## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1784

Caspian hung up the phone right after.

"What's the matter? What did he say?" Curious and puzzled, Nancy stared at Joan.

"It's nothing. I'm just wondering how you're doing. Nothing special." Joan decided to just keep it to herself.

She knew that something must have happened with Caspian. As for what happened, the woman decided to just leave it to Larry. Joan left after chatting for a bit with Nancy.

Even though she was mad, they were still family. Joan had only wanted to let Nancy come clean to Caspian sooner. That was why she had thrown a tantrum previously. She did not wish for unintended consequences to happen, nor did she want the two people to get hurt.

Right then, Joan suddenly felt thankful for having Larry around. Otherwise, she would have no idea what to do.

"Larry, please talk to Caspian to see if he's alright. I think that something's off with him from the way he stuttered when he was talking to Nancy today..." Joan circled her arms around Larry's and muttered in a low voice.

"What's the matter? Is Nancy still thinking about divorcing Caspian?" Larry combed through her hair with his fingers.

"Yes, she seems guite adamant about it, but she has no idea how to tell him."

Larry snickered.

So what if she had said it? Caspian would never agree to it anyway!

When a man fell in a love with a woman, it would be near impossible for him to let her go, no matter the circumstances. Caspian was crazy about Nancy. Thus, he would never easily let go of a woman whom he loved.

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"What's the matter with Caspian today?" Larry asked in a low voice.

"I have no idea. He stuttered when he called Nancy today as if there was something he wanted to say to her, but in the end, he said nothing. So, I'm asking you to figure it out. It will be easier if you guys talked it out instead..." Joan said as she toyed with Larry's palm.

"Okay, I'll talk to him tomorrow..."

Larry's phone rang right then.

Joan cast a glance at the clock on the desk and creased her brows.

Who is calling at this ungodly hour?

However, she knew that Larry had been swamped with work lately. She turned and looked out the window.

"Mr. Norton, I heard that you're looking for me?" An enticing voice rang in Larry's ears.

"Yes, we'll talk tomorrow," the man replied and was about to hang up.

"Hey, Mr. Norton. You're the one who's looking for me. I have something on tomorrow, and won't be able to make time for you. You have to come over tonight if you want to see me," Gabriella cut to the chase and said.

Come over tonight? A cold glint fleeted across his eyes. He turned to look at the woman beside him, but she had already shut her eyes.

"Send me the address," he said before hanging up.

Then, he pecked Joan on the forehead before getting up to leave.

Larry closed the door softly behind him, but it still woke Joan up.

It's already so late. Where is he going? If she heard it correctly, it was a woman's voice on the other end of the phone.

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She got off the bed and walked to the window. After a while, she saw Larry getting into the car.

It should have something to do with work, right? It's already so late. Larry should know where the line is; it doesn't matter whether he's meeting a man or a woman. At that moment, Joan reassured herself over and over.

It was already late night, but the hour did not deter those night-owls. The city was still abuzz with people, especially in nightclubs and bars.

"Mr. Norton, you're indeed a man of your words. You made it, even though it's already so late." Gabriella swirled her tall glass of wine; the glint of the ruby liquid was enough to enchant the weak-minded.

Larry stared at the woman before him with a puzzled look on his face. How exactly did this woman manage to bag a deal with the Alpire Group?

"Take a seat." The woman gave him an enticing smile. It was apparent that she was already tipsy.