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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1944

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Seated on the sofa next to him, a sense of disappointment flashed across Joan's eyes.

Now that her checkup had been postponed due to the temporary closure of the hospital, it also indirectly meant that she would need to stay overseas longer. *Larry will surely be more worried!* Rubbing her hands nervously, she was in a daze.

"Joan, let's go out for some fun. We haven't had fun together for quite a long time," Dustin's voice cut into her thoughts abruptly.

Joan looked at the man in embarrassment and rejected him nicely.

At that moment, Larry's good-looking face kept floating in her mind. She was not in the mood to entertain Dustin at the moment.

Dustin's heart throbbed with pain at the sight of the helpless look on her face.

Maybe I shouldn't have lied to her... His face darkened at once when he found himself in a dilemma.

After a while, pin-drop silence ensued in the place. Dustin continued to flip through the magazine casually, whereas Joan was seated on the sofa, staring off into the distance out of the window. The man looked for a chance to start a conversation with her once more, but he changed his mind as soon as the thought of interrupting her came to mind.

The atmosphere became awkward as both of them were in utter silence.

Dustin was in bewilderment. *What's the point of me planning everything and bringing her all the way here if we just end up doing nothing? What a waste!*

At that moment, Joan was gazing sorrowfully at the cloud in the sky with a glint of sadness in her eyes.

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What's Larry doing now? Is he also staring at the same cloud in the sky?

She clenched her fists, lost in her own world. At that very moment, she really missed the man who had promised to protect her for the rest of her lifetime.

Dustin patted her shoulder and called her over, "Joan."

"Ah?" The woman was stupefied.

"Let's go out for a meal," he suggested gently.

"Alright," Joan agreed and rose immediately.

The two of them went to have a meal in a grand restaurant. The background music there was soothing and melodious, and the scent of roses hung in the air. However, Joan seemed oblivious to everything around them as her mind was occupied.

She cut the steak with her head lowered, her mind not focused on the task she had at hand.

"Ouch!" Suddenly, the woman felt a slight pain in her finger and gasped aloud.

"What happened?" Dustin raised his head to look at her the moment he heard it.

The blood oozing out of Joan's finger caught his sight at once.

He quickly rose and moved swiftly to sit next to her. The next moment, he sucked her finger to stop the bleeding.

Joan was flabbergasted by his sudden action.

"I'm fine. It's just a tiny wound," she uttered, intending to pull out her finger hastily.

Nonetheless, her strength was far too small compared to the man. He tightened his grip on her hand as he stared at her sternly, hinting her not to move an inch.

After quite a while, he finally let go of her finger.

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"Is it painful?" he asked gently. His heart ached at the sight of the tiny cut on her finger.

Joan turned away to avoid having eye contact with him, pretending to be unaware of the profound affection pouring out of his eyes.

"It's not really painful now. I'm fine," she replied casually.

"Miss, here's a plaster." A waitress approached them at that moment and handed her a band aid courteously.

"Thank..." Before Joan could finish her words, Dustin took the plaster from the waitress and stuck it cautiously on her injury.

"Miss, your boyfriend is so caring," the waitress commented with a smile.

The moment the stunned Joan was just about to clarify that Dustin was not her boyfriend, the waitresses had turned and walked away. On the other hand, Dustin was on cloud nine; his mouth curved into a big smile as he recalled that comment over and over in his head.

"Alright, the wound is covered properly." He inspected her finger once more before he placed it down on the table.

Thank you," Joan replied awkwardly, flitting her eyes anywhere but the man in front of her.

Dustin looked at her with a smile and returned to his seat.

He teased. "You're still as reckless as usual." He tapped on her forehead lightly, a sense of affection in his eyes.

"I was just thinking about something," Joan refuted.

Was she thinking about Larry? A glint of coldness flashed across his eyes without the woman's knowledge.

"Take this." Dustin cut the steak on his plate into even slices and placed them onto Joan's plate.

Her cheeks flushed a deep red, and she quickly said, "Oh! I can cut it myself."

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“Don’t worry. I haven’t taken any mouthful of my steak yet, so don’t be worried about swallowing my saliva,” he said jokingly, hoping to calm her down.

Despite his efforts to make her comfortable, Joan couldn’t help but still feel a little awkward.

“Ah! I’m so envious of that woman for having such a caring boyfriend.”

“Yeah, he’s really good looking too!”

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