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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1671

For some inexplicable reason, Joan breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing Dustin's answer. Phew! Thank God they haven't had an altercation without my knowledge, and it seems that my relationship with Larry hasn't deteriorated further!

But was this the end of things? After she had gotten an answer from Dustin, she spun around to leave. Other than Larry, she currently wasn't in the mood to think about anything else.

"He'll never allow you to find him so easily!" Dustin called out behind her.

Without a backward glance, Joan asserted in a voice that was only audible to him, "Even if he doesn't want me to find him in this lifetime, I'll still search for him until I breathe my last."

Perhaps such a remark was too melodramatic, but it was undoubtedly a sentiment that came from the depths of her heart at that very moment.

"Larry, from the second we both fell in love with each other, we're destined to torture each other..."

Meanwhile, Larry had turned off his cell phone after leaving Caspian's house. After struggling with himself for several days, he decided that he needed to put everything aside and find a place where no one knew him to lick the wounds caused by the person he loved most.

He settled everything at the office, ensuring that Norton Corporation would be able to operate as usual without him for a few days. He had been battling the despondency within him throughout the past few days, so he was truly worn out. Amidst his loneliness, he couldn't help but recall the beach that had kept him company during his childhood and the sea that was filled with beautiful memories of his mother's chatter.

Instead of driving, he took a bus there. He opened the window in the bus, but the towering buildings obscured half the sun. Later, the setting sun gradually tinted the clouds in the distance light orange.

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Throughout it all, he felt an indescribable sense of helplessness and disconcertment flooding him like a tidal wave, hammering at him like torrential rain on a stormy night, and engulfing him in a deluge of bitter frost...

After alighting from the bus, he quietly lit a cigarette. In the hazy cloud of cigarette smoke, his thoughts drifted. He recalled his adorable child... and Joan who once loved him deeply. It seemed as though a beautiful mask had been removed from the past familiar to him, revealing the entirely foreign present.

Dustin. That was a name that lingered in his mind, haunting him like a terrible nightmare. Those heartbreaking photos were a sharp tool that shattered the beauty of everything between them. He wanted to believe in his wife's innocence, but he was defeated by reality. Are you really betraying me, Joan Watts?

Betrayal... All of a sudden, he felt that something was amiss. For a moment, he forgot about the lit cigarette in his hand, and the smoke went straight down his throat to his lungs. However, he couldn't be bothered about that, merely coughing a few times.

Have I been obsessed with the possibility of an affair between them? The rumors, photos... everything was from other people's mouths and hands. Joan has never defended herself against all that, yet I arbitrarily made up my mind that she was tacitly admitting to it and betraying me?

Because of the rumors and photos, he had been questioning Joan relentlessly. Subsequently, he misunderstood her silence on the matter as a tacit admittance when he never heard any explanation from her. All this while, they had been trapped in the endless cycle of relationship problems, hurting and torturing each other.

Isn't Dustin Silverman the person who benefits most from it? After all, when two people fight, it's often the third party who stands to benefit! The person who has been pursuing Joan relentlessly is probably smirking triumphantly now. He thought that he could destroy our relationship without expending any effort, and indeed, my fight with Joan as well as the disintegrating relationship between us seems to be gradually moving according to his plan!

In truth, my target should be Dustin Silverman who covets Joan every second of every day! Recalling the punch he landed on Dustin's face at the hospital that day, regret pervaded him. He regretted not having hit him harder so that the malevolent man would never again be able to think of any ploys to ruin his relationship with Joan.

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As the azure waters lapped against the reefs along the coast, they set off wave after wave, each higher than the other. The waves danced in midair slightly before falling again, returning to the embrace of the sea.

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