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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1812

"Has he arrived?" the man asked.

Joan softly replied, "Yes."

To her surprise, the man silently walked aside and turned on his laptop. From his well-coordinated actions, she knew he must be an experienced criminal.

After looking at the screen for some time, the man switched his laptop off. He had a satisfied expression on his face.

"Good. Your friend didn't call the police. He's here alone with the luggage," the foreigner noted, stroking his beard.

It turned out that he had installed surveillance cameras at the warehouse. He had moved to another place because he wanted to see if Dustin would really come alone with the money. What a cunning man!

Joan looked at the man warily. "What happens next? Are you really gonna let me go?"

"Don't worry; I will keep my word as long as I get the money. You're pretty, but I prefer the money," the man remarked pensively as though he was thinking about something.

"Call him and ask him to leave the money in the safe in a small hut along Tank Road," the man said, lifting Joan's chin.

The woman did as she was told and informed Dustin of the location change.

Ring!

This time, the man's phone rang instead of Joan's. "Speaking," the man said sparingly.

"Is it done?"

"Yes. Everything went as planned," the foreigner replied.

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Judging from the man's tone, Joan guessed he must be talking to the mastermind of her kidnap.

Although she could not hear the voice from the other end, she conjectured that the culprit must be a woman since the man sounded less brutish when talking over the phone.

After some time, the man hung up. His gaze was merciless and icy-cold as he stalked over to her.

"What is it?" Joan asked fearfully when she spotted his change in expression.

The person who engineered this must have changed the plan.

"What do you want? I've already agreed to give you the money," Joan quickly added as she backed away from the man, who now was charging toward her in large strides.

Her statement did not seem to affect her kidnapper, unlike before.

"I'm sorry, but one million no longer suffices. I'm getting one and a half million after I'm done with you." The man's eyes shone with glints of thrill.

Joan shuddered in fear.

The person who hired him wants me dead.

"Wait! What about two million? I'll give you two million!" she cried out.

The foreigner was growing annoyed by her desperate attempts to negotiate.

"You're not even worth two million. That man over there is not even your boyfriend, so stop faking it. Do you think I'm stupid?" The man glared at her, clearly enraged.

"I might have really believed you if I had not received the call just now. I bet your 'friend' over there is a cop. You came to the beach all on your own, so he's not even your friend!" The man bellowed, pulling Joan's hair before thrusting her toward the wall.

"Ahhh!" A shriek followed.

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“I didn’t lie to you! That’s my friend. He’s not a cop... He didn’t call the police...” Joan’s voice trembled as she broke into sobs.

Her pleas fell on deaf ears as the man had already gone berserk.

He booted her three times until she could no longer stand on her feet. Blood began flowing from the side of Joan’s mouth. Although her forehead and arms were stained red, the man continued to attack her ceaselessly.

“How dare you trick me! I’ll show you just how I treat people who try to lie to me!”

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