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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2561 - 2570

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2561

"Where are you going?" Delilah asked.

"I'm heading out for a while," Joan answered.

Is she going to see Dustin? Delilah furrowed her eyebrows as she mumbled to herself.

Finally, under pressure from Dustin's guilt-tripping, Joan agreed to work as his maid for the time being.

Standing behind her, Dustin asserted with a smile, "It's a deal, you're not allowed to break your promise."

"I won't. However, I will continue to find you a maid," Joan replied.

She really is a stubborn one. Dustin stared at her affectionately.

"What did you say? Joan is working for Dustin as his maid?" Larry sprang to his feet and exclaimed.

Prior to this, he could tolerate Joan taking care of Dustin as he really needed someone to care for him. But now, there wasn't a need for one as he had fully recovered.

"Larry, let's go and pick Joan up right now," Caspian suggested.

However, Larry knew that she wouldn't give up taking care of Dustin right away.

"Quick, go online and find a maid!" Larry bellowed.

Damn it, Dustin is going overboard with this. Larry banged the table in anger.

"Alright, dinner is ready. I'm going home now," Joan remarked as she packed.

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“Don’t be a stranger, let’s eat together.” Smiling, Dustin pointed to the table filled with food.

“No thanks, I have to cook for my son,” she replied.

“No, there’s no way I can finish everything you have cooked,” Dustin ran toward her and blocked her way.

Staring at him, Joan felt she didn’t have a choice. She didn’t want Dustin to be angry as she was worried he would lose his memory.

“I’ll have a quick bite then,” Joan muttered as she entered the dining room and picked up her fork.

As both of them chatted while eating, it didn’t feel awkward at all. Dustin was enjoying the moment although Joan was feeling impatient.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Suddenly, someone banged on the door furiously.

Who can it be at this hour? Looking at the door, Dustin was filled with a sense of dread.

“Open the door,” Joan reminded him.

“Okay.” He slowly got up and headed over.

“Sorry for interrupting dinner,” Larry greeted him.

“What are you doing here?” Dustin questioned in a hostile tone.

“I’m here to bring you a maid. I heard that you have been looking for one,” Larry replied as he patted the shoulder of the woman beside him.

“Who is it?” Joan asked loudly from the dining room.

“It’s me!” Larry shouted back.

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Standing up at once, Joan hurried to the door. "Why are you here?" Joan asked coquettishly after running into his arms.

"Didn't you ask me to get you a maid? Have you forgotten?" Larry replied as he gently pinched her cheeks.

Joan immediately understood what was going on.

"I'm surprised at how quick you manage to find one," Joan answered, feigning astonishment.

"Hello," the woman beside them greeted.

However, Dustin was visibly upset.

With regards to the maid that Dustin had found him, he nitpicked on everything she did. In just two days, the maid quit immediately. After that, Dustin would call Joan every day, complaining that he was tired, hungry, pitiful, and that there was no one to look after him.

After Joan found out that the maid had quit, she went to see Dustin.

Prior to that, she spoke to the maid and got to know that Dustin had made life difficult for her on purpose.

"Dustin, what kind of maid are you looking for?" Joan asked helplessly.

"Someone like you," he replied cheekily.

"But I'm not a maid and I have my own job," Joan replied in a serious tone.

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“Joan, I love you,” Dustin confessed out of the blue.

In the next second, countless red rose petals drifted from above as melodious music played. A sweet, floral scent of roses wafted in the air.

“Dustin, we have always been close friends,” the woman reminded him.

Still, she was the only one he wanted to be his wife.

“Joan, be my girlfriend,” he added.

“But I’m Larry’s girlfriend,” she answered.

Annoyance pulsed through his veins every time he heard Larry’s name from her.

“We’ve been together for so long. I don’t believe you don’t have any feeling for me.”

Yes, we’ve been together for a long while, but what’s between us isn’t romance, but familial love.

“I’m sorry, Dustin. Larry and I are going to get married soon.” The woman stood up and was about to leave the restaurant.

She refused to give him any false hope, even if she had to lie.

“Why not me?” Dustin questioned.

Turning around, she answered, “Because there’s no love between us.”

“It takes time to fall in love with someone.”

“Sorry, I already have Larry.” Her answer left him feeling helpless.

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Yeah, her heart is already occupied by another man. There's no room for other insignificant people like me. Dejected, Dustin let out a snigger. However, he was not going to give up just yet.

Right then, Joan recalled Larry's words.

Perhaps Dustin has regained his memories, but he hid it from me.

She became suspicious of him because of the housemaid.

"Congratulations!" Jory shouted while walking in.

"What for?" Dustin asked without lifting his head.

"What happened? Did Joan provoke you?" he asked.

Exactly. I finally mustered up the courage to confess to her, but she rejected me with only a few words.

On the couch, Dustin mumbled while swaying the glass of red wine in his hand. "I don't want to talk about it."

Knowing that he had failed again, Jory dropped the subject.

"When are you going to tell her you've regained your memory?"

"No idea. I'll see how it goes. Maybe I'll tell her tomorrow, or I might never tell her for the rest of my life."

It all depends on my mood.

Now Larry and Joan's relationship was in a mess, and the same goes for Caspian and Jessica's as well.

When two people who were in the same boat came together, the atmosphere remained awkward and pessimistic even when they remained silent.

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"What's wrong with you?" Larry asked the man in front of him.

"Nothing." Caspian shook his head, implying that he was fine.

Who is he trying to fool? Judging from his aloof expression, he was obviously feeling vexed right now.

Eventually, the man couldn't stand it anymore.

"Larry, someone is trying to pursue Jessica," he said directly.

"Oh," Larry replied impassively.

"Wait, Larry. Why aren't you surprised at all?"

"What's so surprising about that? Jessica is gorgeous and outstanding. It's only fair that she has many admirers," he answered.

"What should I do now?" Caspian asked again.

"Be as outstanding as she is." At his words, the anxiety and worry within Caspian's heart ceased.

He's right. I have to become more outstanding. Only then I'm worthy of Jessica. Immediately, he stood up and strode out of the office. Picking up a book, he started reading diligently.

Staring at his solemn face, Larry chuckled.

He understood the love Caspian had for Jessica, so he wouldn't make fun of him.

That was exactly how men were when they fell for someone. They were willing to do anything for the sake of the women they loved, even if they didn't like it. That was why he could tolerate and allow Joan to take care of Dustin.

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"Jessica, this is for you." At the entrance of the bookstore, Jasper held a bouquet of roses, carefully handing it to Jessica.

Staring at the red roses, the woman thought of Caspian.

It's been a while since Caspian gave me red roses.

"I'm sorry, I can't accept the flowers," she answered at once.

There was not a hint of astonishment on Jasper's face, as he had anticipated her answer.

"Why? Are you afraid that Caspian will find out about this?" Jasper asked.

Why would I be afraid? Caspian and I have gone through ups and downs, so we know each other well. There's no way we would get worked up or jealous unnecessarily because of trivial matters or unimportant people.

"Caspian is my fiancé. Please don't do this again," she warned.

"I don't mind. I've declared war against him," Jasper replied confidently.

The woman was stunned. Have they met each other?

"That's right! You only need to make the final decision in the end," Caspian proclaimed from some distance away.

In the next second, Jessica turned around and raced over to him.

The way she scampered coquettishly to his side made Jasper green with envy.

"Am I late?" Caspian asked, planting a kiss on her forehead.

"No," Jessica answered while shaking her head. Her countenance was beaming with joy.

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While watching that scene, a sudden realization dawned on Jasper before he turned around and left.

“Joan, your phone is ringing!” Delilah informed her from the living room.

Joan trotted to her phone. Glancing at the name on the screen, she appeared reluctant to pick up the phone.

“Why don’t you answer the call?” Delilah asked.

“No, I don’t want to talk to him.” The woman ended the call and tossed the phone onto the couch.

However, her phone kept on buzzing incessantly.

Delilah couldn’t help but pick the phone up and put it on speaker. “Hello.”

Dustin was taken aback when he heard the elderly woman’s voice, but he pulled himself together right away.

“Hello, Ms. Young. Can I speak to Joan, please?” Dustin said.

“Joan isn’t around.” The woman hung up on him straight away.

Shocked, Dustin stared at his phone with a blank face.

Since when did Ms. Young become so quick-tempered? Fine, I’ll look for her straight away. Wait, no, I can’t do that. Joan still thinks that I have amnesia.

The man retraced his steps at once.

In the meantime, Delilah urged, “Remarry Larry as soon as possible. That’ll save you a lot of hassle.”

Joan nodded her head obediently.

“When are you two going to have the pre-wedding photoshoot?” the woman asked again.

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"I don't know. Larry seems busy lately," she answered.

Hearing her answer, Delilah felt assured.

Previously, every time she brought this topic up, Joan always brushed it off. But this time, the latter didn't do that. Taking out her phone, Delilah went into her bedroom and made a call.

"You and Joan should go for your pre-wedding photoshoot tomorrow," she suggested directly.

Her words intrigued Larry.

Why does Ms. Young bring this up all of a sudden? But Joan hasn't decided when she's going to marry me.

"Ms. Young, I would like to wait for Joan to..."

"Wait no more! She has already agreed to it. Just ask her, and she'll say yes!" she growled in an anxious tone.

Why does she say so? Have Joan made up her mind? An ember of hope ignited within the man's heart.

Soon, he rushed home. Right after eating his dinner, he went into his bedroom.

On the bed, Joan was reading a newspaper languidly, like she had nothing to do.

"Joan..." Larry called out softly.

"Yes?" Lifting her head, she responded.

"Shall we take our pre-wedding photos tomorrow?" he asked in a deep voice, attempting to sound her out gingerly.

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Putting down the newspaper in her hand, she cupped the man's face with both hands. A gleam of delight was in her eyes.

"Sure," she answered slowly.

Over the moon, Larry hopped up and down on the bed, as though he was a little boy.

"Hey, Larry, what are you doing? Stop jumping!" Joan yelled while trying to stop him.

Unexpectedly, he sprinted out of his room and announced, "Ms. Young, Joan agreed to take pre-wedding photos with me!"

Delilah looked at the excited man, and the corner of her lips curled up in a satisfied smile.

He was a merciless and high-handed president in the business industry, but deep down, he was more like a kid, mischievous and childish.

"Dad, what are you doing?" Rubbing his eyes, Lucius ambled out of his bedroom.

Larry gazed at him with a guilty face.

"Nothing, Lucius. Go back to sleep." With that, he gently pushed the boy back into his bedroom.

Coming out of her room, Joan slapped the man's shoulder. "Quickly go to bed." She then flashed an embarrassed smile at Delilah.

From that moment on, Larry felt as if his entire world was lit up.

"Okay, calm down. We're not doing the photoshoot today," the woman mumbled while getting into bed.

On the bed, Larry rolled over and pinned Joan beneath him and pecked her on the cheek. Gradually, the two got hot and heavy before they drifted off to sleep with sweet smiles.

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The next morning, Larry bit her ear and asked in a soft voice, "Aren't you going to wake up?"

"I'm so tired," she murmured, hugging him tightly.

Gazing at her coy expression, the man felt his heart pound harder. Just when he was about to lean his body on top of hers again, she rolled over and got out of his embrace.

"Are you busy today?" she asked.

"No, I'll be with you the entire day," he replied, caressing her body.

From eight to ten o'clock, the two were still snuggled together on the bed as the clock ticked away.

"It's time to get up!" Delilah's voice came from the living room.

The couple on the bed broke into a fit of giggles.

They thought Delilah had gone to the garden early in the morning. However, the woman was planning to stay at home throughout the day just to make sure that the two would really have their pre-wedding photoshoot today.

"Hurry and don't dilly-dally. Go for the photoshoot after eating," Delilah urged them while bustling about.

Under her supervision, the couple had their breakfast and got into the car.

As people got older, they usually lacked a sense of security and preferred to do things personally, and Delilah was no exception..

In the photography studio, everyone weaved through the crowd, looking busy yet blissful.

It was a good day for the photoshoot, so the place was packed with couples.

"Mr. Norton, who are you taking the photos with?" The manager approached him.

"My fiancée," Larry replied, adjusting his tie.

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The manager glanced at Joan and gave her a meaningful smile. But above all, he was happy for the couple in front of him.

“Come on. Take photos for Mr. Norton first!” At his command, the whole photography studio was in full swing.

“Mrs. Norton, smile!”

“Mr. Norton, please stand closer to your Mrs. Norton.”

After a long day of photoshoot, although it was a heart-warming experience, the woman was worn out. She slumped into a couch, rubbing her legs.

Larry came over and massaged her shoulders. “Are you tired?”

“Not really.” She gave him a smile.

Though the woman was exhausted, she felt elated.

Meanwhile, Dustin jumped to his feet and screamed, “What did you say? Joan and Larry took their pre-wedding photos in a studio? When was it?”

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“It’s today,” Jory answered indifferently.

Damn Larry! How dare he do this! Dustin stomped away aggressively.

“How about this?” Joan tilted back her chin, revealing her tantalizing collar bones while asking a photographer.

“No way!” Larry dashed to her side, pulling the sleeves of her dress back up, covering her alluring shoulders.

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“What are you doing? We’re taking photos,” she grumbled.

“I know,” he replied.

Joan turned to look at the man. Despite her displeasure, she was expectant.

The woman wrapped her arms around his neck. “Are you jealous? But we’re shooting our pre-wedding photos,” she explained.

“Okay, but only for once.” The man pinched her cheek.

“Sure.” She tiptoed and kissed the man’s lips before turning around and scurrying away.

Later, Dustin barged into the photography studio, glancing around and shrieking, “Where’s she? Where did she go?”

The people around him cast curious glances at him as if he was a deranged man.

“Hello, sir. Who are you looking for?” the manager asked directly.

Dustin grabbed his hand and questioned hurriedly, “Where’s Joan?”

“Do you mean Mr. and Mrs. Norton? They already left,” the man replied politely.

For some inexplicable reason, he panicked slightly as he looked at the edgy man in front of him.

“Have they finished taking their pre-wedding photos?” Dustin asked again.

“Yes.” The man gave him a smile.

That’s fast! Biting his lip, Dustin appeared agitated.

“I want to take a look at their photos,” he demanded.

The manager seemed troubled. “Sorry, I’m afraid I can’t do that. In our photography studio, we’re not allowed to show our clients’ photos to any outsider.”

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I'm being so courteous already. If this tactless man still refuses to leave, I'll have to kick him out by force. Claspng his hands together, he sized Dustin up.

"I'm their friend. Please let me take a look."

He shouldn't allow this man see the photos, even if the client was his own family, let alone his friends.

"I'm sorry. Please leave." The manager turned around and walked away.

Glancing around, Dustin saw a few security guards nearby. After a moment of hesitation, he gave up and left.

Fine. I'll never forget this photography studio.

Staring at his departing back, the manager picked his phone up from the table and dialed a number.

"Mr. Norton, a man named Dustin came over just now."

"What did he say?" Larry asked straight away.

"He wanted to go through your pre-wedding photos, but I rejected him," the man answered in a deep voice.

"Well done. We don't know that man. Don't believe him if he ever comes again." He hung up after saying that.

Finally, he can't hold it in any longer. Larry stood up, sauntered to the window, and looked at the ocean. His eyes glinted with glee, as things had worked out exactly as expected.

Meanwhile, Dustin was sitting in the living room, feeling exasperated and perturbed. He didn't have the nerve to call Larry, as he was afraid of being recorded, nor did he have the guts to settle scores with the man, or else he might expose the fact he had regained his memory.

"What are you actually thinking?" Jory asked beside him.

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I just want to fight against Larry till the end and snatch Joan from him. But why is it so hard? Distressed, Dustin scratched the back of his head.

“Do you need my help?” the man asked again.

“No need.” He didn’t want to get Jory involved, as this was his personal affair. Besides, Jory was his trump card, which he wouldn’t play unless it was his last resort.

“Are you sure?” Jory continued asking.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

After the photoshoot ended, Joan went home straight away. Sure enough, Delilah was still watching TV in the living room, but her mind had wandered off long ago.

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The second Joan arrived home, Delilah ran over, held her hand, and brought her to the couch with an amiable expression.

“How did the photoshoot go? Is it done?” she asked promptly with a grin.

“Yeah, it’s done.”

“Do the photos look good? Let me see it,” the woman asked eagerly.

“The photos are not ready yet.”

“I want to see the digital ones.”

Since when does Ms. Young become so concerned about Larry’s and my wedding? She used to respect my opinions and decisions. Why does she keep urging me to marry Larry recently? Casually, Joan fished out her phone, clicked into the gallery, and showed her the photos.

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"Mmm, not bad. They look great. Joan, after getting married, you and Larry must cherish one another and live well together, alright? Don't get involved with other men like Dustin, Caiden, and Jake..." Delilah advised earnestly.

Why do her words sound so awkward? Staring at the woman, it finally struck Joan that Delilah wished that she and Larry would live happily ever after. Their marriage was a way to dash the hopes of the other men.

"I got it, Ms. Young. Don't worry," she answered lightly.

"I've discussed with Larry. Once the pre-wedding photos are out, you two are going to pick a date and hold the wedding."

That's fast. A hint of excitement flashed across Joan's eyes.

"Ms. Young, I prefer a quiet and low-profile wedding," she whispered.

Delilah no doubt understood the woman's thoughts, so she had made the proper arrangements.

"Sure."

In the office, Caspian ran in and asked, "Larry, I heard you and Joan took pre-wedding photos."

"It's true," Larry replied while signing some documents.

Instantly, Jessica leaned against his desk, staring intently at him with an inquisitive look.

"Larry, how did you win Joan over?" she asked.

"Stop disturbing me. I'm busy," Larry replied.

How boring! Why doesn't he just tell us about it? Standing upright, Jessica headed to the couch.

"Shouldn't you both register your marriage already?" Larry suggested out of the blue.

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Lifting his head, Caspian glanced at the woman with grievance.

I long to marry Jessica, but she wants to put her career first. Fine, it's up to her. I'm willing to do anything as long as she's happy.

Sitting down, he started reading a document.

"There's no need to rush. We're still young," Jessica replied bashfully.

"No, you're not young anymore. It's time to have a baby," Larry said intentionally.

He has voiced out my heart's desire. Caspian was all ears, waiting keenly for her answer.

"We'll talk about this later," she declined directly.

In a split second, the air in the office stilled.

Just as expected by Caspian, the woman stood firm and refused to change her mind.

"Yes, we're not in a hurry," he played along. Glancing at his beloved woman, he gave her a reassuring smile.

His words filled her heart with warm fuzzies.

She admired his patience. That was why she chose to spend the rest of her life with this man.

Who says that couples have to get married? Who says that people must have babies after getting married? These are only viewpoints of some conservative people. Spinning the pen in her hand, the woman was engrossed in her thoughts.

Watching the couple's reactions, Larry seemed to have understood something, so he didn't speak further.

Meanwhile, Jory advised gently, "Dustin, since things have already turned out this way. Why don't you get over her?"

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Dustin stared blankly out the window. His eyes glazed over.

Should I really give up? I'm a little lost right now. I've always been determined to marry Joan, but she refuses to give me a single chance.

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Turning around to glance at the man, Dustin asked, "How are you lately?"

"Everything's fine," Jory answered.

Nancy and her child had resumed their normal life and routine, and that made him feel relieved.

"Call me if you need anything. I'll support you regardless of your decision." Jory walked away afterward.

Dustin's heart grew heavy as he stared at the man's departing back. Why can't Joan be the one who says these words?

In the meantime, in the photography studio, a young man asked politely, "Boss, the photos are ready. Do we need to deliver them to the client?"

"Yes, go and deliver them. Drive safely and remember to be very careful. Don't ever make any mistake," the manager said solemnly with a stern face.

These are the pre-wedding photos of Larry and Joan. I can't afford to offend the Nortons.

"Noted." The young man walked out of the photography studio.

On his way, there were only a few pedestrians on the road, as it was during working hours. Therefore, he paid little attention to the traffic, thinking that he would be fine as long as he

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followed the traffic rules obediently. However, little did he know, someone had control over everything on the road.

Bang! A car appeared out of nowhere, violated the rules, and hit the young man.

The wreckage of the car scattered all over the place. As the photos dropped onto the ground, the young man's eyes closed.

Beside him lay two frames, and the couple in the photos had bright smiles on their faces.

"What did you say? An accident? Oh my God! Why is he so careless?" The manager darted out of the photography studio at once.

The moment Joan heard that her pre-wedding photos had been damaged, her first response was not anger, but showing concern for the young man.

"How is he now? Is it serious?" the woman asked hurriedly.

"Mrs. Norton, I'm so sorry. It's our staff's fault, so we'll bear the responsibility for all the losses," the manager said and bowed to her.

"How is his condition now? Is he alright?" Joan's voice grew anxious.

"His condition has stabilized now. He'll be fine after taking some time for recuperation," the manager replied quickly.

She heaved a sigh of relief at his answer.

Perplexed, everyone looked at her in astonishment.

Under such circumstances, the client would usually be infuriated and find faults with the photography studio. However, she didn't do so, but asked about the staff's safety instead. A delighted smile broke across the manager's face as he looked at Joan.

Recently, he was planning to migrate to another country. The business of the photography studio was going downhill, so he was about to shut it down for good, despite everyone's reluctance. However, he had second thoughts after this incident.

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Perhaps I can hand over the photography studio to this woman.

In the office, Larry was discussing a project with the heads of other companies, totally oblivious to what was happening at the hospital.

Caspian came in and said, "Larry, Joan's at the hospital."

"What happened to her? Did something go wrong?" Larry questioned right away.

"No, Joan is fine, but your pre-wedding photos are ruined," Caspian explained.

The man breathed a sigh of relief.

Why is he making a fuss out of that? After all, this isn't uncommon. Without a word, Larry gave him a side-eye, looking all calm and collected.

"Larry, have you expected this to happen?" Caspian asked.

"Stop asking and go back to work." he waved his hand dismissively.

After Caspian left the office, Larry stopped working, picked his phone up, and made a call.

"Why? You finally can't stand it anymore?" he asked coldly.

There was a moment of silence on the other side of the phone. Afterward, the man spoke slowly, "I don't know what you're talking about."

With that said, Dustin was about to hang up the phone.

"How can you forget something that you've done so quickly?" the man continued questioning him.

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“Let me warn you, Dustin. I don’t care what you’re trying to do, but if you ever hurt Joan, I’ll rip you into pieces.” Larry hung up on the man.

Dustin was still holding the phone next to his ear. The atmosphere was tensed and unsettling. Thank God nothing terrible happened to the photography studio staff, or else I’ll be imprisoned.

Later, Jory reminded him over the phone. “Dustin, be careful not to go overboard.”

“I got it. Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing.” The man ended the call.

In a secluded corner, two men were whispering to each other in a panic.

“I never expected things to end up this way,” a man said hastily.

“Take this sum of money and pay for his medical fees. Move overseas after settling this issue. Don’t stay here anymore,” Dustin ordered.

Money was power. One could make another do anything he wanted with money. This saying had been proven true all the time.

Soon, the staff had recovered, and the photography studio was handed over to Joan smoothly.

“Mrs. Norton, this photography studio is now yours. You can do whatever you want with it,” the manager said with a grin beside her.

Initially, Joan didn’t want to take over this business. However, Larry kept persuading her to go for it, and she had plenty of free time every day. In the end, she accepted it reluctantly.

“Come over here, everyone. Let me introduce this lady. This is Ms. Joan Watts, and she’ll be the new owner from today onward...”

The announcement was greeted by rapturous applause.

Their enthusiasm lifted Joan’s mood. A warm smile spread across her face.

“Ms. Watts, from now on, you’ll be our head. Let us know if you need anything at all.”

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“Yes, Ms. Watts. What would you like to drink? Coffee or tea?”

A few staffs gathered around her and made jokes casually. None of them was uptight in her presence.

“What are you doing? How can you speak to our leader like that?” Suddenly, a supervisor marched over to them.

“It’s alright. We’re getting on well with each other, and I think this is great. Just relax. By the way, I’m not familiar with photography yet...”

Her humble attitude made everyone grow fond of her.

“Ms. Watts, here is your coffee.” The supervisor looked up at her with a grin.

“Thank you.” Taking the cup of coffee, the woman nodded politely before she turned around and left.

She always had a distaste for bootlickers.

Nevertheless, Dustin wasn’t informed that Joan had become the new owner of the photography studio. As usual, he stirred up all kinds of troubles.

“What’s going on?” Joan asked, trotting into the lobby.

The window of the photography studio had been broken, and the office was in a terrible mess. Glancing helplessly around the office, the staffs was tongue-tied and hung their heads.

“Who did this?” she questioned.

“Ms. Watts, it’s already like this when we came in this morning,” a staff answered in a low voice.

“Have you guys offended anyone before?” the woman asked again.

“No, no. Ms. Watts, we’ve always been cautious and dedicated. Not once did we offend people,” another staff clarified promptly.

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“Have you checked the surveillance footage?” she inquired.

“The surveillance footage has been destroyed.”

It seems like someone has it all planned out. In an instant, uneasiness washed over her.

“Okay, don’t fret. Let’s tidy up the office. I’ll look into this matter.” Joan then began cleaning up the floor.

Now that I’m the owner of this place, I have to take up my responsibility.

Later, a young woman approached her and asked, “Ms. Watts, what should we do next?”

What else should we do? Just keep the business running. Standing up, Joan looked doubtfully at the young woman.

The latter reminded, “We don’t even have a single client with us. Another photography studio poached all our clients.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2569

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2569

What have I gotten myself into? Joan gave herself a knock on her head in an attempt to calm herself down.

“How about changing our name and promoting the studio? Let’s come up with a package and give our clients a discount. We can even offer them photoshoot without advance payment.”

Joan had no experience in managing a company. However, as Larry’s wife, she had stayed by his side long enough to acquire some skills and ideas to run a business.

In the meeting room, she asked solemnly, “What do you think? Do you think it’s going to work?”

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“Yes, it is. But, Ms. Watts, won’t we suffer heavy losses if we do it without advance payment?”

“No worries, I’ll pump in some funds. Our current priority is to build the reputation of our studio. Once the business gets on track, I’ll give everyone a pay raise. In the coming weeks, I really need your full cooperation,” she replied.

Joan was a gorgeous and easygoing boss. That was why the staffs were loyal and gave their all at work.

“Okay, since Ms. Watts has said it, let’s get on to work.” A staff jumped to his feet and declared with both hands raised. Immediately, the rest followed suit. With their hands raised, they looked as if they were making a vow, oozing confidence.

Great. This is my dream team.

“Let’s have a dinner tonight!” Joan announced. In an instant, everyone in the meeting room was buzzing with excitement.

Since Joan took over the photography studio, there was no longer a hierarchy among them. Everyone became closer to one another, and the atmosphere at work was relaxing. All of them welcomed such a change.

Meanwhile, Larry was in the living room, taking off his jacket while asking gently, “Ms. Young, where’s Joan?”

“She’s not back yet,” Delilah answered from the kitchen.

The man glanced at his watch. A worried look crossed his face. It’s getting late. Is she working overtime?

Holding his phone, he asked, “Where are you?”

“I’m having a dinner outside,” Joan spoke loudly into the phone.

“What time does it end? I’ll pick you up.”

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"You don't have to pick me up. Don't worry, I can come home on my own." She then ended the call.

Larry didn't think too much, as he could understand her feelings of having taken over a new photography studio. Afterward, the man headed to his bedroom.

"Ms. Young, I'm going to take a rest." Apparently, he would not have dinner tonight.

"Ms. Watts, I'm really jealous of you," a tipsy female staff blurted out.

Stunned, Joan gave her a smile without a word.

What's there to be jealous of? I'm going through bizarre things each day, yet I have to play my role well at home. Sometimes, I felt strained, but I kept it to myself.

"How blessed are you to have a money tree like Mr. Norton. You can buy just whatever you want without glancing at the price tag," she babbled on.

"All my expenses are my hard-earned money," Joan clarified.

"What? Why don't you ask Mr. Norton for money? He's filthy rich, and you're his girlfriend. He should provide for you."

"I don't need that, because I'm able to fend for myself," she replied while getting some food for herself.

Some women wished their other half got everything ready for them, while the others strived to be more self-reliant.

"But Ms. Watts, who do you love actually?"

The room fell pin-drop silent at her question. Slowly lifting her head, Joan narrowed her eyes at the female staff, asking warily, "Who do you mean?"

The latter shook her head and added, "I heard that you've been with Dustin before."

"I was only taking care of him," Joan explained promptly.

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The female staff burped. "Who are you trying to fool? If you don't love him, why did you even take care of him at the hospital? Anyway, he isn't as wealthy as Mr. Norton."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2570

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2570

Why is she sprouting nonsense all of a sudden? Joan felt provoked by her words.

The ambiance at the dinner was ruined. Within half an hour, they finished eating and went on their separate ways.

"Ms. Watts, let me send you home," a man ran over to her.

"It's okay. I'll hail a cab." She turned around and strode away.

In the meantime, the drunk female staff was still grumbling about Joan while wobbling away.

Some distance away, a black car pulled over by the roadside, waiting for the woman who was sauntering toward it.

"A penny for your thought?" Unexpectedly, Larry came into her sight.

"Why did you come here?" the woman asked in astonishment.

"I feel worried that you're going home alone late at night."

Pausing briefly, he held her hand and asked, "Why? Are you unhappy with this?"

"Larry, when I was with Dustin, did you feel heartbroken?" she asked suddenly.

Is that even a question? No man is willing to see his loved one be together with another man. The man nodded in agreement.

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“But he has recuperated, so he no longer needs you,” he muttered.

Soon, the two arrived home.

“Has something gone wrong at the photography studio?” Larry asked directly.

“Yeah, but it’s okay. I’ve lodged a police report,” Joan answered gradually.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he questioned.

“It’s just a small matter,” the woman replied.

Glancing at her confident face, Larry remained silent.

After the pre-wedding photos were damaged, Larry and Joan had been occupied with work each day, so none of them suggested taking the photos again. But Delilah was running out of patience.

“What are the two of you thinking? We’ve found a suitable venue and booked the hotel. Why do you want to cancel the wedding all of a sudden?” she protested with displeasure.

“Ms. Young, both Larry and I are busy. We don’t have the time to spare,” Joan quickly explained.

How can she not make time for her own wedding?

“Tell me now. Are you going to get married or not?” the woman interrogated.

“Ms. Young, we’re going to get married. It’s just that we need to postpone it,” she answered immediately.

Enraged, Delilah stormed out of the living room, ignoring Joan.

As a matter of fact, the development of Norton Corporation was gaining momentum. All the enterprises in the city were vying to collaborate with this leading company. However, that was not the case for Joan’s photography studio. Up till now, she had yet to find out the troublemaker.

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In the living room, Dustin murmured, "Are you sure the photography studio has a new owner now?"

"Yes, I'm sure. The former manager has migrated. The new owner is a woman named Joan Watts," the man facing him answered.

Stupefied, he took a sip of tea.

Why did Joan take over the photography studio? Is she short of money? That can't be!

"I got it. You may go now," he instructed.

The photography studio was originally the best in the city, but Dustin's sneaky deeds had caused the business to deteriorate. At first, he planned to acquire it after some time. Never in his wildest dream had he thought that Joan would beat him to it.

Why is it her? Clenching his fists, Dustin appeared troubled.

He certainly didn't want to put Joan in a tight spot. Nonetheless, in order to acquire the photography studio, he had put in a lot of effort.

Meanwhile, in the photography studio, everybody was bustling about. From makeup to photography to gown selection, a lot was going on simultaneously, but everything was in order.

Ever since Joan executed her plans, everything went on smoothly.

"Joan?" Out of the blue, a dashing man showed up in front of everyone.

"Who's that? He's so good-looking."

"Yeah, he is. I think he's here for Ms. Watts."

"Who is he to her?"

The moment the female staff saw him, they chattered among themselves.

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Hearing Dustin's voice vaguely, Joan stepped out of her office right away.

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