Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2047 - 2048

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"Guard her well. If anything happens, you won't receive a cent from me" Gabriella stalked away without looking back after relaying her orders.

"Hey, what do you think happened? Why is our employer so cruel toward the lady inside?"

"I don't know. But women normally fight over men."

The men were involved in a heated discussion.

They knew how merciless Gabriella could be, so they kept watch at the door at all times.

"Larry, we found nothing. The surveillance cameras were all destroyed," reported Caspian anxiously.

There was no clue at all, hence they didn't know where to begin their search. Joan was nowhere to be seen even though they search through every surveillance camera from the streets nearby, stores, hotels, and convenience stores. Strangely, the pizza joint's surveillance cameras were destroyed, and they couldn't find anyone suspicious from the surveillance footage outside.

There was no way Joan had disappeared into thin air.

"We need to find her. We must!" Larry growled, his heart engulfed with worry.

Ring! Ring!

"Hello, Larry. Have you found Joan?" It was Nancy.

How dare she calls me? If she didn't insist on having pizza, Joan would not have gone missing! Inwardly, Larry was seething with anger.

"No," came his icy reply.

Nancy realized he was mad by his tone.

"Larry, I have something to tell you. It might help you find Joan."

Immediately, Larry's eyes lit up.

He was willing to do anything to find Joan.

"Alright. I'll head there now." He grabbed his jacket and left his office.

On the way there, he ran two red lights in his haste to get to Nancy.

Finally, his car came to a stop in front of the hospital.

Bang! Both Jory and Nancy were shocked at his loud arrival.

"Hey, Larry. Why are you here?" Jory seemed displeased to see him.

Jory didn't welcome Larry at all. Larry might be a good friend of his wife, but he was also Jory's friend's love rival at the same time.

"Jory, I have asked him to come. Don't act this way," said Nancy.

"Why don't you leave us? I need to talk to Larry," she added.

Jory froze, doubting his ears.

What did she just say? Did she ask me to leave? Shouldn't she be asking Larry to leave instead? He scowled unhappily, but Nancy was unfazed.

"Yes, you. I don't want to keep you from work. If you're not busy, you can stay," Nancy mumbled.

What? Work isn't as important as her, of course.

"It's fine. I'm not busy." Jory plopped down on the sofa next to them and glared at Larry sulkily.

He wanted to know why Larry was here.

Nancy explained, "Larry, when I was eating with Joan, we chatted about Gabriella and you. I know the owner of a fashion boutique as I am his frequent customer. We were close, and I heard him say..."

"Anyway, we drank some juice. I didn't drink any alcohol, so I have no idea why I fainted." Nancy shook her head helplessly.

She still had no idea her juice was spiked with sleeping pills.

"I think we can investigate this owner. He knows Gabriella, and I think this is related to her," she revealed her suspicions.

If Nancy didn't know that Gabriella had claimed to be pregnant with Larry's child, this wouldn't have happened at all.

"Okay. Can you contact him now?" Larry urged.

"Yes, I have his number. But his store has shifted elsewhere now. I heard some rich fella took over his previous store..."

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Larry lowered his head, but he didn't feel guilty at all.

After all, he hated liars and people who were slow—both male and female.

"I'll call him now and set up an appointment to meet him. Will that do?" Nancy asked carefully before proceeding to call him.

"Hello, Rune," she greeted. "What are you up to recently?" There was a hint of exhaustion in her voice.

"Nothing. I'm at home," answered the man calmly.

"Oh, well. I was thinking of buying some clothes, but I don't feel like going to the mall. Do you still sell clothes?"

Rune Lindell hesitated as his curiosity piqued up.

There were plenty of fashion boutiques in the neighborhood, so there was no reason for Nancy to call him suddenly.

"I'm used to wearing your shop's clothes. They suit me, and I'm too lazy to change my style," explained Nancy.

Oh, I see. She's quite straightforward though.

"Sure. I'll send you my address."

They chatted briefly before hanging up.

On the side, Larry was gazing at Nancy expectantly. The moment she hung up, he dashed to her bed.

"How did it go? Did he agree?" asked Larry in a low voice.

"He'll send me his address. We can head there later. I think you shouldn't come along, Larry. I'll record our conversation," suggested Nancy.

She was right. It was a bad idea to act rashly and risk alerting their enemy.

"Nancy, you're too weak to head out. Let's make it another day." Jory was worried.

He couldn't care less about Joan's safety as his top priority was his wife. It was none of his business. Joan's disappearance was Larry's responsibility. There was no way Larry could blame others for he couldn't even protect his own wife.

"Jory, shut up. I think of Joan as my sister." With that, Nancy rose to her feet and changed her outfit to leave.

To protect her safety, Jory arranged for a few men to follow her from afar.

Uneasiness crept into Larry's heart despite the slight progress. He didn't know what kind of information Nancy would be able to find out or how dangerous was Joan's situation.

"Larry, you should protect your loved one at all costs. Don't you know that?" Jory inquired.

He had never been polite to Larry as there was no need to do so. If it wasn't for Nancy, he would've just ignored the man. Yet, Nancy was close to them. Jory shook his head and exhaled.

He realized those who were close to Larry would be met with no good end. Joan must've suffered a lot after getting together with him.

Looks like this Gabriella is a stubborn woman. She refuses to give up on Larry even when he was studying abroad. Now that he's married with a child, she still doesn't care. She's seriously a weirdo.

"Joan must've suffered a lot," mumbled Larry. He hung his head as his eyes reddened.

Seeing how guilty Larry was, Jory shut his mouth.

He could understand Larry's feelings, but he couldn't bring himself to forgive the man.

Wait, I should call Dustin. Does he know about Joan's disappearance?

Jory immediately whipped out his phone to call Dustin.

"He's useless! The cops? The cops know nothing! Is he still waiting there? He must be crazy!" Dustin was yelling through the line furiously.