Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1938

Chapter 1938 Best Friends

Gabriella's brows furrowed hard against the woman opposite her, and the corner of her lips curled as though she had her opposite number exactly where she wanted.

"I don't believe that with us being so close and having known each other for so long, you couldn't sense that I liked him?" Gabriella held nothing back.

Since the other woman was drunk anyway, she found no further need to continue masking her own motives.

"No really, Gabriella. You know what? I've always thought of you as my best friend. But you kidnapped me. Did you know how much that hurt? We're best friends..." Joan lifted her own glass and emptied it.

Best friends? Was that why she poached my man?

Gabriella glared at Joan with one fist clenched tight inside of her other hand.

"Come on. Bottoms up!" she declared.

Very soon, Joan was slumped over the table.

"Joan! Joan!" Gabriella prodded at the unconscious woman with her foot.

But Joan was totally out of it.

She really thought I was making peace with her. The foolish woman!

Gabriella then pulled out her own cellphone.

"Get yourselves over here, pronto!" she bellowed into the phone before she hung up.

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Joan, oh Joan. Don't blame me for being heartless. I'm doing this today because you stole my man!

Gabriella's demeanor had only gotten more chilling since.

"Ms. Ward!" A few men came bursting into the scene.

"Take her away and deal with her as you deem fit. And remember. Stay off Larry Norton's radar."

The men gazed at Gabriella and then regarded the unconscious woman. Each and everyone of them smiled slyly.

"Thank you, Ms. Ward!" And off they went with Joan.

This is payback, Joan!

Gabriella narrowed her malicious eyes as she watched the silhouettes of the men fade into the distance.

"Hello, Ms. Young. Is Joan home yet?" Larry's voice was mired in anxiety and dread.

"No. Where did she go? I've tried calling too, but no one picked up." Delilah asked in return.

Sh*t!

Larry promptly hung up and dialed Caspian's number.

"Round up all your men to find Joan, and hurry!" Larry barked.

Caspian was taken aback momentarily, but recovered just as quickly.

"Understood!"

"Dismissed!" Larry grabbed his coat and dashed out of the meeting room.

"What's up with Mr. Norton? Why is he in such a rush?"

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"Beats me. Look like something major is up..." Two managers discussed between themselves when they witnessed Larry's consternation.

When Joan came to, she found herself locked in a small, dark room.

"What shall we do with the chick inside?" A man's voice was heard saying.

"Don't you remember what Ms. Ward said? It's up to our own discretion," another sneered.

The voices outside sounded muffled to Joan's ears.

Who are they about? Who are these men outside?

"Ah..." The only thing that was obvious to Joan was the throbbing in her head.

The woman shut her eyes and attempted to recollect what had transpired prior. She was having dinner with Nancy and Dustin came along, then she ran into Gabriella...

Gabriella Ward! Suddenly, it all came back to Joan.

She must be out of her mind to dine in that woman's company. Joan thumped her fist against her own head, quite upset with herself.

Thud! The door was kicked wide open.

She promptly shut her eyes and pretended that she was still out.

"Hey, get up!" One of the men booted Joan.

That yielded no response from her.

"That's not right. The effects of the drug should have worn off by now," another commented as he regarded the woman on the floor with suspicion.

"Someone get a bucket!" the man hollered.

Splash! Joan was completely drenched to the skin.

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