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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2491 - 2500

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Hmph! It's just a woman. Why is he so worried about her? There is no problem unsolvable with money.

With that in mind, Della reassured Larry, "Don't worry. Leave everything to me. I'll solve it."

How is she going to solve it? What will she do to Joan? Instantly, Larry had his guard up. He turned to face Della, and his gaze turned sharp.

"She's my woman! Don't you ever lay your hands on her!" he warned.

For a moment, Della was stunned before her smile reappeared on her face.

Oh, I find him all the more lovable when he behaves this way.

The way he protected the woman he loved showed that he was a responsible and reliable man. That alone was enough reason for her to fall for him instead of her other admirers.

Those admirers pursued her more or less because of her family background and wealth. Even though they didn't like her, they would still approach her for the above-mentioned reasons. She soon lost faith in love until she met Larry.

It was love at first glance. Later, she fell head over heels for him because of his good character and personality. Larry was humble, ambitious, and faithful. Everything about him met her expectation.

Fixing her eyes at him, Della directly asked, "Larry, do you really love that woman that much? Don't you have any feelings for me?"

Holding his gaze, Larry nodded firmly.

Things need not be said, for he knew Della was a clever woman. Besides, he believed his attitude was clear enough.

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Just then, Caspian asked in a low voice, "Larry, do you want to call Joan back?"

"Of course," Larry answered, loud and clear.

Nevertheless, Della was inexorable. "I want you to tell me, what do you think of me?"

"Della, to me, you will be a great business partner, but nothing more. I have no feelings for you," Larry said frankly.

After a short pause, he added, "At most, I will only treat you as a friend."

It turns out I've been deluding myself all the while. It's only my wishful thinking to be his girlfriend. Della had always thought that as long as she loved Larry wholeheartedly, he would one day change his mind and come back to her. In hindsight, she was only wasting her time.

Standing next to them, Caspian advised, "Ms. Duff, no one has control over their feelings. Likewise, you can't force love or happiness. Even if your love is unrequited, you will feel happy for the man you love as long as he is happy. Don't you think so?"

Della couldn't agree more with his words.

Yet, she was unwilling to give up on Larry – the first man with whom she fell in love with.

"If you met me before Joan, would you choose me?" she asked, determined to get an answer from him.

It was an important question to her but meaningless to Larry.

Without any hesitation, he answered, "We can't turn back time, and there is no point asking me this. What I can tell you is that if I had a choice, I wouldn't go abroad, and hence, I wouldn't even meet you."

Larry was indeed a tactful man that he could come up with such an unexpected yet excellent answer.

"But I really love you! I can't let go of you!" In the end, Della could suppress her emotions no more, and she broke out in tears.

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It was her first time falling in love and showing her weakness in front of a man.

Seeing Della shedding tears, Caspian couldn't help but shudder. He knew it was not easy for Della, a proud woman, to wear her heart on her sleeve.

Meanwhile, Larry said softly, "We can still be friends."

Della shook her head and choked out, "But I don't want to be your friend! I want to marry you."

Hearing that, Larry had nothing more to say. After all, he had no feelings for her. There was no point for her to force him into marrying her. He closed his eyes, looking completely worn out.

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In the yard, Delilah asked, "Joan, did Larry say when is he coming back?"

Looking disappointed, Joan replied, "No. He kept telling me he's busy lately."

It had been a long time since Larry last called her. In fact, she was the one who called him the last time they talked.

Inexplicably, Joan felt uneasy.

"Perhaps he's too busy. Don't worry. He'll come back when he's done with his work," Delilah consoled Joan while she busied herself with the gardening.

She knew it took time for Larry's body to recover. Hence, all she could do was to comfort Joan.

Suddenly, Joan asked, "Ms. Young, do you think something has happened to Larry?"

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Hearing her question, Delilah spun around, gazing at her nervously.

She soon regained her composure and was quick to retort, "Oh, Joan, Larry is a mature man. What else could happen to him?"

Still, Joan couldn't cast her worries away. But he's gone for so long... Has he not done with his work yet?

Just then, Delilah called out while pointing at her phone on the table, "Your phone is ringing!"

Joan quickly went over and answered the call.

"Joan, it's me, Caspian."

"Did Larry say when is he coming back?" Joan asked eagerly.

Hearing that, Caspian couldn't help feeling sorry for both her and Larry. Larry wished to go back but he couldn't. It was not his work that was holding him back, but his personal affairs. As long as they were not settled, it would be impossible for him to get his life back to normal.

Moreover, Larry was afraid that Della might go to the extreme as to harming Joan. After all, one could never predict what a lovelorn woman was capable of doing, especially Della – a woman who would do whatever it took to get what she wanted.

Caspian sighed internally and said, "Joan, Larry asked me to call you back. He's currently busy with the Norton Corporation's new project, so he needs to stay here a little longer."

At the end of the day, Joan got the same disappointing answer. Holding her phone, Joan's eyes dimmed with disappointment.

If she had known earlier that it would be such a long stay, she would've chosen to go abroad with Larry in the beginning.

Delilah soon approached her. "What's wrong? Is our poor little Joan upset?" she asked teasingly, trying to cheer Joan up.

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How could I not be upset when Larry doesn't even have the time to talk to me? I could only talk to him through Caspian. Joan pouted, feeling a little resentful.

"Oh, don't think too much. If Larry still hasn't come back after a month, you can always book a flight," Delilah suggested purposefully to lead Joan up the garden path.

The latter took the bait as she responded, "Oh, Ms. Young, Larry will be back by that time."

Just then, Lucius came running into the yard. The little boy exclaimed while showing her a notebook, "Mom, look! This is a reward I got from Ms. Lee!"

Joan crouched and caressed his head. "You got a reward? Lucius, you're awesome! I'm so proud of you!" she praised.

"Grandma, look! My homeroom teacher gave me this reward!" Lucius shared his joy with Delilah excitedly.

With a smile, Delilah asked teasingly, "Then, did your girlfriend get a reward as well?"

"Huh? But I don't have a girlfriend," the boy answered seriously.

Both women guffawed, which left him scratching his head. Good to hear that! Lucius is still too young to have puppy love.

Soon after, Joan explained, "Your grandma was just kidding with you."

"Oh! I saw Caiden just now," Lucius said suddenly.

Instantly, Joan rose to her feet, and a look of caution flashed across her eyes.

"Where did you see him?" she asked.

Don't tell me Caiden has come to our house again!

"Caiden has left. I saw him on the street outside. I thought he visited our house, but it seems like he didn't," Lucius mumbled and then ran away.

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Luckily, Caiden was gone. If he showed up at their house again, Keith would definitely go nuts. If that happened, Joan was afraid Keith would lay his hands on her again.

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If Keith was a person of sane mind, she could at least complain or get compensated for any losses or injury. The problem was that he had a mental illness, so she couldn't possibly hold him liable for his conduct. With a look of resignation, Joan scratched the back of her head.

Just then, Lucius trotted toward her and asked, "Mom, what's wrong? Why do you suddenly look so nervous?"

"Nothing. Perhaps I'm just too tired," she said.

The boy threw her another question, "Where is Dad? He hasn't come back yet?"

"No." Then, Joan changed the topic, "What do you want to eat? I'll prepare dinner tonight."

Lucius soon lost in his thoughts. Yet, he was not thinking about dinner but Larry. He stood in front of his mother and studied her expression. In the end, he summoned enough courage and decided to voice his suspicion to her.

"What is it?" Joan asked, pinching the boy's chubby face.

"Mom, do you think Dad has a secret lover?" Lucius asked.

Oh dear, Lucius is thinking too much. But... Secret lover? Who taught him that? Feeling displeased, Joan frowned slightly.

"Of course not," she reassured him, "your dad won't do something like that, so stop overthinking."

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“Mom, let me tell you a secret. My deskmate’s parents have gotten a divorce because his father found himself a secret lover. You know what, that woman is younger and more beautiful than his mother.” The boy had no qualms about spilling his deskmate’s secret to his mother.

No wonder he knows so much! Joan raised her brow at him but remained silent.

“Mom, if you and dad get a divorce, does it mean that either one of you has a secret lover?” Lucius directly asked.

“That’s it. Now, go and do your homework. Your dad and I are fine, and we don’t have secret lovers.” With that, Joan turned and left the yard.

After Joan vanished from sight, Delilah approached the boy and knocked his head with her knuckle. “Lucius, you’ve gone too far just now! How could you say something like that about your mom and dad?”

What’s the problem with it? Isn’t it normal to marry and divorce in this day and age? Lucius shook his head and let out a sigh.

Sometimes, he found it hard to communicate with them. They had always treated him like a child when in fact, he was precocious.

While entering the house, Lucius called out, “Mom, I want to eat steamed clams for dinner!”

Joan, who was busying herself in the kitchen, replied, “Alright. Go finish your homework now.”

Back in his bedroom, instead of doing his homework, Lucius made a call to Larry. “Dad, when are you coming back? I missed you a lot!” he whined.

Meanwhile, in the ward, Larry’s emotions stirred after hearing his son’s voice.

“Must you go back to Chanaea?” Della asked dejectedly.

“Yes,” Larry said firmly.

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He was determined not to stay any longer abroad. Besides, he had always dreamed of Joan recently. Inexplicably, it gave him a sense of foreboding.

Soon, Della said with a hint of disappointment, "Alright then. You can go."

Hearing that, Larry was at a loss. He did nothing but look at her, waiting for her explanation.

What is she up to again? Larry knew how cruel and malicious Della could be to attain her goals. Besides, it was impossible that she would let him off that easily.

Larry's gut feeling told him that the woman was up to something.

In fact, he was right. Della had had it all figured out. If Larry insisted on returning to Chanaea, she would relocate and start her career there.

Feeling unsettled, Larry asked. "Della, what are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. Don't you say you wanted to go back? Now that I've finally let you go, why are you hesitating?" Della asked sarcastically.

Seeing Larry wanting to go back to Joan so badly piqued Della's interest. She was eager to check Joan out – the woman whom Larry was obsessed with.

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"You're really letting me go?" Larry asked her skeptically.

It was hard for him to believe that Della would let him go unless the latter are plotting something.

In the face of his doubtful gaze, Della shrugged. "Yeah. Well, you can always choose not to leave. I will be more than happy if you stay."

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She shouldn't be acting so casually. Something is not right. Larry shook his head as he doubted the truthfulness of her words.

"That's it. I'll be going now. You can start packing your belongings. Oh, and there's no need to let me know when you leave. I won't be there to see you off." With that, Della left the ward.

Larry watched as the woman's figure vanished from sight. Inexplicably, he felt grateful to her. If he knew what Della had in mind, he would never think that way.

"Caspian, stop dallying. Pack our luggage now. We have a plane to catch!" Larry ordered while changing his clothes.

Meanwhile, Caspian, who just entered the ward, was confused as he had no idea what was going on. Why are we packing our luggage? Where are we going?

Hence, he asked, "Larry, what are you doing? Why do we need to pack our luggage?"

"We're going home! Or do you want to stay here forever?" Larry shot a glare at Caspian, unhappy with the latter's lack of perception.

Tsk, Caspian is really not with it. Regardless, Larry continued packing his luggage since it was not the time to bother about Caspian.

Seeing Larry in panic, Caspian quickly went over to help him with it.

"Larry, is it real? Ms. Duff is really letting us go? She doesn't want you anymore?" he daringly asked.

Larry hushed him, "Oh, shut up! I have nothing to do with her. Remember, don't talk nonsense in front of Joan!"

"I know, I know, don't you worry about it," Caspian was quick to reassure him, though he was afraid he might spill the beans.

"Shall we say goodbye to Ms. Duff? After all, she has saved you," Caspian mumbled.

"She said there is no need," Larry replied nonchalantly. We won't see her again anyway.

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Hours later, the two finally boarded the plane.

Meanwhile, Della was sitting on the sofa in her office. She looked calm and composed.

A man entered the office and reported, "Ms. Duff, they have left."

"They're on the plane?" she asked coldly.

The man replied, "Yes, and the plane has taken off."

Larry, since you're eager to return to Chanaea, I might as well grant your wish. It doesn't matter where you are because there is no way you can get away from me.

Not wasting any time, Della stood up and ordered, "Let's go. To the airport!"

You sure are a decisive woman! The man plastered a smile on his face as he watched Della's back view gradually vanished from sight.

On Della's way out, the assistant passed her phone. "Ms. Duff, your phone is ringing."

It's father! A hint of panic flashed across her eyes.

Soon after, she heard Fred's voice over the phone, "Is this your final decision?"

Della said assuredly, "Dad, I've made my decision. Don't worry. I will do my best in developing our business when I reach Chanaea."

Hearing that, Fred fell into silence. Della had never worried him since she had always been a disciplined young lady. Yet, this time, he felt uneasy with her decision.

"Della, do you know what you're doing?" he asked.

"Dad, I know, and this is not a rash decision."

She knew clearly that if she chose to relocate, she would have to give up her career and start all over again.

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“Dad, no matter how things turn out, I will bear the consequences. Besides, I believe I will succeed,” she continued reassuring her father.

Sensing her resoluteness, Fred suddenly felt that his daughter had really grown up.

“Alright then. I’ll respect your decision.” With that, he ended the call.

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With a heavy heart, Della cast her eyes over the company. For years, her life was occupied by her work. There was no room or time left for her to do other things. Everything in the company looked familiar to her. Yet, it was time for her to leave her comfort zone for a new environment.

“Ms. Duff, are we still leaving?” the assistant asked. Della nodded.

“Let’s go.”

On the other hand, Larry and Caspian had gotten off the plane and were now riding a cab, heading back home.

Meanwhile, Joan received a call from Delilah. “Joan, come home now! Larry is back!”

Joan was dumbstruck upon receiving the news.

“Ms. Young, w-what did you say?” she asked, for she couldn’t believe her ears.

Delilah said smilingly, “Oh, Joan, I said Larry is back! Come home quickly. He’s looking for you.”

Just then, Larry’s voice was heard over the phone, “Joan, where are you?”

It’s really him! At that instant, Joan grabbed her purse and quickly ran out of the café.

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“Joan, where are you going? You haven’t finished your coffee!” Jessica called out from behind.

Without even looking back, Joan uttered, “There’s no time for coffee. Larry is back!”

Hearing that, Jessica eyes brightened up. Larry is back! That means Caspian is back as well!

“Joan, wait for me! I’m coming with you!” she yelled.

In the house.

“Dad, where have you been? I missed you a lot!” said Lucius while burying himself in his father’s embrace.

“Well, I went on a business trip,” Larry explained. Then, he handed a gift box to the boy. “Look, this is a present for you! Do you like it?”

Later, Joan was back at home. The two were spending some time alone in the bedroom. Fixing her eyes at the man, Joan asked resentfully, “What took you so long to come back?”

“The new project is keeping me busy,” Larry answered in his deep voice while he hugged her tighter in his arms.

“Then, did you miss me?” she continued asking.

“You’re my woman. Of course, I would miss you.” He caressed her hair before planting a kiss on her forehead.

His words warmed Joan’s heart.

The whole world looked livelier when he was there with her. Joan tightened her arms around the man’s waist, and her lips curled into a smile.

The two spent a lovely night together.

The next day, sunlight shone through the windows and filled the room with warmth. Joan rolled over and slowly opened her eyes to find the other side of the bed empty.

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She knew Larry must have headed to Norton Corporation already.

Meanwhile, in the office.

"Larry, these are all the documents. Have a look at them," said Caspian as he handed the documents to Larry.

Larry simply uttered a response.

Then, he looked up at Caspian. "Have you settled everything abroad?"

"I've settled all the company's matters, but..." Caspian trailed off as he was hesitating to continue.

With his brows knotted, Larry raised his voice, "Just say it! What is it?"

Having no choice, Caspian bit the bullets and said, "But Ms. Duff has come to Chanaea."

Upon that, Larry dropped his pen.

"When did she arrive?"

Caspian replied meekly, "The same day when we arrived. She is now staying in a hotel. I heard that she is planning to relocate and start her career here."

What is that woman trying to do? A cold glint flashed across Larry's eyes.

Then, Caspian reminded, "Larry, I don't think that woman would give up on you easily. You need to be careful."

Oh, Caspian, you're stating the obvious. It was indeed bad news to Larry. He exuded an overbearing aura while subconsciously clenching the documents that he was holding.

What a stubborn woman! I never thought she would fly all the way to Chanaea. Larry couldn't help but sighed.

Right then, Jessica barged into the office. "Larry!"

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“Lower your voice!” Larry scolded.

At that instant, Jessica felt awkward. She immediately covered her mouth, gazing at Caspian pitifully.

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Caspian winked at her. Then, he took the heat off her by saying, “Oh, Larry, she didn’t mean it. She missed you a lot, and she’s too excited.”

Without even sparing a glance at them, Larry uttered, “Don’t you speak up for her! As a career woman, she should always maintain her composure and know the business etiquette.”

Jessica quickly explained, “Oh, Larry, I’m here not as a career woman but as your dear sister.”

The man sitting behind the desk asked, “Then why are you here?”

Jessica made her way toward Larry and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Well, I’m here to see you. It’s been a long time since we last saw each other. Don’t you miss me?”

Larry had gotten used to the closeness with Jessica. To them, it was a way of showing affection between family. As for Caspian, although he knew there was nothing between Jessica and Larry, he couldn’t help feeling uncomfortable seeing their intimacy.

“How long are you still going to cling to Larry? He’s taken. Hmph! You’ve never hugged me for so long before,” Caspian mumbled with a hint of jealousy.

Jessica asked seriously, “Larry, am I not your woman?”

Just then, a familiar voice rang out, “Of course you’re not!” The voice made Caspian shudder.

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Oh no! She's here sooner than I thought!

Instantly, he pulled Jessica away from Larry and dragged her toward the door. "Jessica, quick! Leave now! Don't cause any trouble!"

"What are you talking about? I didn't cause any trouble, and I'm not going anywhere. I want to catch up with Larry." Jessica struggled to break free from Caspian's grip.

Caspian could feel his temple throbbing. Oh, Jessica, now it's not the time to catch up with Larry. Can't you sense Della's hostility? I'm sure you wouldn't want to mess with her.

"There is no need for you to catch up with Larry," Della said coldly while gazing at Jessica.

How impudence! Who the hell is this woman? Jessica walked toward Della and sized the latter up and down, the curiosity in her eyes barely veiled.

Hmm... She looks difficult. Jessica straightened up, trying to appear calm and composed. "Who are you?"

Della replied curtly, "You don't need to know. Just stay away from Larry."

Wait! Does she like Larry? Jessica turned and looked quizzically at Caspian. The latter said nothing but nodded in affirmation.

So, she does like Larry, huh? But, how did Larry meet her? She looks filthy rich, though. Jessica couldn't help feeling curious about Larry's encounter with Della. At first glance, Della's clothing looked ordinary, yet they were all limited-edition branded clothes.

Nevertheless, she retorted, "He's my brother. Why should I stay away from him? Instead, you should be the one to stay away from him. He's married!"

As a matter of fact, Larry already had a wife whom he loved. It wouldn't make a difference even if Della was the president's daughter.

Upon that revelation, Della turned to face Larry and asked, "She's your sister?"

"Yes," Larry replied firmly, verifying his relationship with Jessica.

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"Your sister needs to learn some discipline and manners," Della said purposefully, casting her eyes at Jessica.

The latter snapped at her, "What a joke! You don't look like you have good manners to me, so you have no right to say that. Besides, Larry is my brother. I can interact with him however I wish."

"That's right. Ms. Duff, you shouldn't say something like that when you don't even know Jessica," Caspian muttered in dissatisfaction.

Hearing his mutter, Della directly asked, "Is she your woman?"

At that instant, Caspian lowered his head to hide his shyness.

Jessica, on the other hand, openly admitted, "Yes, I'm his woman. So what?"

Della was surprised by her frankness. At the same time, her eyes shone with joy as she found Jessica likable.

Usually, most of the women in a relationship would become pretentious and play hard to get. Jessica, however, was different.

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Della had the feeling that Jessica was an ambitious career woman and that the two of them would get along well.

Soon after, she made her way toward Larry and asked him out, "Larry, shouldn't you throw a welcome party to celebrate my arrival? Why don't we have dinner together?"

Without sparing a glance at her, Larry rejected, "I'm not free. You can go with Caspian."

"Larry, I..." Caspian cast a glance at Jessica.

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What should I do now? Jessica will never let me have dinner with Della.

He was stumped, not knowing if he should listen to Larry's order or disobey it for the woman he loved.

"What? Is there a problem?" Larry looked up and cast his eyes at Jessica.

As reluctant as she was, Jessica said, "Well, since you've given the orders, of course, there's no problem with it."

Ugh! Who the hell is this woman? Larry even asked Caspian to welcome her arrival. Jessica furrowed her brows and tightened her grip on her phone.

The next moment, she cast her eyes at Della and said coldly, "Larry, actually, I wish to get to know this business partner of yours."

Ha! That's great! I wish to get to know you as well. Della curled her lips into a smile.

"Then, the three of you shall go together!" said Larry, who was happy with the arrangement.

Wouldn't it be a little too awkward? Caspian cast his eyes at Larry and then at the two ladies. "Larry, why don't we wait until you're done with..."

"Don't you see Larry is busy? Let's go!" Jessica urged as she pushed him out of the office.

On their way out, Caspian asked, "Ms. Duff, what would you like to eat?"

Jessica twisted the man's ear and scolded, "Caspian! Shouldn't you ask me that instead of other women?"

Later, the three arrived at a pizza joint. As usual, the place was packed with customers.

They soon became the center of attention. After all, they seemed to be those people who would dine in a high-end restaurant, and their presence in the fast-food outlet was out of the place.

In fact, Jessica had intentionally brought Della to a pizza joint. "Ms. Duff, do you like pizza? Caspian and I like it a lot!"

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Standing beside her, Caspian couldn't wrap his head around what she just said.

When did I say I like pizza? That's bullshit. Besides, I have diarrhea for the past few days.

"Oh, I see. So, Caspian likes pizza too." Della cast her eyes at Caspian as she spoke.

"Of course. He likes whatever I like. Isn't it, Caspian?" asked Jessica while clinging on to Caspian's arm.

The latter reminded in a low voice, "Jessica, we're in a public space."

What's wrong with Jessica? She is not acting like herself. Is she... jealous? Inexplicably, Caspian felt a sense of joy in his heart. Well, it kind of feels good to make her jealous.

"What's the matter? Can't I cling on to your arm? We always do this in public." Then, Jessica turned to face Della and asked, "Ms. Duff, do you mind?"

Della flashed her a smile and said, "Of course not. I understand."

It was normal for a woman in love to be clingy. Although she was not the clingy type, she had seen many women who liked to stick to their boyfriends.

"Ms. Duff, what would you like to eat? Feel free to order whatever you want," Caspian said hospitably.

Suddenly, he cried out, "Ouch!" It turned out that Jessica just pinched his arm.

The next moment, Della commented, "That must hurt a lot."

Upon that, the atmosphere turned awkward, and an eerie silence ensued.

After a long while, Jessica finally spoke up, "Della, let's cut to the chase. Tell me, how did you know them? And also, what's your purpose of coming to Chanaea?"

Della was surprised by her bluntness, and she found her all the more likable.

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Soon, Della started spilling the story in detail, "I met them abroad..."

For years, it was the first time she talked so much to another woman. Sitting opposite her, Caspian was left dazed to see her being so talkative.

At the same time, he was confused that Della was not averse to Jessica.

One would be as confused as Caspian had they known that Della never made friends. On top of that, although the latter was a woman herself, she had always thought that women were troublesome.

After dinner, Caspian offered to drive Della home, but the latter rejected.

In the car, Jessica questioned harshly, "Caspian, be frank with me. Are you interested in that woman?"

"Nonsense! My heart is occupied by a woman whose name is Jessica Zimmer," Caspian swore.

"Then why were you so friendly and welcoming to her just now?"

"I didn't. That's because you don't know her. Actually, she..." the man slowly explained the situation to her.

Hearing Caspian's words, Jessica asked sheepishly, "Did I cross the line just now?"

Now you know... You were harsh and rude just now!

Nevertheless, Caspian held her hand and consoled her, "What's done is done, so stop thinking about it."

Meanwhile, in the office, Larry was busy going through the documents.

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After parting ways with Caspian and Jessica, Della didn't go back to the hotel. She went to the Norton Corporation instead.

She pushed open the office door and asked, "You haven't left?"

"Mm," Larry uttered a response without recognizing it was Della's voice.

"When are you going home?" the woman continued asking.

"I'm not sure," was his curt reply.

At this point, Larry looked up when he had finally recognized it was Della.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

She replied blatantly, "Well, I'm here because I missed you."

Larry hated to hear this kind of answer. Nevertheless, he hid his impatience and queried, "Why did you decide to relocate?"

"Because of you. I want to be with you."

It was a straightforward confession, yet the man was unmoved.

"If you're staying here because of me, then I'd advise you to better leave," he uttered in a cold and stony voice.

Ugh! Can't he treat me nicer? He's asking me to leave again!

Della was unhappy with the man's cold attitude. The next moment, she requested, "I want to meet Joan Watts."

Hearing that, Larry's finger skidded to a halt. He then stood up and looked at Della sternly. "What are you up to?"

"Relax! What else can I do? I just wanted to have a meal with her," the woman replied nonchalantly.

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You must be up to something. Unconvinced, Larry walked toward Della and loomed over her. "Della, we will settle things between us. I hope you won't drag Joan into this."

Is he worried about Joan? It seems like he really loves that woman a lot.

With a look of disappointment, Della muttered, "Larry, why aren't you worried about me?"

Why should I worry about you when you have a bunch of bodyguards to protect you?

Larry shook his head internally. He then went back to his desk and returned to his work.

Della, however, was unrelenting. "Aren't you concerned that Joan might come and mess with me?"

Oh, Della, you're thinking too much. That won't happen!

Larry knew Joan well. She wouldn't mess with anyone for no reason, and she wouldn't even bother about those insignificant people.

Even if Joan knew about the things between him and Della, it was unlikely that she would go behind his back to confront Della. As for Della, it wouldn't surprise him if she was to look for trouble and bully Joan.

Hence, he said calmly, "There is no need to worry. If you don't look for trouble, Joan won't mess with you."

How is he so confident about it? Della sneered as she was doubtful of his words.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2499

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2499

No woman would accept her man to have a blurred boundary with his female friends. Della believed Joan was no exception.

Meanwhile, Larry dismissed her, "That's it. You can leave now. I'm busy."

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"I'm going to stay here with you." With that, Della sat on the sofa and started reading a magazine.

This woman is really a stubborn one!

Larry raised his voice, "Della, you should leave now!"

Where to? The hotel?

Unwilling to leave, Della insisted, "I want to be with you."

"But I don't want to be with you," Larry uttered coldly.

How could he be so harsh to me? He has no regard for my feelings at all! Nevertheless, Della put up a good front as she stood up.

"Well, I won't leave unless you give me a kiss," she said cheekily.

It was the first time she said something like that to a man.

As expected, Larry wouldn't let her have her way when he said, "Then you'd better stay."

Although she felt disappointed, at least she got to stay.

Larry took a glance at his watch and noticed it was rather late. He then shifted his gaze to Della, who was sitting not far away and couldn't help feeling frustrated.

When will she give up? Larry pressed his temples in an attempt to loosen up.

Just then, Della asked, "Are you done with your work? Want to grab a meal together?"

Grab a meal? Does she have any idea what time it is now? It's already midnight! Where is she going to eat?

Larry paid no heed to her invitation. "I'm done, and I'm leaving now."

"I want you to send me home," Della requested.

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“Don’t you have bodyguards?”

“They have already gotten off work.” The way she took it for granted that Larry should be there to take over her bodyguard’s job made him want to slap her in the face.

“Care to eat together?” she asked again.

“No. I’ll send you back to the hotel.”

Della had gotten used to his seriousness. Hence, it was within her expectation that he would turn her down.

Later, a car pulled off in front of the hotel. Larry pushed her shoulder gently and urged, “That’s it. Off you go! Have a good night!”

Pointing at the hotel, Della reminded, “Remember, I’m staying here. Come and find me when you have the time.”

Hearing that, Larry remained silent and drove off as soon as Della got off the car.

Ugh! I’ve had enough! What the hell is Caspian doing? Didn’t I ask him to keep Della busy and keep an eye on her?

When he arrived home, Joan had dozed off on the couch. The woman looked tired.

Seeing that, he gently shook her awake. “Joan, wake up. I’m back. Go and sleep in the bedroom.”

Joan rolled over and muttered, “Ugh...”

In her half-awake state, she asked, “Ms. Young, is Larry back?”

“Yes. Come, let’s go to the bedroom.” With that, Larry carried her in bridal style all the way to the bedroom.

Did she stay up all night? He couldn’t help feeling sorry as he looked at the woman on the bed.

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The next day, Larry woke up and headed to the office early in the morning. Joan soon woke up as well after sensing the other side of the bed was empty.

As she walked down the stairs, Delilah called out from the living room, "You're up? Get ready and have your breakfast. We're going downtown today."

Joan was stunned as she stood rooted to her spot. Did I hear it correctly? Ms. Young wanted to go downtown?

"Ms. Young, do you want to buy something? Actually, you can ask Larry to get it for you," she suggested.

Delilah shook her head. "No. I'm going there to meet an old friend."

Hearing that, Joan fell into silence while gazing at Delilah curiously. But why is she bringing me along to meet her old friend?

"Don't think too much. I'm old now, and I have a poor sense of direction, so I'm bringing you along to show me the way."

Oh, I see. Joan heaved a sigh of relief, for she initially thought Delilah had done something again behind her back.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2500

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2500

Suddenly, Delilah said, "Yesterday, Larry came home rather late."

Well, indeed. Joan vaguely remembered Larry carrying her into the bedroom. She nodded and then asked, "When are we leaving?"

"Now. So hurry and have your breakfast."

Why are we in such a hurry? Nevertheless, Joan complied as she trotted toward the dining room.

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She finished her breakfast in no time. Soon, the two were ready to go.

“This old friend of mine had helped me a lot when I was young. I heard that she is in poor health, so I need to visit her. It is such an unforgettable past. Back then, ...”

Delilah started telling Joan about her past.

As people grew old, they would always reminisce about the good old days. Delilah was no exception. It was only that she had hidden those memories in her heart when those people whom she was once familiar with walked out of her life.

“... That’s why I feel so close to Nancy. When you get old, you will feel happy as well when you recall all those sweet memories.”

Delilah’s words really tugged at Joan’s heartstrings.

How time flies when moments become memories in the blink of an eye! Life was short, and it would only be meaningful if one made the most of time.

“Ms. Young, you’re a kind and friendly woman. Did you have a lot of girlfriends back then?” Joan asked.

“I wouldn’t say I have a lot of besties, but I sure have a lot of friends. They loved to hang out with me. However, we slowly lost contact after they got married,” Delilah spoke with a hint of melancholy in her voice.

In life, everyone would have to experience countless separations and reunions.

Later that day, in the ward.

“How are you? Do you feel better?” Delilah asked with her voice full of concern.

Lying on the bed was an amicable-looking old lady. “Why do you come all the way here?” she asked.

“I’m here to see you. What, do you not welcome me?” Delilah pouted, pretending to be offended.

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It was the first time Joan saw Delilah acting so childish, and it showed that the latter was close to that old lady.

“Who’s this young lady? Your daughter?” the old lady queried, looking at Delilah doubtfully.

“No, but I treat her like my daughter,” Delilah replied.

Although they hadn’t met for a long time, the two went on and on, catching up with one another without any signs of awkwardness. Joan watched them silently from the side, a twinge of envy brewing.

Perhaps when she got old, she could still have high tea and talk about naughty grandchildren or even go shopping with her friends.

It would be a blessing to keep in contact with her friends, just like Delilah and that old lady.

Just then, her phone in her purse rang. As soon as she answered the call, Larry’s voice was heard over the phone, “Where are you? Why is there nobody at home?”

In a soft voice, she answered, “Ms. Young went to visit his old friend, and she brought me along. Why did you call?”

“When are you guys coming back? I’ll go fetch you.”

“There is no need. We’re going home soon.”

They then ended the call after a short chat.

Soon after, Delilah approached her and asked, “Who’s that? Larry?”

Joan replied, “Yes. He’s home now.”

Meanwhile, Larry was bored sitting on the couch in the living room while looking at the empty house.

Lucius, Joan and Delilah was out. He felt lonely being the only one at home.

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Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice calling out viciously, "Joan Watts!"

It's her? What is she doing here? Instantly, Larry made his way toward the door to see Gabriela calling Joan's name outside the house.

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