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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1911

## Chapter 1911 The Gift

The women exchanged glances and smiled smugly.

“Don’t worry. Ms. Brooks has gone on a work trip. She’s not here,” one of them explained cheerfully.

No wonder everyone is ecstatic. But then again, I thought Ms. Brooks hates going outstation. That’s strange.

After Joan spent some time with the girls in the supermarket, she came home to find a nervous Delilah who was hastily getting ready to head out the door.

“Ms. Young, what’s going on?” Joan hurried over to her side.

“It’s Freya. She’s in the hospital,” Delilah replied and sighed in exasperation.

Joan was startled. I thought she was on a work trip?

“Ms. Young, I’ll go with you,” Joan said before she hurriedly followed suit.

In the hospital, Freya’s parents were wailing and crying at the top of their lungs. After squeezing through the grief-stricken parents, Joan finally saw the woman lying on a hospital bed.

That’s Ms. Brooks, for sure.

A glint of sorrow flashed under her eyes as she looked at the unconscious woman.

“Freya!” the manager called out her name while rushing frantically into the ward.

“What are you doing here? This is all your fault!” Freya’s mother charged forward and grabbed onto the manager’s arm. A commotion broke out in the ward as they tried to calm the parents down.

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“Doctor, how’s she doing?” Joan found the doctor outside the ward.

Shaking his head, the doctor replied, “I’ve watched her grow up since she was a little kid. And now, she’s fallen into a coma state.”

As though she was hit on the head, Joan collapsed onto the floor with a blank look on her face.

“Joan, are you alright?” Delilah quickly helped her up and patted her shoulder gently. “Why don’t you head home first? I’m their long-time family friend, so I’m going to stay back for a while.”

Joan slowly got on her feet; her eyes were still filled with disbelief at the rapid unfolding of events. Even though Freya did give her a hard time at work, most of them were of juvenile mischief than life-threatening harms, and her heart sank at the sight of Freya lying motionless on the hospital bed.

This is all too sudden. How did this happen?

Something struck Joan as she recalled their last conversation two weeks ago.

The gift! At that thought, Joan hastened her strides.

There was no one around back home. Without further ado, Joan took out the box Freya gave her and from which she retrieved a pen. She studied the pen as an unsettling feeling overtook her.

Click! Her hand accidentally pressed on a button, and a voice recording started to play from the pen.

It quickly dawned on Joan as she started to piece together what might have happened to Freya.

The voice recording was of a conversation between Freya and another woman. Her voice is rather familiar. Oh my goodness! It’s Gabriella’s voice!

Joan shuddered as she listened to the content of the recording.

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If Ms. Brooks' hospitalization was not an accident, then Gabriella may be the person behind it.

Joan began to panic.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Just then, someone was pounding on her door.

Sensing that something was off, Joan quickly hid the pen recorder.

However, before she could reach the door, it had burst open. Following that, a few intruders entered the house.

"Hey, who are you guys? And what are you doing here?" Joan yelled at them.

But the few burly men couldn't be bothered with the woman's shouting. Instead, they went straight into the bedroom and started smashing things around. Joan was in utter shock at what was happening before her.

She tried but failed to think of anyone who would do such a thing to her or Delilah.

"Hand it over!" Hubert, who was the leader of the gang, barked at Joan.

Joan was befuddled.

Is he talking about the recorder?

"I don't understand what you're saying..." Joan took a few steps back instinctively.

"Give it to me, and I'll ensure your safety. Otherwise..." The man gestured at his fist and let out a wicked smile.

"Mr. Newman, we didn't find anything."

"Me neither," another man added. The men stopped and waited for their leader's instruction."

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Without any warning, Hubert grabbed onto Joan's arm and flung her toward the wall. The man's eyes shone with a menacing glint that would send chills down one's spine.

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