Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1560

"Gabriella, I'm here."

Carl had dressed himself up that day. He was wearing a suit, and there was a polite smile on his face. To Gabriella, he even looked handsome.

Once upon a time, Gabriella detested him and wished he would never appear in her line of sight. Now, not only did Gabriella not find Carl detestable, but she even found herself starting to like him.

When Carl saw her, he could not help but say, "You're beautiful, Gabriella."

He had to admit that Gabriella was born with pretty features. Now, she no longer wore expensive clothes nor put on heavy makeup.

However, without those, she was still beautiful. For a moment, Carl was lost in a daze staring at her.

What kind of thrill will I feel when I have a pretty woman like her under me?

As that thought surfaced in his mind, various fantasies came along with it. Even Carl's desire was crying out for her.

To avoid her noticing it, he swiftly took in a deep breath to tamp it down.

Carl's praises made Gabriella shy. She quickly lowered her head, not daring to look at him in anxiety.

"Gabriella, have you prepared your things?" he asked as he continued staring at her.

"Yes. I've packed everything, so we can leave anytime," Gabriella murmured.

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"Okay, then. Let's go. Let's go to the Johnsons' place; back to our home," Carl said with a smile.

Back to our home?

Carl's words made Gabriella's face flush red.

I finally have a home. A place where I won't be hurt; a place where I can let my guard down, was what Gabriella naively thought.

After asking someone to place all of Gabriella's luggage into the car, Carl said, "Let's go home, Gabriella."

With that said, the people then lifted Carl into the car.

At that, Gabriella hurriedly entered the car. The two then headed to the Johnsons' place.

"Caspian, what's your relationship with Larry?" Joan could not help but ask.

After the earlier assassination attempt, Joan had clung to Caspian, hoping to find out more about Larry from Caspian. However, Caspian was good at keeping secrets; he revealed nothing to Joan.

"Stop asking. No matter what you do, I won't say anything."

Caspian tried to escape, but Joan was swift to grab his sleeve.

"Just say something! I really want to know. Can't you just give me a little tidbit?" Joan whined as she tugged on Caspian's arm.

Unfortunately, no matter how insistent she was, Caspian refused to tell her anything about Larry. It made her frustrated.

"Ma'am, Boss has told me not to reveal any of his past to you, or else he's going to break my legs. Let me off the hook! I'm still young; I don't want to die now!" Caspian cried out.

However, Joan was as clingy as bubblegums. No matter what he did, he could not get rid of her. Most importantly, she was someone he could not lay a finger on.

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If she were someone else, Caspian would have kicked her away in seconds. However, this was Joan. If he dared to do anything to her, he would be sent straight to his maker.

"Fine."

Deflated, Joan finally stopped asking after multiple failed attempts to obtain any information from him.

"Hmph! I'll ask Larry myself," she huffed as she headed toward Larry's study instead.

Staring at her retreating figure, Caspian breathed a sigh of relief. If she had continued questioning him, he would have gone mad eventually.

Now that Joan was off to pester Larry instead, Caspian fled the scene in joy.

Upon reaching the study, Joan spotted Larry, who was buried in his work.

After deciding that it was best for her not to interrupt the man focused on his work, Joan sat down beside him quietly. Then, she gazed at his perfect side profile.

As she stared at him, her thoughts drifted.