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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1939

Chapter 1939 The Tears Burned

“Where am I?” Joan asked, in feigned ignorance.

The corner of the man’s lips curled up wryly as he sneered.

“Don’t blame us for this, miss. Just doing our job!” With that, he threw Joan into the corner of the room.

“What do you want with me?” She shrunk and wrapped her arms around herself.

“Sorry to say that you just pissed off the wrong person. We have to answer to her too,” he said in a low voice before he approached and squatted down in front of her.

A pair of grubby hands reached out.

“Get away from me!” Joan screamed in horror.

The man’s eyes darkened at her resistance.

“The rest of you, out! And close the door!”

His posse of followers promptly made themselves scarce.

“Please let me go. I can give you money. Lots of it!” Joan was terrified.

The man sneered as he lifted the woman’s chin. He looked straight into her eyes as he stroked her face with his right hand.

“I don’t care about money. It’s you I’m interested in!” He proceeded to pry at the buttons on her blouse.

“Help!” Joan screeched at the top of her lungs.

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The man dragged her over to him. He slid a seeking hand underneath her top and fondled her thigh relentlessly with the other.

The tears burned as they streaked down her cheeks.

“No, please! Stop!” Joan cried as she struggled.

“Quit your f*cking whining. You should be flattered that I’m showering you with all this attention!” The man then sent a stinging swipe across the left of her face and then the right.

Blood trickled down the ends of her lips.

“Ah!”

The man flung her to the other corner of the room before he pulled out his whip and lashed it mercilessly in her direction.

“How dare you bite me, you stupid b*tch. I guess you’re tired of living. Fine. In that case, I’ll kill you when I’m finished!” With that, the man tore off his own clothes and threw his entire weight upon her.

Joan no longer had the strength to resist. She closed her eyes and let the tears flow at will. She had completely given up hope.

Boom! The door was kicked open forcefully.

“What the hell, I’m not done yet!” the man riding on top of Joan roared while his lips still nibbled away at her collarbones.

With a resounding thump, the thug was sent sprawling to the side.

“Joan. Joan!” Dustin shook at the woman on the floor.

But she was unresponsive.

“Who are you? How dare you interrupt me!” The man who was struck retaliated with his whip in hand.

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Dustin pivoted on one foot before delivering a spinning kick, which laid his attacker low and left the man writhing in pain.

“Joan!” Dustin yelled. He then put a finger under her nostrils.

Okay, she’s alright! Dustin removed his own coat and wrapped it around her.

“Someone, get him!” The man waved his finger at the target that he wanted his men to sort out on his behalf.

But there was no movement beyond the door.

“Are all of you deaf! Did you not hear me...” He was stunned when he looked outside.

Past the door, his boys were on their backs, clutching at various parts of their limbs in agony.

“How about it? Would you like to join them too?” Dustin snorted.

The man responded by scrambling out of the room.

After ensuring that they were in the clear, Dustin immediately picked Joan up in his arms and sped to the hospital.

“Hurry, doctor. Disinfect her wounds!” he shouted.

That got the doctor quizzical.

How did he know that was the first step?

“I used to be a doctor myself, so please hurry. I can assist,” Dustin explained.

“Okay, get me a pair of scissors,” the doctor replied staidly.

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