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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1978

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Wow, he even took out all his signature alcohols. How rare.

“Cheers, Joan. I know you’re in a bad mood. You’ll feel better after this glass,” Dustin said in a low voice.

Immediately, Joan quickly raised her glass and downed the alcohol.

“Hey, hey, this is not how you’re supposed to drink,” he scolded, quickly removing the glass from her hands.

Has she gone crazy? No one drinks like this!

“Hey, Joan. Wake up!” Dustin shook her hard as he shouted.

However, Joan was already lying on the table, not moving at all. It was impossible for her not to get drunk so quickly from drinking alcohol as if it were water.

“Larry, you b*stard. How dare you cheat on me.” Even in her dazed drunkenness, Joan continued to mutter endlessly.

Sometime later, even when the bar slowly began to clear out, the pair in the corner still remained at their table. Although Dustin wanted to send Joan home, she refused to leave the bar.

“It’s time to go home,” he said, gently stroking her hair. His gaze was filled with distress and heartbreak as he watched her.

For a very long time, he had been restraining himself and had to endure everything silently. However, at that moment, he no longer wanted to continue like that. He wanted to be with her forever.

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“What on earth do you want, Larry!” Joan suddenly stood up, pointing her finger at the man in front of her as her eyes filled up with anger.

“Why’d you have to do such a thing with Gabriella? You even got her pregnant? Is it because I’m not good-looking enough?” she said as she staggered forward, grabbing onto his waist.

Instantly, he felt the heat rise in his body.

Her mind’s always filled with that man’s face!

“Look at me. I’m Dustin!” he shouted.

However, it was as if Joan had not heard anything, for she continued to lament about Larry.

Although Dustin longed to take her for himself, he knew that once she was sober, she would hate him forever.

“Hi, sir, do you need a room prepared?” a waiter suddenly asked in a low voice.

He hesitated, but eventually nodded.

“Joan, Wake up. Go back to the room and sleep,” he said, shaking her arm.

“No, I don’t want to go back!” she shouted, continuing to scold him. He felt heartbroken at the sight.

Eventually, he had to carry her bridal-style. As soon as she was carried, Joan immediately quietened down. Her hands hugged him, and she had a satisfied expression on her face.

Once they entered the room, he placed her gently on the bed and stroked her face. Dustin’s gaze was filled with endless tenderness and sorrow as he stared at her. Soon, Joan fell into a deep sleep.

Why are you still so obsessed over Larry? Because he’s handsome? Rich? Capable? Or is it because he’s born into a good background? His eyes then flickered with coldness.

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A long while later, Dustin tucked Joan into bed and left the room. He had never done anything that Joan did not like, and he would continue that way. Although he loved her, he would only express his love the correct way.

Sunlight shone brightly into the room when the next morning came. However, the woman on the bed still had her eyes closed, looking very tired. The rays of sunlight slowly shifted as time passed, eventually shining directly onto her face. Instantly, Joan felt the heat and woke up.

She stretched, slowly opening her eyes with a content look on her face.

Then, as she rubbed her eyes, she glanced around at her surroundings. Abruptly, she froze.

Where am I? What happened yesterday? What time is it?

Just then, she noticed the clock. It's already eight! Hurriedly, she threw off the sheets and ran out of the room.

Ring, ring, ring...

"I've helped you take leave for today. You don't have to come to work." Dustin's voice was clear when it rang out.

"How did you... know that I'm going to be late?" she asked softly.

Although the supermarket employees always reported for work at 8:30 a.m., it was already eight when she woke up, so she would definitely be late even if she rushed over.

"You were so drunk last night. Did you forget?" he said, laughing lightly.

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