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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1912

Chapter 1912 A Silly Woman

"Listen, if you don't want to die, hand me that thing!" The man clutched Joan's chin forcefully.

Tears started welling up in Joan's eyes as she sensed great pain building.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she replied in a low voice.

Slap! Joan's face reddened in a heartbeat as the man's palm made contact with her face forcefully.

"Don't try to feign ignorance in front of me. What did Freya give you?" The man demanded fiercely as he pulled Joan's hair.

It's that recorder! Joan sneered.

Freya just became comatose, and there are already people coming after the recorder!

"Ouch..."

Upon hearing her cry, the man immediately loosened his grip and looked at Joan furiously.

"You better do yourself a favor and hand it over now! You won't be able to get away with it."

Joan knew that the person behind this must have known that she had met with Freya. Otherwise, the man standing in front of her right then wouldn't be so certain and dead set.

"Let me go and take it for you." Joan pretended to limp as she went to search for the gift that Freya had given her.

"Let's see... Where have I put it?" Joan muttered to herself, flipping all over the place.

"No, it's not here," she continued mumbling.

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After looking at Joan rummaging around for a long time, Hubert could no longer stand it.

“Don’t try to play your tricks here. I’ll give you another ten minutes, and if you still can’t find it, I’ll kill you!” the man yelled.

Who on earth is behind this? How dare he or she take someone’s life!

Joan was undoubtedly astounded by the situation.

“I found it!” Out of the blue, she shouted.

“Here, that’s the gift she gave me.” Joan handed the box over to Hubert.

“Open it!” the man roared dispassionately.

Immediately, a man behind him pushed Joan away and opened the box quickly.

“Mr. Newman, it’s a pen.”

Right away, Hubert rushed over to take a look.

“I haven’t opened this gift box since I got it. She said to open it after six months, so I didn’t open it,” Joan clarified at once.

Hubert looked at her with a dubious expression, a ferocious glint in his eyes.

“Why did she give you a present?” the man asked in a deep voice.

Joan tried her best to think of a valid reason. “Err... This actually came alongside an apology. Freya used to give me a hard time when I was working at the supermarket. I resigned after that, and I suppose she felt guilty, so she presented me with this gift as a gesture of apology.”

It is actually more of evidence than a gift.

“Take it away!” Huber instructed aloud.

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At that, Joan allowed herself to let out a sigh of relief.

“Don’t try to deceive me. If I ever find out that you’re lying, I can assure you that you’ll never have a day of peace in the future.” Hubert patted hard on Joan’s shoulder.

Very soon, the few men disappeared, and Joan was left at home. Looking at the mess in front of her, the woman slumped to the ground with a little apprehension in her heart.

“What on earth happened!” As soon as Larry reached home, he saw Joan, who was busy cleaning up the room.

“Umm, I’ll tell you everything after I get this done,” she replied in a placid tone.

Hurriedly, Larry went over to help. Watching the composed and silent woman in front of him, a trace of uneasiness crept up on Larry’s face.

“Alright, tell me now.” Larry took a sip of tea.

“Something happened to Freya, and she’s now comatose,” Joan panted out.

In that instance, Larry was dumbfounded.

Who is this Freya? What does she have to do with me?

“Joan, I’m asking about this mess at home!” The man started to get agitated.

Seeing their house turning into such a mess all of a sudden, who in his right mind would believe that nothing had happened?

“Calm down and let me finish...” Joan tried to explain.

Eventually, Larry had a rough idea of what had happened.

“It’s evident that someone’s trying to frame you,” Larry replied in a hushed tone.

Sitting at the side, the glint in Joan’s eyes dimmed upon hearing that. If it’s really Gabriella who’s behind this, she’ll go to jail because of what she’s done!

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“Was Gabriella here?” the man asked hesitantly.

“No. It was a few men who came by. Perhaps, she’s not the mastermind behind this?” Joan was still keeping the last ray of hope within her heart.

This silly woman! She’s still trying to say something good about her at this point!

In Larry’s eyes, there was a fleeting glint of wretchedness.

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