# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2007 - 2008

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"Joan!" Dustin faced the sea and hollered.

The people around him instantly turned to look at him as if he was crazy.

"Is that man crazy? Why is he shouting in public?"

"Must have gone mad. He was looking for someone just now..."

In distress, Dustin held his head with both of his hands. His eyes were reddened with tears as he cried in agony.

"Hey, Mister." Suddenly, a little girl walked over to him.

Dustin was not in the right mind to entertain the child. At that moment, all he could think of was Joan.

"Mister." The little girl tugged the edge of his shirt.

"Go and play over there, little girl. I'm not in the mood to play with you," Dustin said as he tried hard to rein in his emotions.

If the little girl were an adult, he would have barked at her.

"Are you looking for someone, mister?" the little girl asked softly.

Instantly, Dustin's eyes lit up.

"Do you know where the woman has gone, little girl?" Dustin knelt to face the girl as he waited earnestly for her answer.

"She was taken by a man in a hat and a mask. They went that way," the little girl pointed to a lighthouse that was not far away.

"That man was rough to her," the little girl said angrily.

Instantly, Dustin stood up and ran like a madman towards the lighthouse.

I hope nothing has happened to you, Joan. Dustin clenched his fist anxiously.

Elsewhere, a hard slap landed on Joan's cheek.

Joan was woken up from the pain. She slowly opened her eyes and tried to find her bearings. When her vision cleared, she saw a terrifying stranger standing right in front of her. She felt weak and helpless.

"Who are you?" she asked feebly as she squinted her eyes at the man.

"Stop pretending to be so pathetic. I haven't done anything to you yet." The man gave her a hard kick.

I'm not pretending. I really feel sick. She was in a foul mood last night and went for a walk alone on the beach to get some fresh air. She must have caught a cold from the cold wind.

Come to think of it, seems like the whole world is against me.

I must have done something bad in my past life to deserve to live such a difficult life. Joan sighed with a pained expression.

"Hey, wake up!" The man splashed a bucket of water onto her.

In that instant, Joan was jolted awake, and she shuddered from being splashed with water.

"Tell me, where did you keep your money?" The man demanded as he hooked a finger under her chin.

Although Ms. Ward will pay me for getting rid of this woman, why not extort more money from this woman? The man scoffed to himself.

Money will never be enough. And just like anyone else who is in a business, the objective is to achieve a twofold business profit. Of course, the man standing in front of Joan was no exception.

"I don't have any money," Joan replied.

Slap! The man's palm landed squarely on Joan's face.

Damn b\*tch! Just give me the money! The man lifted Joan and started to search her pockets.

She doesn't have any money!

In his anger, the man threw Joan against the wall, and blood trickled down the end of her lips.

"Let me go and I'll give you the money." Joan gasped as she struggled to get up to her feet.

She staggered for a while and fell back to the ground.

"That won't do. I'll give you a few hours to think about where you put your money." Having said that, the man slammed the door shut and locked the door.

In that instant, her surroundings became pitch black.

"Where are you, Larry?" Joan murmured.

Meanwhile, Larry was in his office flipping through some documents solemnly, but all he could think at that moment was Joan.

Bam! He threw the documents onto the floor in exasperation.

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The assistant who had been standing aside quickly placed the documents back on the table, a cautious expression on his face. Larry glanced disdainfully at the woman before him and continued to work.

"Lars!" a woman outside the office screamed hysterically.

Larry had informed the receptionist that Gabriella was persona non grata. She was now blocking Gabriella from entering the office.

"Get out of my way! Don't you know who I am? I'm Gabriella Ward!"

Gabriella landed a hard slap on the receptionist's cheek.

The receptionist glared at her with rage burning in her eyes.

"Ms. Ward, Mr. Norton gave specific orders that you were not to enter his office. I didn't tell you this so you could leave with your dignity intact, but you've left me with no choice. You should leave," the receptionist stated coldly.

While she had but a handful of interactions with Gabriella, she could tell that Gabriella was an incredibly difficult person. She could also tell that Larry despised her very existence.

"Nonsense! That's a load of crap! Lars wouldn't stop me from entering his office. I'm going to be his wife, and I'm pregnant with his child!" Gabriella shouted.

All eyes turned to her at that moment.

"Is she crazy? Mr. Norton's been married for ages."

"Yea, how could she claim to be his fiancée? She's delusional!"

"She's definitely trying to sink her claws into Mr. Norton."

A few women began gossiping about the commotion.

"I'm telling the truth! You'd do well to respect me, or I'll screw all of you once I'm married to Larry!" Gabriella pointed menacingly at the gossips.

"That's creepy as hell. Let's go!"

"If she really becomes Mrs. Norton, I'm going to guit!"

The gossips commented snidely.

Gabriella had always been a temperamental woman. Her emotions had become even more unstable since her pregnancy. She lost her temper easily and frequently.

Sometimes, Larry wondered if she might be mentally ill.

"I'm really Larry's fiancée. The baby in my belly is-"

"Shut up!" A frosty bark reached Gabriella's ears.

"Lars, you're finally here! This lady wouldn't let me in to see you." Gabriella rushed towards Larry and clung to his elbow.

"Gabriella, what are you doing? I told them myself not to let you in. Do you have a problem with that?" Larry glared at her., clenching his fists in annoyance.

Stupid man, why would he stop me from seeing him? Gabriella tried to rein in her emotions before she explained herself.

"Lars, I just wanted to see you. Are you still sick, or are you all better already?" She made a move to touch his forehead.

Larry ducked to avoid her hand.

"Why are you here to see me?" he asked indifferently.

What other reason could she have other than to latch on to me and torment me?

"We need to pick out a name for our baby." Gabriella rubbed her stomach slyly.

What a joke! Larry felt this patience running thin. When is she going to stop her delusional act? That kid's not even mine!

"I'm busy. You can pick a name yourself," he replied coldly and turned to leave.

"But Lars, it's always better if both parents come up with the name together." Gabriella pouted coyly.

