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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2821 - 2830

### Chapter 2821 Failed To Protect Her

The two had known each other for a while now, and his heart had once harbored love as well as hate for Joan at different times in his life. Yet ultimately, his heart only ever yearned for her.

“You’re right, but I would never resort to harming others as you’re doing now. I would take down Larry by dealing a proper blow to his career instead of taking cheap shots and hiring people to get rid of him.” Jake’s words were resolute.

Della believed him.

After all, men and women were inherently different in this aspect; men openly fought for what their hearts desired, whilst women used nasty tricks like framing and slandering others to get what they wanted.

“I’ll pretend none of this happened. The huge sum you paid that man? Let it be a lesson to you. But remember, Della, this can never happen again. I’ll spare you for now because you helped me back then. However, if you pull another stunt like this, don’t blame me for taking extreme measures against you.” Jake’s features hardened into a serious, threatening stare as he uttered those words.

Della looked outside the window, unwilling to meet his gaze. Anger and dissatisfaction fumed inside her chest. She couldn’t help but gnaw on her fingernails as she questioned inwardly, Why does everyone rush to that b\*tch’s rescue?

Ring! Ring!

Jake immediately answered his phone.

“Mr. Wilson, we’ve rescued Ms. Watts.”

At that, Jake dropped everything he was doing with Della and drove away. It wasn’t long before he rapidly arrived at his destination and was approaching a frazzled-looking Joan.

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The doctor stated that while she hadn't suffered from any injuries, her emotions appeared to be slightly unstable.

"Joan? It's me, Jake." His gentle tone contrasted with his tight grip on her shoulders. It revealed how anguishedly he wanted for her to be okay.

In response, Joan flung his hand off of her shoulders. Panic flitted across her eyes as she pointed at Jake and screamed hysterically, "You're a bad person! You're all bad people!"

Pain and fear had consumed the woman's mind, rendering her a little insane.

A bitter ache spread across Jake's chest as he watched the woman he loved tremble so miserably. He then snapped coldly, "Doctor. What exactly is wrong with her?"

The doctor yelped in fear of Jake's threatening aura and quickly lowered his head, avoiding eye contact whilst explaining, "Her emotions aren't stable because she's experienced a psychological shock. It seems to me that this isn't her first time in such shock. If my guess is correct, I suggest you take good care of her until she recovers."

The doctor then began packing away his medical equipment to depart Jake's villa.

Jake fell into a sudden daze. He never expected that Joan would go insane as a result of the kidnapping. The woman now crouched on the bed as her arms circled her knees, pulling her head into a fetal position. Her shoulders trembled ever-so-slightly, revealing how terrified and insecure she felt about her situation.

Seeing this, Jake punched his cheek. It's all my fault. I brought this misery upon Joan. I failed to protect her...

"Don't startle her any further. There's still a possibility that she can recover to the way she was before," the doctor offered his final advice before exiting.

Meanwhile, Joan was rocking herself manically. "B-bad.... bad guys..."

"Joan... I'm not the bad guy here. I'm Jake, remember me?"

Jake wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a tight embrace for fear that she had really forgotten who he was.

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Joan reacted unwillingly to this. She thrashed and kicked in his arms as if she was trying to escape from him, the bad guy.

Seeing how much she resisted, the man eventually loosened his arms. Forget it. I'll take things slow and reintroduce myself gradually. Perhaps this is for the best; at least now she's not constantly thinking about that scumbag, Larry. Jake recomposed himself before heading off to make a call.

Within minutes, the villa was flooded with housemaids.

Standing before this crowd, Jake put on a solemn expression as he gave out instructions the housemaids were all expected to follow. "You are responsible for looking after the lady of this house as well as tending to the general needs of this villa."

There was no doubt about it; this was the villa that Jake originally intended to gift Joan. Now, it was finally being used for that exact purpose, albeit slightly different from the plan he envisioned since Joan was currently in shock.

Regardless, the two of them began living together in that very villa.

Two months passed in the blink of an eye.

Larry kept his head buried in Norton Corporation's work all this while. However, Joan's delicate face would pop up in his mind from time to time. His right eyelid had been twitching for quite some days. It affected him so much that he hadn't been getting proper sleep. For some unknown reason, he kept feeling a sense of dread in his chest. Yet, nothing bad had happened around him so far.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2822

Chapter 2822 Miracles

Tossing his pen aside, he sprawled out on the sofa, massaging his temples in an attempt to keep himself awake.

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“Larry!” Jessica barged into his office with a lunch bag looped in her hand.

She knew the man had been carelessly missing his meals ever since Joan disappeared, so she took it upon herself to frequently prepare lunchboxes for him.

“Why are you here?” Larry asked impatiently.

Tsk. Get a load of that rude tone! Am I not welcomed here? Jessica side-eyed him before placing the lunch bag onto his desk. She then feigned an obedient smile as she rushed over to his side.

“You should have something to eat, Larry.” Her eyes twinkled expectantly.

Huh? Why is she suddenly behaving so... pleasantly? Is there something she wants from me? Larry’s eyes widened at this realization. He immediately turned his head the other way, refusing to look at her puppy dog eyes.

“Larry, I forgot my wallet when I left my house earlier... I really wanted to wear that dress from the mall to the banquet...” Jessica murmured. Despite her sad tone, her eyes seemed rounder and sparkled even more.

I knew she was up to no good! There’s no way her temperament would suddenly turn so docile. Larry paced over to his wallet and pulled out a card before tossing it over to her.

Whatever. I’ll think of this as repayment for taking care of me these past days.

“Woah, thanks so much Larry!” Jessica exclaimed as she gratefully embraced the man.

Larry cringed before shrugging her off. “Alright, that’s enough. It’s not wise for anyone to see us in such an inappropriate position. I have a girlfriend, you know!”

As the words left his mouth, Jessica’s shoulders fell.

It’s been so long, and we still haven’t found Joan... What if she’s already dead? Jessica stared out the window as sorrow crept onto her face.

“Do you think Joan’s still alive?” she blurted out.

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She knew better than to bring up Joan in front of Larry. However, she couldn't stifle the growing worry inside her chest anymore. Because sometimes she, too, felt lost in despair. There was not a trace of Joan, despite how long they had searched for her. At times, Jessica wanted to give up and forget about it all.

"I know she is," Larry's firm voice boomed.

But how can he be so sure? Or is he just stubbornly lying to himself? Jessica couldn't help but lower her head guiltily at the determined man standing before her.

She had promised Larry that she would find Joan. However, Norton Corporation had already advanced into a higher phase of expansion as of today. Yet, she was still clueless about the missing woman's whereabouts.

"Alright, let's not be in tatters over this. I'll be off now."

After saying this, Jessica bolted out the door with Larry's card in hand.

Life was full of miracles; who could have known that Jessica would soon stumble upon the one thing that she desperately sought after? And that one thing had morphed into a whole new person.

"Ms. Zimmer, glad to see you here after some time. What are you looking for today?" A staff hurriedly approached Jessica in the mall.

Jessica's eyes roamed across the store, taking in every fabric, color, and design. Her eyes soon narrowed as she pouted, "Do you not have any newer items?"

"Ah, please follow me, Ms. Zimmer. Our latest items are over here," the staff motioned in a polite bow. As Jessica casually strolled over, her feet screeched to a halt while her jaw dropped at the person standing in the distance.

"Ms. Watts, what do you think of this?"

"Hmm... Will Jake like this?" Joan's eyes glimmered expectantly at the housemaid who suggested the clothing to her.

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"You look stunning in anything, Ms. Watts. I'm sure Mr. Wilson will adore you regardless," the housemaid encouraged. There was nothing but the truth in the housemaid's words as she had always noticed how Jake went to extreme lengths to spoil Joan.

At this very moment, Jessica's feet remained rooted to the ground. Although she felt a thrilling relief surge through her, she couldn't quite move. Is... Is that really Joan? She's alive! And now she's back!

Happiness blurred Jessica's vision as big, plump teardrops rolled down her face.

Seeing this, the staff panicked in fear of upsetting a powerful woman like Jessica. She frantically asked, "What's wrong, Ms. Zimmer?"

"Okay, let's get this then." Joan proceeded to wave for the shop's staff whilst saying, "Please wrap this up for me."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2823

Chapter 2823 | Saw Joan

Jessica slowly approached Joan. Her heart pounded as she waited for the latter's embrace, but it never came. Little did she know, this version of Joan no longer recognized her.

What... Why is she staring so blankly at me? Jessica's brows tightened into a quizzical look at the woman in front of her. She could only manage a squeak, "Joan?"

This must have been too soft because Joan didn't acknowledge her. Instead, the woman headed off in the direction of the cash register.

Jessica stood frozen as she watched the woman from a short distance. Am I mistaken? She shook her head, thinking that it had to be Joan. Then she immediately darted before Joan and pulled her into a tight embrace.

"Joan!" A longing nostalgia was laced in Jessica's tone.

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At this sudden hug, Joan's mind blanked unnervingly. Who is she? How does she know my name? Joan gently pushed Jessica away, studying her warily. Discomfort soon flashed in the former's eyes as she cut to the chase, "I'm afraid you've mistaken me for someone else. I don't know you, miss."

Ever since Joan recovered from her psychological shock, her memories had been fully erased, much to Jake's convenience and delight. He had hoped for such a thing to happen.

Panic settled on Jessica's scrunched-up forehead. This made her heart pound erratically as she stuttered, "Joan... Take a better look at my face. It's me, Jessica!" What happened to her? How can she not recognize me?

"I'm sorry, miss, but I really think you've got the wrong person." The housemaid led Joan away as she said those words.

No! There's no way I'm mistaken! I would recognize Joan anywhere. Even if all that's left of her is her ashes, I'd still be able to tell her apart from anyone else! An idea suddenly flitted through Jessica's mind. She ran towards the women and obstructed their path. Then she pleaded as if her life depended on it, "Joan, I'm Jessica... Larry has been waiting for you this entire time since you went missing. Please, let's get you back, okay?"

Jessica had finally found Joan, so there was no way she would let the woman off so easily. She mentally swore that she would bring Joan to Larry and prove to everyone that Joan was still alive.

Meanwhile, an inexplicable ache pulsed in Joan's chest at the mention of Larry's name.

Who's Larry? Why does it hurt so much to hear his name? Joan clutched tightly at her chest in an attempt to stifle the excruciating pain.

"Are you alright, Ms. Watts? Come on. We should head home." The housemaid hurriedly led Joan away before anything else happened.

"No... Joan, you can't leave!"

Thud!

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Without a sliver of hesitation, the housemaid shoved Jessica against the wall as a final warning.

A twinge of grief seeped onto Jessica's face, and she stood helplessly in the corner, watching Joan walk further away.

Did she lose her memories? Jessica's fists coiled taut whilst her gaze darkened coldly. Without a moment to waste, she whipped out her phone and dialed a number.

"Darling, cut it out. We haven't found Joan despite how long we've been searching for her. So how is it possible for you to casually bump into her at the mall?" Caspian's doubtful voice sounded from the other end of the call.

He would rather believe that Joan was dead. After all, much time has passed since her disappearance, so it just didn't make sense to him that she would suddenly return after all this time.

"I'm telling the truth, Caspian! I'm not fibbing. I swear I saw Joan earlier. Please, you need to send someone to go after her!" Jessica shrieked as she clambered up onto her feet.

This silly girl... She probably missed Joan so much so that she hallucinated earlier.

"That's enough now. I have other things to deal with, so I'm going to hang up, alright?" With that, Caspian ended their call straight away.

Ugh, that little... How can he not believe me? Anger bubbled vigorously in Jessica. Needing to let out some steam, she hurtled her phone onto the ground.

Caspian... How can that jerk turn a blind eye to my crucial discovery! Jessica seethed with fury as she stomped her feet. Eventually, she acquired a new phone from a shop nearby. Her hands moved quickly to set up the phone before she dialed another number from her contacts list.

"What? You saw Joan? Tell me when and where!" Larry's voice jittered with excitement on the phone.

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Jessica initially planned to surprise Larry with this. However, she had no choice but to ask for Larry's assistance since Caspian refused to cooperate earlier. She urged into the phone, "I saw Joan with my own eyes, Larry! She's alive and well."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2824

Chapter 2824 Was I Mistaken

Although Jessica's newfound information sounded unreliable, Larry took his chances in hopes that it would lead them to Joan. He figured that he would at least give it one try regardless of what the outcome would be.

"I'm tailing her now. I'll text you my location in a bit," Jessica informed before getting into her car and speeding after Joan.

Ahead, Joan's car drove continuously. Fortunately, it meant that no one inside had realized that they were being followed.

"That woman. It seemed like she knows me," Joan stated with a straight face.

The housemaid noticed this as well but insisted that the woman must have mistaken Joan for someone else.

Is that so? An unfathomable expression crossed Joan's face.

After a long while, the driver took a sudden turn in a different direction after realizing that a car had been tailing them for quite some time.

"What's happening here? Why aren't we going home?"

"We're being followed, Ms. Watts," the driver reported right away.

Joan's head whipped around and saw that they were indeed being followed. A grayish shade of grim shrouded over her face. Is it the woman from earlier? Her brows knitted.

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Meanwhile, Jessica drove mercilessly as she trailed right behind Joan's speeding car. The air was tense as neither of the two cars was ready to accept defeat. In the final moments, Joan's driver floored the accelerator, and their car propelled further away.

At this, Jessica helplessly watched as they escaped. Her cheeks warmed in anger whilst she held back a curse. This wasn't the reunion she had in mind; she hadn't properly reunited with and received a hug from Joan who she had so dearly missed.

Larry arrived not long after.

"Where is she?" he uttered in between heavy breaths.

"They got away," came Jessica's glum response.

All hope drained from Larry's face at once.

"Jessica, talk to me. Was it really Joan that you saw earlier?" He stared into Jessica's eyes, seeking an honest and firm confirmation.

"Yes, it must be! We were standing so close, Larry, but it seemed like she doesn't recognize me at all," Jessica quickly explained.

Back at Jake's villa, Joan heaved a sigh of relief after they successfully broke away from Jessica's pursuit. She hopped off the car and brought all the shopping bags indoors.

"Ms. Watts, let me." One of the housemaids extended her hands to help.

Inside, Jake lounged on the living room sofa. He was mindlessly flipping through a magazine whilst waiting for Joan's return. He wasn't aware that Jessica had approached Joan in the mall. Otherwise, he would have rushed over to prevent the truth from being revealed instead of relaxing at home.

Once Joan entered the living room, he shot onto his feet and dumped the magazine aside. He reached out, pulling her into a tight embrace as he planted a kiss on her forehead.

Yet for some reason, Joan shifted uncomfortably in his hold.

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It was only later that he understood why; the housemaid, who had accompanied Joan to the mall, reported everything to Jake privately.

I shouldn't let her go out so often. Jake's face was tight with dread as he stole a glance at Joan, who was on the sofa. I'm going to be in a pickle if Larry finds out that she's still alive.

He bit down the quivering panic inside him. Putting on a calm expression, he sauntered over to Joan and gently kissed her delicate cheeks.

In Larry's office, the men were growing tired of Jessica's hysterics. Caspian thundered in annoyance, "Calm yourself, Jessica!"

"I'm not making this up! Larry, I swear to you. I really did see Joan..." Jessica's frail voice cracked as she clung to Larry's arm.

Caspian refused to believe what the woman had seen, which was perfectly understandable. He had lost all hope since Joan had been missing for more than two months now.

Unlike Caspian's broiling temper, Larry looked outside the window gloomily. He couldn't care less if Jessica spoke the truth; what mattered most to him was the undeniable fact that they had failed to find Joan.

At the men's negative responses, Jessica fell limply onto the sofa. Her head then flung backward into a blank stare at the ceiling. Was I mistaken? Did I confuse someone else for Joan?

Caspian then walked up to Larry and uttered in a quiet voice, "Jessica's been unwell these days. It seems like she's also lost all sense of reason, so you really shouldn't take her word for it, Larry."

Flashing an understanding look, Larry then glanced over at Jessica, who had dark bags under her eyes and a ghostly complexion. He suggested to her, "Maybe it's best if you head home. Get some rest."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2825

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Chapter 2825 Asking About Joan

At this, Jessica's eyes clamped shut in an attempt to recompose herself. Ugh, forget it! No one will believe me. She bounced onto her feet and marched out of the office.

Caspian's heart chipped as he watched the woman he loved storm off. Although it pained him to be so unsupportive, he knew it was for the best; he didn't want Jessica recklessly chasing after some hallucination.

After exchanging some brief words, Caspian left the office and made haste to catch up with Jessica.

Elsewhere, a different conversation occurred. Dustin had holed up in Abelyn's villa ever since Joan went missing. He refused to step foot outside, and it broke Abelyn's heart to see him turn his back to the world.

"Cheer up, hmm?" Abelyn uttered cautiously as she patted his shoulder.

It had been a long, long time since Joan went missing. Yet, Dustin still found himself unable to focus on tasks. He wasn't sure when or how long it would take before he could finally move on from losing her. All he knew was that he had fallen into an abyss, and he wasn't ready to leave just yet.

"It's none of your business!" Dustin thundered without a trace of warmth whilst flinging her hand off of him.

Normally, Abelyn would have yelled at the man for his crappy behavior. But things were different now; Dustin could barely hold himself together after losing Joan, so Abelyn couldn't bring herself to scold him.

"Dustin, I'm begging you to snap out of it! Do you know how much I've sacrificed for you? I even broke up with that bartender!" Abelyn's voice came out shaky.

She had been taking care of Dustin, who slumped away in his sorrows after Joan's disappearance. Her bartender boyfriend blew up in a rage when he found out about this. He then forced her to choose between him and Dustin.

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It took her a long time to decide, but she eventually stuck with Dustin because she couldn't bear watching her best friend waste his life away in depression. She was determined to save him.

Once Abelyn's words registered in Dustin's mind, his gaze softened as he looked up at her.

He knew that she was the only one who had looked after him all this time. She had dedicated her time and energy, as well as sacrificed her love to be there for him. If only she knew her love was only a means to end for that bartender boy... Dustin sighed inwardly.

"Abelyn, do you think Joan's still alive?" he asked in a calm voice.

He's already asked me this question countless times! The woman held back from voicing her thoughts.

Instead, she wrapped her arms around him. She knew that there was only one answer to his question, the one answer that would keep them both blindly hopeful. "Yeah, I'm sure she's alive. She's probably lost and is finding her way home, so don't worry. I'm sure she'll come looking for you once she makes it home."

That was perhaps the only response that could soothe his distraught mind.

"You can drop the act. I know she's not coming back." Dustin suddenly rose to his feet.

Abelyn was taken aback by his abrupt response.

"I need some air," Dustin informed before storming outside the villa and driving off.

Scrambling onto her feet, Abelyn drove behind his car. She shadowed him and kept a close eye on his every move for fear that he would get himself into trouble.

Before she knew it, they ended up on the beach with their toes barely touching the seawater that curled onto the shore.

Coincidentally, the couple that had previously saved Joan were busy at work on the beach as well. Some time had passed since then, and they seemed to have aged tremendously.

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"I wonder how Joan's doing right now... Is she alive? And if so, where is she now?" the old woman mumbled to herself whilst shaking her head.

Hearing this, the old man straightened up and stared into the distance broodily. He couldn't help but fidget with his beard before throwing a hopeful gaze at the old woman. "Maybe she's still alive."

Dustin happened to listen in on their subtle discussion. He couldn't help but perk up when he heard them mentioning someone by the name of Joan. Could that... Could it be the Joan I know? Hope roared inside his chest. He then darted in front of them and frantically asked, "Hello, sir. You guys mentioned a person named Joan earlier. May I know where she is?"

Huh? Who is he? Why is he asking about Joan? The old man eyed Dustin from head to toe before denying cautiously, "You're asking the wrong person. I don't know anyone named Joan."

The old man refused to blurt out Joan's affairs to any stranger that came knocking. He would protect her privacy, regardless of whether Joan was dead or alive.

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She had been taking care of Dustin, who slumped away in his sorrows after Joan's disappearance. Her bartender boyfriend blew up in a rage when he found out about this. He then forced her to choose between him and Dustin.

It took her a long time to decide, but she eventually stuck with Dustin because she couldn't bear watching her best friend waste his life away in depression. She was determined to save him.

Once Abelyn's words registered in Dustin's mind, his gaze softened as he looked up at her.

He knew that she was the only one who had looked after him all this time. She had dedicated her time and energy, as well as sacrificed her love to be there for him. If only she knew her love was only a means to end for that bartender boy... Dustin sighed inwardly.

"Abelyn, do you think Joan's still alive?" he asked in a calm voice.

He's already asked me this question countless times! The woman held back from voicing her thoughts.

Instead, she wrapped her arms around him. She knew that there was only one answer to his question, the one answer that would keep them both blindly hopeful. "Yeah, I'm sure she's alive. She's probably lost and is finding her way home, so don't worry. I'm sure she'll come looking for you once she makes it home."

That was perhaps the only response that could soothe his distraught mind.

"You can drop the act. I know she's not coming back." Dustin suddenly rose to his feet.

Abelyn was taken aback by his abrupt response.

"I need some air," Dustin informed before storming outside the villa and driving off.

Scrambling onto her feet, Abelyn drove behind his car. She shadowed him and kept a close eye on his every move for fear that he would get himself into trouble.

Before she knew it, they ended up on the beach with their toes barely touching the seawater that curled onto the shore.

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Coincidentally, the couple that had previously saved Joan were busy at work on the beach as well. Some time had passed since then, and they seemed to have aged tremendously.

"I wonder how Joan's doing right now... Is she alive? And if so, where is she now?" the old woman mumbled to herself whilst shaking her head.

Hearing this, the old man straightened up and stared into the distance broodily. He couldn't help but fidget with his beard before throwing a hopeful gaze at the old woman. "Maybe she's still alive."

Dustin happened to listen in on their subtle discussion. He couldn't help but perk up when he heard them mentioning someone by the name of Joan. Could that... Could it be the Joan I know? Hope roared inside his chest. He then darted in front of them and frantically asked, "Hello, sir. You guys mentioned a person named Joan earlier. May I know where she is?"

Huh? Who is he? Why is he asking about Joan? The old man eyed Dustin from head to toe before denying cautiously, "You're asking the wrong person. I don't know anyone named Joan."

The old man refused to blurt out Joan's affairs to any stranger that came knocking. He would protect her privacy, regardless of whether Joan was dead or alive.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2828

Chapter 2828 Happily Ever After

That's ridiculous! Since when are we obligated to explain everything to her? Visibly annoyed, Larry shot a scathing glare at Caspian.

"Alright, then." Della wiped away her tears and left the office without saying another word.

Knowing that Jake had been keeping Joan company, Della decided that she would not act rashly right now. Nevertheless, to err on the side of caution, she continued to monitor their interactions closely. She had even hired people to capture their daily lives in photographs.

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Larry was still under the impression that Joan was dead, and Della was not prepared to let him believe otherwise.

Not long after that, she was back in Larry's office.

"Larry, it's been a long while since Joan's death. You can't possibly be thinking about being single forever?" Della asked tentatively, thinking that she would suffer a great loss if Larry decided he never wanted to get remarried. After all, she was still waiting for him to change his mind about her.

The man was momentarily startled by her question but soon resumed his composure. He shot her a scornful glance, refusing to engage in a conversation with her.

His constant indifference toward her was too much for Della to bear. She had traveled all the way here to spend time with him, only to have her heart broken by his utter apathy.

"Larry Norton!" she yelled, overtaken by resentment.

"Della, I'm really slammed with work here. If there's nothing urgent, can you please leave?" Larry responded impassively.

Why is he constantly pushing me away? Does he really hate me so much? Nevertheless, Della turned around and plopped down on the sofa as she renewed her resolve in getting the man.

Sometimes she was confused and at a loss over her real intention in going after Larry. She wasn't sure if it was out of true love, or if it had become a mere mission she wanted to accomplish.

Regardless, I must have him!

While Larry continued to ignore her presence, Della slowly got used to spending time by herself. She lounged on the office sofa and stopped pestering him.

In Jake's villa, Joan seemed to be immersed in bliss as she happily tended to the flowers in the yard with a few housemaids.

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“Joan, why don’t you leave this job to the housemaids?” Jake walked over and pinched her cheek softly.

“I have time to kill anyway. Might as well help them out while I’m at it.” Joan smiled at him.

Her bright grin lightened him up, and his lips curled up in a contented smile. This is the ideal life I have been searching for; to spend each and every day with the one I love, having a stable and predictable routine with just the two of us.

“Don’t you need to go to work today?” Joan asked.

“I do. I’m actually heading out soon,” the man replied while stroking her hair gently.

This is my happily-ever-after.

On a related note, Jake’s temper had improved considerably ever since Joan came into his life.

Before this, he was not only selfish and self-serving but also distant and reserved. But now, he was warm and more than considerate when it came to the woman. One might say that such was the power of love.

After spending time in each other’s arms for another few minutes, Jake finally left for work.

To Joan, this was her whole life. She would not have imagined that a part of her memory was still buried deep in her mind.

Thump! Thump! Thump! A series of urgent knocks rang out at the door.

“Who is it?” a voice called out from the yard.

Outside the door, Della was startled upon hearing the familiar voice. Isn’t that Joan’s voice? She is indeed living here. “It’s me!” Della replied aloud.

A woman? Joan frowned a little and hurried to the door. As the door swung open, a broad grin flashed across Della’s face. “It’s been a while, Joan.”

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Huh? She knows me? I don't know her... Joan looked quizzically at the woman standing before her. "Who are you? Are you here for Jake?"

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2829

Chapter 2829 She Has Lost Her Memories

Della was baffled by Joan's response and expression. Has she... lost her memories? Upon that realization, the former's eyes widened as she studied Joan carefully. "Joan, don't you know me?"

"No, I'm afraid that I don't."

Della stole a sigh of relief. This actually works in my favor. There's no way she will let me in if her memories are intact.

"That's alright. I'm a good friend of Jake's. We've met once, but you've probably forgotten," Della said while inviting herself into the yard.

Whoa... This is such a beautiful place! Looks like they're having the time of their lives. Things are just getting better and better for me!

"Please take a seat. Jake is at work at the moment. I will let him know when—"

"That's okay. I'll give him a call later," Della cut her off abruptly.

For some reason, the woman's unannounced visit stirred up a sense of apprehension in Joan. She shook her head, trying to shake off the unsettling thought from her mind.

Joan invited Della to sit on the sofa, where they started chattering away awkwardly. The sole purpose of Della's visit was to ascertain that Joan was residing at Jake's residence. Her mission had already been accomplished the moment Joan answered the door.

"Joan, do you remember a man named Larry?" Della asked carefully.

Larry? Who? Joan shook her head.

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It seems like the odds are still in my favor! She has even forgotten the love of her life! Well, just her luck. Della secretly stole a curt laugh.

“Who is he? Should I know him?”

“Oh, no. He’s a total jerk who used to pick on you all the time. It’s better if you don’t remember him,” Della lied effortlessly.

Is that so? But his name doesn’t sound so bad. Joan contemplated the name.

Meanwhile, when Jake was in his office, he was notified of Della’s visit to the villa. “What? Della went to the villa?” That devil of a woman, what does she want now?

Jake picked up his coat and darted out the door. He sped past multiple traffic lights on the way back without any hesitation.

Soon, the car pulled up just outside his villa, but there was no sight of Della when he entered his house.

“Joan, are you alright?” Jake asked anxiously, holding onto her shoulders tightly.

Joan took out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat off his forehead. “I’m fine. What are you doing back here? Have you finished your work in the office?”

“Oh, about that. Um, did someone drop by our house today?”

Somehow, the words “our house” sounded foreign to Joan. “Yeah. She came looking for you and said that she would give you a call before she left just then. Hasn’t she called?”

Jake cleared his throat. That vicious woman had better not call me, or I’ll give her a piece of my mind!

“Oh, maybe she got busy.” Jake held onto Joan’s arm as they walked into the living room.

In another development, Delilah had been having a tough time trying to help Lucius recover from his trauma. And now, the man was slowly getting back on his feet.

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“Grandma, Ms. Lee is taking us to the beach tomorrow,” Lucius informed Delilah without any enthusiasm in his tone.

The boy’s downhearted look saddened Delilah. “Alright, be safe while you’re out there.”

Just then, their door was opened with a soft thud.

When Lucius saw that it was Larry who entered, he shot the man a quick glance before running into his bedroom. Larry understood that Lucius was not ready to have a conversation with him, so he decided to not push for it.

Although Delilah knew it to be an accident, she could not stop Lucius from blaming his mother’s death on Larry; he blamed his father for failing to protect Joan.

“Is everything okay?” Larry asked while walking into the kitchen.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2830

Chapter 2830 You Are My Mom

“It’s been alright,” Delilah said. The household has become less lively since Joan isn’t around, that’s for sure.

Larry’s eyes lingered on Lucius’ room before they dimmed with despondent. Maybe I should leave him alone for now. He must hate my guts now.

Larry turned and handed Delilah a bank card, saying, “Ms. Young, I’ve put some money in this card. This is for his excursion to the beach tomorrow. Could you please pass it to him?”

He knew that Lucius’ homeroom teacher had arranged to take the kids to the beach, and the parents were encouraged to participate. But since Lucius chose not to share this information with him, Larry took the hint and left the residence shortly after.

Although Lucius had laid out his homework on his study desk, his mind was drifting off as he stayed in his room.

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“Here, your dad wanted you to have this,” Delilah said while sliding the bank card across Lucius’ desk.

The boy had always been a responsible child, therefore both Delilah and Larry never had to worry about letting him keep a bank card.

Lucius felt a pang of guilt as he stared at the card, wondering if he should reconcile with his father. I’ve already lost Mom. I can’t lose Dad, too.

The next day, Lucius’ homeroom teacher took the children to the beach early in the morning.

The beach was as enchanting as ever.

As the rest of his classmates enjoyed bathing in the morning sunlight while watching seagulls being chased away by the splashing of sea waves against the beach, Lucius sat by himself and stared out into the distance. Where are you, Mom? Are you still alive?

His petite hands clenched up as the thought about his mother intensified.

“Slow down, Joan, or you’re gonna trip!” a voice suddenly rang from a distance. The name “Joan” had captured Lucius’ attention. He stood up and tried to trace the direction of the sound.

“I’m going to get you a drink,” Jake said before leaving Joan to herself. She was half-kneeling on the ground and appeared a little tuckered out.

Finally, the person who responded to the name “Joan” appeared in front of Lucius.

Filled with intense emotion, the boy ran toward Joan and looked intently at her with his teary eyes.

“Hey, buddy, is everything okay?” Joan asked softly.

“Mom, I missed you so much!” Lucius cried and hugged her legs.

Joan was instantly dumbstruck. No, No! When did I have a son? This must be a mistake!

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The woman pried open the child's grip on her legs and straightened her clothes before explaining, "You have mistaken me for somebody else, buddy. I'm not your mother."

That's impossible! She has the same facial features, voice, and figure as Mom! Why is she denying it? Lucius held onto her hand and refused to let her go.

"Let me go now, okay? You have got the wrong person. I'm really not your mother."

"Hey!" Jake yelled while making his way to the duo with drinks in his hands.

"Mr. Wilson?" Lucius cried in disbelief.

Shoot, it's Lucius! Jake forced a smile and asked calmly, "Lucius, what are you doing here?"

This is bad. I can't believe they bumped into each other at this place! Jake tried to suppress his anxiety. "Listen to me. This lady is not your mom. She just looks like your mother, that's all."

No! She has to be Mom! The child continued to look steadily at Joan. His eyes shone with excitement as the familiar scent of his mother filled his nostrils. This is definitely Mom's scent; I'll never forget it.

When the two adults failed to convince Lucius to let go of Joan, they relented and let him sit with her on the beach.

While holding tight onto Joan as they sat on the beach, Lucius finally calmed down. He eventually fell asleep next to Joan.

After making sure that the child was sound asleep, Joan gently pried open his grip on her and walked away. When Lucius awoke from his sleep, the woman was already long gone.

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