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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1630

When she saw the way Caspian was hesitating, she tugged his arm. "Trust me. Nothing will happen. If we really intervene in Joan's private matters, we'll be lucky if we get to clear our name."

Then, she huffed at Caspian.

Sometimes, Nancy was aggressive. Most of the time, she was independent; she rarely relied on him. Hence, when her hand was on his arm, Caspian could not think of anything else.

He used to be a soldier, so following orders was part of his nature. However, that did not mean he had the right to intervene in someone else's private life, especially Joan's.

When Joan raised her arm to look at her watch, she realized it was already eight at night. They were almost done with their food by then. The entire time, Dustin was the one who did the most talking while she listened to him.

She listened to him talk about the interesting matters in research, about his work progress, about the culture of other countries, and sometimes, about their past.

"It's getting late. I should be going back."

Hearing that, Dustin subconsciously responded, "Hm? Let me send you home then."

His words amused Joan. "Dr. Silverman, have you forgotten that you just arrived today?"

Dustin blushed. The next thing he heard her say was, "I'll hail a cab home. It's fine."

Knowing that his insistence would make anyone frustrated with him, he fell silent. All he did after sending her off was stare at her cab until it disappeared into the night.

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He knew his feelings for her that had lay dormant for the past year were waking despite himself.

On the way back, the cab was met with some troubles. Feeling guilty, the cab driver kept apologizing to Joan and even wanted to refund her money.

Naturally, Joan rejected him. She knew how tough it was for cab drivers to earn a living. After failing to hail for another cab, she decided to walk home.

She walked past the busy city and down the vibrant roads. At night, Marsingfill felt more mysterious than in the early morning. Quietly, Joan ambled her way back as she took in the night scenery.

After unlocking the door, she stepped into a dark house. When Leslie was born, Larry's parents were worried that they would neglect their child due to their busy work. Hence, they offered to take care of him for them.

Both Larry and Joan did not reject them. Instead, they would visit the child when they had free time.

"He's probably not back yet," she mumbled under her breath. When she flipped the switch for the lights, it temporarily blinded her.

After rubbing her eyes and opening them again, she could not believe the sight that greeted her.

Larry was sprawled on the table, the laptop beside him still turned on. She could even see that he had opened several windows on his laptop.

The man was still in his suit. Under his arm was a stack of notes. His hair was curled at the ends, and he looked exhausted.

Joan then quietly tiptoed further into the house. She knew that Larry was a light sleeper, and the softest of noises could easily wake him.

Right as she returned with a thin blanket and was about to put it on him, a powerful hand hugged her from behind. Joan lost her balance, and she fell forward onto Larry.

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“When did you wake up?” When Joan looked into his sleepy eyes, Larry smiled. “I woke when you came in the front door.”

“Then why were you pretending to be asleep?” Joan whined as she frowned.

For a moment, she was like a complaining kitten, and his heart softened.

A second later, Joan placed her hand on the table, about to stand. However, Larry tightened his hold on her, and she could feel his breath on the top of her head. In a deep voice, he muttered, “Let me hold you for a little longer.”

“You have to remember to turn on the lights when you work. Don’t you know that it’s bad for your eyes to work in the dark? Also, remember to rest. Do you really think I don’t know you woke up to work while I was sleeping”

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