Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2459 - 2461

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2459

"What are you doing? Let go of me!" In the car, Joan struggled relentlessly.

"If you don't want to die a ghastly death, you had better shut it!" Keith abruptly snapped.

What the hell? He's already up in years, so why is he still doing something so childish? At that, Joan instantly went silent and said nothing further.

"What exactly do you want? If there's something you want to say, just cut to the chase," Joan roared in the living room.

Ugh! I hate playing games and beating around the bush!

"Why, have you forgotten what you've done so quickly, Ms. Watts?" Keith drawled as he puffed away while sitting on the sofa with his legs crossed.

Huh? I didn't do anything at all! Joan stared at him with coldness emanating from her.

"Okay, I'll bite. What have I done that's so unforgivable to the Owens family?" she demanded.

Oh wow, she actually has the temerity to ask such a question, huh? Approaching a member of the Owens family itself is an unforgivable sin! Keith snorted coldly, contempt written all over his face.

Thud! He then threw the bag beside him at her feet.

The moment Joan glimpsed the photos inside, surprise flooded her. Never had I expected him to have people tailing his own son, and Caiden doesn't even have any inkling of it!

"What's the meaning of this?" Joan queried, lifting her head.

Good God, what else could it mean? It's proof that she's been pestering Caiden all along!

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"Ms. Watts, I remember that I once told you to keep your distance from Caiden. However, you just wouldn't listen and simply has to hound him," Keith murmured placidly.

"Wait! Hold on a moment! Please get your facts straight, okay? I, Joan Watts, have never pestered your son, Caiden Owens. About the photos, it was just a chance encounter," Joan explained.

Well, if I don't clarify things, this old man before me might even have me bumped off.

"If you didn't pester him, why did he share a meal with you? And why did he spend the night at your place? Don't you think that it's outrageous?" Keith questioned.

It's indeed rather outrageous, but there are plenty of outrageous things in this world. Why must he keep harping on me? Furthermore, Caiden and I are merely friends!

"Mr. Owens, I'll repeat this once more—Caiden and I are merely friends. That's all there is to it, so don't read too much into things. As for him having spent the night at my place yesterday, it was just an accident..."

However, her explanation was entirely wasted on Keith.

"Then, tell me what it would take for you to disappear from my son's line of sight. Caiden warned me against harming a hair on your head, so I won't be using any physical force against you."

From what he's saying, I've got Caiden to thank, then? Joan inhaled deeply as she tried calming herself down. What a ridiculous joke! Why is he pushing all the blame on me? Is the Owens family that protective of their own that they are simply unreasonable?

"Ms. Watts, I think I have made things more than clear the previous time, but why must you keep hounding my son time and again? You know full well that a relationship between the two of you is impossible, so why won't you let go instead of clinging on to him relentlessly?" Keith demanded bluntly.

His words and tone had Joan feeling exceedingly chagrined.

"I think you've misunderstood, Mr. Owens. I respect you because you're Caiden's father, but please get your facts straight. Firstly, Caiden and I are merely friends. There's nothing more

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to our relationship. Secondly, it has always been your son pestering me all this while. I've never once taken the initiative to contact him, and you can confirm this with him," she asserted.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2460

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2460

Ugh! I loathe being accused with unwarranted charges! Why should I be condemned when it wasn't my fault? Why am I the one to shoulder the consequences?

"As the saying goes, it takes two to tango. If you hadn't encouraged him, why would he keep clinging to you?" Keith continued censuring her rudely.

He should be asking Caiden this question instead! What can I do when he's simply that shameless?

"Alright, I'll be leaving if there's nothing else." As Joan said that, she made to leave.

"No way!" Keith bellowed.

Argh! What exactly does he want from me? Joan then whirled around and stared at the man before her with vexation on her face. I detest being summoned for a chat in such a manner when he could have just talked to me nicely. What the hell is this? Is he trying to brainwash me after having restricted my freedom of movement?

At that thought, she snorted coldly, her expression disdainful.

"Why are you in such a hurry to leave? You haven't given me your promise yet," Keith abruptly growled.

What promise? To never again contact Caiden? Of course, that's not a problem for me as long as Caiden can do that.

"Don't pester Caiden anymore. He still has many things to handle, so he doesn't have the time to consider you," Keith ordered without mincing his words.

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Good heavens! He must be off his rocker! This is something he should be telling his son instead of warning me off.

"You're barking up the wrong tree here, Mr. Owens. As long as Caiden doesn't seek me out, I definitely won't take the initiative to look for him." After Joan had said that impassively, she spun on her heels to leave.

Gah! What a stubborn woman! Why is she so dense? Does she really not understand when I've already said as much? All at once, Keith's eyes glinted coldly.

"Have you ever considered leaving this city?" he suggested out of the blue.

Upon hearing that, Joan was momentarily taken aback. Does he mean that I'm to disappear from this city? But why must it be me?

She slowly turned around and stared at the man in front of her incredulously.

"You heard me right. I mean, you can leave this city and never return. Well, at least before Caiden gets married," the man expounded.

At that, Joan hammered her fists against her head in an attempt to clear her mind.

So, this is what I can expect from the Owens family, huh? Well, I've gotten a front-row seat to it!

"Mr. Owens, I only address you so politely because I respect you. I'm not a member of the Owens family, so I don't have to listen to you. The bottom line is, I'm not going anywhere. I'm merely going to live a quiet life here, so I hope no one comes and bothers me," she countered candidly.

What kind of people are they? What's the big deal about being a prominent family? There are plenty more prestigious families in this world, yet none are as unreasonable as they are right now!

"Joan Watts, I'm giving you an opportunity now, so you'd better do as I say. Otherwise, it certainly won't end well for you!" Keith threatened.

In that case, I'll just take my chances! It's as simple as that.

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"Please excuse me. I've got to go home now."

"Men, get her!" With a sudden order from Keith, the few young men behind him instantly rushed over to her, all wearing calm and unruffled expressions.

"Restrain her!" Keith abruptly commanded.

"Mr. Owens, Mr. Caiden doesn't like anyone else touching his woman," the butler reminded.

"Then, don't tell him about it. Restrain her and dump her someplace else, quick!" Keith ordered.

Good Lord, what a sinister and malevolent man! At the turn of events unfolding before her, terror engulfed Joan.

"You can't do that! Truly, there's nothing between Caiden and me!" she shrieked.

"Where do you want us to dump her, Mr. Owens?" one of the young men asked as he whirled around.

"Just dump her into the river!"

What? Is he actually planning to kill me? In an instant, Joan panicked. I've never done anything heinous, so why do I have to suffer such tribulations?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2461

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2461

"Hold on! This is a matter of life and death, so it's not something to be done so hastily!" the butler shouted at the top of his lungs.

He knew that Keith was of unsound mind on occasion, and that was why he had to stay by his side at all times. Keith himself was well aware of that, but he retained no awareness once it happened.

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"Get ahold of yourself, Mr. Owens!" the butler urged anxiously.

However, there wasn't any response from the man. Meanwhile, Joan was stumped at everything that was transpiring right in front of her eyes.

She had no idea what these people were trying to pull, nor did she have the slightest inkling that Caiden's father had a mental disorder.

"Hold on first. Don't do anything reckless," the butler said to the few young men before him.

After an indeterminate time had passed, Keith finally snapped back to his senses.

"What happened? Why are you all looking at me?" he abruptly demanded in a voice threaded with displeasure.

"Why are you here, Ms. Watts? And what are the lot of you doing? Let go of her! Who allowed you to treat her with such disrespect? Hurry up and let her go!" he then barked at the few young men.

At that moment, Joan was entirely stunned. What's with the one-eighty change? Does he think this is playacting? Her gaze remained locked on the man in front of her as she tried to decipher something from his face.

The few young men, on the other hand, glanced at each other before they released their hold on her at long last.

"I'm really sorry about that, Ms. Watts. Please pardon the ordeal you've been through. Mr. Owens is up in years, so his mind gets fuzzy at times..." the butler hastily rushed over and explained in a whisper.

He was the only person who knew about Keith's mental instability. In fact, even Caiden and his mother weren't aware of it.

"Also, please keep this a secret since it concerns the reputation of the Owens family," the butler continued.

At last, understanding dawned upon Joan, and she suddenly pitied Keith.

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"Sure, I got it. Don't worry, for I'll never tell anyone about this," she avowed.

After her traumatic experience with the unpredictable Keith, she then returned home helplessly. "What happened?" Delilah asked warily as she studied her.

"Nothing. Everything's fine, Ms. Young. It was just a misunderstanding," Joan replied at once, grasping her petite hands.

But I definitely saw that man! Still feeling a tad suspicious, Delilah stared at her in puzzlement.

"Answer me honestly, Joan Watts. Did Caiden Owens' father threaten you?" she questioned.

"No, Ms. Young. He just invited me for a meal, and that's the honest truth. You can go and ask him if you don't believe me," Joan asserted.

Seeing that she was calm and unruffled, Delilah didn't pursue the matter further.

Ah, it doesn't matter as long as she's safe and sound! After exchanging a few words with her, Delilah then left the house.

Meanwhile, Larry had been investigating the truth of the matter abroad. He couldn't tell Joan the truth, nor could he reveal the slightest information about him to anyone.

"I really appreciate all that you've done, Mr. Norton," Malcolm murmured with slight embarrassment.

"It's nothing, Mr. Lancaster. I believe in you, and I also trust that you'll definitely make a comeback. Don't worry, for I'll help you to the best of my ability regardless of the results," Larry declared resolutely.

That was the so-called friendship between men. Despite the huge age gap between the two of them, Malcolm never treated Larry like a kid.

After all, loyalty had always been a priority for men.

"What's going on with Matthew? He must be wooing those on the board of directors now in a bid to usurp my position, no?" Malcolm reckoned with narrowed eyes as he took a puff of his cigarette.

"According to the results of my investigation, he has started making his move. However, it seems that he's running into some problems, so he's attempting to buy their shares," Larry replied.

Ah, he's truly a sly and treacherous man! Malcolm heaved a sigh. Well, as expected of my biological brother!

"But why is he doing this to you when he's your biological brother, Mr. Lancaster?" Larry queried as he looked at the man before him in bafflement.