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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1539

After saying that, Carl hung up, leaving Gabriella with her chaotic thoughts.

Those three days were the most arduous days in Gabriella's life.

Throughout the three days, not only did she consider Carl's proposition carefully, but she also paid close attention to the changes in the Ward family's financial situation.

On the fourth day, the financial capability of the Ward family had already fallen to its lowest point in history.

Although Landon was doing his best to persevere, she couldn't see the slightest ray of hope.

If this continues, bankruptcy is only a matter of time.

Recalling Carl's words, her defenses slowly collapsed.

She really couldn't think of a better way to save the Ward family and herself. The only method was the one he proposed.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye. While she was still struggling inwardly, she was gradually inclined toward Carl's proposition.

In the end, she decided to seek Carl out.

No matter what, I can just go and see what he says. If I don't agree, I can just turn around and leave without getting myself involved in the mess.

As that thought occurred to her, she finally stopped hesitating and drove to the location he sent her.

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In other words, it was the aforementioned restaurant.

Carl wore an expectant smile on his face as though having known that Gabriella would definitely come.

“You’re here, Gabriella? What would you like to eat?” he inquired gentlemanly.

“I’ve got no appetite,” Gabriella answered bluntly.

All the while, her eyes were fixed intently on him.

“Oh well, I’ll just eat by myself, then.

As Carl said that, he picked up the fork and knife on the table before eating his steak unhurriedly.

Gabriella waited for him to speak, for it was only when he initiated the conversation would she be able to take the reins. In that case, she could nonchalantly extricate herself from the collaboration and leave.

However, Carl said nothing. Instead, he acted as though the steak in front of him was the sum of his world at that very moment.

Both of them were waiting for the other to speak, so the atmosphere fell silent in a flash.

At long last, it was Gabriella who snapped and broke the silence.

“Tell me about your plan.”

She didn’t want to waste time with him here, so she went straight to the chase.

At that, Carl smirked triumphantly.

“Patience, Gabriella. Haste makes waste. I know you’re very eager to have our collaboration go smoothly, but patience is a virtue.”

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The moment his words fell, Gabriella was consigned to a passive position.

Ugh! What a scoundrel! Gabriella cursed inwardly. Then, she declared, "I think you've made a mistake here, Mr. Johnson. I'm not here to collaborate with you. I'm only here to listen to the so-called plan you asked me here to discuss."

Gabriella spoke coldly without a hint of expression on her face.

"There's no rush about the plan. It's been a long time since we last met, so let's have a chat first," Carl murmured with a smile.

But on a closer look, one would see that the smile carried a hint of smugness for having cornered his prey.

"We haven't seen each other in a long time, so did you miss me, Gabriella? I missed you like crazy," Carl drawled, grinning.

His words had repulsion invading Gabriella. Sick of being kept hanging, she issued an ultimatum and hissed, "If you're not going to talk business, I'm leaving."

"Alright, then, Gabriella. Since you're in such a hurry, let's talk about the plan first," Carl concurred languidly.

In the next moment, he had even schooled his expression and put his smile away.

Without waiting for her to start, he began speaking. "I'll tell you about the general plan first. It's actually very simple. Larry Norton and Joan Watts are currently on a vacation. However, there have always been tons of work to be done at Norton Corporation, so he can't be away for too long. Hence, he'll probably return in these few days to handle business. What we need to do is to plan for something to happen during their vacation so that they can't make it back to Marsingfill," he snarled resentfully.

"Of course, we're not doing this ourselves," he added. Seemingly having anticipated her question, he continued, "I've already contacted a few assassins. They're all desperadoes whose lives are always in the balance as they act as assassins. They don't care who's hiring their services, asking only for money. So, we don't need to reveal our identities. As long we pay a certain amount, they will do their jobs."

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