What? Did you forget everything that happened last night? You were as wasted as a skunk and kept insisting on more alcohol,” Dustin grumbled.

Sh*t, I really did it this time... and I haven’t even called Ms. Young yet! She must be worried out of her mind. Joan’s head throbbed with panic.

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She then hysterically clawed under the blanket. "Where's my phone? I need to call home and make sure they're not worried about me."

Look at how responsible she's being. She must've forgotten that she already called Ms. Young last night. Dustin couldn't help but stifle an amused laugh.

"Okay. Let's hurry up and get you home for a change of clothes. I'll drive you to work afterward, no excuses! If you request any more day-offs, then I'm seriously deducting it from your pay." Dustin flashed her a teasing frown as he stood up to leave.

Right, I have to go back and explain everything to Ms. Young. Delilah had once told Joan to never go out drinking on her own, and look what happened now; Not only did Joan violate that piece of advice, but she somehow ended up in a hotel room with Dustin.

"Let's move! Hurry up, or we'll be late!" Joan grabbed her coat and dashed out the door.

My god. I reek of alcohol, and my clothes are a mess! What the devil did I do last night? Joan's brows furrowed as her lips twitched with disgust at her current disheveled state.

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In the car, Joan asked carefully, "I didn't do anything out of line last night, did I?"

She was suddenly afraid of hearing Dustin's answer. If she had performed a striptease in front of him, that would be embarrassing. She wouldn't be able to work together with him anymore.

"What do you mean? Singing? Dancing? Or yelling at me?" Dustin turned and fixed his gaze on her.

Actually, Joan did throw a fit last night, but that was it.

But right now, Dustin couldn't help but tease her.

"Anything else?"

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“Hmm, yes. You were quite crazy last night. Even though you were drunk, it didn’t stop your enthusiasm. I remember your hot figure—”

“Enough, stop. Just focus on driving,” Joan cut him off.

Shit. This is d*mn embarrassing.

Did I go crazy? How could I show something that’s exclusive to Larry to him? What should I do? Uneasiness flashed across Joan’s eyes.

“Uh, Dustin. I was drunk last night, so everything I did was irrational. Please don’t take it to heart. Also, don’t tell anyone about it,” Joan pleaded, her expression earnest.

Seeing how pitiful she looked, Dustin held back his laughter.

“I’ll try my best. If I get drunk one day, I might reveal it without hesitation,” he replied on purpose.

Joan immediately yelled, “No! If you want to drink next time, bring me along. You can’t mention last night’s events. It’s too embarrassing!”

Dustin loved her for being sincere, straightforward and how she had never thought of him as an outsider.

“Don’t worry. You did get drunk last night, but you didn’t do anything out of line,” he revealed.

“What? So what you said earlier was a lie? How could you, Dustin? I trusted you!” Joan pretended to gaze out the window furiously.

Shortly after, the car came to a stop.

“We’re here.”

Instead of replying to him, Joan turned and alighted from the car.

“Joan, you’re back. What a coincidence. Larry had just...” Delilah trailed off upon seeing her.

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Huh? What is going on? Why does she look so disheveled? Not to mention, she reeks of alcohol, and her clothes are all wrinkled up. Why did she come back without even bothering to clean up?

“Ms. Young, I’m back,” said Joan weakly.

Oh no! I can’t let Larry see her in this state.

“Stop. Hurry and go somewhere else. Don’t come in.” With that, Delilah tried to shove her back into Dustin’s car.

“Why? She’s back, right? You must be exhausted last night.”

Suddenly, a familiar voice rang out.

He’s back? Joan grew increasingly excited.

“Larry!” she yelled and dashed over to him.

Flinging his arms around him, she whined, “When did you come back? I miss you so much!”

Meanwhile, Dustin was standing at the door awkwardly.

Though Joan was hugging him, Larry seemed grim.

“You should take a shower,” was his icy reply.

Oh, this is bad. Delilah fidgeted nervously.

After bidding goodbye, Dustin returned to the supermarket. Joan went to take a shower. As the water trickled down her body, she slowly regained her senses.

He must be mad earlier. She berated herself for being a fool.

It took her some time in the shower to deliberate. When she finally stepped out, Larry was on the couch flipping through a magazine coolly.

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“Uh, do you want some water?” Joan queried carefully.

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“No,” Larry said icily.

Clearly, he was upset.

Even though Joan and Dustin only spent the entire night drinking, it was still wrong of her to drink with another man.

“What about your company? Is everything settled?” she pressed on.

“It’s doing well.”

As his reply was curt, Joan felt frustrated. Should I explain to him now? Or should I wait until he calms down?

“Oh.” She turned and returned to her room.

I should wait till he calms down. Otherwise, we might end up in a fight.

Seeing Joan’s figure disappearing from his sight, Larry’s gaze grew frosty.

This is outrageous! In the past, she would never spend a night with another man! Sorrow crept into Larry’s heart at that thought.

Joan, what happened to you? Why do you keep hurting me again and again? He collapsed onto the couch and gazed at the ceiling blankly.

Did she go to another man because I spent too little time with her?

Turns out all women, including Joan, are realistic. He heaved a loud sigh.

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“Hey, don’t overthink things. Joan and Dustin are innocent. I can prove that.” Delilah consoled him.

She can prove that? How? Joan was with Dustin last night, and Delilah wasn’t with them. There’s no way she could prove nothing had happened. Is it because she trusts Joan?

Larry shook his head despondently. After all, a person would do anything in an inebriated state. No man would be able to resist an intoxicated woman’s advances. Besides, he didn’t even know if Dustin was a gentleman.

Only those involved would know what had happened last night.

“Ms. Young, I’m fine,” answered Larry lightly, shaking his head.

There was nothing else he could do. He couldn’t bring himself to ask Joan about it either. I should wait until she comes and explains to me.

Still, he wondered why she entered her room after taking a shower instead of explaining last night’s events.

In her room, Joan tossed and turned on her bed, feeling guilty.

When will he calm down? She stared at the clock beside her as time ticked by.

An hour later, Joan rose to her feet, thinking that Larry must’ve calmed down by now. However, she couldn’t find him in the living room.

Has he left?

Joan went to the washroom, balcony, and yard, but Larry was nowhere to be seen.

Looks like he has left. Disappointment flitted across Joan’s gaze.

Meanwhile, Larry returned to his office and threw himself into work. After going abroad for a few days, work had piled up on his desk. He had to deal with the problems as soon as possible or risk affecting his company’s reputation.

“Larry, the partnership is confirmed. Don’t worry,” Caspian assured him.

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“Alright. Got it,” was Larry’s calm reply.

Caspian showed no signs of leaving his office, so he continued, “What’s wrong? Anything else?”

“Larry, I think you should be careful. Jessica is obviously targeting you.”

Caspian had tried to dissuade Jessica, but she stubbornly refused to give up on Larry.

Larry put the file in his hand down, his gaze turning grim.

Jessica was indeed impossible to handle. Once she set her target, nothing would sway her mind.

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“It’s fine. I know,” Larry responded coolly and resumed working.

It was useless to fret over it right now as he thought that perhaps Jessica just hadn’t met her Mr. Right yet.

Caspian gazed at Larry hesitantly before leaving his office.

It won’t be for long before chaos will ensue, thought Caspian sadly with his fists clenched.

Speak of the devil, a familiar voice called out, “Mr. Norton!”

Larry pressed his temples in an effort to clear his mind.

“Is there something you need?” He got right to the point.

“Nothing. I’m just here to check in on you because I miss you,” replied Jessica slowly.

Women are so troublesome. They don’t understand men at all! Larry felt his head throbbing.

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Previously, Gabriella kept annoying him. Now, it was Jessica who irritated him.

“There’s no need to come. I’m too busy to talk to you.” Larry seemed distracted.

Jessica knew he didn’t like her.

Scoffing silently, she thought, But I have my eyes on you! You will fall for me soon!

“Ms. Zimmer, let me repeat this again. We’re just friends, and nothing else. So stop trying to get something else from me. It’s impossible,” Larry concluded firmly.

He knew Jessica would ignore his words for she was too headstrong.

“Larry, what are you talking about? I didn’t do anything. Besides, no one can predict the future. Plans can change, right?” Jessica replied, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

She’s too obsessed! Larry shook his head helplessly.

He couldn’t even figure out why she liked him. He knew he was good-looking, but most wealthy men who drove expensive cars were good-looking and capable, too. There were plenty of men who were far more capable than him in this world.

“You should go. I’m busy here,” he told her.

Larry made it very clear that it was time for Jessica to leave.

“What is it? Can I help? I’ll have you know that I’m quite good at this,” Jessica returned earnestly.

Meanwhile, back home, Delilah was talking to Joan. “You haven’t seen him in a while, so I think you should go to him. He’s quite busy, so can’t you take the initiative?” she asked with a hint of displeasure in her voice.

Her guard was up after what happened between Joan and Caiden previously. If Joan couldn’t handle her relationship with Larry well, it might lead to a problem in the future.

“Alright, I got it. I’ll prepare lunch for Larry.” With that, Joan headed into the kitchen.

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He must be tired from everything, huh? I know he'll skip meals whenever he's busy. I wonder how Norton Corporation is doing now. The company's operations will improve, right? Joan's eyes were filled with concern.

She belatedly realized she hadn't cooked a proper meal for Larry. At that thought, she felt like a failed wife.

At the same time, Larry was typing away furiously in his office. He was upset at the fact that Joan and Dustin had spent a night together. Still, he waited patiently for her to provide an explanation. But lately, he was too busy for them to even meet up.

Ding!

Larry had received an email.

He placed the file he was holding aside and clicked on the email sent by someone anonymous.

Instantly, he was rendered speechless.

It was a video of Caiden and Joan together. Joan was busy cooking in the kitchen, while Caiden was having fun beside her. They seemed to be getting along amicably.

Larry's expression turned gloomy.

What is she doing? Isn't Dustin enough? Now she's also involved with Caiden? What the heck is she thinking? She's a married woman. Shouldn't she stay away from other men? Also, why is she cooking for Caiden?

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Slam! Larry flung the file aside onto the ground in fury.

Joan Watts, how many men do you want?

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Larry couldn't focus on work. He stalked to the window and forced himself to calm down while staring at the scenery outside.

"What's wrong? You look furious. Did someone upset you?" Suddenly, Jessica appeared and pushed the door to his office open.

"Why are you here again?"

He was about to explode with rage, and she had arrived at a bad time.

Jessica knew Larry was furious, so she didn't retort.

"What's wrong? Did someone make you angry? Let me guess. There's only one person who can do that—Joan Watts," Jessica said sarcastically.

That's right, she's the only one I care about. But look at what she did. Why are there so many men surrounding her?

"Could it be that Joan cheated on you?" asked Jessica in a low voice.

"I don't want to talk about this," Larry returned sternly.

He knew that he shouldn't be telling outsiders about his private affairs. Besides, Jessica obviously had her eyes on him. If she found out about this, she might seize the opportunity to do something.

"Alright, alright. You can keep it to yourself. Look, I've prepared lunch for you. Have a bite." Jessica tugged on his arm and led him to the couch.

"I won't eat. I'm not hungry." He warned her, "Also, don't come here anymore. If you insist on coming, I'll change my office."

No matter what Joan did, he refused to betray her, for he was still her husband.

"What are you talking about? If I can't come here, where can I see you?" Jessica blinked and replied.

Easy. Just stop meeting with me. That being said, I won't mind if she's here to see Caspian.

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“Just don’t come. You can call me if something’s up. Other than that, don’t contact me,” came his harsh reply.

Jessica’s heart sank at his reply.

He still haven’t fallen for me after all this time. Seems like he’d remain unfazed no matter what I do.

Are all men the same? Caspian isn’t like him, though. Caspian might seem aloof, but he’s actually a warm and caring man. Larry’s different, for he’s heartless.

“Will you eat? If you won’t, I’ll throw it away,” Jessica huffed.

“No.” Larry was adamant.

How could he? A gleam of frustration appeared in Jessica’s eyes.

“Larry!” Suddenly, a woman’s voice reached their ears.

It was Joan. She stopped in her tracks upon seeing the couple and the spread on the table.

Looks like I’ve shown up at a bad time.

Wait, I’m Larry’s wife. It’s perfectly alright for me to deliver lunch to my husband. I can come anytime I want without needing to inform anyone!

“Uh, I prepared lunch for you. Do you want to eat while it’s hot?” Joan placed the lunchbox on the table and asked in a low voice.

An awkward silence ensued. Jessica was glaring at Joan, who was sitting on the couch.

“He’s not hungry now,” she retorted furiously.

“Who said I’m not hungry?” Suddenly, Larry spoke.

Huh? What? He just told me he wasn’t hungry. Is he hungry now that Joan is here? What the heck?

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“Did you prepare it yourself?” Larry looked up at Joan and inquired.

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Joan was taken aback. She swiftly regained her composure and nodded.

“Yes, I prepared it myself.”

“Mm. Feed me.” Larry suddenly inched nearer to her.

What’s wrong with him? Why is he acting this way? There’s someone else here.

“Uh, you should eat it soon. I’ve got other things to attend to, so I’ll take my leave first.” With that, she turned to leave.

Larry pulled Joan into his arms, and the latter immediately panicked.

As he had been away for a long time, he suddenly missed the scent unique to Joan.

“I said, feed me,” he repeated.

Jessica couldn’t take it anymore. She stood up and left with her lunchbox without looking back.

The sudden PDA was a torture for her to look at.

“He didn’t even bother to be polite,” she muttered as she stormed out of Norton Corporation.

Larry was actually putting up an act as he was fed up with Jessica.

“Alright, you can go home now. Take the food with you.” The moment Jessica left, Larry returned to his desk and continued working on his computer.

What is the matter with him today? Wasn’t he alright a moment ago? Why is he suddenly acting so cold?

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"I thought you wanted me to feed you?" Joan asked cautiously.

Larry couldn't believe she took his joke seriously. Doesn't she know what she did? She got drunk with Dustin and spent a night with him. She also cooked for Caiden and took care of him attentively. What about me? I work tirelessly in the company, but she didn't even bother considering my situation.

I'm her husband! Caiden and Dustin aren't! Despite that, she's breaking my heart.

"I said, I'm not hungry. Take them with you," he stated firmly.

Joan knew Larry didn't like to repeat himself, so she didn't bother explaining. She wished she could explain the past events to him, but he seemed extremely preoccupied with work.

"Larry, I want..." She trailed off as Larry's phone began ringing.

"What? What happened? Alright, I'll head there now. Calm down." Larry answered his phone and left his office promptly.

He was so busy that they didn't even get to talk. Joan gazed at his retreating figure in disappointment.

When will he have time for me?

The food left on the desk was now cold and unappetizing. Those were Larry favourite dishes. Joan packed up and left his office.

"Hey, isn't that Mrs. Norton?"

"Yes. I haven't seen her in a while."

"Didn't you hear how she cooked for another man? She also took care of him..."

"Seriously? That's surprising. Where did you hear this from?"

"You don't know about this? She has more than one lover. I heard she also spent a night with another man drinking in a hotel room."

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A few employees were gossiping about her loudly.

Joan heard their chatter, but she couldn't be bothered to refute their words. Does Larry think the same? Did he believe the rumors, too?

She shook her head, trying to shake off that thought. He won't doubt me, right? After all, we've been together for years. He should trust me. On the brink of tears, Joan sniffled and tried to hold her grief back.

"What's wrong? Did he clear everything? I knew he'd finish everything if you head there yourself," Delilah patted her shoulder and announced.

Alas, her guess was wrong. If only she was right.

"Joan, what happened? Why is there so much food left? Did Larry even eat your food?" Delilah's eyes widened in surprise.

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Previously, when Larry had no time to eat, Joan's arrival would cheer him up. He would spend some time eating no matter what. This time around, the dishes remained untouched. It was obvious that he was mad.

Something had come between them. Still, there was no one to blame as they both were responsible to keep their relationship going. Perhaps it was because Larry was too busy recently, or perhaps Dustin and Caiden's interference was the cause. But there was no denying that Larry was furious.

"It's fine. You can explain to him later. He's not that petty. He'll forgive you after you explain everything. Don't worry," Delilah assured Joan.

Really? Is it that easy? Joan was afraid that Larry wouldn't even give her a chance to explain herself.

"Ms. Young, am I a bad person?" she blurted out suddenly, confusion clear in her gaze.

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“What are you talking about? You’re kind enough to take care of Caiden and caused a misunderstanding. Don’t worry. Larry’s a generous gentleman. He will understand your intention.”

Yet, Joan didn’t share her sentiments. Larry was a possessive man. He wouldn’t allow other men to lay a finger on his wife. His wife could only serve him alone. He might be someone with a machismo mentality, or perhaps he simply loved Joan too much. Anyway, that was what he told Joan back then.

“Oh, what happened? Did your husband dump you?” Just then, a familiar voice mocked.

Joan knew who this despicable voice belonged to.

“Ms. Young, I’m tired. I’ll return to my room now.” She turned to walk into her room.

“Hey, don’t leave. What’s wrong? Did I hit your nerve?” Noelle mocked. “It’s too late to regret now. You ignored your handsome and capable husband and insisted on getting close to another young man. Ha! Look at how pitiful and miserable you are now.”

What is she saying? How dare she spout nonsense here?

“Leave. You’re not welcomed here,” announced Delilah as she made to close the door.

“Wait, Ms. Young. I’m here to retrieve the plants. Your garden is locked. So I’m here to get the keys from you,” Noelle answered.

Huh? When did I partner up with her? What plants? Nonsense!

“I don’t remember partnering up with you. Scram!”

“Ms. Young, you didn’t partner up with me personally, but you signed a contract with my company.”

Delilah realized she had indeed signed a ten-year contract with a company in the city, which required her to provide plants to them every year. Only five years had passed since they signed the contract.

“Are you the company’s representative?” Delilah scrutinized her doubtfully.

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Noelle nodded arrogantly. "Yes, I'm here to retrieve the plants on behalf of my company. Are you free to help Ms. Young to carry the plants, Ms. Watts?"

You want to stay away from me, right? Dream on! I'm going to make you work and insult you harshly!

"No need. I can do that myself. Joan, didn't you say you were feeling unwell? Go on and take a rest in your room." Delilah spun on her heels to go to the garden.

Joan hurriedly flashed a smile. "It's fine, Ms. Young. I can be of help."

Ha! She's going to the garden! Noelle's lips curved into a pleased smirk.

"Don't worry. I'm alright." Joan assured Delilah with a pat on her shoulder.

In the garden, everyone was busy while Noelle stood aside, glowering at Joan menacingly.

"Hurry up! Our company needs this as soon as possible. When will you finish if you move this slow?" Noelle reprimanded.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2199

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2199

If it's that urgent, why aren't you helping us? Displeasure flashed across Delilah's face.

"Joan, how do you feel? You can take a break if you're tired," Delilah whispered, her concern for Joan evident.

There was no way Joan would leave Delilah working alone here.

"Don't worry, Ms. Young. I'm fine," she murmured.

She was actually feeling unwell, but she forced herself to keep going.

Seeing how pale Joan was, Noelle grew increasingly excited.

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“Here, take this. Don’t touch the other pots.” Delilah took Joan to an area full of small plants.

Joan took two pots and strode toward the exit. Before she could place the pots in the vehicle, however, Noelle stretched her leg out deliberately.

“Ah!”

Smash!

Joan tripped over and the pots fell to the ground before crashing into pieces.

“Joan!” Delilah yelled and dashed over to her.

“Oh my, why are you so careless?” Noelle chuckled sarcastically.

“How dare you? You were the one who did this to her!” Delilah retorted angrily.

Damn you, old woman. How dare you yell at me? Do you have a death wish? A cruel glint flickered in Noelle’s eyes.

“Come, stand up. Are you alright? Let me take a look.”

“I’m fine. I can get back to work,” Joan returned softly as she patted the dust off her.

The truth, however, was far from it, for it must’ve hurt a lot when she had toppled to the ground.

“Stop working. Go back home and prepare dinner. Larry and Lucius will be home soon,” Delilah shooed her out.

“Hey, that won’t do. We’re in a hurry here. She needs to continue working,” retorted Noelle.

I want to see that b*tch hurt herself and suffer! Serves her right for seducing other men.

“If it’s so urgent, you should help us then. Otherwise, shut the f*ck up.” Delilah couldn’t be bothered being nice anymore. She turned to Joan and shoved her out. “Alright, it’s going to get dark soon. Lucius will be coming home in a while.”

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“Hey, Ms. Young. You can’t do this. Our company is more important!” Noelle yelled behind them.

“Ms. Young, I should stay and help. Noelle might make things difficult for you,” mumbled Joan in concern.

“It’s fine. I’m older than her, so there’s nothing to be afraid of. Don’t worry,” Delilah assured her. “Besides, I can complain about her and cause her to lose her job easily, but I didn’t want to go that far. Come, let’s go.”

Joan accepted Delilah’s explanation and went home. She believed that the elder woman was capable enough of doing what she wanted.

“Ms. Young, this is too much. I’m waiting for you to load all the pots. Why did you let her leave?” Noelle complained.

Delilah sneered inwardly. Does she think no one knows what she’s trying to do? Ha!

“I work alone. If it’s urgent, call your superior to send someone over to help,” she answered coolly.

Noelle was livid.

Is she crazy? How can she say that? Does she want to lose this job?

“Ms. Young, I have full respect for you, but you’ve gone overboard today,” she retorted rudely.

Indeed, Delilah had acted out of line, but it was because of what Noelle had done. After all, Noelle had childishly tried to make things difficult for someone else using work as an excuse. Delilah wondered why a person like her was hired in the first place.

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