

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1531

“You should be grateful that my family doesn’t intend to get even with you, and yet, here you are still asking to marry me? Are you completely delusional? “Take a good look at yourself in the mirror! What makes you think you can marry me? You think way too highly of yourself!”

After venting her frustrations on the man, Gabriella hung up the call immediately.

Similarly, Carl gritted his teeth and smashed his phone to the ground. He had failed to secure his bride, lost his chance to inherit the Ward family’s fortune and rights, as well as his status as the heir to his own family business!

Moreover, Gabriella’s hand in marriage had been his only hope. In an instant, Carl felt that he had no way out.

Larry, this is all your fault! Since you’ve been so cruel to me, don’t blame me for returning the favor!

A trace of hatred flashed in Carl’s eyes.

He attributed his devastation and utter failure to Larry and Joan, believing that if it had not been for the pair, he would not have ended up in such a sorry state.

But he seemed to have forgotten that he had brought everything upon himself, and he had no one else to blame.

But there was no turning back for Carl anymore. He could either walk the path to self-destruction or destroy others.

That night, Carl went drinking at a small bar. He was drowning his sorrows when a gang of thugs recognized him and went up to him.

“Carl, is it? I heard you were looking for us.”

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The one who was obviously the leader of the gang of thugs spoke first.

Although Carl's family was not very influential, they were still deemed noble. Moreover, Carl had always been generous to the thugs, so they often hung out together.

However, it was uncertain whether the thugs would have the same opinion of Carl if they were to find out that Carl had been stripped of his status as the family heir.

"Ugh, I'm not doing well recently. Come, drink with me."

Carl casually called out to them when they appeared before him.

They had heard a thing or two about what the man had been through lately, but they were not very informed of the details.

"It's going to be okay, Carl. This messy situation will blow over soon. Come on, let's drink our troubles away."

One of the thugs patted Carl on the shoulder.

"That's right, Carl. Don't overthink it. Let's drink," echoed the other two.

"Yes, of course. Let's drink!"

Carl said no more as he raised his glass.

After several rounds of drinks, Carl pretended to strike a casual conversation. "You guys have been around these parts for a fairly long time, haven't you? Do you know any desperadoes who could... I don't know... pack a hefty punch?"

"Carl, I won't say I'm well acquainted with them, but we do know quite a number of desperadoes around here by name. I'm telling you, each one of them has quite an impressive body count."

"Do you think you guys can get in contact with any of them? Anyone at all."

Carl asked for a favor as he eyed the gang. A hint of urgency flashed in his eyes

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"If it's contacts you want, there's one man I know who can definitely reach them. Why do you ask, Carl?" one of the thugs asked in confusion.

"Nothing much. It's just been on my radar. I've heard that these people are some of the most vicious ones around, and they live every day as though it's their last." Carl sighed wistfully.

"Oh, no. See here, Carl. We cannot afford to provoke these people. We don't mind you asking, but please just leave it at that. Don't get involved with them," the gangsters kindly reminded him.

"Relax. I'm not that dumb." Carl smirked.

"Alright, let's not talk about this. Let's all drink till we drop, boys! It's my treat tonight!"

Several hours later.

"Carl... My man, thank you for the drinks today. We'll be leaving now. Next time we meet... our treat!" the leader exclaimed.

"You guys take it slow, alright? See yourselves out."

Carl was feeling a little dizzy too, but he could still maintain a clear mind.

The thugs staggered out of the bar, supporting one another's weight as they wobbled, leaving Carl behind.

He had managed to fish out information and contact numbers of several desperadoes from the mouths of the thugs themselves while they were in their drunken state.

Carl snickered and downed his final glass of wine before turning to leave.

The following morning, Larry got up when it was bright and early. He turned to check on Joan who was snoozing next to him, kissed her lightly on her cheek, then rose from their bed and headed to the study.

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