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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1945

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“They’re really a perfect match for each other. What a stunning couple!”

A few waitresses were whispering excitedly among themselves, apparently mesmerized by Dustin’s stunning looks.

Joan turned even more embarrassed when she overheard the waitresses gossiping about them.

“Joan, what’s the matter? Are you not feeling well? You look pale,” Dustin asked with great concern and touched her forehead to check her temperature.

“Nothing, I’m just a bit tired.” Joan forced her lips into a tight smile.

I’m actually emotionally exhausted! Can you stop treating me affectionately as if you are my boyfriend? This is so awkward! She let out a silent sigh, not knowing what she was supposed to do.

“How about we go back for a rest after this?” the man asked gently.

At that, Joan nodded in agreement silently.

If Larry happens to see how caring Dustin is being toward me, I’m sure he will burst a blood vessel... A sense of guilt started to creep into her heart at that thought. Her main intention had been to go overseas for a thorough checkup of her brain. She planned to make a further decision after the root cause was detected. Nevertheless, it seemed as if she was on a vacation with Dustin at that moment.

Once they reached back at the hotel, Joan flung herself directly on the bed. Staring off into the distance out of the window, she gradually sank into contemplation.

I wonder what Larry is doing now. What about Lucius? What’s he doing now? Is Ms. Young busy with anything right now?

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Joan's eyes were welled up with tears as she thought of her loved ones. Oh! I really miss all of them so much!

Holding her phone, Joan looked at Delilah's phone number hesitantly. In the end, she could not hold herself back any longer. Her finger clicked the particular button to make a call.

"Hello, Joan! Where are you now? We're all worried about you... Especially Mr. Norton. He's looking for you so frantically!" Delilah sounded a bit incoherent; she was too anxious.

"Ms. Young!" Unable to suppress the suffocating sorrow any longer, Joan broke down and cried.

When Joan had lost her memories previously, she had treated Delilah as her own mother. Whenever she felt depressed, the woman had always embraced her affectionately. Her grief would be soothed after crying her heart out in Delilah's arms. Joan was now so far away from her motherly embrace when she needed to seek solace desperately.

Delilah remained silent as Joan wept.

She could only console her in this way since they were currently apart from each other.

After quite a while, Joan finally stopped crying and wiped away her tears.

"What's the matter? Are you feeling troubled by anything?" Delilah asked worriedly.

"Ms. Young, I'm really scared. If I die now, I will not be able to meet all of you anymore..." Joan mumbled out, a sense of utter bitterness in her tone.

What on earth is she talking about? It sounds as if she thinks she will be gone at any moment! A glint of coldness flashed across Delilah's eyes instantly.

"Joan, what do you mean? Explain yourself!" Delilah requested sternly.

"Ms. Young, would you mind doing me a favor?" Joan asked sadly with a sense of weariness in her voice.

"Larry hasn't found out that I'm having a checkup on my brain overseas. Please keep it a secret from him. I don't want him to be upset and troubled, so I'm waiting for the result of

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the checkup before telling him. I'll be able to make a decision then," she explained, her tone silently pleading with Delilah to not tell Larry anything.

Even though Delilah truly felt for her, she still hesitated for quite a while before agreeing with her reluctantly.

Time flew by as Joan and Dustin waited for the date of the checkup to be finalized. Meanwhile, Larry never stopped trying to track down Joan's whereabouts by all means.

Joan held herself back by not giving the man any calls all this while. She only occasionally sent Delilah messages, updating the woman on her condition. She also asked about how things were going on with Larry and Lucius from time to time.

In the nightclub, beams of colorful lights were emanating from the twirling disco light ball above the dance floor. The people on the dance floor were moving around excitedly alongside others to the deafening beat of the pop music being played.

Scantly dressed dancers were swaying and twisting their bodies seductively, matching the tempo of the pop songs on the dance floor. Meanwhile, the men were either fixing their blazing gazes on the alluring women or indulged themselves in the passionate flirting session with other flirtatious women who approached them.

A man was seated alone in one corner of the pub, drinking strong liquor continuously in despair. A reflection of the lostness and sorrow in his eyes could be seen under the dim lights.

He did not have the courage to overcome the suffocating guiltiness growing within him. The intense desire to see his beloved woman was driving him crazy. At the same time, he could not forgive himself for not being able to shield her perfectly against any risk.

"Joan Watts, where on earth did you go? Why don't you give me a call? Are you hiding somewhere with Dustin Silverman? Did you elope with him?" he snarled out, frustration evident on his face.

Smash! He smashed a wineglass in desperation, shattering it into tiny pieces.

A waiter approached him at once and cleared the mess on the floor in silence. He had gotten used to the scene all this while.

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Larry had been patronizing the pub lately and was drunk all the time. He was apparently in a bad mood and not his usual self lately. Even though they were all curious about what had happened to him, none of them had the guts to approach him to show their concern. They were fearful of infuriating the man who was a fabled public figure in the business sector.

Meanwhile, a woman dressed in a revealing dress was gazing meaningfully at the lonely man. Her lips curved into a wry smile as something played in her mind.

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