Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1819

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"What do you want? Spit it out and leave!" Dustin looked exasperatedly at Larry, who was behaving so inconsiderately.

It was clear that he had no trust in Joan. "Where is she?" Larry demanded.

Are you asking me? Isn't she your woman?

"She's not here. She left," Dustin replied.

Where on earth is she? Larry's brows furrowed in frustration.

"Get out. I need to rest," Dustin growled as he pushed the other man out.

From Larry's clueless look, Dustin had a rough idea of what was happening. He grabbed his phone and dialed Joan's number after he got Larry was out of the room.

"Hey, what are you doing? Larry came looking for you," he said with a yawn.

"Don't worry; I'm in the lobby. Just let him be," Joan replied, trying to keep her voice low.

"Joan Watts!" A roar echoed in the lobby.

The receptionist jerked at the shout and looked up angrily, but her rage simmered almost immediately at the sight of Larry. Her eyes sparkled when she took note of the attractive man.

"How may I help you, sir?" the receptionist asked in a friendly manner.

Despite her effort, Larry disregarded her and walked right over to Joan.

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Gosh, not again. The woman was not ready to have another fight. She sat back on the couch, trying to distance herself from the man.

But Larry went over and scooped her up in his arms.

"What are you doing? Let me go!"

"We're going back to the room to sleep!"

Larry brought her back to their room, unaware of the receptionist's adoring stare.

"Put me down!" Joan yelled.

"That's what I'm doing!" Larry placed her on the bed cautiously, making sure she didn't knock her head against the headboard as he did so.

After letting her go, he turned to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" Joan asked.

"You don't want to see me, right? I'll be sleeping outside."

Joan was at a loss for words.

It went without saying that she was angry with Larry. He had misunderstood her and even hit Dustin. Not only did her friend not do anything to her, but he had also even saved her. But Larry came in and behaved as if he knew everything, when in fact he knew nothing.

Yet, she could not bring herself to punish him. "It's okay. Just sleep here tonight," she said with a low voice.

Larry turned around slowly and looked at her attentively.

It had just been days, but he felt as if he had not seen her for a century. He wanted this trip to be a good getaway for the both of them, but when he found out she was with Dustin, rage had blinded him.

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In hindsight, he knew he should have given her a chance to explain. Things might not be as simple as they seemed.

Larry had indeed behaved recklessly.

"I'm sorry for what happened earlier. It's my fault. I shouldn't have acted in that manner," he said, bowing his head apologetically.

Joan suppressed the smile on her face as she looked at him.

I shouldn't give him an easy way out. After all, he did beat Dustin to a pulp.

"You should apologize to Dustin, not me," she stated, looking at her fingers in an absentminded manner.

Guilt budded in Larry's heart, but he still hoped she could give him an explanation.

"Do you have anything to say to me? It's just the two of us now."

Joan knew what he meant. Since there were just the two of them, they should sort out their own argument tonight and apologize to Dustin tomorrow.