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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1813

Slap!

Joan's face turned swollen and red under the man's battering.

Her body grew numb as her suffering prolonged. After a painful period of time, she passed out on the cold hard ground.

"Get up!" the man roared as he kicked her, "Get up, you b*tch!"

Her body remained motionless.

"Stop acting!"

The man picked up a bucket of cold water and splashed it on her.

The cold shocked her awake, and she shook her head slightly, struggling to open her eyes.

She had thought that she was already dead, but to her dismay, she woke up to an endless nightmare.

"Please... Let me go..." she begged.

She suddenly thought of Larry and how badly she wanted to see him one last time.

"I'm so sorry, Larry. I might not get to see you again. You have to live on..."

"What did you say?" The man sat on top of her and grabbed her hair.

To his surprise, Joan burst out in a sarcastic laugh beneath him.

Her laughter infuriated the man, and he smashed her head against the wall until blood stained the ground once more.

"Why are you laughing?" He seethed in anger.

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A weak smirk curved on Joan's lips as she said calmly, "I'm laughing at your stupidity. Your parents must be embarrassed to see you like this. You're a disgrace to your family." She then mocked, "You're no different from beggars. You'll do anything for money. Are you even afraid of karma?"

She went all out as she thought she was going to die anyway.

Bang!

Just as the man was about to deal her a fatal punch, the door swung open, and a blinding ray of light flashed before their eyes.

Am I in heaven?

Joan squinted her eyes at the dazzling light.

Am I dead?

This question spun in her mind right before she blacked out.

By the time she woke up again, her entire surrounding was white. The curtains around her were white, the bedsheet of the bed she was on was white, the blanket that was draped over her was white—even the people peering down at her were dressed in white.

This must be heaven.

I definitely died.

What about Larry? How will he react to this piece of news? I didn't get to see him one last time.

Tears rolled down her eyes as she thought about the man she loved.

"Joan, are you okay? Why are you crying?" A familiar voice rang in her ears.

Dustin? She turned her head and saw her friend at the door.

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What's happening? Is Dustin dead, too?

She rubbed her eyes in disbelief and took a harder look at the man at the door. It was really Dustin.

"Are you dead too, Dustin? What happened? Did the man hit you? Or was there an accident?" She showered him with questions as she looked at the man standing in front of her.

Dustin took a thorough look at her as he moved closer.

"Are you okay? Did something happen to your brain?" he asked, caressing her forehead lightly. Worry shone in his eyes as he did so.

"My brain is still functioning, thank you very much. I'm asking why you're in heaven with me..."

Dustin was taken aback by her odd remark, but he quickly resumed his calm.

"I like you, so I followed you all the way to heaven," he said cheekily with a smile on his face.

She doesn't even know if she's alive or dead. How dumb can she get? She's such an easy target.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," Joan said, patting him on the shoulder.

"Joan Watts? It's time to take your IV drip," a nurse called out as she made her way over.

Huh? Aren't all forms of sickness absent in heaven? Why's there a nurse here?

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