Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1947

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"Miss, here's your perfume." The salesperson hurriedly passed the bottle over.

Gabriella looked at the bottle in her hand before glancing at the man in front of her with a sinister smile.

Poof!

Instantly, the air was permeated with Joan's scent.

Larry seemed to wake up at the smell of Joan's familiar warmth, but his cloudy gaze betrayed his true state.

"Joan, is that you?" His deep voice was almost painfully hopeful.

"Yes, Lars. It's me." Gabriella wrapped her arms around Larry's neck.

Larry suddenly frowned.

"Since when did you call me 'Lars'?" He asked as he looked at the woman in front of him suspiciously. He started blinking frantically in an attempt to get a closer look at the woman in his arms.

"Just trying to spice up our relationship," Gabriella said coquettishly as she patted his chest.

"Let's have some drinks!" Gabriella suddenly said in an attempt to change the conversation.

"We're almost there, Lars. Try to stay awake, okay?" she said as she tried her best to help the man walk.

Larry's eyes were almost completely closed at this point. He had to lean against Gabriella heavily so he could actually walk into the room.

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"I'm so happy, Joan," he murmured in a daze.

Happy? You can't even tell who I am, Gabriella thought with a cold glare at the man in front of her. Looks like you'll finally be the hero for once, Joan.

Smack!

Larry collapsed onto the large bed. Gabriella quickly turned on the lights and closed the door and windows before walking toward the bed.

Finally! I've waited for you all this while and now you're finally mine.

Gabriella stroked Larry's hair gently while the corner of her mouth quirked up in a sly smile.

Who would ever call a man loyal when they were still willing to cheat while drunk?

Suddenly, Larry pulled Gabriella into his arms and breathed her scent in deeply.

"I missed you so much," Larry murmured as he nuzzled his nose into Gabriella's collarbone.

She stroked his face gently. In that very moment, everything that Larry had ever done to her disappeared into nothingness.

"I missed you too, Lars," she replied softly.

"I'm going to go shower." Gabriella walked toward the bathroom with her pajamas in hand.

Larry continued to lie on the bed with his eyes closed, looking completely worn out.

Ring! Ring!

His phone kept ringing, but no one picked up.

"Ms. Young, do you know where Larry is?" Caspian's gaze was riddled with anxiety.

"No, he hasn't picked up any of my calls," Ms. Young answered hurriedly.

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Caspian's gaze darkened immediately.

Goddamn it!

He slammed his fist onto the wall next to them, sending Ms. Young stumbling back in surprise.

"Has he been to the bar?" Ms. Young asked.

Caspian's dark gaze suddenly brightened.

Larry had mentioned that he would almost always go to the bar and get drunk after an argument with Joan.

The bar was almost empty. Caspian wormed in and out of all the booths without a single glimpse of Larry.

"Was Larry here just now?" he asked a passing waiter fiercely.

"He left with a woman just now," the waiter answered frantically.

Caspian's gaze darkened coldly once again.

"Let me check your security cameras."

He wanted to get a good look at the woman who dared to seduce Larry.

Soon enough, the waiter showed him their security footage. Caspian's glare was darker than a black hole.

This b*tch again?

He slammed a hand on the table, scaring the waiters next to him.

"You can see that they went upstairs in the footage," one of the waiters suddenly said.

"Shut up!" Caspian barked.

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