Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1941

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The duo soon checked out of the hospital and were swiftly on their way to the airport.

A dead silence filled the car. Joan looked out of the windows, trying to take in as much of this city as she could etch into her memory.

Ring, ring, ring... She cast a glance at the display but did not pick up.

Beside her, Dustin's lips curled up in satisfaction. In his opinion, leaving quietly this way was not necessarily a bad thing.

"Where's she?" Larry howled when he arrived in the room where Joan was held captive.

Caspian approached the men lying on the floor and regarded them coldly.

"Start talking. Where is the woman?" He grabbed one of the big boys and asked.

"I don't know. Our boss was in there, then some random guy showed up and gave us all a good whopping. He then stormed inside and took the woman away..." that boy hastily explained.

Larry's eyes brightened up. Had Joan been rescued?

"Who took her?" Larry hurried over and pressed him.

"I've no idea. Anyway, he's the one who has her," the big boy explained.

Larry narrowed his eyes in the window's direction as though deep in thought.

"Why weren't we informed when Joan was rescued?" Caspian looked doubtfully at Larry.

The latter motioned with his hand, and his bodyguard immediately held his own tongue.

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More importantly, who was it? A cold glint flashed across the man's eyes.

He was concerned that the other party was no friend of his.

Larry rubbed his hands as anger mounted inside him.

"Lock down all the major hospitals, Caspian. We've to locate Joan!" Larry bellowed.

At the same time, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

"We're sorry. The number you've just dialed cannot be reached..." Larry's eyes darkened in the same instant.

"Come, Caspian. Let's go find Joan!" he said as he hopped into the car.

Caspian was stunned momentarily before he recollected himself.

He knew that Larry never did anything without rhyme or reason. The worst case scenario was Dustin had abducted Joan. Caspian gnashed his teeth as he stared into the distance.

Ring, ring, ring...

"Hello, Lars. Have you found Joan?" Nancy's voice trembled slightly as she spoke.

"Not yet."

Had she not pestered Joan to meet up for a meal, her friend wouldn't be missing till now?

"What shall we do..." Nancy started crying.

Unwilling to hear any more from her, Larry hung up outright.

They had checked the café, the restaurant, the mall and all the places that the women frequented, but there was no sign of Joan. Nancy sat slumped on the floor and bawled her eyes out.

"Where are you, Joan? Could you please stop scaring me?"

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Since her pregnancy, Nancy had lost her usual haughtiness and aloofness, and became more timid than she was before.

"Get up, Nancy. The floor is cold." Jory went over quickly and helped her onto her feet.

"What should I do, Jory? It's all my fault that Joan's missing..." The woman was inconsolable as she embraced him.

Jory was heartbroken at the sight of this.

"Go on back to the car first. I'll keep looking, alright?" he said to her.

"No, I must find Joan!" Nancy shoved him away and made straight for the car.

Less than a few steps in, she lost consciousness and collapsed on the floor in a heap.

"Nancy!" Jory ran over and picked up the woman. He then sent her to the hospital.

"What the f*ck are you doing, Dustin? Nancy's been hospitalized because of Joan!" Jory was heard yelling into the phone along the hospital corridor.

On the other end of the line, Dustin reacted in astonishment. One look at Joan enabled him to recover his composure.

"I'd explain it to you in due time, but right now, I've got a plane to catch." He ended the call.