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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1977

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Since Joan knew what was on Dustin's mind, it was all the more reason she could not let him show it in front of others.

"I know what you're thinking. Don't worry," Dustin said as he lightly patted her on the shoulder. Subsequently, they headed back into the store.

Soon, the workday had passed, and most of the supermarket employees had gone home. Only Joan and Dustin were left behind, still busy. As it happens, the others had purposely left both of them some alone time. Ever since the incident at the hospital, they had been indifferent toward Larry and were instead anticipating Dustin's actions.

"Joan, let me send you home," he suddenly shouted.

It was only then that Joan realized it was already time to get off work.

However, she did not want to go home and face that man.

"You can go off first. I'll head home soon," she hurriedly replied.

At that moment, she wanted to be alone and have nothing to do and think about. She wanted to stare into the sky, with only the moon to accompany her as she counted the stars.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" he asked as he walked over to her.

"No," she replied coldly.

In reality, Dustin had known all along that she was in a bad mood. She was either constantly worrying about something or had her thoughts occupied with something else. The issue with Gabriella was probably a big blow to her, wasn't it? As he watched her, Dustin felt heartbroken.

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Although the situation with Gabriella was considered a good thing for him, he did not want to see Joan disappointed and upset.

Sometimes, it was magical to fall in love with someone. When they laughed, so would you. Similarly, when they cried, you would be sad too. Without rhyme or reason, one would be happy about their loved one's happiness and worry about their sorrows. In the past, Dustin had once thought that as long as he loved Joan, he had to have her for himself and would not ever let her go. Only now then did he realize how stupid he was when he was young.

Over time, he had come to understand that as long as he could see her smile, it was the greatest source of happiness and satisfaction for him. However, at that very moment, her face no longer held a smile.

It's all because of Larry!

He clenched his fist tightly, and there was a fierce look in his eyes.

If it weren't for that man, Joan wouldn't be this disheartened and wouldn't have been so upset all day long.

"Let's go. It's getting late. I'll send you home," he said.

"I don't want to go home," she suddenly replied.

What does she want to do then? He looked at her curiously, waiting for her to continue.

"I want to go for a drink," she muttered.

"Sure, I'll bring you there." He then pulled her away.

She willingly followed along since she knew that regardless of whether or not she got drunk, the man in front of her would not take advantage of her.

"Let's go to a bar," he said as he gently pushed her into the car.

With a trace of fatigue in her eyes, Joan quickly took out her phone to make a call.

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“Hi Ms. Young, don’t wait up for me tonight. I’ll be out. Yeah, I have my keys. Right...”

After they exchanged a few words, Joan then hung up.

Throughout the car ride, none of them spoke. Dustin kept his focus on the road while Joan looked out the window, enjoying the scenery along the way.

“Hey, are you going back today?” he suddenly asked.

A flicker of sadness crossed her face.

Go back and do what? Look at that man’s face? I’ve looked at him for so many years. It’s about time I let go. There was a cold look in Joan’s eyes.

“I’ll see how it goes. If we have a good time, I’ll stay out overnight. If not, we’ll go home,” she replied bluntly.

As Dustin sped toward the bar, several people on the roads were taken back by his speed and cursed at his leaving car, calling him a lunatic.

The bar was filled with many people when they entered it. Everything looked exceptionally energetic and exciting, from the flashing lights, colorful drinks, music... However, Dustin had found them a table near a corner by the wall. Since he knew that Joan had never liked crowds, he found them the most remote seat away from the main crowd.

“Mister, bring me some alcohol!” Joan suddenly shouted.

“Coming right up!”

Soon, their table was filled with bottles and bottles of alcohol in various colors, causing Dustin to be dumbfounded by the variety.

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