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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1913

Chapter 1913 Something Is Off

“Hello, Caspian? Go inspect Gabriella’s recent actions,” Larry instructed in a furious tone.

Looking at the man in front of her, Joan found a sense of peace. With Larry around, she didn’t need to worry too much. She knew he would take care of her.

Thump!

Gabriella tossed the box forcefully to the ground.

“What a bunch of imbeciles! All you found is a pen? Do any of you have a usable brain?” the woman spat out as she glared at the few men in front of her.

The bunch of men turned to each other as they didn’t quite understand the situation.

“Ms. Ward, you were the one who asked us to search for the gift and bring it to you. Now that we’ve handed it over to you, you’re tossing it to the ground. Why is that?” Hubert asked softly.

Gabriella shook her head, and suddenly, an overwhelming aura emanated from her.

Damn! What a bunch of scumbags!

“Will you get someone a regular pen as a gift?” Gabriella glared at them.

In a jiffy, Hubert ran up to the woman’s side after he figured out what she was suggesting.

“Ms. Ward, rest assured. I’ll certainly not disappoint you!” With that, he gestured his men to leave together.

“Mr. Newman, what does that mean?” one of his men asked.

Thump!

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Hubert landed his fist forcibly against the wall, and soon, blood trickled down his fingers. Seeing as such, his men quickly backed away and waited for his instructions with their heads lowered.

Nonchalantly, Hubert barked, "Capture that woman!"

Upon hearing his order, his group of men left to carry it out.

"Joan, those men you've lied to won't let you off the hook easily. Why don't you stay by my side from now on?" Larry patted her shoulder softly.

The woman wavered for a brief second. Indeed, they won't let me go easily. Nevertheless, if I insist that it was in fact a pen that Freya gave me, I don't think anything will go wrong...

"It's okay, don't worry. Besides, the gift Freya gave me is indeed a pen. It simply came with a recorder." Joan smiled and passed Larry the recorder.

"Help me keep it safe for now," she uttered.

Looking at the woman standing across from him, Larry pecked on Joan's forehead softly. His eyes were filled with affection.

"Let me keep it then. Otherwise, you'd be in danger as well if you take it with you," Larry replied softly.

The two came to an agreement after discussing the best course of action for a while.

Every morning, Joan needed to spend some time with Delilah to take care of the plants in a nearby garden. Hence, Larry decided to wait until she finished with those chores before asking Caspian to send her to Norton Corporation.

However, little did they know that a plot was being hatched against them very swiftly in that instance.

Early the next morning, after having breakfast, Larry headed to the company while Lucius went to school. Soon after that, Joan and Delilah entered the garden.

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Perhaps it was because they hadn't had much time to take care of the plants, causing some flowers in the garden to wilt. Seeing as such, Joan hurriedly got down to work on the small pots of plants, trying to revitalize them.

After a long period of hard work, she took a gander at her watch and realized it was already ten o'clock. She had to get going.

"Ms. Young, I have to leave now. Caspian will reach here any minute now!" Joan called out loudly.

"Alright, be careful on your way!" Delilah replied.

Straightening her clothes, Joan left the garden in a joyful manner.

The garden was not very far away from Delilah's abode. Usually, the two of them often traveled to and fro on foot.

"Ah!" Out of the blue, Joan let out a sharp cry, and immediately after that, silence ensued.

Delilah seemed to have heard something, so she looked up but found nothing unusual, so she resumed working on the wilted plants again.

Having waited for an extended period of time in front of Delilah's house, Caspian started to get anxious when there was still no sign of Joan.

"Hello? Larry, are you sure you have told Joan about this? Why hasn't she showed up yet? She isn't answering my calls either," Caspian uttered in an agitated tone.

"Yes, we've talked about it. Maybe she's still busy in the garden. Why don't you wait a little longer?" Larry replied thoughtfully.

"Achoo!" Suddenly, Larry sneezed.

"Have you caught a cold?" Caspian was a little worried.

"It's not a big deal." With that, the man hung up the call.

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For some reason, Larry was a little irritated all of a sudden. He felt that something was off, but he couldn't pinpoint exactly what was wrong.

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