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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2061 - 2062

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2061

The presidential suite was fitted with two bedrooms and a living room. Joan and Nancy could each have a room, while Caiden and Jaden comfortably occupied the living room.

"I apologize in advance, Joan," Caiden said easily before gently rolling up her shirt.

He was horrified by the sight that greeted his eyes. Joan's entire back was swollen and red, with blood still oozing from several gashes. Caiden felt as if his heart had been caught in his throat. What sort of cold-blooded people are they? How could they have abused her like this!

He was livid. It made Caiden wonder at the amount of inner strength and courage that Joan possessed. No ordinary person could have endured such agony being inflicted upon them.

How fortunate that I happened to pass by! Caiden thought, shuddering. The odds were far too slim for his liking. What if I hadn't? Would Joan have died?

"What's wrong, Caiden?" Joan asked meekly, sensing his hesitation.

"Huh? Oh, it's nothing... I'm fine. This might sting a little, so bear with me," Caiden hurriedly replied. He picked up the medicine and gently applied it onto Joan's back.

The sheer number of wounds on her back made rubbing it in little by little impossible and would have taken far too long. Caiden thus smeared a large amount onto Joan's back all at once and evenly spread it.

A groan escaped from Joan's lips. Caiden felt her stiffen almost instantly beneath his fingers.

"Does it hurt?" Caiden immediately paused and looked at Joan anxiously. His heart ached in sympathy.

"I'm fine! Please go ahead. I'm sorry to trouble you," Joan replied. She shut her eyes tightly and clenched her jaw in resolve to endure the pain.

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This was Gabriella's lesson to Joan, which she would have no choice but to bear the consequences of. Joan was determined to remember every bit of this humiliation and the cruelty that Gabriella had shown her.

Every bit of raw flesh that Caiden's fingertips gingerly touched, however, weighed immeasurably upon him. He felt laden with a mixed feeling of anguish and remorse.

Caiden blamed himself for not having arrived earlier to defend Joan from her assailant. He felt guilty for not confessing his feelings for her all those years ago, choosing to leave the country altogether instead. Caiden believed that Joan's suffering today was indirectly a result of his absence. I should have been by her side protecting her! Caiden fumed, gnashing his teeth in frustration.

"Joan, can you tell me how you got injured?" Caiden abruptly asked.

What should I tell him? Joan fretted. She hung her head for a moment, then answered slowly, "It was from the abduction."

That's impossible! Caiden reflected. Kidnappers usually held their victims hostage for money. From the looks of it, the vicious manner with which Joan's abductor had treated Joan clearly displayed a personal vendetta.

"Joan, I think she was out to kill you," Caiden muttered in a low voice.

At his words, Joan froze.

She hadn't expected this charming, kindhearted, but clearly naive youth to be quite so perceptive.

Indeed, after Gabriella had discovered that Joan was in a relationship with Larry, she had set out on her bloodthirsty mission to root Joan out and destroy her.

"You can't make baseless claims like that. There's no evidence," Joan informed Caiden hastily.

"Aren't these wounds evidence enough?" Caiden retorted hotly, righteous indignation rising within him.

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Joan knew, however, that she couldn't prove that this was the work of Gabriella. There were no audio files or visual recordings of the events that had occurred.

"It doesn't matter. Let's continue," Joan replied evenly, then lapsed back into silence.

Even though Joan had not expressly revealed her feelings, Caiden could discern from her troubled expression that she, too, had her suspicions.

"I'll handle the wounds on my leg," Joan said feebly after a moment.

Caiden marveled at her obstinacy. He'd already been exposed to Joan's entire bareback. Why is she suddenly so being so bashful about her legs?

"It's fine. Just rest for now. Don't worry, I won't dare take advantage of you," Caiden reassured her in a slightly teasing tone.

There was nothing much Caiden to do to Joan now, even if he wanted to, given the extent of her wounds. Besides, the thought of harming a woman, especially when she couldn't fend for herself, would never even have crossed the mind of a gentleman like Caiden.

"It wouldn't be proper. I'll just..." Joan trailed off, her voice faltering. She stood up and hurried away to fetch the medicine.

"Joan, there's no one else here! Besides, who cares?" Caiden argued, feeling slightly annoyed.

Joan's sudden show of modesty seemed both illogical and impractical to Caiden. He couldn't fathom how Joan would rather inconvenience herself than allow Caiden to help her. In this aspect, Caiden preferred the frankness of the people he'd met overseas. Instead of worrying about superficial things such as their image and reputation, they were more concerned with sorting out their feelings and achieving peace of mind. Caiden found his own countrymen's preoccupation with preserving an untarnished image, at the expense of their own wellbeing, both frustrating and foolish.

"All right." Unable to counter Caiden's reasoning, Joan finally gave in. She reluctantly sat back down again.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2062

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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2062

Joan had acquiesced partly also due to her instinctive feeling that Caiden harbored no ill intentions. Besides, they had been schoolmates once, after all. It was the latter fact that made Joan feel a sense of shared intimacy with Caiden. Even now, he was proving himself to be a considerate, well-mannered fellow.

"Can't you tell me?" Caiden suddenly continued, picking up from where they had left off before the conversation had unraveled.

Joan hesitated. The expression on her face, however, softened gradually.

A million thoughts raced through her mind. Where do I begin? Joan reflected. Everything had begun ages before Caiden had even stepped into the picture. There was no use in involving Caiden in matters irrelevant to him. Besides, Joan was afraid that if she revealed the whole truth to Caiden, it might even trigger his anger towards her.

It would be far better to keep Caiden in the dark and maintain the status quo. Joan thus said nothing in response.

"All right. Even if you refuse to tell me anything, I'll find out on my own," Caiden declared, undaunted.

Why is he so interested in finding out? Joan thought in alarm. There was no discernible relationship between Caiden and Joan that reasonably compelled that level of investment on time and energy. This moment of closeness had been due more to coincidence than any lasting affection, or so Joan thought.

"What do you want to find out?" Joan pressed urgently.

"Who bullied, kidnapped, and then threatened you," Caiden replied blandly.

Joan felt her heart flutter, moved by Caiden's seemingly unexpected concern. She had no idea that she had been the object of Caiden's affections all this while.

Joan was nonetheless grateful for Caiden's unforeseen aid. If it hadn't been for his intervention, she would doubtless still be languishing under Gabriella's torment now.

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However, Joan concealed her emotions from Caiden and stated mechanically, "There's no need for that. It's all over now."

How can she let something like this go so easily? What on earth is she thinking? Caiden bristled. Anyone in their sane mind would have been able to draw the conclusion that there must be a reason behind all of this. If Joan's abductor had gone to such great lengths to hold her, the entire operation must have undergone quite a season of planning. Caiden could not comprehend how Joan could dismiss that fact so easily.

Another thought struck him like a bolt of lightning. Perhaps Joan wasn't waving it off but doing her utmost to evade it.

"I don't want to talk about this anymore. I feel very tired now," Joan said meaningfully.

It was part of the truth anyway. Joan was indeed weary of replaying the scene of Gabriella vehemently kicking and punching her. Even more, Joan did not want to dwell on the fact that Nancy had been violently abused by Gabriella on Joan's account as well.

It had all happened because of her, and she still could not bring herself to confront that fact. Joan didn't even know for certain how Nancy was faring or if she'd even managed to regain consciousness yet. Even more significantly, Joan dared not think about the fate of the child in Nancy's belly. Joan felt a rising tide of consternation surge within her and struggled to quell it.

"How's Nancy? Has she woken up yet?" Joan turned to face Caiden, gazing at him intently.

"Don't worry, Nancy's fine. My friend's taking care of her," Caiden replied soothingly.

Caiden felt another wave of affection for Joan. Even when she was hurt and in danger, her friend's safety still featured prominently in Joan's mind.

She was exactly as Caiden remembered. The beautiful, innocent girl with who he had fallen in love all those years ago still stood before him now, unchanged.

If Joan hadn't extended a helping hand to Caiden then, he might not have had the privilege of getting to know her in this lifetime. For that, Caiden counted himself as unbelievably lucky.

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Perhaps it was fate that Caiden had somehow managed to stumble upon Joan at this juncture.

“I’m glad she’s OK,” Joan mumbled in return.

Joan evidently did not intend to tell Caiden anything of note.

Caiden decided not to pursue the matter. Since Joan had made up her mind, further interrogating her would only cause her to resent him.

“Stay here for a few days. Your kidnappers will be hunting for you everywhere, so don’t step out for now. After the dust has settled, I’ll send you home,” Caiden offered in a gentler tone.

Caiden was right. Once she’d sunk her teeth into something, Gabriella wasn’t one to be shaken off that easily. Once she realized that Joan had escaped, Gabriella would immediately be hot on her heels, tirelessly surveying and searching for Joan. Joan was all too familiar with the ruthless persistence that Gabriella had.

“Where’s your best friend? Why don’t you get her to help you? Isn’t she rather wealthy?” Caiden suddenly probed.

Best friend? Joan thought, bemused. She shook her head resignedly. All of that had come to an end long ago.

“I don’t have a best friend,” Joan answered soberly.

What? Caiden was taken aback by this sudden revelation. He could clearly remember Joan being inseparable from another girl back in college. The pair were always seen together, whether studying, taking part in activities, or going on vacations. Joan and she had been so close that they were virtually indistinguishable then.

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