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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3321 - 3330

Chapter 3321 Night Drive

After she hung up, Megan opened the door quietly and stretched her head out to survey the corridor. She went on to walk out boldly when she found no one else in sight.

The stillness inside the villa made her feel that her footsteps were a little too loud, hence she removed her shoes and crept downstairs. She did not put them back on until she reached the door.

As cautious as she had been, Megan was unaware that someone else was already onto her.

Away from the villa and beyond the doors was a stationary white Audi. When she approached and rapped upon the window, Jake showed his face.

“Get in.”

Megan nodded before she opened the car door and stepped in. The jazz notes playing inside cleansed through her fettered emotions like water.

“Shall we start driving, or would you like to do something else?”

The inside of the car was unlit, and the darkness that shrouded them was, somewhat, a source of comfort for Megan. Yet, there seemed to be a peculiarity about the air around them.

She was vigilant as she glanced sidelong at him. “Drive. I just want to enjoy the breeze.”

Jake held on to the steering wheel and swept past her with the corner of his eye. His brows perked up when he sensed the despondence in her voice. “Why? Are you still thinking about what happened in the morning?”

Megan blinked when this was raised out of the blue, and tried to mask her feelings. Nevertheless, she knew no amount of burying was going to prevent this from resurfacing again, one way or another.

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So instead, she nodded in acknowledgment. Her inflection was clouded by self-doubt.

“Since you came to find me, I suppose that you must have forgiven me. But don’t you think that I had been rash and foolish? I have always misunderstood you...”

She did not much like the idea of herself turning into a presumptuous and thoroughly self-besotted person.

Jake regarded her calmly as she shared about her woes. The pointer on the speedometer had shot up to the hundred-point mark. Against the backdrop of dusk, only the roaring of the car’s engine was audible in the deserted roundabout.

Seeing the prolonged absence of a response from him, Megan assumed that it was a question which he did not wish to answer. She let out a subdued sigh. There was a part of her which was emotionally fraying.

All of a sudden, the taciturn one broke his silence.

He said, “It looks like the director had shared quite a bit. After thinking it over, I still don’t have an answer to your question. Looking you up like this was probably not something that I would have done in the past. But I do know that I couldn’t be at ease if I didn’t because you’re not with me.”

Jake’s expression was somber. He opened up the sunroof and the windows to the sides to let the wind rush in. Megan’s troubled mind seemed to be left behind in the frost-crustured wilderness and replaced with an extraordinary state of tranquility.

“Wow. This is great!”

The sensation brought about by the wind scouring past her face and the darkness and cold ramming into her body were unprecedentedly liberating for her.

At this moment, there was nothing else she needed to obsess over. She only needed to completely let loose.

“Scream if you want to. It’ll feel even better.”

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With nary a soul in the vicinity, Jake's eyes were fixated on the way ahead like a prowling cheetah as the car ripped through the peacefulness of the night.

Megan took heed. She got onto her feet and extended the upper half of her body out from the sunroof.

The cold breeze lashed and tugged at her hair at will and tore into her face like a thousand knives, but none of that bothered her. As though throwing down the gauntlet to the shapeless king of the night, she opened her mouth and let the hoarseness of her scream rend the darkness.

"Ahh..."

She did not keep track of how long she kept at it, but she knew just about when she was unto her last breath before she slumped back down into her seat.

All the turmoil she had undergone disappeared decisively and laid to rest.

Seeing that Megan was almost done venting, Jake closed all the windows back up and eased off on the accelerator.

"Once I'm done here in the morning, I'll probably be headed over to A Nation."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3322

Chapter 3322 Shoreline

Megan was taken aback momentarily when she heard that. She drooped her head. The feeling that accompanied the wind now was that of loneliness.

She gazed sidelong at Jake's profile. "Are you in such a hurry?"

The brevity of this one night could not make up for the countless days in which they were apart. But he had work commitments, and she had previously maligned him...

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Megan bit her lip, unwilling to indulge herself in any more willful utterances.

“Yeah. It’s probably going to be like this for the rest of the month. Lots of stuff that needed to be attended to in the company recently.”

Jake drove them to a stop by a beach. He turned to regard the low-spirited Megan while the sound of the waves reverberated in his ears.

“You’re obviously busy; yet, you tried to make time to come and see me. The way I misconstrued your intentions must have been hurtful.”

Megan opened the door and alighted alongside Jake. They walked in stride while the headlights behind cast off the darkness and shone the path ahead for them.

Jake held onto Megan’s freezing hand and thrust it into his pocket. Beneath his curling long lashes resided a pair of placid and loving eyes.

Megan had never seen him this way, as he was always domineering and obstinate, eager to flaunt the control he wielded over her while being wholly unapologetic about it.

But as they walked along this dusky and secluded stretch of the shoreline, Jake showed that he had a more gentle and sensitive side to him.

“I’d say that it was not anger that I felt, but hurt. I was helpless and frustrated as I’ve never felt this misunderstood before.”

Until that point, Jake suddenly smiled. He looked to Megan beside him, and the warmth inside the palm of his hand felt as comforting as a hot towel laid upon her heart.

Apart from his slightly deplorable personality, everything else about the man before her was perfection manifested. Now that the better angels of his nature had revealed themselves, there was no way Megan would be able to resist his charms.

This, was an unwelcome development.

She was reluctant to sink in completely and struggled to free the hand which Jake held fast to, and exhaled upon her lack of success at doing so.

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The woman was really unsure whether it would be advisable for her to really take the next step in deepening her feelings for him.

"It might be better for you to behave as you did before because I'm kind of not used to this." Megan tilted her head away coyly. There was a hot flush on her cheeks and a faint glow in her eyes as she dared not look directly at him.

Seeing her nervousness put a slight smile on Jake's face. When he paused and faced her body toward him, his amber eyes caught an impression of her face inside.

He leaned his thin lips close to her ear and whispered frivolously, "Are you shy?"

Though always po-faced and mysterious, Megan discovered that he too had an impish aspect.

She stuttered, "No, I've nothing to be shy about."

As hard as Megan tried to hide her shame by turning her gaze away to either side or by backing off, Jake had already intercepted her by the waist and drew her in.

"Is that so?"

His voice was composed and tender, like a flowing length of silk upon her heart. His unique scent saturated the air around her, and the roaring of the ocean crashed in tandem with the rhythm of her pulse.

"I..."

Megan was about to say something when the silence of the beach was interrupted by the screeching of brakes. When the two of them looked back, they saw an SUV stop just short of the white Audi.

"Who's there?"

The duo exchanged confounded looks, but when they saw who was approaching, Megan's puzzlement turned to surprise.

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“Jonas? What are you doing here?”

He had been following behind from the moment Megan sneaked out of her room. His reason for doing so, though not immediately apparent, was simplistic in its motivation.

The man was observing close by and could no longer bear to watch their affectionate ways. He meant to start his engine and drive off, but due to his unfortunate lack of concentration, he almost bumped into the car Jake had parked by the side of the road.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3323

Chapter 3323 Lonesome Road

Knowing that he could no longer remain hidden, Jonas had no intention to avoid them either. He put on a straight face and gazed upon them while he hugged his arms. His hair was tossed about wildly by the sea breeze.

“Just driving around. This is the only deserted road in Horington.”

Jake was not sold on Jonas’ cover story. He wrapped his arm tighter around Megan’s hips and raised his eyebrows as the residual glow from the headlights flared upon their faces.

“You’ve been following us, haven’t you? I’ve noticed a car on our tail but just chose not to point it out.”

Jonas smiled at the duo. His eyes were as forlorn as the night itself. “You’re as cautious as ever. However, it’s not necessarily a bad thing as far as you’re concerned, since my giving up earlier would only be of benefit to you.”

Mired in his voice was a certain detachment which emanated from within. Megan could hear, and see the despondence in his body language. However, she could not choose to be with another out of pity or gratitude.

“It is. I feel that for you to give up would be more of a tug of war, but I would let the matter slide for tonight. Come on, Megan.”

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Jonas watched as the couple walked to the car in each other's arms and abruptly let out a laugh. There was an element of flightiness to his tone. "Just remembered that Megan made dinner for me today, and it was pretty decent."

Those words left Megan stunned. Jake's brows perked up, but he understood quickly that that was merely Jonas' last attempt to provoke him.

He turned around with lips curled and calmly regarded with confidence and pride the gaunt man fighting to keep himself warm in the billowing wind.

Amidst the quietude of the road, Jonas could only hear his counterpart's steady voice. "It doesn't matter, because she belongs to me from here on out. You can only taste her cooking just this once, while I would be able to do so for the rest of my life. Etch that into your memory so that you may savor that moment more when you grow old."

Jonas was nonplussed. The only flavor he could get from reminiscing about it would be a bitter taste in his mouth.

Jake was clearly mocking him.

On the lonesome road, Jonas leaned against his car as he watched the dust settle from the departing white Audi with mixed emotions.

After being rejected umpteen times and witnessing their moment of tenderness for himself, why was it that he was not driven to give up?

Did that stem from love, or a desire to possess?

The biting cold of the wind left one shivering, while his true sentiments continued to lay dormant.

Early in the morning on the second day, Megan discovered that she had caught the flu when she roused groggily from her slumber.

She sat up helplessly and attributed the cause to exposure to the cold wind from the night before.

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After she freshened up, she saw that Jonas and the rest of the production crew were already up. They were standing over at the balcony, seemingly engrossed in a discussion.

Unable to restrain herself, she decided to join in. Coincidentally, the director turned around and the two of them found them staring into each other's eyes.

"Oh, you're up, Megan. Good. We need to talk."

Martin picked up a notebook and tossed it to Megan. She saw that Jonas also had one exactly like that in hand.

The trio then settled down together at the dining table.

"Both of you don't look the part of a couple for this reality show, so I've no choice but to execute my plan B. This is the script that we'll be working with from now on. I'll have everything you need to be prepared in advance."

The director sounded quite adamant and there did not seem to be grounds for negotiation. Megan was quite astounded at first and exhaled with script in hand. It would seem that that was the only way they would be able to move things forward.

With everything that had happened in the past few days, she was not confident that she would be able to play a loving couple with Jonas without inhibitions.

A few days later, Megan's filming in Horington finally came to an end.

After reviewing the initial cut, she was not able to feel the sparks flying between Jonas and herself. Expectantly, the program was widely panned online when it premiered.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3324

Chapter 3324 The Raggedy Man

Megan and Donna were flummoxed by some of the feedback posted. It was quite unforeseen that her performance turned out so poorly in spite of the scripting.

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Donna could not help but exhale. "It really backfired on you this time, Megan."

Never mind reestablishing Jonas, she nearly got herself in an absolute stinker. One consolation though, was that the production crew came through and managed to craft a few touching scenes for the two of them.

"Oh, it can't be helped. Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans. It was fortunate that Jonas managed to get back on track though." Megan leaned back into the couch and smiled casually, taking it all in her stride.

Donna closed the laptop and looked weakly at Megan, bamboozled by the latter's inexplicable optimism.

"Alright, enough from you. It's getting late. Aren't you going back to Jake's?"

That riposte led Megan's slumped body to stiffen up on the couch. She smiled broadly and exhibited no inclination to get herself up. "He's away for work and won't be back today. Take me in, Donna."

Megan's pitiful expression left Donna with no cause for refusal, or should it be said that she had never intended to turn her away.

After all, they had always lived together.

She regarded Megan smilingly. "Alright, fine. But I've to start cooking, so I would appreciate it if you could go out and help get me some salt."

Megan immediately jumped up from the couch, rescinded her earlier flippancy, and pulled a straight face in its place. She then did a curtsy and replied in an even voice, "Yes, Ms. Donna. I'm on it!"

Her impromptu showmanship drew a laugh from Donna who then patted her on the back and shooed her out of the door. "That's enough. Get going."

Megan got herself in check. After she took some money with her, she dashed out of the door with the intention of swiftly swiping up a packet of salt from the convenience store downstairs.

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A few minutes later, Megan was almost there. But before she could make her way in, a shadowy figure shot out and pulled her into a side alley.

"Megan!"

She was taken aback when a man's harried and panicky voice exploded in her ears. Its disheveled and unkempt owner was unrecognizable to her.

"Who are you?"

Megan blinked in bafflement as she attempted to pick out any familiar vibes which may help her identify who the raggedy man in front of her was, but found none.

"It's me. Herman! Help me, Megan. Help me!"

Herman seemed beleaguered. Gone were the gold-rimmed spectacles that he used to wear, and his previously scholarly grace and stoic demeanor were displaced by wildness and hysteria.

The man before her was a complete shell of his former self.

"You're Herman?" Megan remained unconvinced and thought even racking up a few hundred-thousand in debt at the casino would not reduce anyone to this state of wretchedness.

Upon hearing Megan's question, Herman nodded piteously. His eyes darted about from time to time, as though he was hiding from something.

The man was overwrought and fear-ridden. "Yes, yes. I'm Herman! Someone's after me, Megan. Hurry up and hide me somewhere!"

It might have worked better in his favor had he not said that as that made Megan less inclined to help. Is he telling me that there is someone who cannot be trifled with close by? Why would I want to get on anyone's bad side on the account of my enemy?

Megan's expression rapidly grew indifferent at the thought of that. When she regarded the dehumanized Herman, memories of the past came surging forth.

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She sneered and squinted haughtily at the man before her, "You must be begging the wrong person. Isn't Mia the one you liked and cared for? Shouldn't you be calling on her now?"

"I... I'm too ashamed to face her. Please, Megan. Hide me. Those people are coming!"

Herman grew increasingly petrified and gripped onto Megan's wrist so tightly as if his life literally depended on it.

Megan, however, was able to free herself from his grasp easily and shoved him into the bottomless depths of the raging river.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3325

Chapter 3325 Another Good Turn

"Dream on, Herman. Consider me merciful that I didn't cut you to pieces myself on the spot. Not in your life I'd ever help you."

Her gaze was like an arrow of an icicle, aimed right for his back.

Herman was stunned. What is it that makes Megan hate me so much? Why then did she help me back at the casino, in spite of her contempt for me?

Could it be that it was part of a ploy to lure me in?

He was struck by a sudden epiphany while he stood rooted the spot and soaked to the skin. Shock and terror were apparent in his expression.

"So you..."

Herman looked like he might have caught on, to which Megan raised her eyebrows in response. Even if he had figured it out, she had no intention of owning up to it.

She had not forgotten that in her past life about the Mr. Wilson that Herman mentioned in her last memory.

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This was the question that Megan had been desperately avoiding.

Now that it came down to this, all that was holding things together for her was her own willful desire to trust in Jake. She hoped that it was not him, and even if it was, she only wished to find out later so that she could delay making a decision.

In spite of that, a lot of things may change with how Herman had shown up the way he did. After all, his gambling debt from her previous life did not arrive this early, and she had already paid for it in his stead.

Since everything had been brought forward, could that Mr. Wilson had already appeared? Could he really be Jake Wilson?

Megan's anxiety was mounting. She was certainly not going to validate Herman's estimations, for doing so would surely pit the two of them against each other.

Although she did not want to appear too chummy with him, at the same time, she did not want things to get too uncomfortable. It was only by getting close to him could she ascertain the real identity of Mr. Wilson in the quickest time possible.

Thus, Megan categorically denied it, "What are you thinking? I helped you out then at the casino out of the goodness of my heart, and I stood to gain from it as well. Don't tell me that you think I set you up on purpose? Things turned out the way they did because you didn't know when to quit while you were ahead."

As pertinent as she sounded, Herman still found it hard to accept, as no gambler would ever attribute his failings to his own greed? They would only blame it on everyone and everything else but themselves.

"I don't want to discuss this right now. Hurry up and find me a hiding spot right now!"

Herman seemed more forceful and the frustration was increasingly apparent in his eyes. Megan snorted as she regarded his miserable and agitated state, "The most I'd do is offer you a hundred bucks to cover your fare to get to Mia. I won't be able to accommodate you here, as I'm currently staying at Jake's apartment."

The mere mention of Jake's name struck fear into Herman's eyes.

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He was actually being escorted back by those people to seek payment from the agency, which was surely going to piss off quite a number of people. If he were to offend Jake Wilson as well because of Megan, it would become an absolute sh*tstorm.

After weighing up his options, Herman quietly straightened out his thoughts. No matter how much he did not wish to face Mia, he had to do it now because she was in it with him.

“Alright. Give me a thousand, and I’ll go seek her out immediately.”

Megan did not have much to say in response to Herman’s inflated demands. So long as she was able to have Herman go pester the currently out-of-luck Mia, the asking price would be worth it.

“Done. I hope things go well for you.”

Megan curled her lips and produced a thousand from her purse, which he promptly snatched away before she even extended it out.

She sneered a couple of times. The contempt in her eyes was subtle, but it nonetheless pricked at Herman’s pride like a needle. He evaded her gaze and kept his thoughts to himself.

Whether the man liked Megan’s attitude or not, he did not have the capital to find fault with her.

The two of them hurried away from the alley. Herman stood by the side of the road, hoping to catch a ride out. Megan knew that most drivers would not stop for one as lamentably attired as him, so she sucked it up and did him another good turn by flagging a cab down for him. She then calmly sent off the scraggly Herman.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3326

Chapter 3326 That Nagging Question

Watching him leave in the cab gave Megan the same pleasure as soaking up the breeze in spring. It occurred to her that Herman did not enjoy his time in Lostaria.

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She reckoned that his missing clothing and glasses must have been pawned off. Upon his return to the country, he had been watched closely. Who knew whether the other party was here to negotiate, or to teach Herman a lesson.

These were not priorities for her bandwidth, because she had already thrown this hot mess entirely into Mia's hands. She would be keen to see what sort of drama those two would be able to put together.

Before dawn broke the next morning, Megan was jolted to wakefulness by a nightmare she had. Ever since she ran into Herman, she had been in relative unease, as though something had been lodged inside of her.

She brought a hand to her forehead and wiped at the cold sweat on it. The recollection of a murderous-looking Jake making an appearance in her slumber demanding her death made her rigid body tremble involuntarily.

There was no staving off that nagging question in her head. This time, she had to put him to the test when he returned.

To this end, Megan called Jake up and found out that he would be back in the afternoon.

She had not anticipated that he would arrive so soon. Megan hung up and began to hesitate as procrastinating further was nonconstructive. Megan exhaled and eventually decided that she should act accordingly when afternoon came.

Time went by and afternoon arrived quickly. In order to buy time for her own purposes, Megan also had Josephine prepare a meal so that they may chat over it.

Megan had her elbows propped up at the edge while she sat at the dining table. She appeared contemplative. The display on her phone to the side kept track of every minute that ticked away.

As unsettled as she was, she shunned the impulse to entertain those random projections about all the possible outcomes.

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Just then, the shut door sprung open. Megan looked back in time to see Jake walk in with luggage in hand.

She got to her feet immediately and promptly made her way to the door.

“You’re back.” A simple greeting, but it was obvious to Jake that Megan had a lot on her mind. The fragrance of the food had already reached his nostrils.

He coolly passed the bag in his hand along to Megan and slid his arm around her waist in the same fluid motion to bring her closer.

“You’ve been cooking. Aren’t you busy today?”

Megan walked him over to be seated at the dining table. Her mouth agape, too embarrassed to admit that the meal was prepared by the part-time helper.

She placed the bag on a dining chair to the side. The warmth from Jake’s palm which still lingered on her hips only compounded her anxiety.

“Yeah. I had a little time on my hands as I’m off today.” Megan was disengaged and looked uptight. The spread on the table had Jake guessing as much what Megan was not saying.

He took a sip of water and leaned back with arms akimbo before he took a long hard look at her. “Feel free to speak. We should find the food more enjoyable after that.”

Jake’s candor only made Megan more nervous. On careful consideration, she thought that there was no need to be so tentative, as whatever she had to say was not some tear-inducing accusation.

Megan took a deep drawl. She threw all caution to the wind as she lifted her eyes to meet Jake’s. “Actually, I wanted to ask if you are acquainted with Herman Clear.”

In her past life, it was Mr. Wilson who ordered her death at the hands of Herman and Mia. If Jake and Herman were acquainted, there was a minimum of ninety-percent chance that he could be that same Mr. Wilson.

Should that be the case, she wondered how she should react.

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Megan's fingers unconsciously tightened around themselves. She held her breath as she regarded the silent man. The light overhead cast a shadow under his overhanging fringe. From his expression, he had no misgivings.

Her question prompted him to raise his amber eyes to her, and purse his thin and unbending lips.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3327

Chapter 3327 White Lie

At that moment, he was trying hard to trace down his memory. However, the only time he could recall was when Sky Entertainment was discussing a deal with Mia; he discovered Herman standing outside for the entire time.

Why would Megan be curious about this kind of C-list celebrity?

"I've heard of him, and I know he's some C-list celebrity. Honestly, I'm not interested in someone at the bottom of the industry."

There was no emotion on Jake's face. As Megan observed his composed eyes closely, her clenched fist began to loosen.

For that instant, his answer acted like a stimulant for her, as all of her worries instantly faded away.

Even though it was too soon to assume what would happen in the future, but at present, that was all she needed to know.

All of the changes in her emotion were caught by Jake in one glance.

"Why are you asking me this question all of a sudden?"

Jake was obviously not the type that kept his doubts in mind. As he spotted Megan seemed to have something weighing over her mind, he could not hold back his curiosity.

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Clearly, Megan had expected to be questioned, as her expression seemed extremely calm. She did not rush to answer, as she took a plate and walked over to get some food for both of them.

Under the silent atmosphere, Megan's back figure seemed extraordinarily fragile. Jake could not take his eyes off her while patiently anticipating her response.

"You wouldn't believe this, but Herman came to find me and wanted to borrow some money from me. I wasn't sure what happened to him, but he was wearing some tattered old clothes."

Megan returned to the table with a plate full of food, while her eyes seemed utterly troubled as she was pondering what to say next.

"Initially, I didn't want to lend him the money, but he said that he was close with you and Mia. I failed to recognize his true motive at the moment, so I ended up giving him one thousand and sent him for Mia."

While she was exaggerating her encounter with Herman, there was not a single trace of nervousness on her face.

Jake furrowed his brows as he sensed something was amiss; yet, he failed to detect why.

He started eating while trying to clear his thoughts. "Is it? Just ignore them the next time you come across someone like this. Remember that I don't befriend beggars. As for Mia, since when do you treat her as your own sister? If not, then there would no need to for you care for her friends, would there?"

Jake had read through the relationship between Megan and Mia perfectly. Their conflicts went all the way back. Thus, it was hardly possible for them to call a truce overnight.

Megan was impressed by Herman's judgment as she let out a smile. "You've read me like an open book, but don't worry. I don't think Herman would ever come to find me again. I have sent him over to Mia, so there will no longer be any reason for him to approach me."

Under the dim light, Jake thought he caught a flash of cold expression in her eyes. But just when he narrowed his eyes to observe her, her eyes turned calm and joyous once again.

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Is she telling the truth? Even though Jake could not think of any apparent reason, he had a feeling that Megan was hiding a huge secret. As he continued to eat from his plate, his mind was at a loss.

After a short while, both of them finished their dinner without much conversation.

They chatted a little more on the couch before exhaustion and jetlag caught on Jake. After that, he went into the washroom for a quick shower before heading to bed.

Megan was initially reluctant to sleep with him as the night was still early, but she eventually failed to escape his domineering tactics.

The next morning, Megan woke up with a sore all over her body. When she was freshening up, a call came in from Donna. She responded curtly and hung up the phone.

“Why’re you in such a hurry?”

Without Megan noticing, Jake appeared from behind and naturally wrapped his arms around her waist.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3328

Chapter 3328 Lunch With The Sponsor

Megan stared at their intimate gesture inside the mirror, and instantly her face blushed with shyness.

“Um...it’s nothing...”

She choked on her words while her hand paused from brushing her teeth. She abruptly rinsed her mouth and purposely reached for the towel to free herself from Jake’s hug.

Jake was not at all offended by her evasive behavior. On the contrary, he displayed a genuine smile as he had never felt this satisfied for years.

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Leaning against the door, he asked gently, "Do you want me to accompany you there?"

Megan was stunned momentarily and then shook her head. "It's fine. It's a diner with the sponsor of Let's Run, so all the production crew will be attending. I'm afraid it would be awkward if you tag along."

Jake could not seem to comprehend what she meant. But the moment he lifted his head, he spotted the unyielding rejection in her eyes.

He nearly forgot that Megan really hated it when anyone interfered with her career.

Thus, Jake did not further insist on his offer. Even though he was slightly displeased, he chose to respect her decision.

It was almost noon when Jake sent Megan to the hotel's lobby; then, he headed back to the company.

Gazing at the disappearing black Mercedes-Benz, Megan heaved a gasp as the reality at the moment seemed like a fantasy to her.

Who'd have thought that one day I would be so close with Jake? Is this a dream?

Her lips curled into a smile as she stepped joyously into the elevator.

The weather had begun to turn warm; hence, most of those who attended the lunch were dressed in flimsy spring wear. With that, Megan was wearing a floral suspender skirt with a tiny jacket, which made her look like a teenager from afar.

Before long, Megan reached the front of the private room mentioned by Donna. As she pushed the door open slowly, she was slightest startled by the big crowd in the room. Most of the crews were already there.

Silas was engaged in some conversation, but the second he noticed Megan stepping into the room, he quickly stood up and called her.

"Megan, over here! There's a seat here!"

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Silas' loud voice overcame all the chatting noises in the room and reached Megan. Megan traced the origin of that voice and spotted Silas at the other end of the room.

"You look excited. Could it be that the sponsor has agreed to offer a good price?"

Megan's adorable smile left Silas stunned momentarily.

He immediately collected himself and said, "I'm not sure about that, hence I won't make any assumption yet. But I called you over to thank you on behalf of Jonas. That was a great help."

Megan's face stiffened the second she heard Jonas' name. She swiftly disguised her uneasiness with a professional smile. "There's no need to thank me. Speaking of which, has he found the next agency?"

Her question caught Silas off guard as he sat back against his chair with arms around his chest. "About this... I don't think so. He did mention that Sky Entertainment approached him, but he rejected them."

Both of them knew exactly the reason he rejected them. Megan let out a silent sigh as she had no more interest to stick her nose into this kind of matter.

Just when she wanted to speak, she noticed the entrance door opened once again. By that time, everyone's attention had shifted towards the entrance.

"Hello, everyone. I'm not late, am I?"

A dark expression loomed over Megan's face the second she spotted Anderson at the entrance. If I knew he'd be here, I would definitely bring Jake along.

Nevertheless, there was no way she could have possibly predicted this, as Anderson did not release this information to anyone. No one knew he was actually the sponsor behind this.

"You're not late at all, Mr. Whittemore. Come, have a seat please."

In no time, Jerry, the director of Let's Run, approached to welcome Anderson with warmth while the entire crew was also smiling along courteously.

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3329

Chapter 3329 Provocation

“Thank you. Mia, what are you doing out there? Come on. Don’t make Mr. Thompson wait.” Just then, Anderson summoned with a boastful expression. Seconds later, an alluring and gorgeous face appeared from behind the door.

“Hello... everyone.” Mia was wearing an elegant miniskirt, but her smile was extremely unnatural.

At that instant, all the crowds started sizing Mia up skeptically, while she lowered her face most of the time, obviously unwilling to face them.

In fact, she looked like a sheep intimidated by a pack of wolves, while her domineering charisma was nowhere to be seen. Since the moment she entered, her fair smooth hand was held by Anderson overbearingly.

Megan was observing confusedly from far. But when her sight caught on Mia’s slightly struggling hand entangled by Anderson, the former instantly came to a realization.

It’s obvious that she doesn’t want to be here. In other words, someone is forcing her to do so.

Anderson completely ignored Mia’s reluctance and kept bringing her around to greet everyone. From that moment on, along with Mia, Megan was also gradually becoming the spotlight of the diner.

Every crew who participated in filming the first season of Let’s Run would definitely be aware of the conflict between Megan and Mia. While Anderson brought Mia in such a high profile, he was evidently trying to provoke Megan.

After all, this was an industry full of gossips. Almost everyone had heard about the incident at the party of Transcendent.

Just as expected, as soon as Anderson sat down, his cunning eyes shifted towards Megan.

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Megan's heart skipped a beat as she could feel daggers shot in her direction. Nevertheless, she was well-prepared for any unforeseen circumstances while taking a sip of water without showing any emotion.

"Mia, I didn't expect to see your sister here too. It's such a wonderful day. Why don't you sit over there and have a nice chat with her?"

Anderson uttered sarcastically, ignoring the awkward atmosphere between the two ladies. While his eyes kept scanning back and forth between the pair, his hand was lustfully caressing Mia's fair leg.

As Megan noticed his impolite gesture and Mia's blushing red face, she was fully aware of what was going on.

Even though this was not Mia's first time to gain fame by selling out her body, she was still a woman of pride.

Regardless of what benefit she was trying to get from Anderson, it was unlikely she was willing to endure such humiliation in front of the public.

Unpleased with Anderson's arrogance, Megan let out a laugh and said purposely, "I do have a lot of stuff to talk about with Mia, but they are all private affairs. I'm afraid it's inappropriate in such a formal occasion, especially when you and Mr. Thompson are the hosts."

Upon hearing that, Anderson's face turned grim in an instant. He wanted to make Megan look bad, but instead, her response made him look like someone who did not know the rules.

Moreover, he could not comprehend how Megan could be so composed in front of Mia.

While the both of them were glaring daggers at each other, Jerry promptly cut into the conversation. He professionally proposed a toast towards Anderson, who was clearly displeased, and used his hearty laugh to soothe the tension at the scene.

"Mr. Whittemore, here's to you! Season Two will have to depend on you! Come!"

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Although Jerry might be a stubborn person at times, he possessed a great sense of propriety. While he had the least respect for Anderson, he knew how to honor him through his words.

Most importantly, investing in Let's Run Season Two was a win-win deal. In fact, it would be nearly impossible for Anderson to find another partner as brilliant as the current production crew. As arrogant as he wanted to be, he knew there was a bottom line.

With that in thought, regardless of how displeased he felt, he had no choice but to toast back to Jerry.

He raised his glass of wine and cast a glance at Jerry. However, he failed to suppress the rage within his heart while he responded with yet another sarcasm. "Undeniably, you're really good at timings and grabbing the opportunity, aren't you?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3330

Chapter 3330 Replacement

His ironic statement made everyone's heart fall with a thud. The entire crew knew their director was not someone one should cross. His courteous attitude towards Anderson was, in fact, considered as a solar eclipse among the crews.

Just as expected, upon hearing Anderson's response, Jerry put his glass heavily on the table, his eyes flashed with anger.

Although Anderson was not intimidated by him, he was stunned momentarily.

This is the second person who dares to stand up against me, besides Megan. Are all the crew members in this team such arrogant people?

Nevertheless, Jerry was another level compared to Megan. If Anderson was considered a successful businessman, then Jerry was the reputable director in the industry, someone who could transform art into cash efficiently.

In another word, no one in the industry would dare to offend Jerry.

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Anderson drank some wine to clear his thought while his hand wrapped around Mia's waist. After a short moment, he patted Jerry's shoulder and apologized, "Jerry, I've gone too far just now. Here's to you! Let's begin our discussion right after this toast!"

Upon hearing a firm promise from Anderson, Jerry's expression finally started to relax, even though his glare was still frigid.

Megan, who saw all this, was secretly elated that Jerry had indirectly become her shield. Even though she held deep grudges against Anderson, she would be a fool to put them on the table.

"Mr. Thompson, to be honest with you, I have made a decision regarding this contract," Anderson said as he wrapped his arm around Jerry's shoulder.

Jerry responded to him with silence. Thus, Anderson let out a laugh and continued expressing his thoughts.

"It's like this. Sky Entertainment is interested in partnering with you, but we want to amend one of the terms. Mia will replace Megan in the filming as the exclusive permanent guest."

That statement left the whole room in awe. Right then, everyone had locked their eyes upon Megan and Mia.

No one dared to break the long silence, as they all knew what his words were implying.

At that moment, Megan felt like her throat jumped to her heart, and she was about to quarrel with Anderson the next minute.

She took a deep breath and projected a prideful face. "What's this? You can't wait to give her special treatment, can you?"

Megan cut Anderson with the coldest glare, but the latter was sitting relaxedly without any emotional turbulence.

The next minute, he started caressing Mia's stiffened body and kissed her bare shoulder, with his eyes overwhelming with lust and disdain.

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“Mia is my woman. What’s wrong with me giving her some special treatment? It’s better than having to see your annoying face on the screen, isn’t it?”

While Anderson was boasting confidently, Megan spotted Mia’s bitter expression as the latter’s arms wrapped over her own chest, feeling insecure.

Megan locked her eyes on Mia’s pale face and asked calmly, “Mia, do you feel the same too? Are you sure such a young woman like you wants to be with an old man?”

At that instant, Anderson furrowed his brows in dismay. But compared to Megan’s offensive word, he was more concerned about Mia’s response.

Indeed, that would be impossible for a beauty like Mia to entertain him on such an occasion if it was not for her mistake that caused her to be punished by her agent.

Therefore, Anderson agreed without hesitation when Osmond laid out Mia’s price was only a hundred thousand a night, plus the quota to be a permanent guest in Let’s Run.

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