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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2511 - 2520

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2511

"No, it's not that far from here. I'll walk." Joan spun and paced off in the other direction.

Back home, Larry snored soundly on the sofa while Delilah and Lucius were still tucked away in bed. The three of them remained in a harmonious state of slumber.

Right then, Joan gently opened the door. She tip-toed as quietly as a mouse for fear of waking anyone.

"You're home," Larry murmured whilst rubbing his eyes.

This startled Joan, who then shut the door and curtly responded, "Yeah."

"Joan, are you still mad at me? I swear that there's nothing between Gabriella and me. What happened that day was an accident. Please hear me out this once?" Panic and sorrow smeared all over Larry's face as he stumbled towards her.

Fine. Let's say that there's really nothing between him and Gabriella. Then what about Della?

Joan climbed onto the bed and uttered softly, "I see."

"Are you still upset?" His voice was brittle.

"Larry, we'll talk after you sort out the mess on your end. I'm too exhausted to deal with you now." There was something hollow about Joan's voice as if she were barely holding herself together from collapsing.

Larry tensed with confusion at her dismissal.

"What do you mean by that?" His brows lowered at once.

At this, Joan's head fell back as she sneered. How can he not understand when I made it so clear for him? Isn't he supposed to be the intelligent one?

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Her lips curled disdainfully at the muddled look on his face. She spat, "Della approached me. She told me that she's your girlfriend."

All color drained from Larry's face at once. Then he stormed out the room without so much as another word.

"Della! Why the hell did you approach Joan?" Larry barked into his phone as he paced back and forth.

On the other end, Della teased as if she were oblivious to his anger. "And what's wrong with that?"

"I warned you to never show up in front of Joan!"

Something inside Larry snapped. His jaw twitched as a hideously red shade of anger seeped across his face. He had always handled Joan's feelings with the utmost care, especially within their relationship. Yet, Della had to come along and stomp around on their relationship.

Della wasn't in the mood to argue with him on a call, so she hung up before he could say more.

Sizzling with anger, Larry left for work. He marched into the office with a stern expression. Seeing this, Caspian hurriedly approached him. "Larry, what's the matter? Who's crossed you?"

"Who else?" Larry's voice boomed as he walked over to his desk.

Jessica? No, it can't be. He literally bought her a meal a few days ago. Joan? Nah. Why would Joan ever go out of her way to upset Larry? Could it be... Ms. Duff?

Caspian cautiously proceeded to test if his guess was correct. "Larry, shall we go and talk things out with Ms. Duff?"

"No need! I'm here!" Della's voice roared louder as she welcomed herself into Larry's office.

Her gaze shot over to Larry as she shrilled out, "What's the rush? And why are you so rude to me?"

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White-hot fury burst from within him. He couldn't stifle his anger any longer as he thundered at her, "I've told you before; there will never be anything between us. So how dare you keep disregarding my words!"

"I only approached Joan because I wanted to communicate and socialize with her. It's not like I hurt her or anything!" Della stubbornly said.

This jerk! How dare he accuse me of having malicious intentions?

"What for? There's absolutely no reason for you to reach out to Joan!" Larry growled.

"There is. I told her that I wanted a fair competition against her to win you over!" Della interjected with an equally loud snarl.

In the seconds that followed, a heavy silence permeated in the air around them.

"There's no need to compete," Larry declared. Disgust was evident in his rumbling voice, "She's already miles ahead of you. You've lost way before you've even begun."

How cruel! Does this mean that he won't even give me a chance? A strange emotion flickered in Della's pupils as she gazed intensely at him.

At this, Caspian immediately stepped in and tried to diffuse the tension. "Ms. Duff, Larry isn't in the best of moods now. Why don't you come back tomorrow?"

"That won't be necessary!" Larry interjected. He then met her eyes with his own cold gaze. "I'm drawing the line once and for all, so let me make myself extremely clear, Della. I never had, and never will have, any emotional or physical attraction for you."

His words were resolute and directly attacked Della's pride, making her burn red in embarrassment.

It didn't take long before she stomped off like a humiliated child. Frantic at the sight of this, Caspian excused himself and scurried after her. Eventually, Larry was the only person left in the office. He rested his head on the table as a gloomy expression coated his face.

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"Ms. Duff, please don't be too offended by Larry's words. He really cares about Joan, so..." Caspian faltered.

So? That doesn't excuse him for yelling hurtful words at me! Della huffed in utter annoyance.

"Caspian!" Jessica suddenly leaped towards them from out of the blue.

Caspian turned to ask her, "What brings you here?"

Before responding, Jessica sized up Della before doing the same with Caspian. Jealousy fizzled inside Jessica's chest as she eyeballed the two with suspicion.

"Did I interrupt you from chatting up some hot chick?" she intentionally spat whilst side-eyeing Della.

"I'll get going now since I've got matters to attend to." Della then spun on her heels and left without waiting for a response.

"Ms. Duff, allow me to send you off..." Caspian mumbled.

Before he could finish his sentence, Jessica yanked him by the ears.

This made him scream out, "O-ouch! Ouch, that really hurts!"

She shot him a beady-eyed glare as she threatened, "You're offering to send her off?"

"No-nope! She can see herself out," Caspian surrendered.

Some distance away, Della had overheard their commotion. She couldn't help but feel envious of Jessica and Caspian's loving relationship.

Right after, Jessica invited herself into Larry's office and announced that she had something to discuss with him.

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Larry couldn't be bothered to lift his head off the table as he commanded, "Get on with it."

Jessica instantly knew that he was upset from his intimidating tone and voice.

"Actually, it's nothing serious. I just wanted to discuss about the bookstore with you..."  
Jessica muttered whilst twiddling her thumbs.

She felt a little deflated, knowing that he probably didn't have the heart to go through future development plans for her bookstore business.

Much to her surprise, Larry shot upright in his seat. This time, his eyes met hers in a focused stare, "Okay, go on."

These days, Jessica's bookstore business was booming. She had already opened up several franchises in the market, all of which were well-received by customers and clientele alike. Therefore, she had plans to expand her business internationally.

"Do you have a detailed proposal?" Larry inquired, thus formally beginning their business discussion.

Meanwhile, another eager discussion took place in Nancy and Jory's home. Nancy's eyes rounded in disbelief at Joan as she shrieked, "Who the devil is Della? Larry's girlfriend? Joan, you must be out of your mind!"

"Quit yelling at me! That witch called herself his girlfriend. Though, I have to admit that she really is an exceptional woman..." Joan's tone bittered with a hint of jealousy.

"Yeah, but that still doesn't make her Larry's girlfriend!" Nancy urged.

"But she's into Larry..." Joan murmured as her shoulder slumped dejectedly.

This was something that Nancy didn't doubt.

Larry Norton, the president of Norton Corporation. He's got rugged good looks, immeasurable wealth, and an alluring personality; he's basically the ideal husband for most women on this planet. However, he already has someone he loves—Joan!

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“Relax, Larry will never drop you for some random chick.” Nancy shot a comforting smile whilst encouragingly patting Joan’s arm.

Not a moment later, Nancy’s eyes twinkled with an idea. “Let’s go shopping, hmm?”

“I don’t want to,” Joan refused right away.

Nancy understood why; Joan must have felt too mentally and emotionally exhausted to go anywhere.

“Then how about you stay here and watch my kid for me?” Just as this suggestion left Nancy’s mouth, she excitedly snatched up her bag and dashed out the living room without giving Joan a chance to refuse.

This woman... how could she be so shameless to ditch her baby with me while she goes shopping? An amused sigh slipped out from Joan’s lips as she watched Nancy scamper away.

“Ms. Watts, let me.” One of the maids offered to hold the baby instead.

“It’s okay. I’m not tired,” Joan flashed a soft smile as she politely declined.

She stayed on the sofa whilst cooing lovingly at Nancy’s baby in her arms. This scene was so heartwarming that even the butler, who stood aside, cracked the faintest smile.

Thud! Back at Larry’s office, someone had kicked the door open.

“Who’s there?” Larry called out.

“Me!” Nancy stepped in and shot a death-stare at him.

“Nancy? What are you doing here?” Larry asked. His eyes rounded with curiosity.

“I’m here to see you...” Nancy spoke in a normal tone before suddenly yelling out, “and this Della of yours!”

Della again? Larry felt his temples tighten with an oncoming headache.

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Wait. Hold on. Did Della approach her too? That doesn't make sense!

"What did Della want with you?" Larry asked immediately.

"What on earth is going on, Larry? First, Gabriella and now Della? Do you truly love Joan at all?" Nancy didn't hold back. Her question struck him like an unforgiving whip.

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Larry uttered in response, "Of course I do! I just... I have a lot on my plate recently, things that I need to deal with one by one."

"You'd better come clean now. What kind of relationship do you and Della have?"

"She saved me once..." Larry explained everything to Nancy and asked her to relay this information to Joan. This was because he knew that he was the last person Joan wanted to see now.

"You're kidding! Love at first sight?" Nancy's eyes widened as if they were about to pop out.

Larry shrugged. "Who knows? Maybe she lied about it. I can only guarantee that I have no attraction whatsoever for her."

Seeing how frazzled the man before her looked, Nancy decided against asking any more questions. Her main goal for being here was to find the truth. And now, she had finally connected the dots.

"So what will you do?"

"I'm going to ask Joan to marry me," Larry answered without a trace of doubt.

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Nancy's jaw dropped at this. He thinks that by marrying Joan, these problems will be eliminated and averted. Little does he know... in this very moment, Joan has lost all intention of ever marrying him.

In another office, Jory invited, "Why don't you come over to my place today?"

"Sure. Are you personally preparing me a meal then?" Dustin responded.

"Of course! Let's go!" The two then exited their office and merrily hopped onto their car.

When they arrived, Dustin was shocked to see a familiar woman sitting on Jory's sofa.

"Joan? Why are you here?"

"I came to visit Nancy and the baby," Joan answered softly whilst rocking the baby.

"Where did Nancy go?" Jory asked. He had glanced around earlier but realized that Nancy was nowhere to be found.

"She went out for some errands. I'm sure she'll be back soon," the butler hurriedly responded.

Jory twitched uncomfortably after hearing this. How could she trouble our guest like this? Having them watch over our baby? Ridiculous! Where are this woman's manners? Jory removed his coat and tossed it aside. A terrifying glint flickered in his cold gaze.

"Aren't you a sweet little thing? Come on, give Uncle Dustin a hug," Dustin cooed whilst approaching the baby.

"Here." Joan let out a burst of bubbly laughter, then gently placed the baby in Dustin's cradling arms.

An air of harmony surrounded the two as they lightly tickled and wiggled their eyebrows to entertain the baby. Jory watched them from the kitchen. He shook his head, finding it a shame that the two weren't romantically involved.

If only Joan reciprocated Dustin's feelings... she would lead a much happier life than the one she currently has. Not wanting to dwell on such thoughts, Jory turned away to focus on preparing the meal.

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"I'm back, Joan!" The main door opened to reveal a cheerful Nancy who had a skip in her step as she rushed in.

"Come and rest now that you're back," Joan greeted warmly.

In the kitchen, Jory had heard Nancy's voice but refused to acknowledge her return. He focused on chopping up the ingredients instead, pretending as if nothing happened.

The truth was that Jory and Nancy's marriage was starting to decline.

Many said that married couples would have to pass the "seven-year itch" before their relationships were sturdy enough to last forever. However, Nancy and Jory's marriage were nowhere near seven years, but it already had its itches.

"Hubby!" Nancy hopped into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around Jory's waist.

"Hmm?" Jory asked.

"When did you get back? Did you have to entertain any business clients? Were you around any other prettier women..."

Nancy's questions came one after the other like multiple train wrecks all at once. For some reason, Jory felt repulsed by her interrogative behavior.

"Nancy, I really don't want to fight when we have guests over. Go rest up somewhere while I prepare the meal," Jory instructed coldly.

Nancy bombarded him with these questions whenever he got home from work. He wouldn't have minded if it were once or twice. However, his patience was wearing thin now that he had to put up with these questions every single day.

Truthfully, Nancy only reacted this way out of insecurity. It was because she no longer felt like herself ever since she had given birth. Her skin had become textured, and she had lost her toned physique. On top of that, she barely had time to do her makeup or dress up nice anymore.

Everything was different now; she had sacrificed almost every glamorous aspect of her life for the sake of her child.

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Her worries intensified whenever Jory went out to entertain potential business partners. She was afraid that he would abandon her to be with some prettier woman at any given moment. However, what she didn't know was that Jory would never do that to her.

Joan could sense that something was wrong in the kitchen. Deciding it wasn't her place to say anything, she side-eyed Jory but kept her mouth shut.

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Nancy dragged herself back to the living room and picked up her baby. She suppressed any hint of hurt from earlier, replacing it with a hearty chuckle as she baby-talked her child.

"Is everything alright, Nancy?" Joan asked worriedly. However, Nancy shook her head without uttering a word.

The couple's tension didn't go unnoticed by Dustin, who headed towards the kitchen and patted Jory's back. "Aren't you going to comfort her? She looks a little sad."

"Leave me be. I've got my hands full here." Jory ushered him away.

What's up with these two? Dustin glanced at the man before him, then looked over at the two women in the living room. A frown crept onto his face as he asked, "Did you two argue?"

"Shut up!" Jory bared his teeth and snarled.

Despite this, things were significantly improving back at the office. Caspian barged in and announced, "Larry, I've got some good news!"

"Get to it then," Larry ordered.

Caspian understood and got to it. "Gabiella left!"

Larry's spine straightened at this. His eyes twinkled in a focused stare that urged Caspian to continue speaking.

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To this, Caspian gladly obliged. "I heard that she's being sent abroad by her dad for causing quite a ruckus."

Finally, some good news! That's one less problem to deal with. Larry exhaled deeply with relief, loosening his tensed jaw from the earlier events.

"So now, Ms. Duff is the only meddlesome thing on your deal-with list."

If only it were that easy; Della's constant disruption in my life is equivalent to that of two Gabriellas. Larry's lips tensed in frustration as he was still very much in a pickle.

"I think that you should resolve this as quickly as possible. Della's feelings for you may grow stronger, and if that happens..." Caspian's voice trailed hesitantly.

Although Caspian didn't finish speaking, Larry knew exactly what he was getting at; Della would leech onto him even more than she did now. However, Larry had no idea what could deter Della, apart from marrying Joan.

At Jory and Nancy's residence, Nancy had explained everything to Joan. "Do you understand it now, Joan? None of this is Larry's fault—it's Della's. She is the one who keeps throwing herself at him."

It turned out that Joan had misunderstood after all. Realizing this made Joan's chest tighten with an overwhelming sense of guilt.

Nancy could tell that Joan was on the brink of blaming herself, so she advised, "You guys should stop with the cold shoulders now."

"I know." Joan's voice came out like a whisper.

"So you're forgiving him, right?"

"There is nothing to forgive. I can only choose to understand his circumstances. Now, don't you get all worked up. I know what to do," Joan stated calmly.

She was never an unreasonable woman, so there was no need to question Larry's loyalty now that Nancy had explained everything.

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Seeing that the mood was improving, Nancy leaned into Joan's ear with more information to spill. "Tell you what; Larry seems to be preparing a marriage proposal for you."

"Tell him that I won't accept," Joan declared coldly.

This caught Nancy by surprise. Wait. Didn't she forgive him? So why the sudden tantrum again?

"Joan, what is exactly is the matter with you? Do you not want a married life with Larry? Weren't you happy back when you two were together?"

"It's not that. It's just... I want him to sort out his private affairs before thinking about marriage."

The simple truth was that her thoughts were completely opposite to Larry's. Larry hoped that if he were married, then Della would have to live with his rejection. On the other hand, Joan wanted Larry to remove Della from the equation before she dedicated her whole life to him.

Both these thoughts made perfect sense and were absolutely normal. They just tackled the issue from different angles.

"But Joan... have you considered that Della might take advantage of the fact that you and Larry aren't married? She might use that excuse to seduce him!" Panic surged in Nancy's voice.

Joan obviously knew of the risks, but she wasn't frightened. True love is not fickle. If Larry's feelings for me are true blue, then it won't matter if Della or Gabriella interferes because he will remain unwaveringly loyal to me.

So Joan answered determinedly, "That's fine."

Later on, Nancy called Larry and spared no detail about Joan's refusal to marry him. Larry's smile fell into a darkened frown when he first heard this. However, the more he pondered about it, the more his balled-up fists relaxed as he understood the reason behind Joan's determined rejection.

I'll wait for her hand in marriage, regardless of how long it takes!

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Caspian had been in the office this whole time. He couldn't help but ask, "What are your thoughts, Larry? Are you following through with Joan's plan?"

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"Yep," Larry responded.

"But Della isn't some innocent girl that you can turn away easily," Caspian warned.

"Don't worry, I'll manage it."

"Manage what?" Della provoked stridently. She had entered the office again without them realizing it.

An awkward silence filled the space right after she spoke.

Unbothered by this, Della strutted over to Larry's desk and leaned over it. She batted her eyelashes whilst speaking in a sickeningly sweet voice, "Seems like there's been less riff-raff around you, hmm?"

Larry didn't think much of this. He responded briskly, "Yeah."

Then it hit him. He shot a sharp, suspicious stare at the woman in front of him.

She did that?

A sinisterly proud smile crept across Della's face. "That's right. I did it."

Caspian's feet shuffled awkwardly at the scene before him. He hadn't the slightest clue what the two were talking about.

"There's nothing that I can't do once I set my heart to it." Della's chest perked confidently as if she were displaying her immeasurable power.

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She then continued with a venomous hiss, "Sloppy women like Gabriella aren't worthy of being around you."

Realization swarmed through Caspian's mind right then and there. Gabriella being sent abroad was Della's doing! This woman attacks fast.

"Just like how I haven't laid a finger on Joan because I don't see a need to eliminate her just yet," Della subtly threatened whilst raising her shoulders into a casual shrug.

She's threatening me? Larry gradually rose from his seat. His furious gaze intensified on her in an unyielding manner.

"I heard that you're proposing to her," Della snarled. She sprawled herself onto the couch and mocked, "Do you really think that marrying her will stop me from pursuing you? How naive."

What a vile woman—I can't believe she would say such ruthless, shameless things! Caspian's lips twitched in shock.

"Ms. Duff, you must have misheard. Larry's too busy these days to even have time to plan a wedding. That's nothing but a silly rumor," Caspian said in hopes of diffusing the situation.

Then Larry's voice boomed out, "Those aren't rumors!"

He then continued sullenly, "Joan and I will eventually be married. I hope you get this into that thick head of yours."

"Aren't you concerned that I may actually do something to Joan?" Della asked.

The two men were aware that Della was forced to hold back from attacking Joan this whole time. However, they also knew that Della might lose her cool one day. If that happened, then there was no doubt that Della would take violent measures to satisfy her hatred against Joan.

Larry challenged her question by asking her another, "Why can't we just be good business partners?"

"I don't want to be business partners! I want us to be husband and wife!"

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It's quite remarkable that she dares to convey her wish so determinedly. A deep sense of respect swelled in Caspian's chest for Della's boldness.

Surrounded by an uncomfortable silence, Della uttered a quick farewell before leaving. "I've got other things to do. I'll be off."

Larry froze on the spot as he hung his head in grief and dejection.

"She's actually pretty manly," Caspian whispered in awe.

"Get out of my face!" Larry barked at wit's end.

"What in the world is going on? How dare you yell at my husband!" Jessica growled defensively while putting down her handbag.

Caspian grinned effervescently at being called her husband. He then played along and stood behind Jessica with his chest puffed in delight.

"Who are you calling your husband?" Larry questioned.

"Him!" Jessica retorted whilst pointing at Caspian.

From boyfriend to husband at this sudden rate? That seems like something these two would do, Larry nodded to himself.

He then interrogated further, "When are the two of you planning to get married?"

The man and woman before him became deadly silent. That was because Jessica didn't have plans to get married in the next few years.

Not wanting to stay in this situation, Caspian dashed outside the office to retrieve a parcel he had collected from earlier. He then returned to the office and placed it on Larry's desk. "Larry, there was a delivery for you."

"Who's it from?" Larry asked, but kept his gaze on Jessica.

"I'm not sure. It's anonymously signed," Caspian replied.

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At this, Larry raised an unnerved brow as he looked over to the parcel. An anonymously signed parcel? There must be some hidden agenda. Larry immediately dropped the conversation with Jessica. He waved her off, then dashed over to rip open the small, book-sized parcel.

Thump! A stack of photos fell out haphazardly—they were photos of Joan and Dustin when the two previously spent a night on the beach together.

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An ominous aura emitted from Larry. No wonder she didn't come home that night. It was because she was out with that rotten scumbag, Dustin again!

"What's wrong, Larry?" Caspian asked after sensing something was off.

He approached the desk and was flabbergasted by the countless images. He gasped, "Impossible. Maybe these are edited?"

"They're not!" Larry was well-versed in the subject of photoshop. He could easily tell that these photos were untouched and unedited copies.

Sh\*t. He's definitely upset now. Caspian nervously eyed Larry, whose complexion had darkened into a hideously brown shade of rage.

"Larry, we can't arrive at rash conclusions just based on these pictures. Your best option is to ask Joan what happened," Caspian advised with a cautious tone.

"No," came Larry's curt reply.

This wasn't at all an uncommon sight for Caspian as he knew Larry like the back of his hand. Once Larry made up his mind, there was no convincing him otherwise as he would react by mulishly holding his ground.

"You shouldn't make such negative assumptions, Larry. Joan isn't that kind of woman—"

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“Get out!” Larry interrupted.

Hurt, Caspian clamped his lips shut and left the office.

What’s up with all these sudden incidents? Caspian let out a sigh as his shoulders slumped frustratedly.

Screw it. I’ll call Joan and let her know.

“What photos?” Joan sounded confused after Caspian informed her of the parcel’s disturbing contents.

“The ones where you and Dustin were on the beach.”

Within seconds, a sharp inhale came from Joan as she recalled going out that night. She didn’t expect anyone to be so interested in her private life. Joan knew that Gabriella wasn’t the one who had sent the photos as she was already long gone.

“Yeah, I spent a night with Dustin on the beach,” Joan admitted frankly.

There’s nothing to hide. I’ll take responsibility for my actions. Besides, my conscience is clear because I didn’t do anything that betrayed Larry in any way.

“Joan, you should explain everything to Larry. He’s absolutely fuming right now,” Caspian suggested.

“There’s no need for that,” Joan ended the call immediately after saying that.

Why are they so hot-headed? Caspian sighed at the two stubborn lovers.

Meanwhile, Joan was fuming for a completely different reason. Why do I have to explain myself to the man who’s supposed to understand me best? Why bother if Larry suspects that Dustin and I have something romantic going on? My explanations will be futile anyway.

“What’s wrong, Joan?” Delilah asked out of concern.

“Nothing,” Joan muttered a quick response whilst shaking her head.

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“Did you and Larry get into another argument again?”

“No, Ms. Young. Please don’t worry,” Joan reassured.

In the office, Caspian glanced at his phone. His lips pursed in a desperate hesitation before finally dialing Jessica’s number. He told everything to her and requested if she could convince Joan to clear the air with Larry.

“Got it. I’ll go over to Joan now.” Jessica promised in a salute-like manner.

Before she could hang up, Caspian interjected, “Don’t forget to mind your tone! Play nice when convincing her. Joan isn’t as boisterous as you are, you crazy woman.”

“What did you say, Caspian? Say it again! I dare you!” Jessica shrieked at the top of her lungs

“I said that my wife is the world’s most adorable human being ever...” He immediately sang a different tune.

Caspian wondered why Joan had suddenly become so stubborn. However, he didn’t dare to ask, so all he could do was shove everything onto Jessica and hope for the best. After all, it was easier for women to share private topics amongst themselves. Perhaps Joan might feel comfortable opening up if Jessica was the one convincing her.

Not long after, Jessica met up with Joan. She asked, “Why don’t you want to explain things to Larry?”

“There’s not much to explain. If he trusts me, then he won’t need my explanation at all,” Joan’s lips curled against her teeth.

Upon hearing this, everything became crystal clear to Jessica.

The two lovers were quarreling because they refused to give in and admit defeat. They were only acting out of stubborn pride.

“Well, you should still talk things out with Larry,” Jessica continued cautiously.

Joan snorted, “What is there to talk about? Will we talk about Della, his new girlfriend?”

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Oh? This bitter tone... she must be jealous! Jessica's eyes twinkled at this juicy new bit of information.

She feigned a sincere expression. "Well, Della's actually an outstanding woman—the best if there ever was. Most importantly, she's an ambitious career woman. I'd marry her in a heartbeat if I were a man. It's just a pity that Larry isn't the least bit interested in her."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2517

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2517

Although Joan's expression was blank, she secretly felt a wave of relief as her mind registered what Jessica had just said.

This was because she was ready to accept whatever fate had in store for her; if Della meant more to Larry than all those years that she and Larry had spent together, then so be it.

"Alright. Come on, let's go grab a bite together." Jessica then held Joan's hand and led her outside.

"Tell me the truth, Joan." Jessica casually looked over at Joan. "Are you pissed?"

"What do you think? How would you feel if this happened to you and Caspian? Would you be upset?" Joan questioned whilst glancing briefly at her.

"He wouldn't dare. If he tries, then I'll make sure to kick him in the family jewels," Jessica joked.

Later, they video-called Nancy, who answered the call with a fierce frown. She let out a pitchy complaint, "How heartless! Ditching me at home while you guys head out for a nice chat over food?"

"Nancy, when will you start being more ladylike?" Jessica frowned back teasingly.

"Forget it! You'll never catch me all prim and proper in this lifetime!" Nancy barked.

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Her menacing tone startled Jessica, who tossed the phone to Joan and scurried off for some water to calm her nerves.

“Alright, you’re the VIP of this friend group, so hurry over! We’ll wait up.” Joan then bid her farewell before hanging up.

She still hadn’t figured out what happened between Nancy and Jory, but she knew that there was definitely trouble in paradise. So she took the opportunity since everyone was unoccupied today to solve Nancy’s body image struggles together.

Jessica had overheard this and was peering over Joan’s shoulders. “You’re really inviting her along?”

Joan nodded. “Yeah. Nancy hasn’t been feeling her best, so we should help her out and give her some advice.”

“I can’t believe it. Nancy’s not feeling her best? But she’s always so bubbly and overly hyper,” Jessica mumbled.

“Who’s calling me overly hyper?” Oh my! How the devil did she appear so quickly? Jessica massaged her temples as if she had a headache.

Seeing Nancy close in from afar, Jessica scrambled to cover her tracks. “N-no one! I meant myself—I called myself overly hyper.”

Back at the office, Della appeared once again. She took out some lunchboxes and placed them on a nearby table. “Here are your lunches. I made them myself.”

Larry disregarded her. Instead, he buried his head into his regular mountain-like pile of work. Caspian, on the other hand, looked at the woman with his jaw dropped onto the ground.

A strong businesswoman like her knows how to cook? Unbelievable!

“Larry!” Caspian whispered.

“Don’t talk to me!” Larry snapped in response.

Caspian’s gaze flung back to Della. He could only stare helplessly at the woman.

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"It's fine if he's not hungry. You have some," Della offered whilst pointing at the lunchboxes in front of them.

"Why don't we eat together?" Caspian uttered awkwardly.

"I've already ate," Della murmured.

During their awkward exchange, Larry hadn't even moved one bit. It was apparent that he was displeased by Della's presence.

Regardless, Della still sat on the sofa and had her eyes pinned on Larry. Every so often, she would readjust her position by crossing her legs, leaning forwards, straightening her back, tapping her fingers, and so on. She did all of that in hopes of piquing Larry's attention. Larry knew that she was watching him with eagle eyes. However, he feigned ignorance and continued about his business.

Perhaps it was to reduce this awkward atmosphere, but Caspian pretended to really enjoy the food. He hoped that his little gesture would give her the recognition that she wanted.

"I appreciate this, Ms. Duff," Caspian blurted out.

"It's nothing," Della blandly responded.

"Don't bother doing this anymore. I won't eat a single bite of the meals you make," Larry grumbled without looking at her.

"But Caspian enjoys my cooking," Della whined.

"Who says so?" Larry raised his head and shot a wide-eyed glare at Caspian.

"Oh, um... Ms. Duff, I don't normally enjoy this style of food. Perhaps you should save it for someone else." Caspian swapped alliances in an instant, taking Larry's side of the argument.

That's a big fat lie! These are all really scrumptious! Caspian scolded inwardly. He stifled a pout at the well-prepped lunchbox before him. If only she could deliver me lunchboxes every day...

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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2518

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"Is it not good?" Della turned to look at Caspian and asked with a serious look on her face.

It tastes so damn good.

Caspian hesitated for a moment before nodding his head in the end.

"It's just not to my taste," he added.

Larry looked at his best friend, and his lips curled into a slight smile.

"Then what do you guys like to eat? I can make them next time..."

"There's no next time!" Larry interrupted her before she could finish.

The air grew still.

"Della, it's really pointless for you to do something like this. My feelings toward Joan will not change!" Larry said with a determined tone.

"Ms. Duff, I think you still don't understand Larry. He will not go back on his decision once he's made up his mind. It's really pointless for you to make him food every day. The timing makes all the difference when it comes to fate. You're just a little too late," Caspian whispered.

She was not just a little too late. In fact, she was late by a few years! Della clenched her fist as her eyes burned with fury.

Do I really not stand even the slightest chance? Or do I have to take a more extreme approach? Della was at a loss on her next course of action.

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She revered the man, but it did not mean that he could just trample all over her dignity like that.

"Larry, my patience has its limits. I'm a woman with principles!" Della berated as she could no longer hold her anger.

"Yes, I am a principled man too," Larry lifted his head and replied impassively.

"Great, since you're that heartless toward me, there's no need for me to put up an amiable front with you!" The woman shouted before she turned on her heels to leave the office.

Caspian sprung up from the sofa and looked apprehensive.

"Larry, is Della going to make her move?" Caspian asked.

"Yes, go protect Joan!" Larry hurriedly said.

Caspian dashed out of the door without further hesitation.

"What's the matter? I stayed up so late last night, and only managed to fall asleep just moments ago..." The woman on the bed said in a coy manner.

"Jessica! You have to wake up and go look for Joan! She's going to be in trouble!" Caspian said anxiously.

Jessica sprung out of the bed after listening to him and sobered up, "Okay! I'll get over there right now!" She headed for the door even without putting on a coat.

"What are you saying? I'm doing alright here." Joan said calmly over the phone.

"Joan! Where are you? I'm going to meet you right now!" Jessica asked aloud as she ran.

"I'm home. Lucius wants to eat meatloaf. I'm making it for him," Joan replied.

"Great, then lock your door right now. Don't let Della in!"

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Joan was flabbergasted by her words. "Jessica, are you alright? Why are you mentioning Della all of a sudden?"

"There's no time to explain right now. Lock your door, and do not open it for anyone other than Caspian and me!"

Bang! Right then, Joan's door was kicked down.

Jessica was stumped as she heard the commotion over the phone. I'm too late. They already made it there.

"Who are you guys?" Joan put down her phone and yelled at the men fanned out before her.

"It's me!" Della appeared from behind the men.

"What are you doing here?"

"For Larry, of course!" Della beckoned at the men behind her with her right hand, and they tied Joan up.

"What are you doing?"

"Joan, I had wanted to solve the problem amicably, but Larry left me no choice with his heartless ways. As a result, you're going to suffer my wrath!" Della entered the car as she said.

"Let me go, Della! This is clearly a matter between the two of you, and you guys are supposed to settle it. What does it have anything to do with me?" Joan screamed as she was dragged into the car.

"Larry would not have rejected me like that if it wasn't for you!" Della roared, exasperated at the woman who was standing in between her and Larry.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2519

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2519

Della had suffered the humiliation for many days, and she could no longer tolerate it further. If she could compete against Joan on a level playing ground, she would not have ended up completely defeated.

“Larry had chosen to be with you right from the very beginning. He is not even giving me a chance!”

Joan had foreseen that things would take such a turn, and was not at all surprised.

“I’ve said that I would respect Larry’s every decision...”

“But have you guys ever considered how I feel? I’ve come so far just because of him, and he rejects me just like that!”

Doesn’t she understand that this is the consequence of her own choice?

One would not necessarily reap what they sowed in love, and one had to accept the outcome, no matter good or bad.

“Della, unlike your career, love doesn’t necessarily bear fruit, even if you work hard at it.”

All attempts to talk sense into Della were in vain as Joan found herself being locked inside a dark room. Nobody responded despite her crying her lungs out.

“Where is she?” Jessica shouted in the living room.

“Who are you looking for?” Delilah asked.

“Ms. Young, have you seen Joan?” Jessica asked exasperatedly.

“Isn’t she at home?” Delilah dashed into her room to check.

As expected, Joan was not in sight after she searched the whole house.

“Did something happen?” Delilah asked in a stern tone.

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“Yes, it seems like Della has made her move,” Jessica replied.

Delilah had heard things about Della, and she knew about the woman.

“Where is Larry? Let him settle this!” Delilah took out her phone and was about to dial his number.

Meanwhile, Larry was pacing back and forth in his office anxiously. “Yes, Ms. Young. Don’t worry, I will make sure everything is alright...” Larry replied in a low voice.

Smack! The man hurled the phone to the floor, startling Caspian who was standing aside as the latter retreated a few steps back.

“What’s the matter, Larry?” Caspian asked.

“Joan has been taken away by Della.”

Damn it, that woman is still not giving up! Larry punched at the wall, and soon blood seeped through his fingers from the momentum.

“Larry!” Caspian shouted as he looked warily at the man.

“Call Della. I want to see her.” Larry took the phone on the table and walked out of his office.

Caspian complied and called the woman to convey Larry’s message.

“Now? Isn’t it a little bit late?” Della replied impassively.

“No, it’s not late at all, Ms. Duff. Larry had wanted to talk things out with you. He just didn’t have the time previously,” Caspian explained.

“So, now that Joan is missing, suddenly he has the time to talk to me?”

Why does she have to set me up like that? Caspian breathed in deeply and attempted to appease her again.

His efforts proved to be in vain as Della refused to meet Larry.

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"Didn't I ask you to call her? Where is she?" Larry barked in the café.

"Larry, she doesn't want to see you," Caspian muttered.

Is she throwing a tantrum? Larry slammed at the table as his eyes burned with fury.

"Where the hell is she? At the office?" Larry asked.

"I think she's home."

Della had bought a villa right after getting to the city while Larry remained oblivious to it all.

"Send the address to me!" The man demanded before he left.

How dare she lay a finger on my woman! I will not let her off the hook easy!

Bang bang bang! The banging on the door annoyed Della who was in the living room.

"Who is that?" She asked aloud.

Nobody answered the door, but the knocking continued. In the end, she could no longer tolerate the commotion and called security.

"Mister, you're causing a disturbance. Please follow us." A few security personnel made their way over.

"Della, get the hell out of there!" Larry did not give a damn about what others thought about him and berated right at her door.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2520

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Della rushed to her door, and briefly explained the situation to the security guard. Then, she let Larry into the living room.

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“What’s the matter?” She did not see the point of beating around the bush.

It was a rhetorical question anyway. Della knew he was here for Joan.

“Why did you take Joan away? I’ve said that the matter between us does not concern her!”  
The man growled.

“How can you say that? Would you keep rejecting me if it wasn’t for her?” Della retorted.

“Okay, let me cut to the chase then. Even if there is no Joan, and even if I haven’t gotten married before, I wouldn’t have chosen to be together with you, and it is because we are from different worlds, Della!”

Della was astonished to hear him. Am I really that bad? Why does he feel nothing for me?

“Then why don’t you like me?”

“It’s about all feelings when it comes to love. I simply do not have any for you.”

Della was at a loss for words to refute the man.

Feelings were intangible; mysterious. Some people would succumb to feelings at first sight, just like when Della saw Larry for the very first time. Some people would not develop feelings for another person despite having known each other for a very long time, just like Larry toward Della.

“Do you understand, Della? I don’t think you know what love is. Have you ever asked yourself if you truly loved me? Or you’re just feeling indignant that I’m not with you?” Larry continued.

Yes, Larry was right. She refused to accept the truth that Larry did not have any feelings for her. If Joan could make Larry fall for her, why can’t I? She had always gotten what she was after her whole life. Larry was the ruthless reminder that her reality was not all unicorns and rainbows just as she had thought.

“Larry, I love you!”

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“Do you know what love is, really? Love is when you feel happy just because the person you love is happy. Do you know why I haven’t proposed to Joan? It’s because I respect her wishes, just like how she respects mine. Now, that is love.”

His words made her feel like she was a kindergartener bawling for candies, when in fact, she had topped all of her classes throughout her life.

Why am I so stubborn when it comes to love though?

“I know. You’re not deliberately trying to hurt anyone. But Della, are you aware that your impulsive acts could hurt someone? Joan has been through it all – abduction, blackmail, and even attempts of murder, but she has never once considered leaving me. Now, that is love! But she’s a woman, and just like you, she gets heartbroken.

“She just wants to live an ordinary and peaceful life, but you guys keep pushing her into hell...”

Della felt her heart ache for Joan after listening to the man’s words.

When have I become so vicious, and toward another woman, no less?

“Larry, I’m sorry,” Della lowered her head and said in a small voice.

“I’m not the one you should be apologizing to. You should apologize to Joan instead,” the man said bluntly.

Della was good-natured compared to Gabriella. Unlike the latter, she had only committed the wrongdoing because she had been blinded by her impulses. Larry knew that the woman did not intend to hurt Joan in any way.

“But the way you’re being so cold toward me really makes me sad,” the woman explained indignantly.

“I know, and I admit that my attitude toward you that day was rude and uncalled for. I apologize for my behavior, Della. I believe that you’re a rational woman...”

If I had not been that rude toward her, she wouldn’t have abducted Joan, right? Della’s eyes shone with relief at Larry’s apology. However, the woman felt guilty for what she had done.

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“Release Joan right now!”

“What the hell? I’ve just captured her and you’re going to release her already?” A man’s voice rang in the corner.

“Ms. Duff ordered to release her right away,” another man replied.

“What’s with the chatter? Just do as Ms. Duff told us to.”

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