## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1810

"I'm sorry, but I really need to leave now." Despite her polite refusal, the foreigner pulled her into his arms, leaving her no opportunity to leave.

"What are you doing? Let me go! Get your hands off me!"

Joan struggled to break free from the man's strong hold, but to no avail. His forceful arms locked rigidly around her as he looked at her lasciviously.

One million for a good time with this woman? That's a bargain. The man stroked her cheeks slowly, causing Joan to turn her head away in disgust.

Seriously, why do I keep running into weird people lately? Firstly, it was the old man who staged an accident. If it was not for Dustin, I would have ended up at a police station! And now, it appears that I have met a pervert.

"Let me go! I'm here with my friend! He'll come back and get me in no time!" Joan yelled as she tried to push the man away.

However, despite how much she struggled, the man paid no attention to her words. He continued to fondle her collarbone.

Joan knew she stood no chance against the man, so she took a deep breath and started shouting.

"Help! Help!"

Unfortunately, no one around the beach seemed to understand her.

"Stop shouting. Why don't we play a game somewhere else? What do you think?" the man said suggestively, tossing a wink in her direction.

Dustin! Where on earth are you? Joan looked around in terror but saw no sign of Dustin.

I can't just die in this man's hands.

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"Please, let me go!" Joan began begging for him to stop. Incipient tears welled up in her eyes as every possible outcome flashed in her mind.

She was scared.

"Come on, what's so bad about having some fun with me? You're one hot chick, and I'm a snack myself. Surely the two of us are meant to be." The man lowered his head and breathed his words into her ears.

"Ah!" The man suddenly cried out in pain. Joan had bitten him on the arm, causing his grip on her to loosen. She grabbed that window of opportunity to dash as far as she could.

"You b\*tch! How dare you bite me! Stop!" The man wasted no time chasing after her at full speed.

Joan called out for Dustin as she ran, but her friend was nowhere to be seen.

"Got you!" The man exclaimed in glee before he slapped Joan in the face, sending her unconscious.

He then dragged her into a warehouse and tied her to a pole before applying some medication on his arm.

Meanwhile, Dustin had made his way back to the beach and was looking for Joan desperately. "Joan! Where are you?"

The night was drawing close, and the waves were rolling fiercely as the tide grew high. The night wind bellowed at the beach while Dustin wandered around alone, still looking for Joan.

"Excuse me, did you see a Chanaean woman here just now? She's fair and has black hair."

"Sorry for bothering you, but I was wondering if you've seen my friend?"

Dustin walked to all the surrounding shops to ask if anyone had seen Joan, but his search was fruitless.

"Joan!" he shouted in agony.

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When Joan finally regained her senses, she realized she was in a rugged warehouse. The foreign man who had abducted her was seated next to her, eyeing her like a hawk.

"You're finally awake. Look at what you did to me!" He walked over and squatted down before slapping her in the face twice.

"Who are you?" Joan asked coldly.

No incident of her offending anyone came to her mind, but judging from the man's outfit, he did not seem like a thug.

"You don't need to know who I am. The only thing you need to know is that you're gonna become mine soon," the man teased as he played with a strand of her hair. He had a sly smile on his face.

"I'll give you money if you let me go. I can give you whatever you want. Just let me out of here." Joan's voice was shaky as she tried dissuading him.

"Do you have a million you'll like to offer me? I'll consider it if you can give me that much," the man said with a wry smile on his face.

Her eyes widened in alarm at his reply.