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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1914

Chapter 1914 Beat Her Up

Time passed in each tick of the clock. It was half-past ten, then eleven, and then half-past eleven...

Throughout his wait, Joan did not appear even once in Caspian's sight.

Agitated, Caspian could feel that something ominous was about to unfold.

"Is Ms. Young here?" Pushing open the door to the garden, Caspian inquired loudly.

"Coming!" Delilah answered almost immediately.

"Oh, it's Caspian. Why are you here?" the woman cleaned the dirt on her hands and asked.

"Ms. Young, where's Joan? Larry asked me to pick her up," Caspian asked in a hurry.

For a moment, Delilah was baffled.

"Joan? Didn't she already go home? She said you were reaching soon, so she hurriedly went back home to change," she answered.

Damn!

Caspian's eyes dimmed in a flash.

He knew that by asking him to pick Joan up, Larry was trying to prevent something from happening. And now, what the man had been trying to stop from happening had already taken place!

"I waited for a long time, but she was nowhere to be seen. Ms. Young, do you know the direction as to where Joan usually goes?" Caspian asked anxiously.

At that moment, Delilah was hesitant.

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Normally, no matter where Joan goes, she'll never disappear without leaving any message and let Caspian wait for such a long time...

Delilah had a faint premonition and was feeling doom within.

"Let's go take a look around." Taking off her apron, Delilah led Caspian out of the garden.

"What? Joan is missing? Didn't I tell you to wait for her at the door?" Larry bellowed over the phone.

For a moment, a piercing glint flashed across Larry's eyes.

It has finally come to this point. Is it finally time for me to take action?

"Alright, seal off the entire village until Joan is found." Larry hung up after that.

Gabriella, when will you stop playing your sick game?

Slap!

Joan was awakened by the noise. In front of her stood a few familiar faces, and she found herself in an equally familiar place.

"What... What do you want?" Joan asked in a weary voice.

Hubert walked over to her and lifted her face.

Slap! Slap! Slap...

After a few repeated slaps on her face, Joan could feel the blistering heat on her cheeks.

"You wench, how dare you lie to me!" Hubert kicked her forcefully as he bellowed out his anger.

"Ouch..."

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Joan knew that they might have possibly found out that the pen she handed over to them wasn't the real gift Freya gave her.

She let out a cold chuckle.

Such intelligence can never be found in men like these. Otherwise, they would have figured it out at the house that day. It must be the mastermind behind this who called my bluff!

As the thought of Gabriella crossed her mind, an icy glint flashed across Joan's eyes.

"Spit it out. Where is it?" Hubert roared like a beast as he stared coldly at the woman in front of him whose blood was dripping down the corner of her mouth.

Joan shook her head vigorously several times to keep herself clear-headed. All of a sudden, she was relieved that she had passed the recorder to Larry.

"The gift she gave was that box. It was just that box alone, and I have never even opened it before handing it to you," Joan answered in a hushed voice.

"What a damned woman. You're still stubborn, huh? Come, give her a good hiding!" Hubert bellowed.

"Wait a minute." Suddenly, Lonnie ran up to Hubert.

"Mr. Newman, you should think carefully about this. Even though the sum offered by Ms. Ward is important to us, we must keep in mind that she is Larry's woman," Lonnie reminded him.

Hubert hesitated for a while, and then he strode over behind Joan, pondering.

What trick is he trying to pull?

Taking a gaze at him, Joan remained silent, her body stiff.

Suddenly, Hubert howled, "Beat her up. Don't pull your punches!"

For a moment, Lonnie was confounded.

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“No matter who she is, we’ll just pretend that we don’t know. Let that woman bear all the responsibilities and consequences!” Hubert added in a ferocious manner.

Old age and treachery will always beat youth and skill.

Lonnie’s lips curled up in satisfaction.

“What are you doing?” Joan cried in horror.

Bang! The door flew open all of a sudden.

It wasn’t Larry, nor was it Dustin. Instead, it was the man who had kidnapped Joan before. He had come together with another few men.

“Who is it?” Hubert asked.

“Come on, get them!”

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