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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1832

Nancy looked at her father in shock. When did Dad become so concerned about what other people think?

“Dad, we are the ones who live our lives. Why do you care so much about what the others think?” Nancy asked, baffled by her father’s behavior.

Dad is not acting like his usual self.

Indeed, Simon had always been a straightforward, decisive man who had never faltered in his belief and actions. But things are different now.

The whole matter could affect Caspian’s reputation as well.

It’s already a shame for Caspian after his divorce from Nancy. If any rumors saying he got cheated on by his wife starts...

Simon was a sensible man. He certainly understood how Caspian would feel if other people knew that his wife dumped him for another man. Therefore, he would not allow his daughter to do anything reckless during this sensitive period of time.

Furthermore, he would not accept Jory to be Nancy’s boyfriend for now.

“Leave. I don’t want to see that guy, Jory, in front of me. Take him away immediately. Also, if you have nothing else important to say, don’t come finding me again.” Simon sighed.

After all, he knew that Nancy would come again to pester him to accept Jory next time.

“Dad, why don’t you like Jory?” Nancy shook Simon’s arm fawningly.

Frowning at her childish behavior, he could not help but raise his voice at her, “Nancy, stop. You’re the one at fault. Do you think that you can settle this matter on your own? Don’t you realize how serious this is? Even if you’re clueless, how could Jory not know about it?”

Nancy was taken aback instantly.

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Seeing how cold and unrelenting her father was, she turned away in dismay and went to Jory.

“Come, let’s go. We can come again next time.” Nancy looked hesitantly at the man in front of her.

Jory peeked inside, trying to see Simon, and remained silent.

Later that night, at a restaurant, Joan was happily having her dinner with Larry.

Today, we’ve finally got to spend some quality time with each other without the annoying third wheel—Dustin.

As they were chitter-chattering about trivial matters, Joan’s phone rang all of a sudden. Seeing that it was Nancy calling, she answered the call promptly.

“Hi, Joan. Where are you? Can you come and drink with me? I feel like sh*t right now.” Nancy sobbed.

Is she crying? Joan was shocked.

“Nancy, are you okay? What happened?” she asked worriedly.

“Joan, I’m really sad.” Nancy sniffled.

Hearing her heart-rending voice, Joan could not bring herself to reject her, so she told Larry about it and went out hurriedly.

When she reached the pub, she immediately found Nancy downing her shots alone at the bar. She rushed towards her and took away the drink in her hand. “Nancy, why are you drinking so much?”

Judging by her red face, she knew that Nancy was as drunk as a skunk.

Nancy threw her arm around Joan’s neck and asked in a low voice, “Joan, why? Why does my dad hate Jory?”

Joan shook her head and sighed. Is this about Jory again?

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“Okay. Listen to me. Stop drinking and head back home. It’s getting late now,” Joan said, holding Nancy up to prevent her from toppling over.

However, Nancy pushed her hand away and protested, “No, I don’t want to go home. I’m sad. I want to drink!”

She then continued to drink bottle after bottle and was finally knocked out after the third bottle.

Okay, we can go now. Joan dragged her down from the bar chair and piggybacked her out of the pub.

Ugh, why is this woman so heavy?

“Hey, Nancy. You should lose some weight,” Joan said, shaking Nancy deliberately.

“Huh? What? Cheers!” Nancy muttered and then buried her face in Joan’s hair.

You win, woman. I surrender.

Joan shook her head amusedly and continued to carry Nancy on her back as she waited for a cab at the roadside.

However, before she could hail a ride, a few shady-looking men appeared on the empty road.

One of them—a bald man—sauntered to Joan. “Yo, pretty lady. Do you need any help? I’d be more than happy to carry her for you.”

“No, thanks,” she rejected politely.

“Hey, don’t reject my help. Look at you. You’re straining yourself to carry your friend! Come, let me help you.” He squatted down with his back facing her.

Joan clenched her fists and sighed inwardly. It seems like we’re going to have big trouble tonight.

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