Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2656 - 2660

Chapter 2656 Exhausted

After Faye's demise, Joan refused to hire another assistant. Hence, Abigail would always come and check on her out of concern.

Abigail might be playful, but she was undeniably a meticulous and thoughtful young girl.

"I'm fine," Joan assured her. "I just need to get some rest."

Seeing Joan in such an exhausted state broke Abigail's heart. After her suggestion of hiring another assistant was rejected by Joan, she dared not bring it up again.

"Okay, it's time to get off work. You should go. Don't worry, I'm alright." Joan waved goodbye to Abigail.

Slowly, Abigail walked out of her office.

Joan leaned back on the couch and shut her eyes to rest.

She had lost her appetite for Jake's matter was troubling her.

Her phone started ringing, but she wasn't planning on answering it.

It kept ringing for a while, so Joan picked up her phone and put it on the speakerphone out of frustration.

"Joan, how dare you refuse to pick up my call?" Jake's voice rang out clearly.

"I'm talking to you now, right?" came Joan's weak reply.

"Let's have dinner together tonight," Jake announced.

"I don't have time. I need to go home." Joan was about to hang up.

"I'll pick you up at home, then."

Suddenly, Joan lost her patience. "Jake!" she shouted out of the blue.

"What's wrong?" Jake's excited voice sounded over the line. "Quiet down. You have to be reserved."

"Don't go overboard," Joan said in a trembling voice.

Ha! How ridiculous.

If Joan was obedient enough to spend a night with him, Jake would consider letting her off, but she was too stubborn to go along with his wishes. Jake scoffed and answered, "What did I do?"

"You..."

Joan was momentarily lost for words.

She couldn't figure out what Jake wanted from her. He was in love with Faye but was now after her. She couldn't help but wonder if he had ever loved Faye.

"Well, I'll pick you up later," Jake announced and hung up without waiting for her reply.

He has definitely lost his mind! Joan threw her phone on the coach in exasperation.

Indeed, Jake's car arrived at the entrance of the photography studio when it was time for her to get off work.

"Come down. I'm waiting at the entrance," Jake called to inform her of his arrival.

"I'm busy. I need to work overtime tonight," Joan replied coolly and cut the line.

Oh? Is she playing hard to get? Jake flashed a sly smile and got off his car.

"Hey, why is he here?"

"I don't know. Is he here for Joan?"

"Damn, seriously? Did he fall for someone else this quick?"

In the lobby, a few employees who had got off work started gossiping excitedly.

Thump!

Someone suddenly flung the door to Joan's office open rudely.

Joan knew who it was, so she didn't look up and continued working.

"Oh, you're quite busy," Jake commented as he strode over to her.

"Mm," came Joan's distracted reply.

She hurriedly added, "I don't have time to have dinner with you, so you should leave now."

"It's fine. I can wait for you," Jake replied, seemingly unfazed.

That was the final straw for her. "Jake, I'm Joan, not Faye!" Joan stood up and bellowed in frustration.

Oh? She's already mad? How impatient of her. Jake scanned his surroundings and shot her a disdainful look before looking at his phone.

"I know that," he answered calmly, choosing to ignore Joan's outburst.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2657

Chapter 2657 If I Disappear

"If I disappear from your sight, will you stop bothering me?" Joan asked out of the blue.

Her question caught Jake by surprise. He did not anticipate that question of hers. **CLICK HERE TO JOIN OUR TELEGRAM CHANNEL FOR FAST UPDATES** <u>https://t.me/NovelsFuns</u>

"No," he answered resolutely.

Jake himself was confused. Did I cling to Joan to take revenge? Or do I love her?

No, I love Faye!

He shook his head and berated himself to get a grip.

"Joan Watts, you will never escape from my clutches!" he proclaimed loudly.

Never? Joan shot him a dirty look.

How long is forever? A car accident can end everything in an instant.

"Jake, I hope you can reflect on your actions. You used to act differently back then. If you continue to bother me, I have no idea how to continue with my life," Joan tried to convince him as conflict flashed across her eyes.

What does she mean? She has no idea how to continue with her life? Am I that scary?

"Don't try to scare me, Joan. Whether you live or die is none of my business," Jake sneered.

Jake has changed. He doesn't even care if I die now.

Good. Let it be, then.

"Okay, we can have dinner together. Remember, this is the last time." Joan then grabbed her bag and left ahead of him.

Jake didn't know what she meant by "the last time", nor did he try to figure out what it meant.

They went to a restaurant to have dinner. Inside the restaurant, the lighting was subtle, the music mellow, and the heady scent of roses lingered in the air. It was a lovely sight, but all Joan felt was annoyance.

It's the last meal. She told herself. Just bear with it!

"Here, Jake. Cheers!" She lifted her wineglass and gulped it down without waiting for his reply.

Jake was a little surprised as she took the first move.

So she was just pretending in her office earlier! An impish smile broke across Jake's face.

"Jake, I need to apologize to you. It was my fault that your loved one is dead, and I'm sorry for that. I also need to thank you for your help..."

Joan was tipsy by now.

Hearing her mumbles, confusion tinged Jake's features. He didn't know why Joan would say that out of a sudden. Her words caused his heart to constrict uneasily.

"Joan, tell me. Where are you going?" he tried to sound her out.

"Home, where else?" Joan bared her teeth.

He pressed on, "Then why did you say those words?"

Joan frowned for a second before her features gradually softened.

"What did I say? I forgot," she answered while sipping on her glass.

Did she reveal her innermost thoughts as she was drunk? Jake studied her doubtfully.

In the end, they both got drunk and sprawled on the table, unconscious.

Jake wanted to get Joan drunk and bring her to a hotel room so he could lie that they had sex. Hopefully, Joan and Larry's relationship would be affected. Yet, he managed to drink himself into a drunken stupor.

The restaurant they were in was opened throughout the night, and Jake was a frequent customer, so even though they fell asleep, no one came to wake them up.

The next morning, sunlight poured through the window and shone on their faces.

Slap!

Joan gave Jake a tight slap.

"Who is it?" Jake's eyes snapped open as he glanced around warily.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2658

Chapter 2658 He Has Gone On A Business Trip

But he realized that it was Joan who was sitting across from him.

Currently, Joan had her head on one of her arms, sleeping soundly at the table.

Seeing her lying quietly in front of him, Jake could not help but to lower his head and scrutinize her dainty face.

Actually, Joan is a rather beautiful woman herself, even prettier than Faye. But why did she not accept me to be her boyfriend? In fact, I'm just as outstanding as Larry. I'm good-looking, physically fit, powerful, and have a strong family background as well. Why does she choose to be with him instead of me? As he pondered away, he subconsciously extended his hand and wrapped his fingers around hers tightly.

"Uh..." Feeling his tight grip, Joan frowned in her sleep and slowly opened her eyes.

When he saw her about to wake up, he immediately retracted his hand and pretended as if nothing had happened.

"You're awake," he greeted with a smile.

She stared at him groggily for a moment and rubbed her eyes. "Where is this?"

We're at a restaurant, of course.

He shook his head in amusement and took his coat hanging at the side, saying, "We should go. I'll send you home."

Wait, that doesn't sound right. Why should I send her home?

He was stunned for a second before turning around and realizing that even Joan was weirded out by his statement, too.

Before he could say anything, she waved her hands hastily and said, "Uhm... It's okay. I can go home on my own."

"Okay then. Stay safe." With that, he turned on his heel and left in a huff.

What happened to me? Why did I care about her all of a sudden? I'm supposed to hate her and take revenge on her!

As he stepped out of the restaurant, Joan watched his back and grinned at his strange behavior.

Ding, ding, ding...

Just then, her phone rang and vibrated on the table, taking her by surprise.

As soon as she picked up the call, Delilah's voice boomed over the phone. "Joan, where on earth are you?"

Oh no, she's angry!

Joan turned alert in an instant and replied softly, "Ms. Young, I was working overtime last night," she answered softly.

"What for? Larry even went to the photography studio to find you, but apparently, you were not there."

Crap! Has he misunderstood what is going on?

Worried, Joan cut to the chase, "Ms. Young, is Larry home now?"

"Nope. He's gone to the office. Hurry up and go to Norton Corporation to explain yourself," Delilah advised before hanging up the call.

Dared not to waste a second longer, she grabbed her things and dashed out of the restaurant, heading towards her car.

Seeing her leaving, one of the servers whispered, "Hey, why didn't they leave together? How strange."

"I don't know, but that woman seems familiar to me. I feel like I'd seen her somewhere before. Hmm," his colleague replied.

Joan's eyes were filled with trepidation throughout the whole ride.

Unfortunately, it happened to be the rush hour at the moment, so she was caught in the traffic jam, making her even more agitated.

Seeing that she would not be able to get there anytime soon, she quickly scrolled through her list of contacts and gave Larry a call.

However, she was greeted with an intercept message. "Sorry but the number you have dialed cannot be reached..."

Sighing, she chucked her phone into her bag and proceeded to weave through the traffic to get there as soon as possible. Half an hour later, Joan finally reached the entrance of Norton Corporation.

As soon as she barged through the door, she called, "Larry!"

Everyone around immediately turned and looked at her dubiously. Smiling apologetically at them, she was about to head over to Larry's office when she saw Caspian running towards her.

"Joan, what's the matter? Why are you so anxious?" he asked concernedly.

I shook my head in response. "Ah, it's nothing. By the way, do you know where Larry is?"

"He's gone on a business trip. Did he not tell you?"

Huh, when did this happen? Joan was dumbstruck.

Suddenly, Jessica came running to them and called out, "Joan!"

"Hi, Jessica." She waved at her and smiled amicably.

Looking around, she turned to Caspian and asked, "Where is Larry?"

"He's gone out of town for a business trip." He scratched his head and darted a glance towards both of them, wondering why they asked him the same question.

What? He's gone for a business trip, too? Jessica eyed Larry's office in displeasure. When she went to the hospital just now, the nurse also told me that Della had been discharged and had gone on a business trip.

How could it be so coincidental? The two of them might have gone on the same business trip together.

With such thought in mind, she pulled Caspian by the ear and dragged him to the side. "Caspian, come here!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2659

Chapter 2659 Is It A Coincidence

"Ouch! Let go of my ear! Many people are watching us," Caspian growled.

She released her grip on him and crossed her arm, looking at him skeptically. "Answer me honestly. Is Larry business traveling with Della?"

Huh, how did she know about this? Caspian was quite surprised. "What are you trying to do?"

"Tell me already. Is it a yes or no?" Jessica spoke in a hushed tone.

Left with no choice, he told her the truth. "Yes!"

He could not bring himself to lie to the woman he loved.

Standing off to the side, Joan was startled by his loud "yes," so she turned around and gazed expectantly at Jessica. "What is it? Anything happened?"

"Oh, it's nothing. Joan, you must be tired..." Caspian hurriedly changed the topic, refusing to let her know about what he had told Jessica.

Before he could finish his sentence, Jessica cut him off, shouting, "She's not tired! Joan, I have to tell you something. Larry is..."

However, Caspian immediately cupped his hand over her mouth and pulled her away from Joan. "Jessica, be a good girl and go to the hospital now. You should hurry up!"

Huh, why does Jessica need to go to the hospital? Is she feeling unwell? She frowned in confusion as their retreating figures disappeared from her sight.

Since Larry was not in the office, she swept a glance over the employees before heading to the entrance on the ground floor.

It's time to make the final decision. Joan strode toward her car with decisive steps and drove forward.

In a café, Caiden sat in the corner and looked around while he enjoyed his coffee. It looked as if he was waiting for someone.

This was the first time Joan asked him out for a coffee, and it would be the last time as well.

"Hey, Caiden," Joan greeted as she pushed the door in.

"You're here." He stood up and beamed at her excitedly.

Sitting down on the couch at the corner, an air of seriousness fell on them as they began their discussion

"What did you say? Resign? Joan, are you sure about that?" Caiden could not help but raise his voice upon hearing her statement.

Never did he expect that she invited him here just to bid goodbye.

"Yes, you didn't hear me wrong. I want to quit," Joan repeated.

What's going on? Did anything happened? He looked at her in shock, unable to accept that she was going to leave the studio. "Why do you want to resign? Give me a solid reason."

She smiled and explained, "The photography studio is developing well, and that's the outcome of the hard work of the entire team, not just me alone. Besides, I'm quite tired and need some rest for a while."

She couldn't find any other reasonable reason, so she could only give him a rather general answer.

"You're tired?" He pondered for a while before saying a little too emotionally, "Well, I can give you some time to rest. Is a month enough for you?"

"Caiden, calm down. I'm emotionally exhausted. Do you understand?" She sighed.

Actually, the only reason why she wanted to quit was to keep a distance from Jake.

She wanted to leave Jake, Larry, and this city. Perhaps, only then would Jake stop causing trouble to Larry and hinder the development of Norton Corporation.

"Is this your final decision?" he asked.

She nodded in response. "Yeah, I've booked the ticket already."

It seems like she's determined to leave. Caiden lowered his head and sighed, dejected.

Besides his feelings for her, Joan was also extremely outstanding and capable at her work. It was a miracle that a newly established photography studio could achieve the results they had now, and it was mostly due to the effort she had poured into her work.

"Okay, I respect your decision," he relented eventually.

What can he say other than this? Yes, I can't deny the fact that I'm reluctant to let her go because I love her, but at the same time, I can't bear to see her suffer.

"Thank you," Joan said with a smile and took a sip of her coffee.

Just like that, they said goodbye and parted ways.

By the time Joan arrived home, the sun had already set. She sat on the sofa in the living room and waited for Delilah and Lucius to return home.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2660

Chapter 2660 I Want To Take A Break

"Why didn't you switch on the light?" Delilah asked, walking into the room.

Seeing that she was finally back home, Joan quickly stood up and welcomed her. "Oh, Ms. Young, you're back."

"What's wrong? Something got you in a bad mood?" Delilah asked kindly.

"Ms. Young, I have something important to tell you." She held her hand and brought her into her room.

"What is it? Why are you so secretive."

Five minutes later, Delilah held Joan's hands tightly and rambled, "What did you say? Are you sure you want to go overseas? Why do you want to go overseas? How about Larry? How about me? How about Lucius? Joan, tell me the truth. Did something happened?"

Joan smiled and rubbed her arm. "Ms. Young, relax. I just want to have a break and enjoy life for a while. You know I've been working overtime lately."

Delilah heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing her answer. "So when will you be back?"

"I don't know. Maybe a month later, or even a year. Haha."

What does she mean by that? Is she trying to say that she wants to reside there permanently? Delilah sized her up, puzzled.

"Joan, is it because you don't like this old lady anymore?" she probed.

What is she talking about? Joan immediately shook her head and wrapped her arm around Delilah's arm. "Of course not, Ms. Young. You're my life savior. How can I dislike you? I'm just tired and want to get some fresh air outside."

Fine. I'll just let her go then. She's indeed exhausted from work.

With the thought in mind, Delilah stroked Joan's hair gently and said, "Okay, you have my support."

After getting Delilah's approval, Joan felt a weight lifted off her chest.

Next, I'll need to talk to Lucius.

The next day, Joan boarded the plane.

She did not inform Larry about her decision nor did she tell Nancy that she would not be in the city for a period of time.

For some people, Joan's departure seemed abrupt, yet foreseeable.

In the living room, Lucius raised his head and looked at Delilah, who was sitting opposite him. "Grandma, why does Mom wants to go travel?"

"She wants to take a break, my dear," Delilah answered and tousled his hair.

"But why didn't Mom and Dad go together?"

"Because your daddy is on a business trip."

"Okay." A flicker of sorrow gleamed in Lucius's eyes as he hung his head low.

He yearned for a family trip, but it seemed that even having a meal together would be difficult.

While over on the other side, Joan was lying on the bed in a hotel room, staring at the beautiful sea outside the window in deep thought.

The phone next to her had been ringing for a while, but she refused to answer it.

Just then, a female server knocked on the door and asked, "Miss, do you need me to clean up your room?"

"No, thanks!" she replied loudly.

With that, the surrounding quietened down again.

Walking to the window, Joan took a deep breath and felt relaxed instantly just by looking at the clear blue sky outside.

Not far away, a child called out to her all of a sudden, "Miss, come down and play!"

"Come down and play soccer with us!" another child exclaimed.

Joan smiled at the sight of their young, innocent faces.

Then, she changed into her sportswear and rushed down to those kids.

"I'm here!" Joan greeted cheerfully as she walked towards them.

Suddenly, a little girl ran to her side and hugged her leg. "Miss, you need to help me. They bully me because I don't know how to play soccer."

"Why do you guys bully her?" Joan knelt down and stroked her hair.

"Because she is bad at soccer," a boy answered.

Another boy came in front of Joan and pointed at the girl. "Yeah, playing with her is a waste of our time."

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