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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3231 - 3240

Chapter 3231 Scripts

Megan bit her lip, resisting the compulsion to ask Jake what exactly he wanted to know about her. Lowering her eyes, Megan wondered to herself what Jake was planning to do next.

There's no point in knowing anyway! Megan thought to herself wryly. She had already laid her cards out on the table. It was up to Jake to make the next move.

Megan got out of Jake's Mercedes-Benz and walked slowly back to the house with a distraught look on her face. In her hands, she tightly clutched the plane tickets that Jake had given to her.

The moment Megan pushed open the door, Donna bolted over and clung onto Megan tightly.

Almost suffocated by the urgency with which Donna hung onto her, Megan breathlessly struggled for air.

"Donna! Are you determined to strangle me to death?" Megan gasped, panting.

Upon hearing Megan's pleas for help, Donna immediately let go of Megan. However, she proceeded to pummel Megan's shoulders, wailing hysterically, "I will! You didn't return any of my calls all night and I couldn't find you anywhere! Do you know how worried I was?"

Megan froze. Recalling the previous night's events, a look of perturbation appeared on Megan's face. However, Megan wiped it off almost as quickly as it had appeared.

"Don't cry. Aren't I doing just fine now? I didn't return your calls because my phone battery depleted. We went barhopping last night and got a little tipsy with excitement," Megan soothed, dabbing at the tears rolling down Donna's cheeks. Gazing into Donna's eyes that were swollen with crying, Megan felt rather moved.

At least Megan knew that there was someone who truly cared for her. Her rather icy heart softened somewhat at that moment.

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Resolutely, Megan vowed to herself that she would succeed not just for herself but for the sake of her fans and those who still loved and cared for her.

“OK, Megan... just let me know earlier in the future,” Donna said helplessly as Megan pulled her over to the sofa to take a seat.

As Megan continued muttering words of reassurance to Donna, her eyes swept over the room. Megan’s gaze landed on a stack of scripts littered over the table.

Recognition dawned upon Megan. Donna hadn’t joined her last night because she’d been discussing upcoming scripts with producers and directors.

Even though Megan had been propelled to fame by her role in Transcendent, the popularity would diminish as the series ended. Megan would have to continually seek out roles to stay relevant and upgrade her acting skills.

“Are these scripts the ones that you’ve approved of?” Megan inquired eagerly of Donna.

Megan picked up the scripts and flipped through them. None of the names looked familiar to her, and Megan privately doubted the potential of these scripts to achieve wide acclaim.

“I haven’t approved of them, exactly. I merely went to gather your options so you could decide if you wanted to feature in either high-profile or budget films,” Donna explained.

Megan looked at Donna bemusedly, raising her eyebrows. Having honestly appraised her own skills and popularity, Megan didn’t foresee herself ascending to any tremendous celebrity status. Both investors and directors alike had a keen nose for star appeal and would likely have already deduced that Megan’s fame was not of the enduring sort.

Megan, however, did not want to dampen Donna’s spirits. Curiously, she asked, “I’m interested. What’s the highest sum per episode that you’ve been quoted?”

Seeing Megan’s interest, Donna, too, flipped through her notebook passionately and showed Megan her negotiations. “Take a look. The highest offer comes from a variety show called Let’s Run! They’ve taken a great interest in you and are proposing to pay you two hundred thousand per episode.”

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Two hundred thousand would have sounded luxurious in most other occupations, but it constituted a measly offer for an actress.

Fortunately, Megan did not belong to any agency and was free to accept any jobs she pleased.

Agreeably, Megan replied, "OK, let's do it then."

Donna hesitated. She nudged another script forward, then said uncertainly, "Why not do the television series? Audiences aren't that interested in variety shows nowadays."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3232

Chapter 3232 Like A Child On Christmas Day

Seven years ago, besides a few renowned variety shows that were more popular with teenagers, older audiences were absolutely unfamiliar with the concept of variety shows.

Over the years, however, as the influence of international media slowly trickled in, local television channels exploded with a wave of variety shows. Among these, Let's Run had emerged as the undisputed crowd favorite.

Most importantly, Let's Run extended beyond its initial season, and was the ideal platform for any actress to cultivate a loyal following. Having considered this, Megan knew that that starring in this show was an opportunity she could not miss.

Megan, however, saw no need to delve into details with Donna.

Instead, Megan answered breezily, "Each has its own benefits, I suppose. Since I'd already acted in a television series before, I thought I would try my hand at something different."

Seeing that Megan had already made up her mind, Donna said resignedly, "I'll arrange for an audition then. It'll only be in a month or so, though, so you're booked for other commercial advertisements and brand endorsements in the meantime."

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“Thank you, Donna,” Megan said simply, her eyes shining with gratitude. Even though Megan was Donna’s first client, Donna’s professionalism and dedication had far exceeded Megan’s expectations. Donna must have had undergone great trials to secure so many opportunities for Megan.

I can’t let Donna down! I have to work hard, Megan swore to herself.

Noon arrived in the blink of an eye, and Donna and Megan had prepared a simple fare.

Just as they were sitting down to lunch, however, the doorbell rang abruptly. Both Donna and Megan jumped a little before exchanging nervous glances. Megan then stood up and strode over to the door.

“Who’s there?” she called.

“I’m here to deliver some items from Mr. Wilson.” A clear voice rang out from behind the door.

Megan’s apprehension gave way to stupefaction. She froze for a moment, then peered through the peephole. A deliveryman was indeed standing before the door laden with parcels of various sizes.

Megan quickly opened the door, only to be greeted by the look of fatigue on the deliveryman’s face as he staggered forward, laden with the weight of his goods. Flabbergasted, Megan asked, “Are all of these from Jake?”

“Yes, Ms. Rockford. He wanted me to deliver these personally to you. There’s another shipment of clothes waiting downstairs. My colleague will be bringing it up shortly,” the deliveryman replied, wiping a stream of perspiration from his brow.

Megan was unable to detect any further hints from the deliveryman’s factual tone. She gaped at the packages that filled the doorway. And there’s another shipment of clothes besides? Megan mused. Is there even enough space in here to contain all of it?

“Wait! I want to reject this delivery,” Megan announced, finally finding her voice amidst her amazement.

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“Please don’t, Ms. Rockford! Mr. Wilson will surely take me to task if you reject his gifts,” the deliveryman immediately pleaded. His professional veneer suddenly crumbled, and he looked terrified at the thought.

Weakly, Megan turned to Donna for help. Donna, however, had no solution for Megan’s quandary.

“Why don’t you leave these packages here and bring the rest of the clothes back? I’ll inform Jake myself,” Megan suggested, unwilling to detain the deliveryman any further.

It was all Megan could do at the moment. The deliveryman, however, could not be persuaded to leave so easily. Megan had to reassure him multiple times that she would speak to Jake on his behalf.

Megan observed rather wryly that Jake had evidently struck a note of terror in the deliveryman’s heart.

It took nearly twenty minutes for the combined efforts of the trio to finish hauling all of the packages indoors. After they had bidden farewell to the deliveryman, Megan shut the door and turned to look at the now fully occupied living room. Her head throbbed.

“Let’s open them quickly. They’re taking up too much space here,” Megan groaned aloud.

The contents of the packages were of absolutely no interest to Megan. She felt no delight or excitement in opening them, but was instead rather disdainful of Jake’s flagrant spending.

Donna, however, squealed in rapturous glee. Like a child on Christmas morning, she had seized a pair of scissors and was rapidly attacking the tape on the packages, ripping them open enthusiastically.

“Wow, Megan! It’s the newest handphone model! Mr. Wilson’s even sent two of them to you in different colors,” Donna gushed.

Donna had opened one of the boxes and immediately began fussing over it. Megan’s reaction, however, remained rather muted. She casually cast a glance at the boxes that Donna was clutching in both hands but remained otherwise uninterested.

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After seven years, Megan no longer felt compelled to keep up with the latest technology.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3233

Chapter 3233 Plotting For Revenge

Megan kicked at one of the boxes in her way. She lowered her head as she recalled their earlier conversation in the car. She replied distractedly, "Yay, that's great. We'll take one each, then."

Donna's excitement was a far cry from Megan's depressed state.

Eventually, Donna seemed to notice that something was amiss. She turned around and spied a somber Megan partially hidden behind the stacks of boxes that filled their room.

She gave her brand new smartphone one last admiring gaze before placing it down. She approached Megan warily. "Megan, what's wrong? Is there something weighing on your mind? What happened yesterday? Did Mr. Wilson do something?"

"No," Megan answered solemnly as she plonked herself down on the sofa. Her gaze landed briefly on a smartphone box containing the latest iPhone 4.

Turning her head away, she rested her head in her hands. After some thought, she blurted, "There was a small incident last night when we were singing. Melissa drugged my drink."

Time had not dampened her recollection of Anderson's words last night. She could clearly recall how he had told her about Melissa's admission of her plans to drug Megan.

Even if she were to chalk up all the previous incidents to pure coincidence, last night was definitely Melissa's selfish plot for revenge.

She wants to do Mr. Whittemore a favor by offering me as a tribute.

Cracks began to appear in Megan's calm façade. If Mr. Whittemore had slept with me, I'd be haunted by this memory forever.

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Though nothing had happened in the end, Megan could not forgive Melissa's attempt at manipulating her. I'll make her pay.

"What? Melissa drugged your drink?" Donna's eyes widened with shock and anger. Melissa's audacity had far exceeded her wildest imaginations.

"Who does she think she is?"

Donna was infuriated. She could not bear to imagine how Megan felt last night.

She grabbed Megan's elbow and checked her body for any injuries. Her voice was thick with worry as she said, "Are you ok? Oh god, did anything happen when you took the drug?"

Megan felt a bit guilty at Donna's naive expression. Though she was not lying, she had not told her the full story.

I don't have the patience to explain everything again. I just want Melissa to have a taste of her own medicine.

She held Donna's hand in hers and shook her head. "It's fine. I thought something was suspicious, so I didn't drink it."

Donna sighed in relief at her words. She patted her chest and announced, "I'm never letting you go to a bar alone again. You might not be so lucky next time if she tries to drug you again."

Donna had a point, though the dangers of these social gatherings were not something an extra companion could necessarily solve.

Megan had seen far too many men and women who fell prey to such dangers. Showbiz was never an innocent arena, to begin with.

Since Donna was clueless about these things, Megan did not want to destroy her innocence.

She merely nodded and replied seriously, "Ok, I'll bring you with me next time. I'm still going to make Melissa pay for what she did this time."

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Donna was surprised at Megan's chilling declaration. She shivered involuntarily.

"Megan, what are you planning to do?"

Megan let out a cold laugh as her gaze turned downright frosty. "Give Rocky a call, and I'll be able to teach that Melissa a lesson."

Donna followed her instructions and got in touch with Rocky. Megan busied herself tidying up the boxes as she awaited Rocky's arrival.

Soon, Rocky arrived. When the doorbell rang, Megan asked Donna to let him in. There was an awkward tension in the air as Megan and Rocky settled themselves on the sofa.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3234

Chapter 3234 Of Favors And Threats

"You've done well for yourself, Mr. Quick."

Megan's eyes traveled lazily across Rocky's figure. The arrogance in his eyes was plain to see.

He no longer looked like the struggling lad she had known before. The only thing that remained was his prideful demeanor.

"That's nothing compared to your achievements, Ms. Rockford. You're one of the most popular stars these days. Why, you're even giving Mia a run for her money! Your abilities are truly extraordinary."

Rocky had kept his eyes glued to his phone throughout their entire exchange. He had not glanced at Megan even once since walking through the door.

Megan smirked at his behavior. His arrogance is understandable. After all, he went from a nobody to an absolute big shot. I can put up with it as long as he's not going to be an *ss about it, though he's really testing my patience now.

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Megan pushed aside the items cluttering her coffee table. She narrowed her eyes at him. The harsh lighting in the living room only served to accentuate the serious expression on her face.

She said, "I'm not going to beat around the bush. I need you to dig out a scandal on Melissa Cohen."

"Melissa Cohen?"

Rocky paused in the middle of his phone game. He lifted his head and frowned at Megan.

"If you're begging me to break a scandal, why must you pick some C-list celebrity? It's going to hurt my reputation."

Megan's expression hardened at Rocky's complaint.

Glaring at him, she was unimpressed by his pompous behavior.

I'm begging him? His head must be in the clouds thanks to those scandal-fearing celebrities! Well, he's going to have to wait a long time if he expects me to beg!

The atmosphere became downright hostile. Rocky lifted his gaze and shuddered at the sight of Megan's threatening stare.

Sh*t, why does she look so fierce?

Megan saw the shock in his features. She pursed her lips into a thin line.

"Have you forgotten our contract?"

Megan placed the contract she and Rocky had signed on the coffee table and pushed it toward him.

She knew it was a smart decision to put the contract in place, or Rocky would have attempted to cut ties with her at this very moment.

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"It's stated clearly that you must work with me for two years. I'll give you some exclusive scoops, but in return, you must help me with any requests. Don't forget that my last scoop launched you into stardom. If you help me this time, I'll get you another exclusive scoop."

This was always supposed to be a fair trade. Megan should not have needed to pull out the contract to force his hand.

But she was irked by his arrogance, and she wanted to use this contract to remind him about the part she played in his success.

Plus, we're obviously business partners. There's no need for him to be so condescending.

"Y-you," Rocky stuttered in disbelief. He had forgotten all about the contract as he reveled in his newfound fame. His eyes widened as he appeared to be at a loss for words.

Megan scoffed at his stammers. "Why? Want to sue me? Be my guest. If those celebrities who've paid you off banded together, I'm sure they'd manage to cancel you on Twitter. Meanwhile, you can use your hard-earned money to take me to court. We can see who runs out of money first."

Rocky was vexed at her disdainful attitude. Even A-list celebrities treat me like their boss. How can a new star like her threaten me like this!

Rocky fumed at the thought. Clenching his fists, he glared at Megan.

"I'm not planning to sue you, but your behavior is unacceptable! If we really go to court, I don't think you'd win anyway! You can kiss your showbiz dreams goodbye once I reveal all the dirty things you've ordered me to do!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3235

Chapter 3235 Cunning Confidence

He's not wrong. Calmly, Megan arched a brow at his statement.

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They could only get to where they were today with each other's help. Threatening each other was a futile attempt in cutting ties. In fact, Megan was in a much more precarious situation if Rocky decided to retaliate.

So what? I've never planned on giving up anyway.

She chuckled as she said mysteriously, "You know what? You're right. Let's take this to court. What a waste if we never carry out our threats, no?"

This was Megan's threat and final bet.

She wanted to see if Rocky wanted to keep his rich, comfortable lifestyle more than he wanted to get one over her.

His decision would only affect his fate. Megan still had Jake as her trump card, and he was powerful enough to pull her out of any poor situation.

"What are you playing at?" Rocky raged. He was confused by her tactics as well as the cold yet pitiful gaze in her eyes.

Is she really not scared of the consequences?

Megan observed the myriad of expressions that flashed through Rocky's features. She yawned and lazed against the sofa, looking indifferent at his impending decision. Yet, her piercing gaze was at odds with her relaxed posture.

"I'm not playing at anything. I'm telling you not to put on airs with me. I'm not scared of anything, and I'm not afraid to teach anyone a lesson they deserve."

Rocky shivered at the menacing words. I'm so much bigger than her in showbiz. How are her confidence and maturity far exceeding her experience? I can't let that intimidate me into agreeing to her terms. There isn't a scoop in this world big enough for that.

Faced with her icy gaze, Rocky seemed to think of something.

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Smirking, he said, "Thank you for telling me this, though unfortunately, it's information I will never use in this life. I know you've used the information I've given you to reach out to Jake. If I told him you weren't the real Megan, how do you think he'll deal with you then?"

She had expected Rocky to bring this up. She was, however, surprised at how late he thought of using this information against her.

His pleased expression did nothing to deter her. She played with her nails as she replied, "Go ahead. If you want to enter the lion's den, you'll need the courage to confront the lion himself. If you think you're ready for the fallout and that your actions are necessary, be my guest."

Megan smiled sinisterly as her gaze swept across Rocky's tense features. She delivered a final blow.

"Don't forget that you were the one who told that information. If I turned around and said that you made me do it to gain scoops from showbiz, what do you think Jake would feel about that? You should think about whose side you're on before you drag me down."

The living room fell into silence. Rocky could only glare at the woman in front of him.

Since he found fame, he had tossed Megan toward the back of his head. He could never have imagined that his actions would put him in Megan's debt today.

She's not so simple after all.

Gradually, he regained his composure. He brushed his hair roughly before schooling his expression into a stiff mask. He was beginning to look at her in a different light.

"Why do you want to know about Melissa Cohen?"

Megan raised her brows in glee at Rocky's eventual acquiescence. She knew her words had floored him.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3236

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Chapter 3236 Payback

Megan did not want to linger on the past. She turned all her attention to her plans.

"You don't need to know why. I need you to tail Melissa and take photos and videos of her. After you publish them, I'll have a bigger scoop for you."

Megan took pleasure at Rocky's obvious reluctance to carry out her orders. She reveled in the displeasure he felt when he had to do something against his will.

"Fine, I can't be bothered about it anyway. I'm leaving if there's nothing else." Rocky stood up and left in a hurry.

Megan watched his hasty retreat. She only allowed her true emotions to surface once the door slammed shut.

"Is he gone?"

Donna had been hiding in the room and listening to their conversation through the door. She peered outside the room when she heard the front door slam shut.

"He's gone. You can come out now."

Megan waved Donna over as her eyes glazed over with exhaustion. The argument with Rocky had worn her out.

"Hey Megan, you were so cool just now!" Donna, on the other hand, was starstruck. She's making it sound like I was super impressive or something.

Megan was a bit baffled by Donna's enthusiasm. "I wasn't that impressive out there. You can stop with the praises now. Calm down. We're going out to do something."

"What is it?" Donna perked up at Megan's words. She grabbed Megan's elbow in anticipation.

"You'll know when we get there."

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They put on some disguises and left their rooms. Megan received information on Melissa's whereabouts from Rocky, and she headed toward her location.

I'm not going to let her escape unscathed after she tried to sabotage me.

"Megan, we're at the Royal Hotel. Melissa should be entertaining a guest in one of the private rooms on the forty-second floor." Donna glanced uneasily at the tall hotel from inside the car.

Megan could sense her nervousness and patted her on the shoulder. "You don't need to go up. Just help me keep a lookout here. I'll be down right after I'm done."

Before Donna could refuse, Megan had exited the car and rushed into the hotel. Clutched tightly in her hand was a drug she had just procured.

Ding! The elevator doors opened on the forty-second floor. Megan walked out of the elevator and looked around.

The hallway was empty. The red carpeting and crystal chandeliers created a wonderfully elegant atmosphere, but Megan was not in the mood to appreciate the fine design.

Which room is she in?

There were slightly more than ten private rooms on the forty-second floor. I can't possibly try to peek beneath every door to figure out which room she's in. Then how should I find her?

Megan leaned against the wall as she contemplated her next move. Just then, she was struck by an idea.

While there were more than ten private rooms, there was only one large washroom on this floor. I'll just camp in the washroom.

She located the washroom with ease and hid behind one of the cubicle doors. She could see who came in from the slits between the door.

She waited for a long time. Just when she was about to fall asleep from sheer boredom, she was jolted awake by the click-clacking sounds of a pair of heels.

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She peeped through the slits and saw a woman tidying her hair. It was Melissa.

The sound of Melissa's platform heels resonated through the washroom. Soon, she stopped in front of a mirror to touch up her makeup. Megan clenched her fists as she went through her plan in her mind.

No one else is around. This is the best time for me to drug her.

Without a hint of hesitation, she rushed out from her hiding spot, taking care to secure her cap and face mask. She clapped her hand over Melissa's mouth in an instant, forcing the drug she had prepared into her throat.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3237

Chapter 3237 Revenge Is The Sweetest Medicine

"Hey! Let me go!"

Melissa could not tell if her assailant was a man or a woman. She struggled against Megan's iron grip and was met with a few hard slaps in retaliation. This shocked her into submission, and she could only swallow the drug in silence.

Megan felt the hatred in her heart dissipate once Melissa had swallowed the drugs. She supported Melissa out of the washroom, planning to send her to the top floor of the hotel.

She knew from Rocky that Anderson was at the hotel as well. She guessed that they were planning to spend the night together after Melissa was done entertaining her guest.

Since they were already planning for this, I'm just giving them a helping hand.

Melissa was starting to feel woozy in the elevator. At the same time, she felt like her whole body was burning.

She pressed herself against Megan's cold fingers as her head drooped heavily on her shoulders.

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Megan knew that the drugs were about to take effect. She hurried toward Anderson's private room and put Melissa down against the door.

Anderson had a dedicated private room in this hotel. He used this room to carry out discreet affairs.

Melissa had begun undressing as the overheating effects of the drug began to kick in. Startled, Megan quickly knocked on the door to Anderson's room before hiding in a corner.

The door opened a short while later. Anderson stared curiously at a disheveled Melissa, who was almost sprawled across the floor.

His lust soon overtook any logical thoughts in his mind. Melissa's moaning spurred him into action, and he carried her into his room.

Megan watched the situation smugly. Mr. Whittemore's going to enjoy himself tonight.

Megan did not linger at the hotel after that. She went downstairs to meet with Donna.

They could not help but laugh as Megan recounted what had happened in the hotel.

"I'm sure Melissa never thought she would get drugged herself. What a pity she's slept with Mr. Whittemore before."

Donna felt satisfied at having avenged Megan's attempted drugging. Megan's own lips had curved up in a satisfied smirk as well.

"That's nothing. She's been with countless men. The most important thing is to get all this on the Internet. I'll feel so much better after that."

Megan's expression had cooled considerably as she uttered those words. Donna felt slightly discomfited as well. Megan's vengeful attitude is going to get her into a lot of trouble in showbiz.

As her manager, Donna knew she would not have much sway over Megan, who had always been a strong-minded woman.

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They returned to their rented lodgings fifteen minutes later. They had just reached the stairwell when they saw a tall figure standing in front of their door.

They exchanged a puzzled glance as they began to feel worried.

Megan froze in her tracks and frowned. She shouted across the long hallway, "Who are you looking for?"

At the sound of her voice, the tall figure turned around. He wore a pair of shades and a face mask, and it was nigh impossible to make out his features.

"It's me." The man took off his shades and mask as she looked at Megan.

Jonas' striking face greeted the two of them.

"Why are you here?"

Megan's eyes widened in shock as she recognized him.

Jonas pursed his lips. His blonde fringe hid the expression in his eyes. "Let's go in. This isn't a great place to talk."

Sensing the awkwardness of the situation, Donna made up an excuse to visit the supermarket and left the two of them alone in the hallway.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3238

Chapter 3238 Confrontation

Megan's emotions were all over the place as she opened the door. Her feelings for Jonas were somewhat complicated; she found herself even more befuddled after last night's events.

"Why are you looking for me?" Megan lowered her gaze. Strands of hair had escaped from under the black cap she was still wearing.

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Jonas took in her slightly messy appearance as he sat on a nearby sofa.

He lightly massaged his forehead as he asked rhetorically, "Why do you think I'm here?"

Megan refused to reply to his question. Both of them seemed reluctant to open the can of worms that defined their complicated relationship.

"If there's nothing important, you can leave. I need to look through some scripts today."

One night had caused enough damage to her relationship with Jonas. She was not in the mood to face the guilt in her heart nor express gratitude toward him.

Relationships are complicated.

Megan thought the best course of action would be to ignore it.

"Looks like you're much calmer about last night's events than I am." Jonas' gaze darkened.

Megan began fiddling with her phone on the coffee table, assuming a calm demeanor while she ignored his barb.

Jonas could not hold back his anger at her apparent indifference. He reached out and grabbed Megan's wrist in an instant.

"Are you avoiding me?" His features were taut with tension as he scrutinized Megan's expression. She looked at him in shock.

Megan was annoyed at his question. She shrugged off his grasp and put on an indifferent mask to hide her unease. "I'm not avoiding you. In fact, I don't know why exactly I should be avoiding you. If you're here to ask me why I disappeared last night, you don't have to beat around the bush."

Since Jonas insisted on addressing the elephant in the room, she decided to confront him head-on.

"Ok, I'll come out with it then. Where did you go after I went upstairs?" He crossed his arms across his chest, sneering at Megan's avoidant gaze. His feelings were a tangled mess.

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Megan had an answer prepared for that. She lifted her head and looked at him calmly. She suppressed the nervous feelings in her chest before saying, "Donna came to fetch me. She brought me home."

"Huh," he scoffed as if she had just told him a joke. His eyes, however, were filled with rage.

"If you're telling the truth, why did I find this phone outside the door of Jake's bedroom?"

Megan's spine stiffened at his question. Curling her fingers, she stared wordlessly at the phone Jonas had placed on the coffee table. It was her phone.

Jake must have dropped it when he carried me into his room. I must have been completely conked out.

"You weren't drunk at all, were you? Did you run to Jake's room when I went upstairs to get my keys? Seems like you were well-prepared last night."

Jonas wore a mocking expression on his face. Megan could not help but clench her fists in discomfort.

She glanced at Jonas and pursed her lips. She did not know whether to lie or tell him the truth.

"I'll give you two scenarios. You can decide which one to believe."

She sighed wearily as she organized her thoughts. No matter how long I try to avoid this, it'll come back to bite me in the back. My relationship with Jake is already complicated.

"The first scenario is that my phone was stolen and then accidentally left behind in front of Jake's bedroom door. The second is that I was drugged, and Jake saved me at the last second."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3239

Chapter 3239 Scandal

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Megan awaited Jonas' reply absentmindedly. Her initial calmness had morphed into sadness.

One could almost feel the chill in the atmosphere of the room.

Jonas scoffed, "Why did you have to come up with such a long story to explain your actions?"

His trust in Megan had long been destroyed by the fury and disappointment in his heart. He was struck by an urge to leave the room and this woman who was playing him with lies. His expression was at once icy and doubtful.

Megan gave up trying to explain herself at the sight of his obvious mistrust.

I guess this is for the best. I don't want to be entangled with Jonas any longer and perpetually live in his debt.

"I'm glad you think of me that way. Since you've satisfied your curiosity, you can leave."

Megan barely glanced at Jonas as she turned her entire attention to her phone. She seemed utterly unconcerned over his thoughts. Though he was puzzled by her behavior, his pride would not allow him to press her for answers.

What more is there to say anyway?

Still, he could not help but feel insulted at her apathy toward his feelings and opinions.

I guess I'm just a stranger that was never worth her time.

"Fine, I'm leaving. I hope I never see you again."

He left behind a harsh statement to get in a final dig at Megan. She happened to look at him as he hardened his expression. Her emotions began to go haywire.

Megan lowered her gaze. Once he leaves, we may never contact each other again. The door slammed shut with his departure, and Megan was confused with her own feelings.

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Megan suppressed the unfamiliar emotions that were threatening to overwhelm her. Instead, she turned on her new phone and began browsing mindlessly through the Internet.

She instinctively scrolled to the trending topics on Twitter as she mulled over Jonas. Her somber mood was suddenly reversed when she caught sight of a flashy headline.

Female Celeb Caught in R-rated Rendezvous.

Megan's thoughts immediately flew to Melissa when she saw the headline. Her initial concerns were forgotten as she marveled at Rocky's efficiency.

She clicked into the link, skimming through the article and photographs. She froze in shock when she saw a photo of Josiah in the article.

Anderson must have kicked Melissa out of his room shortly after Megan left. Maybe he was too tired to keep up with her. Somehow, Josiah was also at the hotel. He must have decided to take advantage of the situation when he saw a horny Melissa banging down Mr. Whittemore's door.

Unable to afford the costs of hiring a private room at the Royal Hotel, the two of them ended up doing the deed in the hallway in a fit of passion.

The news had exceeded Megan's wildest imaginations. She laughed coldly at the zoomed-in and pixelated photos in the article, which had gained many comments from gossipy netizens. She commented on the post as well with her private account.

Wow, what a fox.

Megan only wrote a simple comment. She was cautious after witnessing one too many celebrities who fell from grace after the activities on their private accounts were revealed.

She scrolled through the comments, most of which were sarcastic barbs targeted at Melissa.

And to think, she used to play that naïve character on Transcendent! She should be starring in R-rated films instead!

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That's showbiz for you. She's not worth our mockery or our pity. There's always going to be others after her.

Though many comments were harsh, Megan found herself stunned by all the conspiracy theories on Melissa's scandal. These people have way too much time on their hands.

Megan was reveling in glee as the phone in her hand began to ring.

Startled, she looked at the caller ID. She was suddenly reluctant to answer the call. Worried she might miss out on some important news, she eventually swallowed her pride and picked up the call.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3240

Chapter 3240 Unreasonable

"Hello." "Yeah."

Yeah? Who answers a call like this?

Taking another glance at the number on her phone, Megan felt weird but also found the voice familiar, so she asked, "Who's on the line?"

"Who do you think I am?" The man sounded displeased. Megan was taken aback as she realized that he was Jake.

Hence, she replied tentatively, "Mr. Wilson?"

Hearing the way she addressed him, Jake was displeased. Turning around on his chair at the desk, he looked at a piece of painting on the wall with an indifferent gaze.

"Did I say you can call me like that? That was not what you called me when we were in bed."

At this, Megan froze as her face went crimson. Why must he bring this up? How can he still talk about what happened yesterday so calmly?

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“Sorry. I forgot. So why did you call me?” Megan did not want to dwell on the form of address, so she hurriedly changed the subject.

Sensing her annoyance, Jake raised his eyebrows and dropped the subject as he was confident that he could make her stop using such an alienated way to address him.

“Has the stuff arrive?”

Stuff?

Megan was stunned for a moment before she remembered that she had not told him that she had returned all the clothes.

It’s not too late to tell him now. Holding the phone, Megan pondered about it in silence.

Having heard no reply from her, Jake raised his eyebrows and prompted her in a louder voice, “Hey, talk to me”

“What is there to talk about?” Megan was still in a daze. All of a sudden, she thought of something and hurriedly added, “Yeah, I’ve received them, but there are too many of them, and my place is small, so I didn’t take the clothes.”

Hearing this, Jake knitted his brows in displeasure and tapped his fingers on the desk. Then, he asserted coldly, “You actually have the nerve to return the stuff I give you? You need to keep them even though you have no more space. Just throw out everything else in your house.”

Hearing how unreasonable he sounded, Megan felt powerless. The longer she knew him, the more she found him to be unreasonable.

She knew that he would make snide remarks if he did not have his way.

Thinking of this, she got irritated and replied in a serious tone, “Don’t be so unreasonable. Besides, I don’t need so many clothes! I’m grateful that you have given me so many things, but if you give me more, they’ll become trouble for me.”

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“So this is what you think?” Her remark made him feel frustrated. Then, he thought of how happy she was when she chatted with Jonas at the store, and his blood boiled.

“You refuse to accept the things I gave you because you want to go shopping with Jonas next time, don’t you?” he snapped angrily.

His words made her blood curdle. Clenching her fists, she felt suffocated by his controlling behavior.

Most importantly, he mentioned the name that she did not even want to hear.

Tucking the hair behind her ear, she was feeling awful deep down. Thus, she growled, “Mr. Wilson, can you be reasonable? I have the freedom to decide whether I should buy clothes. You don’t need to care so much!”

Her retort instantly filled Jake with a chilling rage.

Fortunately, Megan was not next to him, so she only noticed the long silence on the other end of the line.

As time passed, she felt conflicted as she realized that what she said might have hurt Jake. Will this act of pushing him away make him hate me?

All this while, the reason she did not want Jake to leave her was that she did not want him to go to Mia. Any amount of resources that came from him, who was an industry leader, could be of help in the pursuit of her career.

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