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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1850

Chapter 1850 Brace Yourself For The Harsh Truth

“Sir, can you please head out and bring her back to us?” Jory muttered his request.

Dustin yelled at his friend, “What are you talking about, Jory? Joan isn’t dead!”

None of them could embrace the fact the stubborn woman they had known was dead.

“Joan can’t be dead! She’s a strong woman! I’m sure she’s going to make it through by hook or by crook!”

Dustin insisted Joan was still alive.

Jory rebuked, “Dustin, you’re a man. No matter what happens, please stop lying to yourself because there’s no use trying to run away from the truth. I’m sure Joan doesn’t want you to live a life full of despair.”

Dustin fell into silence because the affection he had for Joan had always been his one and only soft spot.

The police officer asked in a serious tone, “Mr. Norton, are you sure this belongs to Ms. Watts?”

Larry stuttered his reply with his eyes glued to the shoe, “Y-Yes, it belongs to her.”

He was afraid of embracing the cruel and harsh truth awaiting him.

“Mr. Norton, I believe you’re well aware that it’s impossible for someone to make it out of the river alive. Perhaps it’s time to carry on with the next agenda and bid farewell to Ms. Watts.”

Larry rebuked and insisted, “No! She’s not dead! I can’t see the brightest star even after staring at the sky throughout the entire night!”

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The police officer stared at him with his brows arched in confusion. He couldn't comprehend Larry's words and thought the man had lost his mind after losing his beloved woman.

"Mr. Norton, don't you think it's about time for you to return home and take a break?"

The wrathful Larry yelled, "Nonsense! How am I supposed to leave when she needs me? Continue searching for her until she's found!"

In spite of the police officers spending another few hours searching for Joan in the river, she was nowhere to be seen.

Larry was left with Joan's bag and shoe in front of him.

Nancy couldn't stop herself from weeping because she refused to believe the kindhearted and strong Joan would disappear overnight.

In the meantime, Gabriella had the best time of her life in a restaurant, enjoying the steak she had ordered after achieving her goal.

Pleased, Gabriella's lips curved upwards because she knew Joan couldn't possibly make it out alive.

Therefore, it was only a matter of time before Larry would return to her.

It had always been part of her goal to get rid of Joan once and for all. Hence, nothing could bring joy to her more than the news of Joan being dead and missing.

Out of nowhere, Larry showed up in front of her with an intimidating presence and yelled, "Gabriella!"

She had long gotten herself ready for any potential confrontation that might be in store for her.

"Larry, why are you here? Do you want to join me for a meal?" Gabriella asked in a pretentious manner.

Glaring at the woman in front of him, Larry could barely suppress the urge to kill her.

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“Gabriella, it’s you, isn’t it? You’re the mastermind behind the accident!” he repeated himself in a stern manner.

Well, I guess I shouldn’t be surprised by the fact he could get to me that soon. After all, he has always been the capable and almighty Larry I know.

Smirking, Gabriella’s eyes gleamed because the man in front of her would soon become hers.

Gabriella put on an innocent front and rebuked, “Larry, what are you talking about? What sort of accident is it? I have not done anything!”

Larry sneered because he knew Gabriella better than others—she would destroy the things she couldn’t get her hands on to prevent others from owning them. In other words, she had been picking on Joan and trying to bring upon her demise for the same reason.

Gritting his teeth, Larry asked, “Don’t you even have the guts to admit the things you have done when Joan is no longer around?”

Gabriella couldn’t take it anymore because Larry had rarely lost his cool in front of others. Ironically, he had gotten overly worked up countless times because of Joan.

She continued playing the role of an innocent woman and asked, “Larry, what’s going on? Why are you infuriated?”

Larry took a deep breath because he was conscious she was never an easy target—it would be challenging to get her to admit the things she had done.

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