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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2009 - 2010

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2009

I guess his suspicions aren't confirmed, or he wouldn't allow me to stay here for this long!

"How's it going?" The fury in her eyes was palpable.

"I found her," the man on the other end of the phone answered.

"I asked how things were going!" Gabriella shouted into the phone.

This b\*tch! Yelling at me even though I'm the one doing her dirty work. F\*cking cold-blooded b\*tch. No wonder she can order someone to be killed so frankly. He rubbed his jaw thoughtfully.

"We're on it. I just found the woman today, so I should be able to get it done soon." He made up an excuse to placate Gabriella.

I need to get the ransom before I get rid of Joan!

"Fine, get it done ASAP. I'll pay you double once she's dead." Gabriella hung up without waiting for his reply.

His gaze seemed to brighten as he became excited at her promise.

So this woman's worth a pretty penny, eh? What a rarity. He laughed coldly.

Search and rescue efforts for Joan were still ongoing. Lucius was pacing in the security room. "Mr. Dustin, where's Mom? Why isn't she here yet?" Lucius looked at Dustin curiously.

Dustin was a bundle of nerves.

"Lucius, don't worry. Everything's fine. I'll find your Mom. Don't run around, ok?" Dustin addressed the boy before him earnestly.

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He didn't want anything to happen to either Lucius or Joan. If he lost the boy before Joan was found, there would be hell to pay.

"I want to find Mom too! She must have missed me," Lucius walked out of the security room as he spoke.

"Wait, Lucius!" Dustin ran forward to block his path.

How is he going to find his Mom when he's just a kid?

"Lucius, I need you to stay here and behave, or your Mom will really be worried. Come here. Just wait in this room. I'll look for your Mom with the cops." Dustin carried him back into the security room.

They'd scoured almost every possible location they could think of: the beach, convenience stores, toilets, and hotels. There was still no trace of Joan. Dustin clenched his fists in anxiety.

The entry to the nearby lighthouse is also blocked, so she can't be there either.

Should I tell Larry? Dustin hesitated.

No way, why should I tell him now, he's going to divorce Joan! Dustin shook his head in an attempt to clear his mind.

Just then, Joan finally came to. She was sprawled on the floor.

She was surrounded by darkness. She couldn't make out anything beyond the light streaming in from a window on the far wall.

That's my only hope!

Joan got up slowly and fumbled her way to the window. The window was far too high, and she couldn't reach it. She turned and moved along the wall.

"Ouch!" She almost tripped over something in the dark.

It was a metal rod with a hook on one end.

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Suddenly, Joan's lips curved up in a satisfied smile.

This is my way out! She moved toward the window again.

"Stupid b\*tch! I can't believe she took out her temper on me! F\*ck, who does she think she is-"

The voice of an unfamiliar man drifted into the room. Without a hint of hesitation, Joan placed the rod on the floor and assumed her original position on the floor. She shut her eyes.

Bang! The door was kicked open forcefully.

"Hey, get up!" He slapped her.

She lay as still as she could and pretended to be unconscious.

"Damn it, get up!" This time, he kicked her.

Joan could only resist the pain so she wouldn't give away her act.

"F\*ck, why is she unconscious? Useless woman. I haven't gotten my money yet!"

He left the room and slammed the door behind him.

Joan immediately opened her eyes and listened carefully for his movements.

Thankfully, he seemed to have left.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2010

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She picked up the rod and stood beneath the window. She began plotting a viable escape path.

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She waited for ten minutes to make sure that her kidnapper was truly gone. Steeling herself, she picked up the rod and hooked it on one of the thin slants on the window. This window only had two thin slants, with a narrow gap in between. Joan would never have thought of escaping through the windows if not for her slender frame.

“Ah!” She fell off the rod on her first attempt.

She fell off the rod countless times. Each failed attempt chipped at her already limited stamina.

She didn’t know how many times she’d failed before she finally managed to get up to the window.

The window was really high. If she jumped from this height, she could fracture a good number of bones or even die. Yet lady luck seemed to be smiling upon her today. Instead of solid ground, there was a calm river before her.

Not too far from the river was her kidnapper. He appeared to be gloating while he was picking berries.

Splash!

Joan jumped into the river before she could change her mind.

Her kidnapper turned around at the sound. Perplexed, he surveyed his surroundings.

I swore I heard something just now. But why isn’t there anyone here? He started swearing as he ate the berries he had picked.

“F\*ck! Dumb jerks and their stupid pranks!”

Joan was swimming frantically toward the other side of the river at that very moment. She wanted to find Dustin and Lucius as soon as possible. She fainted from exhaustion just as she pulled herself onto the riverbank.

“Miss, wake up!” A man was shaking her by her elbows.

I’m really tired.

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In the hospital, Joan lay on the bed with her eyes shut. She had been hooked up to an IV drip, and she looked utterly exhausted. It was raining cats and dogs outside the hospital, with frequent flashes of lightning and thunder.

“What a poor woman. She’s covered in injuries,” the nurse sighed, shaking her head at Joan’s state.

“Maybe she was abused.”

A few curious onlookers had gathered in front of her bed to speculate on her condition, though they didn’t linger for long.

“I need a family member to sign off on this!” the doctor shouted.

No one came forward. The people crowding Joan’s bed were all strangers.

“Or whoever brought her to the hospital?” The doctor sounded somewhat displeased.

Joan opened her eyes at the loud and unfamiliar sounds. In her hazy state, she tried to figure out if she had escaped successfully.

“Where am I?” she croaked weakly.

“Don’t worry. You’re at the hospital,” a woman comforted her while she stroked Joan’s hair.

What a poor woman!

Meanwhile, Gabriella was enjoying her coffee on the sofa in her living room. She flipped through a magazine with her right hand.

Suddenly, the cup slipped from her grasp.

Damn it! What’s wrong with me today? I almost fell down when I got off the bed, and then I choked at lunch. I can’t even enjoy a cup of coffee in peace.

Ring! Ring!

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She immediately answered her phone when she saw the caller ID.

“What did you say? She ran away? What did I hire you for, then? Go find her! You better find that damn woman even if you need to dig her out from her grave!”

It was the fourteenth of September. Dustin was waiting patiently at Joan’s bedside. “Joan, wake up.”

“Larry,” she mumbled in her sleep.

Dustin’s gaze dimmed at her words.

“Mom, why won’t you wake up?” Lucius shook Joan’s elbows gently.

Still, there was no reaction from her.

“Dr. Silverman, that was so careless of you. How could you let her jump from such a height? Do you know how dangerous that is?” one of the nurses chided.

Luckily some of the staff in this hospital knew Dustin or he would still be looking in circles for Joan.

“How is she? Anything serious?” he asked urgently.

“She suffered a lot of injuries. It’ll take time to heal,” the nurse answered.

Dustin tightened his grip on Joan’s hands. His heart ached at her condition.

Suddenly, Lucius left the ward and headed for the reception. Dustin didn’t realize that Lucius had left the room. All his attention was on Joan.

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