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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2341

"Help me find her! Quick!" Caiden yelled in the living room.

Why should I? No way!

"Go find her yourself!" Jaden replied with equal gusto.

Last time, Caiden found Joan through the surveillance footage from the airport, but this time, she was fully prepared and did not travel by air.

"What's going on? Getting dumped?" Noelle suddenly scoffed as she slowly walked over.

Jaden immediately winked at her. It was a subtle hint for her to shut up. However, she continued to gloat, "I said Joan isn't reliable, but you just won't trust me."

"Shut up!" Caiden bellowed.

Noelle and Jaden instinctively shuddered from the shock.

"Caiden Owens, why are you yelling at me? I didn't drive her away. What's with you? Geez!" Noelle complained as she walked away.

Caiden looked out the window with a cold glint in his eyes.

I must find her! He immediately got his phone out and made a call.

"Gather everyone, including those in the country and abroad..."

Meanwhile, Larry was still looking for the elusive shareholder. He would check in with Caspian occasionally to ask about Norton Corporation. He was certain Dustin would achieve nothing and intentionally cause the company's bankruptcy.

"How's it with the company?" Larry asked nonchalantly on the phone. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

"Don't worry, Larry. Dustin hasn't done anything yet. Everything in the company is normal," Caspian replied firmly.

"Okay. Thank you. Keep me posted."

Staring at the phone, Caspian let out a sigh.

"How's it? Is he doing fine?" Jessica looked concerned.

"No idea," Caspian replied disappointedly.

How could he be when he had to humble himself to the passersby to inquire about the shareholder? He had to act alone to avoid Dustin's detection.

"Joan, do you want to contact your family?" the girl asked as she looked at the patient.

No, I can't let Ms. Young know. She'd be worried. Joan shook her head.

"But you need to undergo surgery. I'm scared something would happen."

The person Joan wanted to see the most was Larry.

"It's okay. I'll recuperate here and go back later." There was uncertainty in her voice.

At this moment, she yearned for Larry's love and embrace, but it was over between them.

The girl looked at the phone on the side table, seemingly thinking about something. In the end, she plucked up the courage to take Joan's phone and walked out of the ward while the latter was asleep.

She found Larry's number and dialed it without the slightest hesitation.

"Hello, are you Joan's boyfriend?" she asked politely.

Larry was surprised at the unfamiliar voice.

"No. I'm her... husband."

Joan would always be his wife. He only agreed to a divorce to protect her.

"Um, Joan's hurt. Can you come and see her? She's actually terrified now," the girl added quickly.

Larry panicked.

"Where are you? I'll come right away!"

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Larry could not bear to see Joan suffer any injustice or in pain.

"Ah!"

All of a sudden, Joan was shouting. The girl immediately ran up to her, looking worried.

"What's wrong, Joan? Are you having a nightmare?"

"Oh, I got a scare. I thought you left. Um, now that I can't be your travel buddy, you have to be careful."

"Don't worry about me. I'll stay with you until... you've recovered," the girl declared after a moment of hesitation.

What a good girl. Joan smiled with relief.

It's quite a reassurance even though Larry, Ms. Young, and Lucius are not here.

Soon, Larry got off the plane and headed directly to the hospital.

At the same time, Joan was flipping through a magazine.

"Joan, if your husband suddenly comes to see you, will you feel touched?" The girl tried to sound her out.

She merely wanted to drop Joan a hint of Larry's unexpected appearance. As she and Larry were divorced, he had no obligation to take care of her.

"What are you talking about? Don't be ridiculous. Read your book," Joan responded.

Slightly disappointed, the girl sighed and walked out of the ward.

She has the face of a teenager, but a scheming mind of a matured woman. Smiling, Joan continued to read the magazine.

It was three in the morning when Larry arrived at the hospital. The patient was sound asleep.

"How's she? Is she okay?" He didn't bother to hide his frustration from the girl.

"Don't worry. She's emotionally stable now. She'll be okay after the surgery."

Walking up to the woman, Larry sat by the bed and held her hand tightly with a look of distress in his eyes.

She's already hospitalized in a matter of days on her trip! Larry was suddenly filled with guilt. If I hadn't agreed to a divorce, she wouldn't have gone on a trip and gotten injured.

As he was engrossed in thought, he gradually closed his eyes.

The weather was perfect the next morning. There were even a few birds chirping on the window ledge.

After a good night's sleep, Joan rubbed her eyes, only to see a familiar face right in front of her.

I must be dreaming. She closed her eyes again and continued to sleep.

After some time, she woke up again and turned to her side to get off the bed so she could stretch her body, but the familiar face was still there.

A sudden wave of panic and anxiety gripped her.

Is this Larry? Am I dreaming? She immediately extended her right arm and stroked his hair.

It's true. Everything's real. But why would he appear out of the blue? She scrutinized the man suspiciously.

It has only been a few days, but he seems exhausted. She smoothed out his frown.

Sensing the movement, Larry immediately opened his eyes. He looked at Joan solemnly.

"You're awake? Are you feeling better?" he whispered while tucking her in.

"Don't worry. I'm fit as a fiddle. Look!" Joan smiled as she spread out her left arm.

She would have spread her right arm if it wasn't fractured.

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Larry stared at her wounded arm in agony.

"When's the surgery?"

"In two days, I suppose. Why are you here?" Hope was written on her face as she looked him in the eye.

"A girl called me. I was worried about you, so I rushed over." Joan had a warm, fuzzy feeling in her heart.

Although we're divorced, we still care for each other. She was suddenly glad that their relationship had turned into friendship.

"How are you doing recently? How's your company?"

Joan did not know that Norton Corporation had changed hands. Larry looked at her in surprise and curiosity.

Dustin and Joan are close friends. She would be the first to know. Why didn't he tell her?

"So-so. Anyway, I'm keeping you company while you recuperate," Larry mumbled.

What about Jessica? Joan was a little hesitant.

"You should go," she mumbled and looked away.

She could not bear to leave him, but she was afraid her selfishness would hurt Jessica.

"Are you really so reluctant to be with me?" Larry questioned coldly.

What the hell? I wish to be with you every day! However, they were divorced, and Larry had Jessica. She did not want to be the home wrecker.

"Larry, aren't you afraid that Jessica will be mad if she finds out?" Joan reminded on purpose.

To his exasperation, he realized she was still jealous of his relationship with Jessica.

However, it also meant he still held a special place in her heart. A playful smile crept across his face.

"So what if she finds out?" he replied nonchalantly.

How could he think like an a**hole? Joan looked at the man in disbelief.

"Larry, we're divorced. No matter what we've gone through, it's all in the past. It's a history, an experience, and a lesson. We can never go back to the way things were. Since you've chosen to be with Jessica, you should treat her well. Regardless of what she's done, I'll never be a home wrecker." Joan stood by her decision.

Larry could not help but chuckle.

What exactly is she thinking? A home wrecker? Rubbing his hands, he deliberated whether to explain everything to her or continue with the teasing.

A look of playfulness flashed across his eyes.

"Why are you laughing? How could you laugh at a time like this?" Joan was furious.

"Joan, you still love me, don't you?"

The question stumped her.

What is he trying to say? Does being loved by two women fuel his sense of accomplishment? Joan sneered with disdain. Nevertheless, it was an undeniable fact that she still loved him deep down.

"No." She stared out the window sadly.

What a liar! Larry was relieved.

Was I wrong about her? He realized it had been a long time since they had a proper chat, like they did now.

"Can you bear to be separated from me?" he asked.

Do I have a choice? Will you come back to me? Is it possible for us to remarry? What if Jessica makes a scene? Most of the time, there are many factors to be considered for a relationship to go on.

Joan closed her eyes, trying to recompose herself.

"It's all in the past. You should stop bringing it up," she murmured.

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Joan closed her eyes, trying to recompose herself.

"It's all in the past. You should stop bringing it up," she murmured. Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2345

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No, it's not. We clearly still love each other, so why should I let go? Their divorce was temporary because Larry thought Joan no longer loved him. Besides, he could not protect her while he was going through a crisis. After they finalized their divorce, he realized he couldn't live without her.

"Joan Watts, be honest. Did you really want to divorce me back then?" He pressed.

This was no longer important to Joan. Regardless of what she wanted, the end result could not be altered. He did not persuade her to stay.

"What's the use of talking about this now?" she asked rhetorically.

It's important to me! I need to know your true feelings!

"Joan Watts. Let me get your temperature," a nurse suddenly walked over and said.

Her appearance diffused the awkward atmosphere.

"Thanks." Joan took the thermometer and placed it under her armpit.

"Hey, the man is so handsome. What a good-looking pair."

"Yeah. I'd have no regret in my life if I can get a boyfriend like this."

Standing at the door, several nurses kept poking their heads into Joan's ward.

"Are you cold? How about I buy you-"

"No," Joan interrupted him before he could even finish.

She still has a problem with my relationship with Jessica. But we are merely friends! Caspian loves Jessica. I couldn't steal her from him. Moreover, I don't love her at all!

"Joan, you're jealous, aren't you?"

Larry's question put her on her guard.

What now? Can he really tell that I'm jealous? Well, he can't do anything if I kept it to myself!

"Go away! I don't want to see you!" she yelled suddenly.

She's mad! Yeah. The madder she gets, the more she cares. Larry was overjoyed by her reaction.

"Hey, what have you done to upset Joan?" the girl suddenly emerged and asked.

"She's not angry. She's obviously jealous," Larry said purposely as he looked at the woman on the bed.

"Larry, stop your nonsense!" Joan was livid.

The girl was enjoying the show from the door. She decided to give Larry a hand.

"Hey, mister, you're actually kind of handsome."

"Really? Do Joan and I look good together?"

Grinning, the girl gave him a thumbs up.

After Larry left, it was just Joan and the girl in the ward.

"What did he say to you just now?" Joan asked.

"Who? Are you talking about the man? Nothing much. Oh, he has an appointment with a woman this afternoon, so he probably can't visit you."

He knows someone around here? Joan scrutinized the girl as she tried to judge if the latter was speaking the truth.

"Why? You want to see him? Let me call..."

"Don't you dare!" Joan suddenly shouted.

I don't want his company! She flipped through the magazine in annoyance. There was also a trace of disappointment in her eyes.

Who is the woman he's seeing this afternoon? Clenching her fists, she got lost in her thoughts.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was a call from Caiden.

"Are you going to answer it?" the girl prompted.

Joan shook her head.

"Not bad, Joan. We should always turn other men down when we have a boyfriend."

Joan's refusal to answer Caiden's call caused his anxiety to hit the roof. Looking at him, Noelle had a ruthless glint in her eyes.

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Go to hell, Joan Watts! You stole my man. Now, he's obsessed with you! Noelle clenched her fists in rage.

"Joan, who exactly is this person? Why does he keep calling you?" the girl asked loudly, looking annoyed.

"It's okay. Don't bother about it." Joan seemed nervous.

She wanted so badly to cut off all ties with Caiden, but she knew deep down that he would not let her go so easily.

"Who called you just now?" Larry was suddenly back.

"Caiden Owens. He wouldn't stop calling. It's so annoying," the girl hurriedly replied.

There was instantly a cold glint in Larry's eyes.

"Why didn't you answer it?" He eyed the woman on the bed expectantly.

"Not in the mood," Joan mumbled.

It seems that Caiden still doesn't know about her trip. What about Dustin?

"Here you go. It's meatloaf, your favorite. I bought it specially for you." Larry placed the meatloaf in front of Joan.

Joan dug in happily.

"It's been a long time since I had meatloaf." She closed her eyes in satisfaction as she savored every bite.

She could remember she last ate the dish with Nancy. Nancy is about to give birth, and I'm lying on the hospital bed waiting for my surgery.

"Does it taste good? Do you want me to get another one for you?" Larry asked tentatively.

"Um, it's quite tasty."

She was already grateful that he even thought of buying her some meatloaf.

"Where's mine? How could you forget my share?" the girl chimed in.

"How could I forget? Here you go. This is your favorite." Larry placed the dessert in front of the girl, who then guffawed excitedly.

"Joan, I think he's not bad. You might want to consider a reconciliation?" Her question left Joan stunned.

How did this girl know about us? She shot the girl a curious look.

"I told her." The admission came from Larry.

So that's why she has adopted a more casual attitude recently.

"Joan, I thought we were friends. I've told you everything, but you revealed nothing to me," the girl complained like a spoiled child.

Why do I have the impression that I'm obligated to share every detail about myself with her?

"It's not very important. Why should I tell you?" Joan explained with an awkward smile.

"Fine. I should see myself out so as not to disturb the two of you." And she left.

Suddenly, the atmosphere in the ward became awkward.

"Um... have you eaten?" Joan muttered with her head down.

"No."

Huh? Joan looked up at Larry in silence instead of speaking her mind.

Forget it. Why show concern for him? He already has someone to do that.

"Don't you have anything to say to me?" Larry cut to the chase after another prolonged silence.

What else is there to say? We're already divorced. Joan shook her head.

Doesn't she want to know about me and Jessica? Why won't she ask me? Larry cast Joan a doubtful eye, as though he was expecting something from her.

"Really?"

"Um, shouldn't you be calling Jessica? She'd be worried," Joan answered.

That's it? Her words seemed to rile him.

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Why else would I call her if I weren't looking for her?

"I miss you," Caiden said. His tone low with a tinge of insecurity.

It was rare for him to speak such sweet words to Joan because she didn't allow him to. However, nothing could stop him from wooing her after her divorce.

"Caiden, I remember telling you clearly that I only see you as a course mate and savior, nothing else," Joan stressed.

Larry, who heard everything at the side, couldn't help his lips from quirking into a smile.

There's really nothing going on with Joan and Caiden? Larry eyed Joan dubiously. But I saw them traveling together and were intimate.

Was I wrong? Larry felt guilty about his treatment of her.

"What do you want? Will you let me go if I disappear from this world?" Joan yelled angrily into the phone.

There was a tense and long silence.

Caiden didn't expect her to say such ruthless words.

"Joan, do you really hate me that much?" he asked slowly.

Caiden was a fine guy who could have any woman he wanted as his girlfriend. Yet, there was one thing that Joan disliked about him. There were times when he was too stubborn, especially with relationships.

She explained to him many times that they weren't suitable for each other, but it fell on deaf ears.

"Caiden, if you're willing, we can be great friends. Otherwise, don't call me again. I'm sick of it," Joan uttered with bitterness as she glanced at her immobile arm.

She was truly upset about the fracture. Yet, she forced a brave front because she didn't want any sympathy from Larry.

Hope rose in the man's heart as he looked at Joan.

"Joan, I don't want to be your friend. I want to marry you." Caiden refused to give up.

This condescending man! Has he lost his mind? Why is he spouting such nonsense? He knew we could never be together, even if my divorce. So why is he so stubborn? Joan clenched her fists as her eyes filled with sadness.

"If you persist, it would be best if we stop all contact. Period." Joan ended the call.

So Joan has never given Caiden any hope all these while. Relieved, Larry approached Joan slowly. Everything was clear.

"Is it true that nothing happened between you and Caiden?" he queried gently.

Joan turned around to look at him. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't find the right words.

Is there any point in discussing this further? She sneered at that thought.

"Joan, how did we get here?" Larry asked.

This is a good question that requires deep thinking. We lack mutual trust.

"We still have feelings for each other, don't we?" he continued.

So? What does he want? A reconciliation? Joan sipped her tea to calm her nerves.

"Ms. Watts!" Suddenly, Abigail came rushing into her room, giving her the fright of her life.

"Sorry about that. I didn't mean to get in between your date. I'll just head out. Holler me when you guys are done, then I'll come back in." She left the room.

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"Hey, we're done here!" Joan yelled loudly.

"That was quick? The doctor said your surgery is scheduled on the next Sunday."

Joan shuddered at the news. She was terrified of surgeries. Something might go wrong during the procedure. And she didn't want to leave Larry, Delilah, Lucius, and her travel buddy, Abigail. She sniffled at the depressing thought.

"Everything will be fine. I'm here with you." Larry clasped her hand in his.

Her fear propelled him to halt his search for the long-lost shareholder of Norton Corporation and kept her company.

"Larry, I..." she stuttered with a pained expression.

Abigail slipped out of the room and gently shut the door behind her. She knew they needed to be alone.

Larry sat on the bed and wrapped his arms around Joan to offer her some warmth and comfort.

"Come now. Don't scare yourself. You'll be fine." He patted her back gently.

Really? Will my surgery really go smoothly?

Joan stared at him solemnly.

"Larry, whatever happens in the future, take good care of Ms. Young, Lucius, and... yourself... You are the most important people in my life."

These are my last words.

Larry pinched her cheeks with glee in his eyes. She still cares about me!

"What you're talking about? Everything'll be fine. Like I said, I'll be right here by your side, so just leave everything to me." Larry tightened his grasp on her hand.

Who could predict the future? I might lose my life during the procedure.

"Larry, what happens... if... I die?" Joan wept.

Silly girl! She keeps scaring herself over a minor surgery to fix her fracture.

"Joan, don't say such things. I don't allow it. I've told you that nothing bad will happen to you." Larry fixed his gaze determinedly at her.

His words were the greatest encouragement.

"Larry, tell me. Did you divorce me because you don't love me anymore?"

What kind of question is this? When have I stopped loving her? I will only love her in this life.

"Then do you still love me?" Larry retorted with another question.

"I asked you first, answer me!" she scolded.

"Alright, stop yelling. Quickly, ready yourself. The doctor has rescheduled your surgery to today," a nurse said as she entered.

The fear in Joan intensified. She wrapped her arms tightly around Larry's waist with no intention of letting go.

"Alright. You should get ready." Larry patted her shoulder.

But I don't want to be pushed into the operating theater. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

Joan dragged her feet by chatting with Larry for quite a while. Finally, she was wheeled out of her ward into the operating theater.

"Joan, be strong. Everything will be fine. It's just a minor surgery," Abigail comforted gently.

"You're right." Joan ruffled her head.

The surgeons were busy in the operating theater. Larry paced nervously along the hallway while Abigail stared intently at the doors of the operating theater.

The red light above the doors was on for a long time. What was supposed to be a minor procedure seemed to take forever on this day.

"Larry, is there a complication?" Abigail worried.

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"Of course not. Don't worry. She will get through this," Larry answered slowly.

Finally, the red light was turned off.

The surgeon panted as he removed his surgical mask. He looked exhausted.

"Doctor, how's my wife? Is everything alright?" Larry immediately grabbed the surgeon's arm.

"There was a small incident during the procedure, but she's fine now."

Larry let out a sigh of relief.

Shortly after, Joan was wheeled into the ward.

Larry's heart ached when he saw how pale and haggard she was.

"Larry, Joan will be fine. The surgery went smoothly." Abigail pointed at Joan.

The corners of Larry's mouth curled into a smile at the knowledge.

I hope she will take good care of herself and stay safe no matter where she is.

"Larry..." Joan was struggling to open her eyes.

"Joan, I'm right here." He placed his hand on her arm to assure her.

"Did I scare you? Don't worry. I'm feeling fine," she chuckled.

It was the most terrifying ordeal for Larry. The duration of the procedure was extended for another thirty minutes, he was knew something bad had happened to her.

"Exactly. You're fine now, so rest well," he repeated.

"Ms. Young, please tell me. I really miss Joan." Caiden was pestering Delilah in her living room.

This b*stard! Why is he so stubborn? Delilah ignored him.

"Ms. Young, I won't leave until you tell me."

It looks like he is stepping up his game. Delilah stomped angrily towards him.

"Caiden Owens, I want you to be clear on one thing. The person you're looking for is Joan, not me. You should leave since she's obviously not here. I don't know where she is, so leave me alone!"

Delilah was ruthless, but she spoke the truth.

"Impossible. Ms. Young, you're very close to Joan. How could she not tell you her itinerary?"

"I know she wanted a change of scenery, but I really don't know where she went or who she went with." Delilah left the living room.

I'm just going to ignore him. He won't listen to me anyway.

"Hey, Caiden. When are you coming back? Don't you want this house anymore? Your mom's waiting to see you," Jaden said over the phone.

"I'm busy, so I can't go back right now."

Busy dating? Or busy looking for that woman? What a joke! He ignores his mother but cares so deeply for a woman he didn't even know well.

"Let me talk to him," Vivien said to Jaden.

"Your mom wants to talk to you."

"Caiden, please come back. I haven't seen you in ages." Her voice was trembling.

Caiden didn't even visit her at the hospital when she was sick. She couldn't just ignore her son, despite her disappointment.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up."

"Don't! Caiden, listen to me. I know Joan is a kind woman. If you really love her, you have my blessings. At least bring her back home and let us see her. Your dad almost got sick, missing you."

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Vivian's speech was so touching and smooth. However, it all sounded emotionlessly to Caiden.

"We don't mind Joan's background, status, or her past. As long as you're happy..."

Before Vivian could finish, Caiden had ended the call.

The surgery was a success. All Joan had to do was recuperate. Larry put a hold on his tasks to focus on her recovery.

"Maybe you should leave. Don't waste your time here," she blurted.

Why is she suddenly saying this? Larry eyed her with puzzlement.

"We've already divorced. I don't want to invite gossip," she continued stubbornly.

He understood her concerns, but they were still in love with each other. Frustrated, he clenched his fists tightly by his sides.

"Larry, you have your own life, and I have mine. There's a woman in need of your care and protection, so don't look for me ever again."

What a load of bull! The woman I have to protect and care for is you! He was livid.

Whatever. She just finished surgery. It's best not to fight with her. His gaze softened at the thought.

"Stop talking. I want you to concentrate on your recovery. Can you do that?"

There was much respect in his voice, with an underlying doting tone.

"But Jessica..."

How did Jessica get involved in this? Larry tilted his head curiously. Why must she talk about Jessica every time? Is her self-esteem that low? Larry sneered.

"What kind of relationship do you think I have with Jessica?" he questioned somberly.

Is he crazy? Anger stirred within Joan.

"Your relationship is none of my business," she retorted.

I'm already in a foul mood, and now he's pissing me off!

"Stop. Just remember that I have never done anything to betray your trust," assured Larry as he played with her hair.

Is that so? She gazed at him with disdain.

Does he take me for a fool who is incapable of discerning the intimacy in that photo? She averted her gaze and shut her eyes to detach herself from the world.

Larry slowly rose and walked out of the ward to let her rest.

"Larry, did you make Joan angry again?" Abigail demanded loudly as she ran towards him.

How does she know everything? Her knowledge surprised Larry.

"Let me tell you. Women are a sensitive species. Coax her, or regret it when she leaves you for another," taunted Abigail.

How does she know so much about relationships? It's really amazing since she's not even eighteen.

"Don't underestimate me. I have my own experience."

It's too obvious from her comments. She has fallen in love before or is currently dating someone.

"Tell me then. How should I coax her?" inquired Larry.

"Larry, you're such a dork. How could you ask me point-blank?" Abigail pouted unhappily.

Larry blinked his eyes as he pondered her words.

"Alright. I know where the problem is. There is a misunderstanding between you and Joan. And it's not a small one at that. You have to move her with your actions. My father would always yield no matter who started the fight."