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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1982

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The group of men were in a dilemma.

“How long more do you need to think about it? If I’m not home on time, Larry would send his men out in search of me. If you don’t believe me, let’s just wait and see,” Joan asserted.

“Bro, let’s just let her go, it’s not worth the trouble. We can just give Ms. Ward an excuse. However, if we offend Larry, it would really be the end of us,” one of the younger men within the group suggested to the older man.

Meanwhile, the rest of the men furrowed their eyebrows slightly, deep in thought.

“Mrs. Norton, I’m sorry. We have made a mistake thinking that you were a thief. Why don’t you let us send you home as an apology?” the older man suddenly asked.

At that moment, Joan heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Larry’s reputation was still powerful enough.

“There’s no need. I can go home myself. Don’t worry, I will keep what happened today a secret.”

Watching what happened at the entrance, Gabriella noticed that something was amiss. She had ordered them to capture Joan by whatever means necessary. But she was surprised to see Joan leaving. What’s going on?

Gabriella quickly stood up and headed for the entrance.

Damn it, what is Joan up to!

By the time she reached the door, Joan was already nowhere to be found.

“Where’s Joan?” Gabriella screamed aloud.

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“Ms. Ward, that woman wasn’t feeling well and looks to be in pain. Hence, she has gone to the hospital.” One of the men tried to cover up.

“All of you are useless!” Gabriella scowled.

At that moment, Joan had hopped into a cab and ordered it to drive to the village.

“Miss, are you alright? Do you need to call the police? I just saw that group of men surrounding you,” the driver suddenly asked.

“It’s fine, don’t worry. Let’s go.” Joan was breathing heavily.

Luckily I managed to escape. Gabriella is truly capable of anything.

Ring! Ring!

“Hello? Joan, where are you? Why aren’t you home yet?” Dustin sounded concerned.

“I’m on my way. I’ll be home soon,” Joan quickly replied.

However, she didn’t expect the driver to be one of Gabriella’s men.

Gabriella knew that Hubert’s men were not reliable. Realizing that they were cowards, she had a backup plan.

As Joan leaned back into the seat and closed her eyes to rest, an insidious smile appeared on the driver’s face.

Sensing that the journey was taking longer than expected, Joan suddenly awoke and looked at her surroundings.

That’s strange. Why am I not home yet? Furrowing her eyebrows, she looked out the window.

Oh no! This isn’t the way home.

Suddenly, fear seized upon Joan.

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Who is this driver? Is he also one of Gabriella's men? Does she really hate me so much that she had to keep setting up traps repeatedly?

No, I can't let the driver know that I have realized his agenda. Clenching her fists, Joan began to rack her brains.

"Mister, can you stop the car, please? I need to use the ladies," Joan suddenly asked.

A cold glint flashed in the driver's eye.

Has she realized what's going on?

"Miss, we're almost there. You can ease yourself at home as there are hardly any toilets along the way," the driver coldly asserted.

"Argh, Mister, I can't hold it anymore. My stomach really hurts." Joan held onto her stomach, pretending to be in pain.

Why is she so much trouble! The driver banged the steering wheel forcefully.

He wouldn't be paid if he didn't take Joan to the destination.

"Miss, please bear with it. We will be reaching soon. I'll drive faster," replied the driver anxiously.

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