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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2481 - 2490

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2481

"Did we scare you, Joan?" giggled Nancy.

Jessica also chimed in, "It was all just a joke!"

How could they do this to me? Joan carefully set down the baby in her arms, acting as if she was about to storm off.

"Don't go, Joan! You're the bestest best friend in the whole wide world!" Nancy cried out, hugging Joan's arm with a sad, puppy-dog expression.

"And the bestest sister-in-law in the world, too!" Jessica whined cutely, clutching onto Joan's other arm.

Joan wondered if the two women were taking the "the world's a stage" saying a little too seriously with how dramatic they were being.

"Now that all three of us are here, let's go shopping!" Jessica suggested.

"But what about the baby?"

"Help me look after the baby!" Nancy shouted out in the direction of a butler standing near them.

"Yes, madam. Please be careful while you're out," came the butler's polite reply.

So they'd planned this! Joan glared at the both of them, rendered speechless as they all picked up their handbags and headed out.

"No alcohol for the both of you!" Joan ordered during the drive, her face dead serious.

She was more than familiar with the chaotic shenanigans Nancy and Jessica would get up to while drunk.

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“Wanna go visit a bar by ourselves, Jessica?” Nancy asked out loud, purposefully ignoring Joan.

“Sure! I haven’t had a proper drink in so long.”

Were they out of their minds? Jessica had just been to the nightclub barely more than a week ago!

“Do you remember what happened the last time you were drunk, Jessica?” Joan frowned, staring at her through the rearview mirror. Unbeknownst to her, Jessica truly didn’t remember.

“Relax, it’ll be fine! We have Nancy around this time to protect us, don’t we?” Jessica replied cheerfully.

She couldn’t recall the incident with the guy at the nightclub last time, but she had a deep-seated gut feeling that something bad must have happened. Joan wouldn’t be so worried over her otherwise.

“Of course! I’ll do my best to protect you all!” Nancy boldly declared and beat her own chest in a show of bravery.

What had Joan done in her past life for her to meet these two women in her current one?

“Both of you are useless,” she grumbled. “Mark my words: you’re both going to end up piss drunk and I’m going to have to be the one to drag you both home.”

Nancy and Jessica exchanged a mischievous look.

“Then get drunk with us!” they suggested in unison.

“No way!” Joan argued. “Neither Larry, Jory, nor Caspian are in the country. What if something happens to us when we’re all drunk? We can go to a movie or karaoke, just not a bar!”

The two women sighed, shrugging their shoulders in defeat.

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Nancy suddenly perked up again. "If we can't go to a bar, then let's buy some alcohol and go home to drink! It's safe at home, right? We can be as crazy as we want to!"

"She's right! Then it's settled!" Jessica whooped.

Lord, save me. Joan shook her head exasperatedly. Their idea did sound doable, though.

"Come on, Joan! Smile!" Nancy hugged her from the backseat, smacking a loud kiss on her cheek. "You're the prettiest woman in the world, aren't you?"

Joan eventually caved in.

"No one goes home sober tonight," Nancy announced later that night at her house, bottles upon bottles of beer and wine on the living room table. "Actually, no— you guys don't even need to head home. You can just sleepover at my house."

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"Nonsense," Joan rolled her eyes. "I can't get drunk; I still need to head home to make dinner for my kid."

Unbeknownst to her, she was already buzzed.

"I really respect you, Joan, and I'm super grateful for your companionship all this time," Jessica hiccupped out, a mug of beer in one hand. "Especially since that stupid Caspian just flew out of the country without telling me anything! If it weren't for you, I'd have gone over there myself to teach him a lesson or two."

"You can't do that! Caspian has his own dignity too, no? All you need to do is take care of your own business. And it's not as if he's never called to ask how you're doing; it's just that the one time he did, you didn't pick up the call because you were drunk," Joan argued.

The two women waved their hands in the air animatedly as they debated back and forth.

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Jessica complained loudly, "No, he clearly doesn't care about me at all! I'm going through the worst time of my life and he can't even give me a single word of reassurance! What kind of boyfriend does that? Sometimes I wonder if he really sees me as his girlfriend!"

Nancy watched over them with an exasperated gaze.

She'd barely even gotten started drinking, yet her two friends were already this drunk? She turned around to grab some more bottles of alcohol.

"Wait, you guys have alcohol here? Then why did we have to go out to buy it?" Jessica demanded, pointing right at the bottle in Nancy's hands.

"This is our family's most treasured heirloom! We don't usually take it out to drink," Nancy pouted, kissing the glass bottle and making Jessica roll her eyes.

"It's just a bottle of wine, not your ex-boyfriend! Besides, who else are you going to drink it with if not with us? Jory's so rich, it's not as if he'll care if we drink this one bottle."

The three women gradually lost track of time, shouting, partying, and letting go of their inhibitions as they continued drinking in the living room. One of the housemaids contemplated going over to tell them to lower their voices, but eventually decided against it. Drunk women were one of the scariest beings on earth.

"Come on! Cheers, Joan! I hope that you and Larry will reconcile and give birth to a beautiful baby as soon as possible!" hollered Nancy.

"What are you talking about?" Jessica cut in. "Joan and Larry have been going strong since forever!"

Although Nancy's words rubbed her feathers the wrong way, Joan decided to brush it off, figuring that Nancy was still unaware that she and Larry had already made up a long time ago.

The butler soon discovered the three women sound asleep, their bodies draped over various pieces of furniture as they snored. Sighing, the housemaids gathered some blankets and made sure to tuck them in as securely as they could.

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The next day, sunlight shined in through the glass windows and warmed the smooth surface of the floor. Joan's eyes blearily fluttered open, slowly reaching up to massage her temples in an attempt to ease the migraine she had.

"What..." she mumbled out. It took her a while for her brain to register the sight before her.

On her left was Jessica's curled-up body, and to her right lay an asleep Nancy.

Why am I sleeping with them...? Joan held her head in her hands, trying with all her might to recall the events of last night. It was only when she spotted the empty bottles of beer and wine on the table that all her memories came rushing back to her.

Oh my god. I must have lost my mind! She scolded herself internally.

"Don't go..." Nancy mumbled, somehow finding Joan's arm without having to open her eyes and holding onto it with a death grip.

Joan pushed and pulled, struggling to break free from her grasp. "Nancy, let go! I need to go to the washroom."

Her efforts proved futile. Nancy had near-superhuman strength that she was no match for. It seemed that the legend of "women grow stronger after having given birth" was true after all.

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Nancy shifted in her sleep. "Don't go, Jory..."

Jory? I'm Joan, for goodness' sake! "Wake up!" Joan shouted. "Take a good look and see who I am!"

To her left, Jessica was also sleep-talking as she neared Joan, wrapping her arms around Joan's waist. "When are you coming home, Caspian? I miss you..."

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It didn't look as if she would be able to go to the washroom anytime soon. Relegating herself to her fate, Joan sat silently on the sofa and let herself be used as a human bolster. The three of them appeared peaceful and cozy at first sight, but if you looked closer, you would be able to tell that Joan was pissed.

"Ugh, I'm so tired..." After what seemed like an eternity, Nancy finally woke up, stretching her back out and yawning.

Who's the more tired person here? Without a second word, Joan glared at Nancy as she pushed her off of her.

Soon after, Jessica also let go of Joan's arm, and Joan took the chance to scramble to her feet and make a beeline for the washroom without having even worn her slippers.

"What's wrong? What's got her in such a tizzy?" Jessica rubbed her eyes drowsily.

"I don't know. I didn't even see where she was headed for."

"Ms. Watts went to the washroom, madam. She's been wanting to go for quite a while now, but couldn't because you and Ms. Zimmer were holding her back," a housemaid helpfully supplied.

Hearing that, the two women burst out into a fit of laughter.

"Are you okay, Joan?"

"Yeah, Joan. Is there a problem?"

Joan could hear her friends giggle to themselves as she sat on the toilet in the washroom.

When she came out after a while, Nancy pointedly said, "Sorry for clinging onto you while I was asleep."

"How are you feeling?" Jessica chirped up.

The three of them exchanged looks, chuckling to themselves.

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After helping clean up the mess they'd caused in the living room, Jessica and Joan both left Nancy's house. Jessica had to go sort out some things at the bookstore, while Joan needed to go home to help Delilah with her gardening.

"Where were you last night? Why didn't you come home?" Delilah casually inquired while in the backyard.

Joan instantly responded, "I went to Nancy's house last night. We fooled around for too long, so I ended up sleeping over."

"You got drunk, didn't you?"

"Just a little," Joan coughed awkwardly.

"Have you been calling Larry recently? Why hasn't he come home after so long?" Delilah lamented, furrowing her eyebrows together.

"I did! He said he's busy with work."

That didn't sound right. Under normal circumstances, Larry would always ask after his family and sometimes even call up Lucius, no matter how busy he was. But recently, she'd heard nothing from him at all. Delilah was starting to grow worried.

"What is he doing whenever you talk with him over the phone?"

"He used to say that he was busy whenever I called him, so I later switched to just texting him. Even then, he constantly says that he has lots of work to be done. I have no idea what he's up to either," Joan grumbled.

Larry wasn't like this in the past! He used to always take some time out of his day to make small talk with her regardless of how busy he was.

"Do you think something happened to him?" Delilah fretted.

"That's impossible!" Joan quickly refuted, having never considered the idea at all. "He's always been healthy and in good shape. I'm sure he's fine."

Something wasn't right here. Shaking her head, Delilah walked out of the garden.

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She pulled out her phone and immediately found Larry's contact, dialing his number without an ounce of hesitation.

Meanwhile, Caspian glanced at Larry. "It's from Ms. Young. Do you want to answer it?"

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"No," came Larry's cold answer.

It was better to have as little communication with his family as possible so they wouldn't find out about his condition. But his phone kept ringing and showed no signs of stopping unless he picked it up. His patience running thin, Larry gestured for Caspian to put the call on loudspeaker.

"Hello, Ms. Young," he greeted.

"You little brat! Where were you? How dare you not answer my call!" Delilah sneaked a glance over her shoulder at Joan, who was still keeping herself occupied in the garden.

"I was busy and didn't know that my phone was ringing, Ms. Young..."

"Bullcrap! Tell me what happened to you!"

Damn this woman's sixth sense. How did she know? Of course, that didn't mean that Larry was going to spill everything to her.

"Nothing, Ms. Young. You're overthinking things. I'm doing alright, just swamped with work and as a result, unable to call home often," Larry explained.

He was lying again. Delilah clenched her fists, her fingernails digging into her palms.

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"If you don't tell me what's going on right this instant, then you can't blame me for not keeping Joan in check and making sure she doesn't get swept off her feet by some other guy!" she warned.

That got his attention.

"Ms. Young, you must absolutely not tell anyone what I am about to tell you. Especially not Joan."

"Stop beating around the bush. Get it out!"

Larry ended up confessing to Delilah about everything, trusting that she would keep her promise.

"I understand," reassured Delilah. "Take good care of yourself over there! And don't worry too much about us; Joan's doing fine and has no clue. She just thinks that you're busy with work."

She understood how Larry must be feeling; after all, who would be willing to stay in a foreign country for such a long time for no apparent reason? Sighing, she went back to the garden.

"What were you doing, Ms. Young?" Joan gave her a sidelong glance as she snipped away at some old branches.

"I went out for a break, that's all." She had no intention of revealing the truth that Larry was actually injured.

"Grandma, Mommy, why hasn't Daddy come home yet? I haven't seen him in a while... I miss him." Pouting, Lucius threw himself into his mother's arms.

Everyone in the family was eagerly anticipating Larry's return home.

"He's still working," Joan told him. "He'll come back after a while longer, okay?"

Lucius had been asking about Larry's whereabouts since the first day the man had left the country.

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“Come on, Lucius,” Delilah called out from the kitchen. “Let your mom rest; it’s been a long day for her. I’ve made fish stew for you!”

Lucius massaged Joan’s shoulders briefly in apology. “Sorry, Mommy.”

She couldn’t help the content smile that grew on her face, ruffling her son’s hair.

As the three of them sat down in the dining room to eat breakfast, Joan distantly thought to herself that the table seemed empty.

“Your father will come home soon, so don’t worry too much about him. Rather than thinking about him all day, you should be thinking about how you can get good grades so that he’ll be happy when he returns,” Delilah chided, making sure to give the child more servings.

Lucius tilted his head to one side in confusion. “You keep talking about grades, Grandma. I’m already the top scorer in our class, so why do I need to keep working hard?”

How could he think that he doesn’t need to work hard just because he’s the top scorer? Who taught him these wrong ideas? Delilah narrowed her eyes, sitting up straighter in her chair.

“As long you work hard enough, you will be able to achieve anything you want. Of course, you can’t rush the process, or else you’ll end up biting off more than you can chew,” she patiently told him.

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The kid didn’t really understand the true implications of Delilah’s words, but they made sense to him.

“You’re right, Grandma. I’ll continue working harder and better so that I can surpass even Daddy!” Lucius declared, throwing his hands up in the air and startling Joan sitting beside him.

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“So?” Delilah pressed on.

“So I have to do my best in school and get better grades to show Daddy!”

Afterward, Lucius went back to his room while Joan sat on a sofa in the living room and stared off into space. She felt tired, but strangely couldn't fall asleep.

Delilah soon approached her, asking kindly, “What's wrong? Are you in a bad mood?”

“Maybe I should fly out of the country too,” Joan said, more to herself than to the older woman. “I want to see Larry.”

“You can't!” Delilah shouted.

Her reaction confused Joan. “Ms. Young?”

“No, I meant to say— If you leave, then what about Lucius and I?” Delilah quickly added.

“I'll just go to check if he's alright and then come back right after.”

“That won't do either!”

The issue was soon resolved thanks to the pressure Della was applying on them, and the company eventually fell back under Malcolm's management. Although Matthew had been incredibly reluctant to do so, he didn't want for the company to be controlled by some outsider either.

“What should we do now, Mr. Matthew? It doesn't seem like we can go back anymore,” his assistant reminded him.

He knew that he'd actually been kicked out of the company by Della, but he wasn't going to admit that to himself anytime soon.

“We'll have to wait and see.” With that, he stormed off.

Everything had returned to the way it once was. Malcolm's reputation had been cleared, and the scandals surrounding his name were all proven false. The only unfortunate thing was that Matthew had managed to escape. Matthew had found someone else to take the fall for

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his mistakes, but Malcolm didn't plan on going after him. After all, Matthew was his little brother.

In his office, he expressed his gratitude towards Della. "Thank you so much for your help, Ms. Duff. I wouldn't have been able to return to the company without your efforts."

She could hear the complete sincerity in his voice. She felt content, not because of Malcolm's words of appreciation, but because Larry hadn't helped the wrong person this time.

"No problem. If there's anyone you should really be thanking, it's Larry. He was the one who asked me to help."

Her eyes were full of affection at the mere mention of Larry, causing Malcolm to feel a tinge of worry.

"Ms. Duff, there's something that you might not know..." he trailed off, stopping himself to watch her expression.

What is he being so apprehensive for? Her gaze turned to one of disdain. She hated people who wouldn't get to the point in conversations, especially men.

"Say it or I'm leaving," she ordered.

"It's just that— I've heard that Mr. Norton already has a girlfriend."

Realization dawned upon Della. He wanted to make her face the reality that Larry would never actually return her feelings. But that was impossible. There was no way that the man wouldn't feel anything for her as long as she continued giving him all of her time and attention.

"That is none of your concern. I have my own methods of doing things." She stood up and picked up her handbag, making to leave the office. "You can just sit and wait for the future wedding invitation."

Malcolm's stare dimmed as he watched her walk away. Perhaps he should pay Larry a visit at the hospital and give him a warning.

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“What exactly is going on between you and that Della girl, Larry? She’s all over you and way too caring towards you. You clearly don’t share a normal friendship,” Caspian stated, raising an eyebrow.

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“Shut up!” the man laying on the hospital bed retorted loudly. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

But you can’t run away from reality forever! On one hand, Joan was patiently waiting for his return back home. On the other hand, Della was bending over backward to help Larry in any way she could. He had to make a choice between these two women sooner or later!

Caspian could understand if he ended up choosing Joan, but that would mean having to let Della down. If he chose Della, that would mean abandoning Joan.

Caspian doubted that he would be able to make the decision if he were in Larry’s shoes.

He could clearly tell that a strong, independent woman such as Della letting her guard down and softening when in front of Larry meant that she was truly in love with him. Besides, Caspian did acknowledge that Della was quite the perfect woman, with all the ideal traits that men usually looked for in a lover.

“Have you ever felt your heart skip a beat because of Della?” he pressed on nosily.

Larry turned to level him with a stern stare. “Are you trying to get yourself fired, Caspian?”

Caspian instantly fell silent, the atmosphere in the room growing tense and awkward until they heard a knock on the door.

Malcolm entered the ward, a handful of gifts in his arms. “How are you, Mr. Norton? Feeling any better?”

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“Much better, Mr. Lancaster. Has everything at the company been handled accordingly?” Larry inquired.

He hadn't forgotten why he'd come here in the first place.

“Yes, everything is back to the way it once was, and the partnership with your company is still upheld. The details for the orders for the products have also returned to normal, but...”

Larry stiffened slightly, his expression serious as he gazed at the fidgety man in front of him.

“... But, you also need to handle your relationships, Mr. Norton.”

Caspian did a double-take.

So even Mr. Lancaster could see that Della treated Larry differently compared to how she treated other people.

“What are you talking about, Mr. Lancaster?” Larry feigned ignorance.

“I can tell that Ms. Duff is clearly trying to earn your affections. You should watch out for her; after all, you are a married man.” Malcolm reached out and patted Larry's shoulder, who looked awkward. “I'm fine now, so don't worry about me. You should take the chance and leave the country while you still can.”

Malcolm was implying that Larry should still pull himself out of this sticky situation while Della's feelings for him had yet to reach the point where she became fatally obsessed with him.

“I understand,” Larry replied curtly.

The truth was that Della would sacrifice anything and everything in order to get something she wanted, no matter the cost.

“What did you understand? Are you really going to go back to your home country?” Della suddenly appeared out of nowhere, strutting into the hospital ward.

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All three men's eyes widened in shock at the sight of her, and Malcolm felt his heart drop to the bottom of his stomach.

"I still have work to tend to, so I'll be taking my leave and come back another day," Malcolm hurriedly got to his feet and left the room.

Larry turned his head slightly to glance at Caspian, who read his cue and stood up to show Malcolm out.

"What's all this I hear about your heart skipping a beat, or going back home?" Della asked, smoothing out Larry's blanket.

"I'm nearly fully recovered, so I'll be able to return home soon," came his flat reply.

"And what if I miss you?" She took a seat by his bedside.

"Don't," he asserted. "I won't be interacting with you outside of work from now on."

How cruel! She'd just helped him resolve one of his problems, and now he was going to act as if they were mere strangers?

Huffing, Della sat up straighter and looked him dead in the eye. "I'm going to make things clear to you, Larry: I like you, and I want to marry you."

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Caspian, who'd just been about to enter the room, instantly stopped in his tracks and backed out.

It was better to leave this to the two of them to talk out among themselves; an outsider watching them would make everything more awkward than it needed to be.

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“Della, I need you to understand that I have a girlfriend who is also my ex-wife. We’re also getting remarried soon,” Larry told her firmly, suppressing his rising feelings of panic.

He understood all too well that Della was not someone who easily gave up on something she wanted.

“But I really like you, Mr. Norton! You’re the first man whom I’ve ever loved this much and the first man who I honestly want to marry!” Della pouted, clinging onto his arm as she stared deeply into his eyes.

What was he supposed to do? He would never betray Joan for the rest of his life, and he truly did feel nothing for this woman in front of him.

“I can give you anything you want, whether it be money, power, or land! Just say it, and it’ll be yours! Everything that is mine could be yours!” she cried out desperately, holding him tightly as if he was going to disappear any second.

“Do you think I lack any of those?” Larry shot back.

He had a point. Even though Norton Corporation had yet to expand internationally, its potential was not to be underestimated.

“Be with me, Larry? I’ll make sure to deal with Joan properly, I promise!”

“Deal with”? By giving her money? It’s not as if Joan wants that. “I’ll find her a good son of a wealthy family...”

Larry couldn’t help himself from letting out a bark of laughter. Joan didn’t need any of that, nor did she care for any of it!

“Stop fooling around! I’m absolutely going back home to my country, so don’t ever pester me anymore! I’m truly grateful to you for helping Mr. Lancaster, and if you need any of my help in business matters in the future, I will certainly do my best to assist you. But relationship-wise, I only want to marry Joan.”

He stood mercilessly firm in his beliefs, causing Della’s breath to hitch in her throat.

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Why? She had done so much for him and waited for him for so long, all to no avail? Her expression contorted into one of despair. She had never been humiliated like this before, and this was the first time she'd ever been rejected, let alone rejected by a man that she liked.

"What's wrong?" Larry furrowed his eyebrows, sensing something amiss.

"I feel... a little dizzy..." Holding a hand up to her head, the words left her mouth under her breath.

Crash! Della collapsed onto the floor.

"Della? Della! Wake up!" Larry yelled. "Caspian!"

"What is it?"

Caspian barged through the door as soon as he heard Larry's shouts, his gaze falling upon Della's crumpled-up figure on the floor.

"What are you waiting for?" Larry had scrambled down from his bed and was cradling the woman in his arms. "Go call a doctor!"

A while later, Della was laying down in a hospital bed, her face drained of color and her lips cracked and blue.

"Doctor, what happened to her? Why did she faint so suddenly?" Larry frantically asked.

She'd collapsed in his room. Naturally, he had reason to be worried. She came from a super influential, wealthy family. If anything happened to her, he might be blamed for it.

"There's nothing really complicated going on. She just fainted due to stress, likely from being overworked." the doctor patted him on the shoulder and gave him a meaningful look. "You should advise her to get some rest. I'm guessing you're the only one she'll listen to."

Della was someone who was way too stubborn for her own good and always insisted on shouldering her burdens by herself. She sought nothing else but perfection in her life, but how could there be true perfection in this ugly world? Larry plopped down on a sofa in the room, staring worriedly at the unconscious woman laying on the bed.

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"Larry, maybe you should go back to your own room first," Caspian suggested. "I'll look after her."

Larry glanced at his watch and then back at Della, guilt written all over his face.

"Then I'll leave. I still have work to do, anyways. If she wakes up, buy something for her to eat." With that, he got up and left the room.

There had been too many things happening at Norton Corporation recently that he needed to resolve as soon as possible, or else it would affect the expansion of the company.

"Larry?" A familiar voice called out to him from behind.

Is that...

He slowly turned around to see who the person was. His first reaction was shock, and then a heightened sense of caution.

"What a coincidence," Dustin stated, standing a good distance away from him as he scanned Larry from head to toe. "Why are you here? Are you hurt?"

"Yeah, I've been staying here for a few days." Larry turned back around and made to leave.

"Wait," Dustin approached him. "Us meeting here must have been some sort of fate, right? Let's eat a meal together."

Disdain flashed through the depths of Larry's gaze. The idea of eating with this man made him lose his appetite.

"I have work to do. Goodbye."

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“Does it have to do with Ms. Duff?”

How does he know that? Does he have something to do with everything that has happened in this country? He narrowed his eyes at Dustin.

Unbeknownst to him, Larry’s suspicions were right. Dustin was the one who was secretly controlling Matthew from behind the scenes, and he was the one who framed Malcolm. Why? The reason was simple: he wanted to torture Larry and make his life harder.

Although, he honestly hadn’t expected Della’s sudden appearance.

“What do you want?” Larry snapped.

“Why are you getting all riled up for? I’m just minding my own business and earning some income on the side, that’s all.” Dustin shrugged.

“Some income”, of course, referred to the money that he was making off of the backs of other people’s misfortunes. He wanted to continue talking, but Larry completely ignored him and went into his room, slamming the door in his face.

Watch yourself, Larry. We’ll see who the true victor is in the end. Dustin gritted his teeth.

“... Larry...” Della whimpered faintly, shaking her head while her eyes stayed shut.

Noticing this, Caspian lightly shook her shoulder in an attempt to wake her up. “Wake up, Ms. Duff.”

“Larry... Don’t go...”

She’s hopeless. She’s still thinking about Larry even in her sleep. Caspian sighed and gave up.

Too bad that Larry already had Joan.

If Della had met Larry before Joan appeared in his life, she might very well be Larry’s current wife.

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“Caspian?” Della’s eyes fluttered open. She didn’t seem very pleased to see him. “Why are you here?”

“Larry has work to do, so he told me to look after you and left.”

Work, again. Was Norton Corporation really that swamped with issues and problems for him to resolve that it took up all twenty-four hours of his day? Della turned over and pushed herself out of bed, slowly shuffling out of the ward.

“Ms. Duff, you need to rest—”

“I don’t need your concern,” she interrupted him, a hand pressing against her stomach as she made a beeline for Larry’s room. “I’m fine.”

Bang! Larry looked up to see Della standing in his doorway with a cold glare.

“Why did you get out of bed? The doctor said you needed rest.” He glanced back down at his laptop, fingers rapidly typing away.

“So you made Caspian take care of me while you hid away in here for some sweet alone time?” she scoffed.

“Don’t be ridiculous. I’m working.”

Work, work, work. All he ever did from day to night was work without reprieve. Rage flared up within Della’s chest. All she wanted was for him to show the slightest bit of concern for her. Hell, even a simple “are you okay” would make her happy at this point!

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2489

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“Do you need anything? If not, you’d better go back to your own room,” Larry stated flatly. “Tell Caspian if you want to eat anything, and he’ll get it for you.”

What a joke. I don’t need to be served by your men. She whipped around and stormed off.

As soon as she left the room, Larry’s movement slowed to a halt, an exasperated expression on his face as he sighed heavily.

Maybe it was truly about time that he went home. The sky outside soon darkened, and the staff and patients in the hospital were all starting to turn in for the night.

“What the hell are you doing?” Caspian whispered furiously.

“Quiet!” Larry demanded. “Take what you need and follow me!”

They passed by the wards, navigated their way through corridors, and crossed the hospital yard to eventually arrive at the main entrance.

Are we running away? Caspian stared at the man in front of him with an equal mix of wariness and shock. He would have never thought there’d come a day where Larry would stoop to such extreme, pitiful measures.

“Come on, don’t fall behind. If Della finds out, she won’t let us leave,” Larry muttered.

Oh. Larry had a point. She’d always been determined to stop them from leaving this country, so Caspian could understand why Larry had chosen to leave like this. After all, this was not their homeland. They didn’t have enough men on their side to be able to handle Della.

All the lights in the hospital suddenly flickered to life, momentarily blinding both men. “Where do you think you’re going?”

Damn it. Caspian stood frozen, hanging his head in disappointment.

Wasn’t she supposed to be in bed and sleeping right now? Larry clenched his jaw as he stared down Della, who stood off in the distance and was blocking their way out.

He didn’t want to fight her, but he didn’t want to date her either. Becoming business partners was fine by him. Becoming lovers, on the other hand, was impossible.

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"I can't believe you're trying to escape in such... unsightly fashion." Della unhurriedly walked towards them. Her voice was still a little throaty, likely from having not fully recovered yet. "This isn't like you, Larry."

"I openly expressed wanting to leave, and you openly tried to stop me from doing so. You left me with no choice," Larry shrugged.

How absurd of them to think that she would fail to get what she wanted, regardless of whether it was through open, public methods, or under-handed, petty ways.

"So? What are you going to do now that I've caught you red-handed? Are you still going to try and run?"

Run? Where else were they supposed to run to now that things had reached this point? Caspian turned his nose up at the woman before him, swallowing his rage back down.

"We'll stay, we'll stay. Come on, Larry. Let's go back to our rooms and rest." As he said so, Caspian made to shove Larry in the direction of his room.

"What are you talking about?" Larry barked. "I'm not tired at all!"

"We'll talk about this later!" Caspian insisted under his breath. "Don't humiliate yourself in public like this!"

Della clicked her tongue in irritation, watching the two men slowly disappear from her sight. I can't believe he dared to try and escape! That's it. I'm not playing nice anymore.

"Hello?" she spoke into her phone receiver. "Increase staff members to keep an eye on Larry. Don't let him leave the hospital at all costs."

"Let go of me!" Larry finally managed to push Caspian away after they'd arrived back at his hospital ward.

"Are you stupid, Larry? If Della could anticipate our movements and stop us when she did, she would have obviously stationed guards at the entrance!" Caspian reminded him. "We couldn't have gotten out even if we tried!"

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Larry had indeed forgotten about that part. His mind had been filled with images of Joan's face, causing him to be physically unable to think about anything else other than her.

"If we can't run away, we might as well sit still and wait. It's not like we have much waiting for us to do back in our country."

What is he talking about? Does he not miss Jessica? Larry stared at his friend curiously.

"I know you miss Joan, but do you really think that this thing between you and Della would be over just because you manage to leave this place? Of course not! That's why I'd rather you resolve this problem with her so we can all go home happily with no regrets or loose ends left untied."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2490

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2490

Caspian was right. Instead of sneaking away, he might as well solve the problem and leave freely. However, his biggest headache was that Della had no intention of letting him off.

"Larry, I didn't expect you to be so charismatic," Caspian teased.

Larry shot a glare at him but said nothing.

The next day, Della didn't show up in Larry's ward, which seemed rather strange. Under normal circumstances, that woman would definitely come and question them. Yet, she was nowhere to be seen.

"Larry, why is Ms. Duff not here today?" Caspian asked curiously.

Larry answered, "I have no idea." He couldn't care less about it. In fact, it was good news to him, for he need not waste his energy and effort to deal with that woman.

"Didn't you call Jessica?" he asked casually while flipping through the newspaper.

"No," Caspian answered.

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Larry continued asking, "Why?"

In a firm voice, Caspian uttered, "Because I wanted to make her realize how much she loves me!"

Well, well, dear Caspian is playing hard to get. As it turns out, it is not a woman's privilege to use their scheming little mind to get their crush. Men are comparable to women when it comes to getting their crush's attention.

"What if she runs away?" Larry asked, serving as a kind reminder.

"She won't! Jessica is not that kind of person!"

Larry was unhappy to stay in the ward under Della's supervision. He had asked her several times to remove the bodyguards, who were guarding outside the ward, yet the latter rejected him.

That day, Larry had had enough. "Della Duff, you've gone too far!" he bellowed.

Me? Going too far? He's mad at me just because I refused to remove the bodyguards? Disregarding his anger, Della let out a chuckle. She then walked toward the man lying on the bed in a coquettish manner.

Before Larry had even realized it, she suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck and asked, "Larry, you seriously have not realized how much I like you and how nice I am to you?"

Upon her touch, Larry roared, "Della, you should know your boundaries! Keep your hands to yourself!"

If anyone saw them just now, it was inevitable for rumors about them to spread in the hospital.

This woman is up to no good, trying to ruin my reputation!

"Della, we're not suitable together. You should find the right guy as your boyfriend," he persuaded.

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Nevertheless, Della insisted, "You are the right guy! We will make a perfect match!"

Ugh! This woman is driving me crazy! She's just so stubborn. It's impossible to talk sense into her. Larry had told her a million times over that he already had a girlfriend whom he wished to marry, yet she didn't give two hoots about it.

Just then, Caspian barged into the ward. "Larry!"

Upon seeing the two being so close together, he was thunderstruck. Is this Ms. Duff's way of playing hard to get? He couldn't help feeling confused and complicated.

Regardless of Caspian's presence, Della clung closer to Larry's body and buried her face in his chest. She then ordered Caspian, "Go on, what is it?"

As for the poor Larry, he wanted to push Della off of him, yet he can't. He was afraid the latter might pretend to get hurt if he pushed her. By that time, the whole Duff family might even make him responsible for her "injury".

"Larry, h-have you... s-succumbed to her?" Caspian stuttered as he asked.

Succumb to Della? For god's sake, can't he tell that I'm resisting her? Feeling displeased, Larry shot daggers at Caspian.

The latter kept his head down, stealing glances at Della as he spoke, "Um... Joan called just now. She asked you when you are returning to the country?"

At that instant, fury blazed within Della's eyes.

She chided, "Don't ever mention another woman's name in front of me! Larry is mine, and he's not going anywhere. No one can take him away from me."

She must have lost her mind! Hearing her brazen claims, Larry pushed her away forcefully. As a result, the latter staggered and almost fell onto the ground.

Gazing at Larry in disbelief, Della called out, "What are you doing? Why did you push me?"

Ignoring her question, Larry uttered, "Della, you heard it. My wife is asking for my return. She needs me, so I have to go back now."

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