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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2761 - 2770

Chapter 2761 Lucinda Xenos Found

Ah, it turns out that she has made plans, after all.

"How did you get acquainted with Joan Watts?" the bartender asked Abelyn beside him in a murmur while they were in the restaurant.

"Hmm? Well, I guess you can say that we started out as enemies." Abelyn chuckled awkwardly, her guard going up at once. This is strange. Why did he suddenly bring up Joan?

"What is she up to recently?" the bartender pressed without lifting his head.

At his continued questions, chagrin welled within Abelyn. Putting aside the issue of jealousy, the fact that he had randomly inquired about Joan put her on high alert.

"Why are you asking? Are you acquainted with her?" Abelyn murmured while stirring the coffee in her cup. She slowly raised her head and regarded the man in front of her with puzzlement.

"No, not at all. Uh... Do you want a refill for your coffee?" The bartender deliberately changed the subject. Nonetheless, the atmosphere suddenly became tense, and conversation between them tapered.

Abelyn, who even had a row with her best friends because of her boyfriend, suddenly felt dreary. The joy within her dissipated significantly as well.

Meanwhile, Joan was nonchalantly flipping through a magazine in the living room. There was nothing much she could do right then, merely waiting for news before executing her plan.

Ring, ring!

"Your cell phone is ringing, Joan," Dustin prompted.

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“Coming!” Joan hastily called out, dashing over at once. Glimpsing the caller ID flashing across the screen, she immediately answered the call without the slightest hesitation.

“How are things going? Have you found her?” Her voice was tinged with a hint of anxiety and worry.

“Good morning, Ms. Watts. We have found Lucinda Xenos’ whereabouts,” the other party answered confidently.

“Alright, I got it. Please send me the location, and thank you so much.”

Oh my God, this is great! Joan squealed as she stood there with excitement written all over her face.

When Dustin saw that, surprise flooded him. What happened that she’s that happy? He slowly got to his feet and ambled toward Joan, who was a near distance away.

“What is it? What happened?”

He scrutinized the woman in front of her worriedly while waiting for her reply.

“They’ve found Lucinda Xenos, so I’m going to seek her out!” As Joan said that, she made to leave.

“No!” Dustin shouted out of the blue, causing Joan to jump in fright.

“What do you mean by that?” Joan eyed the man before her dubiously as bafflement assailed her.

“You can’t go out now since there might be reporters waiting to ambush you at the door,” Dustin reminded.

Dear Lord, I forgot about that! All at once, Joan’s gaze dimmed. Those reporters are really bloodsuckers, and they’ll definitely do their best to discredit me. No, I can’t go there personally!

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"I'll go. Tell me the location, and I'll go to clarify the entire matter with Lucinda Xenos on your behalf." Dustin was exceedingly emphatic and resolute, which in turn increased Joan's trust in him.

And the truth of the matter was, he indeed deserved her trust.

In no time, he drove to a nightclub. The nightclub was hopping with people of all genders and ages who mingled together without any restraint, creating a sensual atmosphere.

Damn her to hell! She could've gone to any other place, yet she just had to come to this nightclub!

Thud!

Dustin slammed his fist into the wall while emanating a cold aura. There were too many people that he hadn't any inkling where he should start looking.

Unbeknownst to him, the cell phone in his pocket had buzzed for a long time. However, he didn't notice the vibration perchance because it was too crowded in the nightclub.

Exhausted, he finally plopped down on a seat in a corner. It was only then that he took out his cell phone and noticed the dozen of missed calls from Joan. Seeing that, he quickly left the seat with his cell phone in hand and strode toward the washroom some distance away.

"Hello. Why did you call, Joan?" Dustin asked, raising his voice while clapping a hand against his other ear.

"Room 4! She's in Room 4!" Joan shouted with everything she had to inform him of Lucinda's room number out of fear that he wouldn't hear her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2762

Chapter 2762 | Am Looking For Someone

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“What did you just say? Room 7? Did you say that Lucinda Xenos is in Room 7?” Dustin swiftly echoed, his expression taut with anxiety.

“No, not Room 7! It’s Room 4!” Joan hastily corrected him.

“Room 4? Okay, I got it!” After saying that, Dustin hung up the phone and marched toward Room 4.

In Room 4, several men and women were talking boisterously. A hedonistic atmosphere hung in the air.

“Here, have some wine, sir!”

“Try this bottle of wine, sir! This is a new wine here!”

“Here, I’ll toast you, Lucinda!” A bald man abruptly stood up. Picking up two glasses of wine, he handed one of them to Lucinda across from him.

Having a high alcohol tolerance, Lucinda had always been able to hold her liquor. Thus, she was still very much sober despite having drunk three bottles of wine by then.

“I’ve already drunk a lot, Mr. Lowell,” Lucinda declined. In truth, she knew that she wouldn’t be able to turn it down, so she was merely putting on an act.

“Hey, how could you say that, Ms. Xenos? Did you drink more than me? No, right? Here, drink it!” The bald man thrust the wine glass at her lips.

When the few hostesses at the side saw that, they instinctively shuddered, their expressions fearful.

“Okay, since you’ve said as much, Mr. Lowell, I’ll take up the challenge!” After saying that, Lucinda guzzled the wine.

Bang! The door to the private room was suddenly kicked open.

“Who did that?” The bald man’s expression was exceedingly aggrieved as he shielded his eyes from the glaring light that shone in with a hand.

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“Me!” Dustin declared coldly.

Who is he? Surprised, Lucinda stared at the man at the door suspiciously.

“Who are you? And why did you barge in?” The bald man slowly got up and strutted over to Dustin with a murderous look in his eyes.

“I’m looking for someone,” Dustin answered bluntly. Like Joan, he had never been fond of beating around the bush. Instead, he spoke his mind and did whatever he pleased.

“Who are you looking for? Don’t tell me you’re looking for your wife?” the bald man derided, triggering a round of raucous laughter at once.

At that, Dustin suppressed the urge to step forward and punch him in the face.

“Lucinda Xenos!”

The moment those two words rolled off Dustin’s tongue, the bald man scratched his head and swung his gaze at Lucinda, who was a stone’s throw away.

“I don’t think we’re acquainted, mister. Is something the matter that you’re looking for me?” Lucinda questioned disdainfully while walking over to Dustin.

Yes, she indeed doesn’t know me. However, I know her!

“How forgetful you are, Lucinda Xenos! Have you forgotten about me so quickly?” Dustin demanded suggestively after casting a glance at the bald man at the side.

Huh? What did he mean by that? Lucinda’s guard instantly went up upon hearing that. I’ve never even seen him before, okay? What exactly is he trying to do here?

“What’s the meaning of this, Lucinda Xenos?” The bald man turned vicious.

At Dustin’s manipulation, only he and Lucinda remained in Room 4 in the nightclub at long last. Popping down onto the sofa, Lucinda lit a cigarette. “Well? Why did you seek me out?” she demanded, cutting straight to the chase with a contemptuous expression.

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However, Dustin didn't say anything. Sitting down on another sofa, he then tilted his head and stared at the room of the private room as though waiting for someone to arrive.

"Spit it out!" Lucinda grew anxious and vexed at his lack of response.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" Dustin scoffed, throwing her a look.

Damn it! How dare he speak to me in such a manner? Incensed, Lucinda sprang to her feet and stalked to the door.

"Get back here!" As Dustin said that, he dragged her back and tossed her onto the sofa at the side. "A word of warning from me—you can either do it the easy way or the hard way!"

His ruthless voice had Lucinda quivering on the sofa.

Shortly after, Joan arrived.

The private room was dimly lit, so Lucinda couldn't see her countenance clearly when she stepped into the room. Without even lifting her head, she blurted, "Who are you?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2763

Chapter 2763 Confronting Lucinda

"I'm Joan Watts."

Upon hearing that, the cell phone in Lucinda's hand slipped to the floor.

"Are you sure you can manage alone?" At the side, Dustin stood up and ambled over to Joan.

"Don't worry about me." Joan waved a dismissive hand at him, so Dustin then left the room.

Meanwhile, Lucinda's gaze darted around at the sight of Joan before her. She didn't know what to say or do.

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“Why, have you forgotten me so quickly?” As Joan said that, she sat down with a nonchalant expression on her face.

What exactly does she want from me? Lucinda rubbed her petite hands vigorously as apprehension seized her.

“Are you cold?”

“No.”

“Then, why are you rubbing your hands?” Joan stared at her while emanating an oppressive aura.

“It’s just a habit of mine.”

Hah! She’s obviously nervous and scared, yet she claimed that it’s merely a habit. What a hypocritical woman! Picking up a glass of wine from the table, Joan gulped it down in one go. Conversely, her expression appeared calm and unruffled.

“Why did you seek me out?” Lucinda queried softly as she turned and looked at her stonily.

Well, well... Don’t tell me she hasn’t the slightest idea why I came to seek her out? Shaking her head, Joan heaved a sigh like a person who had experienced too many trials and tribulations in life. “Do you really have no idea why I came to seek you out? It’s just the two of us here, so drop the act, okay?”

“I have no idea at all! I’m sorry, but I’ve still got something to handle, so please excuse me.” After saying that, Lucinda snagged her handbag beside her and hurried out of the room.

However, Dustin stopped her when she reached the door.

“Where are you going, Ms. Xenos?” he questioned contemptuously. In all honesty, he didn’t have a shred of good impression of her.

“That’s none of your business!” As Lucinda said that, she wanted to forge ahead.

“You should get back in there.” Shoving her into the private room, Dustin pulled the door closed.

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All at once, terror and panic struck Lucinda, and she didn't know what to do. A long while later, she pinned her gaze on Joan a near distance away after composing herself.

"What exactly do you want, Joan Watts?"

What else could I want? Naturally, I want her to publicly clarify the truth!

"My request is very simple—set the record straight," Joan replied candidly.

"The truth is as reported in the newspapers!" Lucinda sounded incredibly adamant.

Hmph! So, she wants me to set the record straight? Over my dead body! I'll never set the record straight about that incident!

Her stance disappointed Joan. She truly couldn't fathom why she wouldn't repent. What a pity! She can be a very outstanding woman, but she chose to be a cruel person!

"Who instructed you to do this, Lucinda?" Joan's voice carried a hint of accusation.

I have no grudge with her, nor is there any bad blood between us, so why would she pick trouble with me for no reason? There must be a mastermind behind this!

"No one instructed me," Lucinda asserted.

Does she think I won't be able to find out the mastermind just because she isn't telling me? How ludicrous! Getting to her feet, Joan walked to her and patted her shoulder lightly. "A word of advice from me—you should really tell me to avoid inviting more trouble in the future."

What does she mean by that? What problems will I invite? Mystified, Lucinda eyed the woman in front of her speculatively.

"Let me tell you, the person behind this is very cunning and ruthless, so I'd advise you to keep your distance from her."

Huh? Does she really know the mastermind's identity? In an instant, a chilly glint entered Lucinda's eyes.

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"I'm currently handling this matter, but Larry will certainly take over if I can't resolve it. At that time, I'm afraid that things will be even more complicated.

Witty as ever, Joan mentioned Larry right away.

After all, Larry was the most renowned president in this city, so everyone had heard of him.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2764

Chapter 2764 A Press Conference

Lucinda kept her head lowered, and her expression was conflicted. Ugh! What should I do? Should I expose Della Duff? She scratched her head as she continued mulling it over.

"It was Della Duff, yes?" Suddenly, Joan spun around and took a sip of wine.

Huh? How did she know that? Rushing over to her, Lucinda merely nodded forcefully without saying anything.

"Alright, I got it. I have a perfect solution..."

I can't afford to cross Della Duff, yet Larry Norton and Joan Watts aren't people I can afford to offend either! Thus, Lucinda knew that she must leave as soon as possible.

"What do you think about that?"

"Okay, I'll do as you say, Joan Watts!" Lucinda agreed emphatically.

At her agreement, a satisfied smile tugged at Joan's lips.

She knew that Della detested her, and she was also aware of her motive in doing all that, but she didn't want to make things too complicated or cause her relationship with Della to deteriorate further.

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“Why don’t you want to expose Ms. Duff?” Lucinda asked in puzzlement while looking at the woman in front of her seriously.

“That’s my business, so you don’t need to concern yourself about it.” While saying that, Joan left the room.

At the door, the moment Dustin saw her, he blurted, “How are you planning to handle it, Joan?”

“Let her go,” Joan answered blasely while waving a dismissive hand.

Huh? Let her go? Dustin shifted his gaze to the person in the room. What’s happening here? But since she has said as much, I’ll just do as she said. Hence, he shook his head and left with her.

In the private room, Lucinda kept puffing away on the sofa, looking exceedingly forlorn. Jeez, I really don’t know how I ended up in such a sorry state today!

Soon, a press conference was held as scheduled, and Lucinda rushed over to clarify the “truth” of the matter for Joan.

“Are you ready?” Joan promptly queried, patting her on the back.

“Yup, I’m ready, so don’t worry.” Lucinda nodded resolutely.

“Everyone, please quieten down. I, Lucinda Xenos, would like to set the record straight. About the bra incident back then, I misunderstood Ms. Watts...” Lucinda narrated the “truth” graciously, but she didn’t expose Della.

The matter was then resolved in no time. Upon seeing the turn of events, the people Della arranged to pour fuel on the fire dispersed.

“Was that okay?” Lucinda turned and looked at Joan anxiously.

“Yes, thank you.” Flashing her a smile, Joan finally breathed a sigh of relief. In reality, she isn’t a bad person. Rather, she was just blinded by greed...

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“You can leave now. Remember not to come back to this city anytime soon,” Dustin reminded Lucinda at the side.

After all, who knew what Della would do to her?

“Alright, I got it. Thank you.” When Lucinda had said that, she then left.

With that, the embarrassing scandal drew to an end.

Joan thought she would then be able to spend the rest of her life with Larry peacefully, but little did she know that Della had already secretly hatched a ploy.

“What did you just say? Lucinda Xenos has taken off? And she even clarified the matter?” Jumping up from the sofa, Della stared at her assistant in front her of incredulously, appearing a touch apprehensive.

What a b*tch! Why did she suddenly turn on me?

Della’s hands clenched into fists. Trembling all over, she darted a panicked look at her assistant and demanded, “What did she say to the reporters?”

“Don’t worry, Ms. Duff, she didn’t expose you,” the assistant assured.

Phew! That’s a relief! Della instantly breathed easier, and her knitted brows relaxed. But in the next moment, her eyes blazed with fury. Damn it! That b*tch actually betrayed me for no apparent reason!

“Where is she now? Where has she fled to?”

“She seems to have gone abroad,” the assistant replied sheepishly, hanging her head.

Huh? Why does she have the money to go abroad? No, something’s not right. Someone must have intervened in this matter! Could it be Joan Watts?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2765

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Chapter 2765 We Are Ready

“Go and check if Lucinda had contacted Joan recently.” Rage boiled in Della as she gritted her teeth, thinking of Lucinda.

Lucinda, luckily you’re smart enough to know not to expose me as the mastermind of this scheme against Joan. Otherwise, I’ll definitely make you pay for it.

She strode to the window and stared outside with a ferocious look on her face. My, oh, my, Joan, I certainly did not expect you to do such a trick! Looks like I’ve underestimated you.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Suddenly, the phone on the table rang.

“Ms. Duff, we are ready,” a man said in a menacing voice.

“No. Don’t do anything until I give you the instruction to do so.” With that, she hung up the phone.

The previous incident had just ended, so she needed to pause the plan for a while and let Joan have a breather. I don’t want to push her too far for now, or else she might take drastic actions on me as a requital.

After the incident regarding the bra was clarified, at last, Joan could go out in public without any harassment from random people on the streets.

When Joan reached home, Delilah immediately rushed to her, concerned. “How’s it? Is it over now?”

“Don’t worry, Ms. Young. Everything is settled now,” Joan said reassuringly, giving her the peace sign.

A satisfied grin surfaced on Delilah’s face. Nothing else matters as long as she’s safe.

“Where is Larry?” Joan looked around, searching for her lover. It seems as though I haven’t seen him for quite a while. I wonder what he’s up to lately.

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“He’s gone on a business trip,” Delilah replied.

Business trip? When did he leave? No wonder I didn’t see him in the past few days. I thought he had been busy with work in the office, but it turns out that he’s already gone on a business trip. Joan pouted, upset that he did not tell her he would be away.

Delilah cast a sideways glance at her and chuckled in amusement. “Well, don’t be angry with him. I was the one who asked him not to tell you about it.”

Fine, I believe Ms. Young has her reasons for that. Joan nodded in response, and Delilah went to the kitchen to set up the table for dinner.

“Mom!” Lucius called out of the blue and threw himself into her arms. “Dad asked me to tell you that he was on a business trip.”

Upon hearing the sincerity in his voice, her anger disappeared in an instant.

I’m so glad to have a child like Lucius.

She broke into a smile and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Mom, don’t blame Dad,” he pleaded.

“Why would I blame him? You’ve explained to me just now.”

Standing in the kitchen, Delilah saw the sweet interaction between the mother-son duo and smiled contentedly.

“Mom.” Suddenly, a grim look crept upon Lucius’s face.

Hearing him calling, Joan turned around and looked at him. “Hmm? What is it?”

“My friend said you snatched someone else’s things in the mall.” He lowered his head and bit his lip.

How did he know about it? Panic started to rise in her.

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“Lucius, listen to mommy. What your friend said is false. It was just a misunderstanding. If you don’t believe me, you can go online and read today’s news.” As she spoke, she took the tablet from the couch and gave it to him. Soon, a video clip appeared on the screen.

It was a video about Lucinda clarifying the incident.

After the video ended, he jumped around in the room and cheered. “I knew it! Mom will definitely not do something like that.”

Of course. Why would I do that? Joan sighed.

Just then, a tantalizing fragrance of food and a familiar voice came from the dining room. “It’s time for dinner.”

Lucius immediately ran there and exclaimed, “Wow, Grandma! You’re incredible! Why did you prepare so many dishes today?”

Joan followed him in and sat down, picking up a few pieces of shrimp. “Come, Lucius. Try this shrimp. Grandma cooked this specially for you.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2766

Chapter 2766 Is He Complimenting Me

He ate them and smiled in satisfaction. “Thank you, Mom. Thank you, Grandma.” Looking at his bright, innocent smile, Joan’s heart melted, and she felt as though her life was complete.

“How is it? Does it taste good?” Delilah asked Lucius anxiously.

He gave her a thumbs up. “Of course! Every dish that Grandma makes is delicious!”

Since when did he become such a sweet talker? Smiling, Joan fell into a trance looking at the little boy in front of her.

Although Larry was abroad, he knew everything that happened to Joan lately and chose to trust her despite the doubts in his heart.

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That night, they had a call with each other and talked about the incident between her and Lucinda. After hearing the whole story from her, he praised, "You did well."

Is he complimenting me? Joan blushed at his words. At that moment, joy and contentment filled her heart fully. Little did they know that an evil scheme was creeping up on her.

"When are you coming back?" Joan sounded rather anxious. It had been a long time since she had last seen him. I can't wait for him to return.

"There are still a lot of things that need to be dealt with here, so it'll take a while," Larry replied. He could understand how she was feeling at the moment as he missed her dearly, too.

After a brief chit-chat, they ended the call.

When Delilah passed by and saw the forlorn look on her face, she went to sit beside her on the sofa and asked gently, "What is it, dear? Did you miss him?"

"Yeah," Joan answered truthfully. Obviously, he had just been away for a few days, but she felt as if he had been gone for several years.

"It's okay. I'm sure he'll be back soon. Chin up!" Delilah patted her shoulder and cracked up at the lovesick look on her. Finally, they were acting like a real married couple!

Suddenly, the incident at the mall flashed through her mind. "Joan, so who's the one behind the incident?" Delilah was agog.

Who else could it be? Of course it's Della.

Apart from Gabriella, Della was the only one on earth who hated her with a passion. However, Joan was not ready to tell Delilah about their rivalry yet.

"Nah, it's nothing. It was just an accident. Don't overthink the matter, Ms. Young." She squeezed her hand reassuringly and left for her bedroom after that.

Joan lay on her bed, staring wide-eyed at the starry night sky outside the window. The pale crescent moon shone an ethereal glow in the dark sky with a million twinkling stars sprinkled around it.

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As she tossed and turned in her bed, she could not help but think about Della. Why does she want to harm me so badly? Is it just because of Larry?

She gripped the bedsheet beneath her tightly, furious at the thought of her.

The next morning, the warm rays of the morning sun shone through the windows and brought warmth to Joan's room. She opened her eyes and stretched herself before swinging her legs off the bed and striding out of her room.

When she went downstairs, she saw Delilah was busy preparing breakfast in the kitchen.

"You've finally woken up," Delilah said, pouring a glass of milk for Joan.

Joan yawned and took a sip of the milk. "Where is Lucius? Has he gone to school?"

"Yup."

Looking at Delilah bustling around behind the kitchen island, Joan felt a sudden sense of guilt. "Ms. Young, you can have a rest. I'll do the chores later."

Delilah turned around and smiled gently. "Since the incident was over, from today onward, you can go back to the flower shop."

Oh, yeah! Everything is indeed over. I can finally go back there! Joan was happy as a clam as she thought of this. The store has been closed for quite a long time due to that incident at the mall.

They had breakfast together before going to the shop. After Lucinda posted the video clarifying the incident, the business of the flower shop was back to normal again.

"Wow, this flower is beautiful! I'd like a bouquet of this."

"Excuse me, miss. I'd like to have a bouquet of these white roses."

Gradually, more customers swung by and flocked the store.

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Watching the lively atmosphere in her shop, Joan beamed in satisfaction. She enjoyed this kind of life where she earned everything she wanted through her own effort. Women should be independent.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2767

Chapter 2767 | Am Feeling Uneasy

Suddenly, a wealthy-looking lady stepped inside and shouted from the door, "Miss, I'd like to buy some flowers!"

Frowning slightly at her attitude, Joan walk hurriedly to her and greeted her politely, "Hi. May I know which kind of flower you want to buy?"

The woman then pointed around the store and ordered more than a dozen of flowers, "Two bouquets of roses, two bouquets of tulips, three bouquets of lilies..."

Looking at the posh-looking lady, Joan was baffled. Why does she need so many flowers? Even though it was good for the business, she could not shake off the feeling that something was off.

The woman found her staring and asked, "Why? Is there a problem?"

Snapping out of her trance, Joan gave her a curt smile and prepared the flowers she ordered. "Not at all."

Ah, whatever! She's a customer anyway. I should just give her the things she wanted.

Seeing Joan's serious expression, the woman smirked.

Before long, all the flowers were wrapped nicely, and Joan brought them to the woman.

"Here you go, miss." Joan handed those flowers over to her.

The woman took a look at them and nodded in satisfaction. "Hmm, well done."

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"I'm glad you're satisfied." Joan's eyes were filled with relief.

Soon, the woman paid the bill and left with those flowers. Looking at her retreating figure, Joan suddenly had an inexplicable sense of foreboding.

"Anything wrong?" Delilah patted her shoulder lightly.

"Ms. Young, I don't know why, but I'm feeling anxious." Joan clutched her chest nervously, feeling like something bad was about to happen.

Delilah frowned. "Did you sleep well last night? If you're tired, go and rest for a while."

Joan nodded and went into the break room at the side. As she sat slumped on the couch in the corner, she massaged her temples in an attempt to calm herself down.

A while later, Delilah came in and asked, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah. I think I'll take a nap." Joan waved dismissively, looking tired. Delilah then took a towel and draped it on her.

After Delilah exited the room, she fell asleep on the couch not long after that.

Outside, the flower shop was still crowded with customers. Most of them were female, and everyone chattered a bit in the shop.

One of the customers noticed that Joan was not around and approached Delilah. "Where's the boss?"

"She's feeling under the weather," Delilah responded.

"I see. I hope she gets well..."

Before the customer finished speaking, a high-pitched scream pierced through the air, cutting her off. It came from the break room.

Worried, Delilah immediately rushed there. "What's wrong? Joan, did something happen?"

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She sat up and ran her fingers through her hair, looking haggard. "It's nothing, Ms. Young. I had a nightmare."

Delilah heaved a sigh of relief. I thought that she was in danger.

"It's just a nightmare. Don't worry about it," she comforted, pouring a glass of water for Joan.

Yeah, it was just a nightmare. But why did it feel so real? Joan shook her head, trying to shake off her uneasiness. Then, she stood up and went out of the break room.

Boom! Out of the blue, it began to thunder and started to rain cats and dogs.

"How strange. The weather forecast says there will be no rain today," Delilah remarked before rushing out to get the flowers outside and close the door.

Watching the pouring rain outside, Joan quivered and felt scared all of a sudden. However, she had no idea why she was afraid and what she was afraid of.

"Joan, what's wrong? You don't seem yourself," Delilah asked worriedly. She could see that Joan was not being herself.

"I'm fine." She squeezed a smile.

Ten minutes later, the rain stopped. Delilah shook her head and sighed. "Weather these days changes as quick as a bunny."

"Joan Watts!" Suddenly, an unfamiliar voice came from the door, and a group of people barged into the shop fiercely.

Then, one of them, a middle-aged woman, bellowed in fury, "Who is Joan Watts? Come out now!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2768

Chapter 2768 She Has Been Framed

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Joan stared quizzically at them. This lot of people is apparently here to stir up trouble, but I don't think I've offended anyone recently.

"I'm Joan." She frowned and walked towards those people.

"So, you're Joan Watts? Does this flower shop belong to you?"

"Yes." She nodded in reply, wondering what they were here for.

Suddenly, a young man behind the woman picked up a flower pot and hurled it onto the ground threateningly.

The atmosphere became tense at once.

Standing next to Joan, Delilah recoiled in horror and took a few steps back. On the other hand, Joan was rather calm, as if she had expected this to happen.

"Who are you guys? What do you want from us?" she asked coldly.

"Who am I? I'm the victim's family!" The woman's answer was tinged with dissatisfaction.

Victim? Who is the victim? What does this have to do with me? Joan stared at her in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"Why? You don't dare to admit it, do you?" the woman snapped.

What should I admit? I've never harmed anyone.

Then, several bouquets of flowers were thrown to the ground.

Joan swung her gaze to the flowers and then back at the people in front of her, scowling. Those flowers on the floor were the flowers that the posh-looking lady bought this morning.

"These flowers are poisonous!"

How is that possible? Joan quickly defended, "None of the flowers here are poisonous."

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Both the flowers and the packaging had gone through strict inspections before they were sold to the customers. How can they be poisonous?

“My daughter got poisoned after buying these flowers, and she’s now hospitalized.” As she spoke, she started to tear up, and the next moment she turned insolent again. “Your flowers are poisonous! We’ve checked them!”

Joan frowned. “Fine. I’ll hire someone to check my flowers. If it turns out to be our fault, I’ll bear the full responsibility. But if it’s not our fault...” Her voice trailed off.

It was her first time running a flower shop business. For sure, she would need to handle this matter with great care.

“Okay, you can get someone to examine them, and we’ll wait here for the results. For the sake of fairness, we need to find a professional to do it!”

The chosen professional must be someone who neither knew Joan nor the group of people in the store. Not long after that, the person came.

“Hi, please check these flowers for us and tell us if there’s any problem with them,” Joan greeted politely in a gentle tone of voice.

“Okay.” He nodded.

Finally, the results were out.

“These flowers...” The hired professional glanced at the flowers on the ground, seemingly in a tight spot.

Why is he acting like this? Are they really poisonous? Joan gave him a puzzled look, waiting for his answer.

“The flowers are indeed poisonous. You should throw them away,” he declared.

At that instant, his words came like a bolt from the blue, and her mind went blank. Before these flowers were sold, I had checked them plenty of times. How can they be poisonous now?

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“Joan Watts, what else do you have to say now?” the woman yelled, pointing her finger at Joan’s face

What else can I say? I must have been framed.

Joan clenched her fists tightly and eyed at the people in front of her sharply. She then took a deep breath to collect herself and spoke in a gentle manner, “Please calm down, Madam. I still need to investigate more on this matter. Rest assured, I’ll give you a satisfactory answer.”

“What you said is nice, but who knows if you’ll run away,” the young man standing toward the back said. “We must report her to the police and get her arrested.”

“Yeah, put her in jail!”

The group started to discuss among themselves with ominous looks.

“Wait! This matter has nothing to do with Joan. I was the one who sold the flowers,” Delilah shouted all of a sudden.

Joan was stunned. She knew that it was her who wrapped the flowers and handed them over to that customer, not Delilah.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2769

Chapter 2769 I Will Take The Blame

“Ms. Young!” Joan hurried to her side.

“Shh, don’t say anything. Listen to what I have to say,” Delilah said, holding Joan’s hands in hers.

Then, she continued impassively, “I’m sorry, everyone. I was the one who sold these flowers, so I’ll bear full responsibility.”

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The middle-aged woman looked at Joan and then at Delilah awkwardly. "My daughter said it was Joan who sold her the flowers."

Her goal was to get Joan arrested, so she would definitely not let anyone disrupt her plan.

"The flowers were wrapped by me. Your daughter must have remembered it wrongly," Delilah insisted. Her persistence shocked Joan.

"We want to check the surveillance footage!" the young man yelled, displeased.

"I'm sorry. We've just started this business, so we haven't had the time to install a surveillance camera yet." Delilah was grateful that they did not have the security camera at the moment. Otherwise, her lie would have been exposed.

As those people started to discuss among themselves, Delilah crept closer to Joan and whispered, "I'll take the blame first while you investigate the truth."

Joan understood her instantly.

Just then, police came in and said to Delilah, "Come along with us to the police station."

Delilah was then detained there.

The person who was supposed to be at the police station was Joan. However, the poisoned customer fell into a coma suddenly, so there was no one who could point out the person who sold the flowers. Moreover, there was indeed no security camera in the store, so Delilah took the blame to give Joan the time to find out the truth.

Meanwhile, Larry still had his hands full with work abroad, so he had not known about what happened to Joan back in Chanaea until Caspian gave him a call.

"Larry, when will you be back?" Caspian sounded anxious.

"What's wrong?" he questioned solemnly, having a bad feeling about it.

"Joan and Ms. Young are in trouble." There was a hint of anxiousness in Caspian's voice. "A customer was poisoned after buying the flowers from their shop."

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Poisoned? Larry was stunned for a moment before grabbing his jacket and running out of the hotel. He continued to listen to the information given by Caspian while giving his assistant a call to ask her to book the earliest flight back immediately.

The next day, he hopped on a flight and went back to Chanaea.

Once news about the poisonous flowers spread, people started to show up and stir up trouble in the shop the next day, hindering Joan's business. Seeing that she could not handle them by herself, she decided to close the shop early. However, before she could close the door, commotion happened once again.

Bang!

Someone kicked the door opened, and a few shady-looking men set foot in the store.

"So, you're Joan Watts? What a jinx!"

"Yeah. Unscrupulous businessperson like you should be struck by lightning."

"That's right. She looks like a good person, but is in fact selling poisonous flowers!"

They roamed around the store and started to chastise her.

Despite their criticism, Joan remained silent and took a deep breath, holding her temper. After all, the poisoning case had not been resolved yet, so she had no words to defend herself.

Bang! Thud!

Seeing that she was ignoring them, a few youngsters proceeded to slam her potted plants onto the ground.

Shortly, the clean floor became a mess, strewn with soil and broken pieces of flowerpots.

Joan's expression gradually turned cold as they continued to wreck the store. "What exactly do you want from me?"

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“We need to teach corrupted businessperson like you a lesson! Why are you opening your shop when all you sell are poisonous products? We should destroy your shop to prevent more casualties!”

What followed after were their incessant mockery and insults. Their strings of jeers felt like needles stabbing into Joan’s heart.

Just then, a familiar voice came from the entrance. “What are you guys doing?”

It’s Larry! At that very moment, elation filled her entire being as his presence was more than enough support that she needed right now.

“Get lost!” Larry yelled, glowering at those troublemakers.

“Who the hell are you? Mind your own business!” one of them yelled back arrogantly, pointing at Larry.

This is the first time I see someone who dares to defy me.

Larry strode to Joan’s side and placed his hand firmly on her waist, pulling her in. “What? Do I need to call my people to chase you out of here?”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2770

Chapter 2770 Have You Disposed The Flowers

“Hey, we should leave. He is Larry Norton, the president of Norton Corporation,” an older-looking man explained to the youngsters.

The youngsters did not recognize Larry’s face, but they immediately scurried away in fear after they heard his name.

Seeing him right beside her, Joan snuggled up to Larry and heaved a sigh of relief. “Why are you here?”

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Thank God he came just in time to save me.

“Don’t you want me to be back? How could I stand to watch you getting bullied?” Larry held her face and pecked her lips. Then, he asked worriedly, “How’s the investigation? Have you found anything yet?”

“No, that customer is still in a coma and hasn’t woken up yet.” She shook her head and pursed her lips in dismay.

“Anything I can help?”

“No, thanks. I’ll do it on my own,” she replied determinedly with a ruthless gleam in her eyes. I’m sure I can find out the truth by myself.

“Okay then. Call me if you need anything.” Larry gave her a squeeze affectionately.

The two of them flirted a little more before cleaning up the mess in the store and left.

Currently, Joan had neither the intention to go home nor visit Delilah at the police station. All she wanted to do now was wait for the poisoned customer to turn conscious at the hospital and prove her innocence.

Both Larry and Joan sat silently in the car, trying to digest the recent happenings.

After a long while, he turned to her and broke the silence, looking at her worriedly. “How’s Ms. Young?”

“She’s okay. It’s just that she wants me to investigate the incident,” Joan replied solemnly.

D*mn it! Who the hell frames Joan? The more he thought of it, the more annoyed he became. He punched the steering wheel in fury.

Seeing the furious look on him, Joan drew back in surprise and held his hand. “Don’t worry. I’ll find out who’s behind it.” A cold look flickered across her eyes.

Shortly after, the car came to a stop in front of the hospital, and they headed straight to the ward.

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As they passed by the nurse station, a nurse greeted Joan amicably, "Hi, Ms. Watts." Joan merely gave her a nod in reply.

Then, they walked into the room where the poisoned customer was. Upon entering the room, it was indeed the posh-looking customer that morning. She was now lying on the bed, unconscious and pale.

Can she really wake up from the coma? Joan felt despair all of a sudden.

Just then, an elderly woman who was sitting beside the customer saw them at the door and rose to her feet. "What are you two doing here?"

"Madam, I'm here to visit her," Joan answered gently.

"You don't need to visit her! Go away!" As she spoke, she came towards them and pushed Joan out.

Meanwhile, Larry walked to the bedside and observed the customer up close, trying to see if it was a pretense.

Later, he approached the old lady with a deep frown and questioned, "How long has she been like this?"

"That's none of your business!" she retorted. "It's all because of those poisonous flowers."

The tension in the air increased instantly.

Is she avoiding my question on purpose? Larry regarded her with suspicion.

After that, Larry went to the doctor's office and asked the reason why the customer was unconscious.

"Yes, she was indeed poisoned, and the poison came from the flowers," the doctor answered with a solemn look.

It's not a pretense then. Larry walked to the window and narrowed his eyes, pondering. After that, he exchanged a few more words with the doctor and left the office.

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He then went to Joan, who was now standing outside the room. “Joan, where are the flowers? Have you thrown them away?”

“No. They’re still at the shop,” she replied, and a wave of helplessness swept through her.

Ever since the incident that day, I would become low-spirited whenever I see those flowers in the shop. I never have the slightest intention to harm anyone, and yet, I’m now a heinous sinner in the eyes of others.

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