# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2631 - 2640

Chapter 2631 Gossip Girl

"The weather's been cold and dry lately, so I got you a limited-edition hand cream." Larry passed Delilah a bottle of hand cream on a nearby table.

"Ah, Larry, this is such an expensive gift," Delilah muttered as she looked at the hand cream.

Joan eyed Delilah and Larry in displeasure.

Larry reached out and caught Joan's hand in a reassuring grip as if to comfort her.

"Are you sure this is for me?" Delilah lifted her head and asked.

"Of course." He shrugged.

Delilah left the living room with the hand cream.

Joan was stewing in jealousy as she ate her breakfast in silence.

"There, this one's for you." Larry produced a small gift box from his pocket and passed it to Joan.

Joan knew this was a precious gift judging by its intricate packaging.

"Larry, why are you suddenly getting presents for Ms. Young and me?" she asked gently as she gazed at him.

"I just felt like it." He smiled.

I guess that's how a rich man thinks.

After breakfast, Larry left for the Norton Corporation. Joan went to the photography studio while Delilah was still admiring her present in glee.

The other staff members had arrived at the photography studio earlier in the day. No one was late despite last night's drinking session.

"Joan?" Abigail greeted her.

Abigail's chirpy mood instantly put Joan on guard. She merely nodded at her in reply.

"So Joan, what's up with you and Mr. Owens last night?" Joan's cold attitude did nothing to deter Abigail.

Oh god. What sordid scenario is she imagining?

"Get back to work," Joan ordered.

"Joan, there's nothing to be shy about. We're all adults; you don't have to be so serious all the time," she goaded.

"Plus, both of you are single. I personally think you two are a great match-"

"If you're not getting back to work, you can submit your resignation," Joan interrupted sternly.

This shocked Abigail, who left without a single word.

She gossips too much! Joan sighed in relief at her departure.

Who knew a simple gathering would turn into a matchmaking party instead?

"What's up with her? Why's she in such a bad mood?" Abigail complained.

"She's in charge here. Why are you provoking her on purpose?" One of her colleagues retorted.

Meanwhile, Joan sat on the sofa in her office. She stared at the ceiling in a sullen mood.

"What's going on?" Caiden entered the office and asked.

"Nothing."

"Are you upset?" he continued.

"No."

Why must he come and find me when I'm already in a funk? Joan turned away and busied herself in work.

"Were you ok last night?" he asked.

"Yup," she answered.

Caiden was frustrated at her monosyllabic replies.

I'm just checking on her out of concern. Why must she be so cold toward me?

"Joan, is there something on your mind? If you can't focus on work now, you can take a short break," Caiden said.

"Caiden!" Joan yelled suddenly.

"I hope you don't forget your position. You are the boss, and I'm just one of your many employees," she said seriously.

What's up with her? He stared at Joan in shock.

"I'm done talking. Please leave. I still have work to do," Joan stated.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2632

Chapter 2632 Planting Doubts

Caiden turned and left the office at her hostile behavior.

Maybe I went overboard? Joan put down the pen in her hand and stared at Caiden's back.

Oh well.

"Mr. Owens!" Abigail shouted as she ran toward Caiden.

Abigail was no longer intimidated by Caiden after his willing participation in last night's game.

"Yes?" Caiden lifted his head and looked at Abigail. He tried to subdue the disappointment on his face.

"Did you get into a fight with Joan?" she asked bravely.

A few of her colleagues stared at her with their mouths wide open. They held their breaths in fearful anticipation of their boss' reaction.

"No," Caiden answered.

Abigail looked awkward.

"Mr. Owens, I may look young, but I'm an expert when it comes to relationships. I can help you if you need any relationship advice."

Wow. She really has no filter. Caiden paused for a moment before leaving without a word.

"You silly girl! He's our boss. Why are you sticking your nose into his private affairs?" her supervisor shouted.

"I'm just trying to help them out."

"Well, they don't need your help. They're perfectly fine."

Finally, Abigail realized how awkward the atmosphere had become. She returned to her desk in a huff and began typing furiously on the keyboard. She was pissed.

Meanwhile, Joan had been alternating between reviewing documents and photos on her computer. It was a busy day. Despite her busy schedule, she could not help but think of Caiden from time to time. She chalked it up to the regret she felt at her earlier hostility.

"Ms. Watts, someone's here to see you," one of the workers yelled from outside her office.

"Let her in!" Joan replied.

"Are you busy?" Della asked as she entered Joan's office.

"Della? Why are you here?" Joan was surprised at her visit.

"I'm here to see you," she said with a smile.

"I'm sorry, I'm a little busy right now."

"That's fine. I can wait," Della answered.

Is she here because of Larry? Joan appraised the woman before her carefully. Her heart sank.

An hour later, she had finally finished her work for the day. When she lifted her head, she realized all the staff members had left.

"They've all knocked off work," Della added.

"I see."

"Let's grab a bite," Della continued.

"Ms. Duff, I'd appreciate it if you could just be honest with me about your visit," Joan interrupted.

"Joan, I think we need to talk," Della said seriously.

What else is there to talk about? Joan raised a brow at her but didn't say anything.

Why would you be here if not for Larry?

"What did you want to talk to me about?" Joan asked directly.

"Do you still love Larry?" Della asked her.

What a stupid question. I wouldn't be with Larry now if I didn't love him!

"Of course I love him," she answered firmly.

"Well, do you know the difficulties that Larry is facing right now?" Della continued.

Now that was a question for Joan to ponder.

Larry's never said a word about Norton Corporation's growth, and I've been busy with the photography studio, so I haven't asked him either. Is his company really in trouble? Perplexed, Joan could only stare at Della.

"Larry's hit some rocks thanks to you. There've been a few obstacles lately," Della stated tactlessly.

What is she talking about? Joan stared at her sternly while she waited for Della to elaborate.

"Why? Have you forgotten? I'm sure you remember Jake? He's no longer working with Larry, and his boycott is on an indefinite timeline. It's all because of you," Della accused.

Joan didn't know how to react to Della's harsh statement.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2633

Chapter 2633 Unwelcome Realizations

While she was not completely clueless about the situation, Joan remembered Larry telling her that he had already solved the problem.

"It's the reason he called me back," Della added.

So that's what happened!

Joan was frozen on the sofa. A hint of guilt appeared in her eyes.

"If you really love Larry, don't create more problems for him. He hasn't told you anything, but he's actually exhausted."

Every time Larry sees me, he's always in a happy mood. I've never seen him upset at all. I guess he was hiding some of his feelings after all.

"If you can't do that for him, please just leave him." Della fired her last shot.

Della knew she could use logic to fight Joan for Larry's heart, but she could also play a few dirty tricks if she happened to be in the right mood.

"Thank you for letting me know about this," Joan mumbled. She stared at the ceiling, apparently in deep thought.

"Ok, that's all I have to say. I have some other things to attend to, so I'm leaving." Della unlocked her phone as she left Joan's office.

Joan was immersed in her own bubble of despair at that very moment. She had never expected Jake to do something as extreme as boycotting Larry from future business collaborations.

"Joan, are you okay?" Abigail asked cautiously as she entered the office.

Joan waved off her concern. "I'm ok."

"This is a contract with one of our clients. I need you to review it." Abigail placed the document on her desk and left.

I'm not in the mood to review documents.

Joan's whole head was filled with thoughts of Larry.

I wonder how he's doing now. He must have felt awkward calling Della back, right? Did he make some sort of deal with her? Joan picked up her phone and immediately dialed Larry's number.

"What's up?"

She heard a familiar yet tired tone through the receiver.

"I wanted to talk to you about something," she said softly.

Larry was surprised. His gaze darkened as he set down his pen in a hurry.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied quickly.

Then why is she suddenly calling me during working hours? Larry stared at his phone suspiciously.

"Larry, can we just go for a walk?" Joan asked after a long pause.

"Of course."

After a few more words, they hung up.

Joan flipped through her call log and paused when she saw Jake's phone number.

She didn't know whether it was appropriate or whether she still had the right to contact him.

Half an hour later, she finally plucked up the courage to call him.

"Sorry, the number you have dialed is no longer in service-"

I guess he changed his number a while back.

She hesitated for a moment longer before tiding her clothes and leaving the photography studio.

In the M Group office, countless employees were bustling about their tasks. They looked as if they barely had the time to stop and take even a sip of water.

"Miss, I'm afraid I can't let you meet our president if you don't have an appointment," the receptionist addressed Joan apologetically.

"Could you let your president know that Joan Watts is here to see him?" Joan asked anxiously,

"I'm really sorry, Miss. I can't let you meet the president if you don't have an appointment," the receptionist repeated herself.

"Then, is there any way I could contact your president?" Joan asked.

"I'm sorry. We don't interfere with the president's private affairs. Though-" The receptionist hesitated.

"Though what?" Joan latched onto her hesitation immediately.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2634

Chapter 2634 Confrontation

"You could call his office." The receptionist handed her desk phone to Joan.

Joan was touched at her kind gesture. She thanked the receptionist profusely.

The phone in Jake's office began ringing a short while later.

"Yes?" he asked coldly.

"Jake, it's me, Joan. Can I talk to you about something? I'm in your office lobby right now," Joan blurted in a hurry.

Joan? He lifted his head and stared at his office door moodily.

"There's nothing more for us to say to each other." Jake was about to hang up after that statement.

"Wait! There are still things that I want to talk to you about," Joan interrupted.

"You can say them now. Or I'm hanging up."

"Let's meet up, please," she begged.

I would've fallen for that pitiful voice hook, line, and sinker in the past. Jake merely scoffed as an annoyed expression appeared on his face.

"Joan, our relationship ended the moment Faye died." Jake ended the call.

I can sympathize with his reaction to my call, but that doesn't mean I'll agree with some of his actions!

"Miss, I think the president is in a bad mood today. Maybe you can come again next time," the receptionist suggested.

"Thank you. Why are you helping me, though?" Joan was curious.

"Because you remind me of my older sister," the receptionist explained sincerely.

Joan was not in a rush to leave despite Jake's direct rejection. Instead, she lingered in front of the office, waiting for Jake to get off work.

Time passed in a hurry. Most of the M Group employees had already left, but Joan saw no sign of Jake.

Is he working overtime? She stared into the office, but there was still no sign of him.

I can wait a bit longer. I'm sure a president like him has a lot of work to do.

An hour passed. Soon, all the street lamps shone brightly. Still, Jake was nowhere to be seen.

"Ms. Watts? Why are you still here?"

It was the receptionist.

"I'm waiting for your president to get off work," Joan scratched the back of her head as she answered abashedly.

"Miss, I think you should leave. He might not even be going home tonight."

What? He's going to work through the night? Joan stared at the receptionist uncomprehendingly, hoping for some clarification.

"We've been swamped with work lately. In fact, our president has spent the past two nights in his office," the receptionist explained.

Oh dear! Joan turned to look at the deserted lobby.

"You should get going," the receptionist advised.

"Ok, I will. Thank you again." Joan waved goodbye at her.

There's no one else in the office. If I go in now, no one's going to stop me, right?

Joan beelined through the lobby and headed toward Jake's office.

Jake was still typing on his computer in his office. He looked like he was dealing with some serious matters. Suddenly, Joan felt bad about disturbing him.

Knock!

She knocked lightly on the door in case she startled him.

"Come in," Jake said without even lifting his head.

She pushed opened the door gently and walked into the office cautiously.

"Yes?" Jake's eyes were glued to the computer screen.

"Aren't you going home?" Joan asked gently.

Jake froze in the middle of his task. Slowly, he lifted his head and glared at Joan.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"I wanted to talk to you," she replied.

"There's nothing for us to talk about," he spat.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2635

Chapter 2635 A Close Call

"Jake, I know that you hate me. You can take out your anger on me, but please don't extend your hatred to those who are around me," Joan pleaded shakily.

She must be referring to the collapsed deals with Norton Corporation. Jake got up and walked toward her. He kept a poker face on the whole time.

"Why? Do you feel guilty?" he goaded.

"I know you're not a bad person. I believe you truly loved Faye as well, but please trust me that the car accident was nothing but a horrid tragedy," Joan explained, though she knew nothing she said could change Jake's belief that she was Faye's murderer.

"Joan, don't think I'll fall for your pitiful act!" He scorned.

I guess that's that, then. Joan got up slowly to leave.

"You're just going to give up like that? I guess your love for Larry was a lot weaker than I thought!" Jake made a show of clapping as he mocked Joan's retreat.

Well, what else can I do? Allow him to humiliate me further after I've already gone on my knees and begged him to spare Norton Corporation?

"Sorry for disturbing you."

Joan was about to leave his office when she was suddenly lifted from behind.

In the blink of an eye, Jake had tossed her onto a sofa in his office.

"Jake, what are you doing?" Joan crossed her arms in front of her as she asked in horror.

"Well, there is something you can do to save Norton Corporation," he said.

Joan's eyes brightened.

"What do you want?" she asked in a hurry.

"I want you to spend the night with me," he replied calmly.

Is he insane? How can he ask me to do that?

"Let me go! I want to leave!" Joan shouted as she tried to push him off.

But her struggles did little to budge Jake.

"Jake, please! The person you love is Faye!" Joan yelled in a desperate attempt to escape from him.

"And? She's dead! She died because of you! Why? Are you scared now? Hmph, this is the punishment you deserve!" Jake looked like he was about to start undressing her.

"Get off!"

The struggle continued until Joan managed to land a hard slap on his face.

"Ah!"

Jake got up immediately as he held his cheek. He looked deranged.

"Y-you! You b\*tch, how dare you?"

His cheek was red and swollen from her unexpectedly strong hit.

"I didn't think you'd become someone like this!" Joan grabbed her purse and ran from the office.

This is all your fault! He thought bitterly to himself as she left.

Joan headed home immediately.

When she walked into the living room, she saw Delilah and Lucius watching the TV. They looked like they were having a nice time.

"Mommy, where did you go?" Lucius launched himself into Joan's arms once he saw her.

"Mommy had a few things to do today. How are you? Did you give Grandma a hard time?" She stroked his head fondly.

"Of course, I'm always well-behaved!" He puffed up his chest proudly.

"Joan, I made some soup. You should drink some!" Delilah called out without shifting her attention from the TV.

"Ok!"

Joan went to ladle herself a bowl of soup in the kitchen. Just then, Lucius rushed in carefully.

"Mommy, I have a huge secret to tell you," he tried to whisper in her ear.

"Hmm? What is it?" She dialed up the curiosity in her tone.

"Grandma has a boyfriend."

Joan had not expected this.

What is he saying? Ms. Young's not the type to get a boyfriend out of the blue. She shook her head in disbelief as she tapped his forehead.

"Mommy, it's true! I saw her boyfriend when he sent her home," Lucius explained in a hurry.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2636

Chapter 2636 A Horrid Misunderstanding

Now Joan was interested.

"When? Where did they go? Is he handsome? He didn't bully her, right?"

Her string of questions confused Lucius.

"Erm, he was quite handsome. He was very tall too, and he wore a cap-"

Before Lucius had finished his sentence, Joan had rushed into the living room to confront Delilah.

"Ms. Young, I heard that you have a boyfriend now?" Joan teased Delilah.

Delilah seemed flustered at her question.

Joan smirked at her reaction.

"Of course not. Lucius is just spinning some tall tales," Delilah protested weakly.

"I didn't say Lucius told me about it," Joan pointed out.

Delilah blushed furiously.

"It's perfectly fine to date at any age as long as you're happy," Joan said.

"I'm going to sleep." Delilah beelined for her bedroom without answering Joan.

What a cute lady! Joan's eyes filled with humor as she watched Delilah's escape.

I guess it's good if she found someone she really loved.

Joan glanced at her watch. Larry was nowhere to be seen despite the late hour.

It was pitch-black outside. Even the moon was absent. Joan began to feel uneasy. Eventually, she pulled out her phone and called him.

"Hello?" A woman answered the call.

When Joan heard her voice, her heart sank. Her hands began shaking as she hesitated on what to say.

"Where's Larry?" she collected herself before asking.

"He's taking a bath," Della replied.

The phone slipped from Joan's grasp onto the floor.

"Hello? Joan?"

Della's voice drifted out of the receiver.

Why is Larry with Della at such a late hour? She leaned on the wall to support herself.

"Joan? Is there something you want to say?" Della asked loudly.

"Nothing." She hung up.

What is she doing? Della frowned at her phone.

I wasn't lying when I said Larry was taking a bath.

"Hey? Are you done?" Della asked.

"Yes." Larry came out of the shower after getting dressed.

"I'm sure the server made a careless mistake. You shouldn't-"

"I know," he cut in.

When they were having dinner earlier, one of the servers accidentally knocked into Larry, spilling some soup on his suit. Larry decided to book a hotel room so he could clean himself up.

"Let's go." Larry made a move to leave.

"Larry!"

Suddenly, Della hugged him tightly from behind.

"Della, let go!" Larry demanded.

"No, I won't", she answered pettily.

"Della, you should know your boundaries."

Larry's voice was tinged with displeasure.

I may treat you as a capable business partner, but that doesn't mean you can get away with anything you please!

"Larry, why won't you accept me? I like you so much!" Della exclaimed flirtatiously.

"I made myself very clear. Nothing can ever happen between the two of us," Larry said firmly.

Urgh, why does he have such a strong resolve? Della was indignant.

"Would you be with me if Joan was no longer in the picture?" she asked.

"No!" His rejection was immediate.

This had nothing to do with Joan.

Larry couldn't deny that love was a mysterious thing. It could take hold of someone with something as insignificant as a facial expression or disappear with time and distance. But what he did know was that his relationship with Della could only be that of a platonic nature.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2637

Chapter 2637 A Woman Scorned

"Why must you be so cruel to me? Haven't I been nice enough to you?" Della continued.

"Della, if you don't wish to cooperate with me, feel free to cancel all the partnerships between you and Norton Corporation. I'm not stopping you," Larry said.

Della finally loosened her grip.

"Don't you like me at all?"

"No."

Della shook her head in despair as her eyes welled up with tears.

"The only person I love is Joan." Larry tidied his clothes and left the room.

Della clenched her fists in anger as she watched him leave. Her gaze was cold as ice.

I'm not going to play nice anymore. I have to make him mine!

Larry headed home straightaway instead of going to his office.

Meanwhile, Joan was already lying in bed as she replayed the scene of that devastating phone call over and over in her head.

Click!

Someone opened the door. Is he back? Joan leaped off the bed and walked to the living room.

"You're home," she greeted him.

"Why aren't you asleep?" he asked in concern.

"Oh, I couldn't fall asleep," she replied.

"Why? Are things too hectic at the photography studio?" Larry rushed over and pulled her into his side.

Joan's heart ached when she took in his exhausted appearance.

"Larry, how are things at your office?" she asked carefully.

Stunned, Larry paused for a moment before flicking her forehead with a small laugh.

"Why are you suddenly so interested in Norton Corporation?" Don't worry, everything's fine."

Is it? Joan forced a smile but wondered why he wasn't telling her the truth.

"Larry, don't lie to me. Did Jake end all his partnerships with your company?" Joan blurted.

He smiled gently as he caressed her hair.

"It's fine. Everything's great."

"I'm sorry." She hugged him tightly as she apologized.

Neither would expect Jake's future retaliation toward Norton Corporation.

The next morning, the room was bright and warm from the sunlight. Joan and Larry had slept comfortably in each other's embrace.

"It's time to get up," Larry said softly as he nudged Joan's elbow.

"I'm so tired." Joan kept her hold on his neck.

Delilah seemed to know that today was not a good time to wake them up early in the morning. Instead, she left quietly after eating breakfast.

"Don't overthink things next time. There's nothing Jake can do to stop the growth of Norton Corporation," Larry comforted her while gently patting her back.

"Ok," she replied.

They enjoyed each other's company a moment longer before finally getting up.

"I'll send you to work," Larry offered after they had both eaten breakfast.

"It's ok. It's not on the way for you. You should get going!" She waved goodbye at him before she left.

Joan felt reassured after a good night's sleep. Little did she know that she would be hit with some upsetting news again.

Women were strange creatures. When they were happy, they could carry on with their lives without a care for the world. Yet, when they were upset, they could recall every unfortunate incident in their lives.

Joan had already forgotten about how Della had answered Larry's phone last night. One little smile from Larry was enough to push her into a drugged state of joy. She could not bring herself to cling on to such inconsequential matters.

Yet all these little incidents were catalysts for a huge misunderstanding. They were merely waiting for the right moment to strike.

"Joan, we're leaving!"

"Hey Joan, I'm going off!"

The staff outside her office left one after another. Soon, she was the only one left in the photography studio.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2638

Chapter 2638 Drawing Boundaries

"You're still here?" Caiden seemed worried.

"Yes, I still have some work to do," Joan answered earnestly.

"You shouldn't work overtime. Just go home. I'm not planning on making money on this studio anyway." Caiden tried to convince her to leave.

This caught Joan's attention.

"Caiden, I swear I'm going to help you turn a profit on this studio!" she declared determinedly.

Caiden couldn't help but smile at her bold declaration, though there was still a hint of frustration in his eyes.

Ah well, she can go on thinking that way if that makes her happy.

"Ok. While I appreciate your enthusiasm, it really is late. Come on; I'll give you a lift home!" He tugged Joan's elbow, planning to drag her out of the office with him.

"Hey, wait. Don't touch me." Joan shrugged off his hand.

Caiden felt awkward at her actions. Clearing his throat, he headed straight for his car.

"I can go home myself," she said quietly.

"It's late, and it's not safe for you to go home alone. Come on. I'll give you a lift," Caiden prodded from inside his car.

"Are you going to let Ms. Young and Lucius wait even longer for you before they eat dinner?"

Joan hesitated at his argument. She caved and got into his car.

"Why are you avoiding me? I'm not a cannibal, you know," Caiden joked.

"I just think we should maintain a distance," Joan answered from the backseat.

She didn't ride shotgun for fear of any unexpected incidents.

"Joan, you're my employee. Exactly what sort of distance are you imagining? Total ignorance?" Caiden asked in exasperation.

"I want to focus on managing the photography studio. I want to turn a profit for you, and I want to get better benefits for the staff. There's nothing else on my agenda."

"Pfft!"

Suddenly, the car came to a halt. Caiden turned around and stared at her angrily.

"Joan, can you just be honest with me? If it wasn't for this team, would you agree to work at my photography studio?"

Well, duh.

"No!" she answered.

Caiden gritted his teeth at her confident reply. He continued driving.

"Do you really hate me so much?"

"I don't hate you. I just think we should focus on our own work instead of spending time on meaningless pursuits."

Caiden pounded his fist on the steering wheel, shocking Joan. Her gaze filled with fear.

"Get off. You're home," Caiden announced gruffly.

This time, he did not get off to greet Delilah.

As she watched the car speed away, Joan lowered her head. I can't compromise on this!

"Who sent you home?" Delilah asked as she approached Joan.

"Caiden."

Delilah knitted her brows as she watched the car disappearing into the distance.

"Is he still bothering you?"

"No, Ms. Young. You're worrying too much." She patted Delilah's elbow to reassure her.

Well, let's hope that's really the case! Delilah turned around and ambled into the living room.

"Where's Larry? He's not back yet?" Joan asked as she removed her jacket.

"Daddy said he needs to work overtime tonight, so he's not coming home for dinner," Lucius piqued up.

He's still so busy! She shrugged in frustration.

At that moment, Larry was busy reviewing project materials in his office.

"Larry, let's go," Caspian said as he entered Larry's office.

"Hmm, you can head off first," Larry replied distractedly.

Caspian looked at Larry and eventually decided to leave.

He was going on a date with Jessica tonight, and he wanted to freshen up at home before meeting her.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2639

Chapter 2639 A Passionate Fight

When he reached his house, Caspian spied a man badgering the woman he loved. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

"Jessica, you haven't texted me in a while," Jasper said while he grabbed her elbow.

"Jasper, I thought I made myself very clear. I have a boyfriend, and we're living together now. Please leave me alone," Jessica stammered as she struggled to break free.

"That's fine. I can wait," he replied plainly.

Jasper had not confronted Caspian till now because he had been patiently waiting for Caspian and Jessica to split up. Then, he could swoop in and lead the life he had always deserved with Jessica.

Evidently, he had underestimated the strength of their relationship.

"You shouldn't wait for me anymore. I don't love you at all. I've never loved you, and I'll never love you in the future!" Jessica shrugged off his hand vehemently as she prepared to leave.

"Jessica! Are you sure you want to see Caspian get into trouble?"

His quiet threat sent shivers up Jessica's spine. She froze in her tracks.

"What are you trying to do? You can't harm Caspian," she shouted.

"That's not up to you!" Jasper pulled out a paring knife from his pocket, blowing on the tip as if to taunt her.

"Jasper, don't do this!"

"As long as you come with me, I promise I'll learn to be a better man." He patted his chest in earnest reply.

"Or else," he laughed menacingly at the knife in his hands.

"Or else what?" Caspian couldn't hold himself back any longer.

"Caspian!"

Jessica ran to him and hugged him tightly.

"Oh? Such great timing. I was just planning to look for you." Jasper approached him slowly.

"Oh ya? Why's that?" Caspian rebuked.

"Jessica is my girlfriend from now on. And you can f\*ck off!" Jasper yelled.

What a joke! Does he think he can strongarm himself a girlfriend? Caspian shook his head as he scoffed at Jasper, whose expression was utterly fearsome.

"That all depends on Jessica," Caspian answered as he tightened his grip on her waist.

"I don't want to be his girlfriend!" Jessica burrowed deeper into his hug.

Caspian was the one for her. Jessica would never give up that easily on him.

"Jessica, what did you say?" Jasper fumed.

Is he throwing a tantrum now? Jessica stared at Jasper disdainfully.

"I said, I'm Caspian's girlfriend! Not your woman!" Jessica screamed.

Jasper exploded.

A strong punch landed on Caspian's face.

Caspian staggered slightly from the impact but quickly pushed Jessica behind him to shield her.

"Jasper, if you're going to be like this, I'm calling the cops!" Jessica announced.

It seemed like Jasper had lost his mind. He began pummeling Caspian as if he was in a trance. Caspian couldn't hold himself back any longer and fought back to defend himself.

"Hey, stop fighting! Both of you!"

Jessica's screams were ignored. The two men showed no signs of backing down.

"It's all because of you! If you're gone, Jessica will definitely stay with me!" Jasper landed a punch on Caspian's chest.

"If she really likes you, I won't stop her from being with you!" Caspian retorted as he lunged for Jasper.

Soon enough, both men's faces swelled with cuts and bruises. Still, the fight showed no signs of abating.

Jessica was out of options. She called the cops.

"Hello? 911? There are two men fighting here."

The cop cars arrived a short moment later. They were all detained at the police station.

"What's the reason for this fight?" a cop asked seriously as he gulped some water.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2640

#### Chapter 2640 Truce

Caspian and Jasper exchanged cold eyes with each other.

"I just wanted to beat him to his \*ss!" Jasper answered loudly.

"So am I!" Caspian refused to back down neither.

The cop interrogating them, Inspector Ken could no longer hold back his laughter and uncontrollably spat out the water from his mouth.

"Oh my, Inspector! Couldn't you be a little more civilized?" The female cop standing next to him complained while wiping her uniform.

"I'm so sorry. I couldn't help it." Inspector Ken immediately apologized while coughing.

A few moments later, he tidied up his uniform and feigned a serious look at the two men.

"Now, both of you tell me why exactly did you fight? No lies!"

His intimidating voice echoed through the whole station like thunder.

"Inspector, this is just a misunderstanding. We were fooling around. As you see, the weather is freezing, so we merely did some warmups." Jasper was swift in an attempt to avoid more trouble.

"He's absolutely right. There is no problem between us. Look, we are both fine and uninjured." Caspian played the same move as well.

What the h\*ck. This is interesting. Inspector Ken started observing the two of them from head to toes. After that, he shifted his gaze upon Jessica who was standing beside and soon came to a realization.

"It's all because of her, right?" His observation was indeed sharp and experienced.

The both men froze in their spots at once.

"No... it's not like that..." Both denied quickly but unnaturally.

"Come on. It's not embarrassing to admit it. Even heroes fall for beauties."

Hearing that, both of them looked down at the floor, out of words.

Seconds later, Caspian abruptly lifted his head and looked back at the inspector.

"Actually, she is our judge!" Caspian said while slightly pushing Jasper's arm.

"Yes... right. Whoever loses has to treat the other to dinner. And we asked her to judge for us," Jasper added right away.

These bast\*rds! Turns out they are quite tacit!

"Caspian!"

Right at that moment, Larry barged in the police station.

"Mr. Norton, why are you here?" Inspector Ken stood up immediately to greet him.

"Caspian, are you alright?" Larry ignored the inspector and walked right up to Caspian.

"Larry, what are you doing here? I'm fine." Startled by Larry, Caspian abruptly stood up and answered.

Fine? Look at your face and all the bruises on your arms and legs. How is this fine? Larry's chest heaved up and down as he tried to suppress his rage, looking at the disheveled Caspian.

"I'm sorry, Larry." Jessica ran up to Larry and lowered her head before him, while tears welled up in her eyes.

"It's okay. I will handle you after this." Larry replied indifferently.

"Inspector, these two are my men. And they didn't mean to cause this fuss. Could you please let them go this time..." While Larry was explaining, he threw an eye at Jasper ferociously.

Why is he staring at me? This is not my fault alone. Jasper side-eyed back at Larry but did not say a word.

After the procedure, Larry took the three of them out of the police station.

"Tell me what the h\*ll happened!" He began interrogating them the second he stepped out of the station.

Those three exchanged eyes with each other while none dared to open their mouths.

"Frankly, it is quite embarrassing..."Caspian mumbled while casting a cold glance at Jasper.

"Why don't we forget about it. Let me buy you guys a drink, okay?" Jasper interrupted abruptly.

"Okay, deal!" Caspian responded without any hesitation. CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

Are the two of them out of their minds? Moments ago, they were trying to kill each other. How could they act like brothers now?

Jessica stared at them in bewilderment, unable to comprehend the situation.

"Alright, Larry. Let's go. We'll talk while eating." Caspian wrapped his arms around Larry's shoulder.

By that time, the temperature outside had decreased again, yet the freezing breeze did not seem to affect the warmth between these few people.