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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1548

After Larry had done speaking, Caspian immediately awaited the next order.

“Carl Johnson might not be powerful, but he is cunning, cruel, and malicious. I have no doubt that it was him who came up with the plan and convinced Gabriella to help him. Gabriella probably agreed to do so as she caved in to the temptation,” commented Larry.

No matter what, both of them should be severely punished. I have been kind enough, but not anymore.

“Since you two love planning in the dark, let me show you what darkness really means.” Larry sneered before looking at Caspian.

He then leaned forward to whisper in Caspian’s ear. Caspian nodded profusely in response. Reassuring Larry that he would get it done, Caspian turned and left.

As the sun set on the next day, Carl showed up in his usual bar once again, downing shots repeatedly.

He had received the news that the assassins he had hired to harm Larry and Joan not only failed their mission but were thrown into prison.

Since he hadn’t revealed his identity, Carl wasn’t worried about the police coming for him. Nevertheless, he still felt utterly disappointed and depressed.

After all, the plan that he had poured his heart and soul into had gone down the drain.

Gabriella, the riches of the Ward family, the dreams of being the heir of the Johnsons, and all that he had hoped for once again slipped out from his grasps.

That thought alone was enough to dishearten Carl completely, which explained why he was drowning himself with alcohol.

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When he left the bar, Carl was thoroughly wasted. He could not even walk in a straight line as he swayed with each step he took.

As usual, Carl stumbled through a secluded street.

Just then, a few men emerged from the shadows. They grabbed Carl, covering his mouth as they dragged him into the darkest corner of the alley before tossing him onto the ground as if he were a sack of grains.

Carl sobered up almost instantly. As he caught sight of the masked men cornering him, terror pulsed through his veins.

“W-Who are you people? What do you want?” interrogated Carl at the top of his voice, hoping to boost his own confidence and draw the attention of passerby at the same time.

“Who we are is none of your business, but the fact that you’ll soon forever be bound to a wheelchair sure is,” a low voice spoke out among the shadows.

“No! You can’t do this to me! Do you know who I am?”

Carl struggled in an attempt to escape, but the combination of fear and alcohol kept his knees weak and his feet nailed to the ground.

“I’ll pay you! As much as you want! Just please, don’t hurt me!” begged Carl as he sobbed. Tears and snot streamed down his face as panic took over his body.

“Whatever you say now would be of no use. It’s your fault for messing with someone you shouldn’t mess with. You have no one to blame but yourself, so you might as well give up.”

As he was speaking, the man in the middle gave a signal. Without missing a beat, the two men beside him grabbed Carl by his arms, lifting him up and pinning him to the wall, each on one side.

Carl understood immediately who had sent those men after him. In that instant, he knew it was over for him.

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"No, please! Please, I was wrong, I'm sorry! Please let me go. I promise I will never... mff... mmmffff"

Before Carl could finish his sentence, the men stuffed a ball of cloth into his mouth, muffling his words.

"Ahhhh!"

Even with his mouth fully stuffed, Carl's still let out a full-fledged scream as excruciating pain shot through his body, his cries piercing through the silence of the alley.

The blood-curdling screech echoed through the streets and made the hair of a few passersby stand on end. They couldn't help but stop in their tracks, looking around with heightened senses before scurrying away, afraid to encounter anyone—or anything—they shouldn't.

Carl fell to the ground, unconscious. His breath uneven and rasp as he tried to hold on to the brink of his life. The men looked at each other and nodded before parting and disappearing once more into the shadows.

Only Carl was left in the suffocating darkness.

Not long after, police sirens blared across the alley as the police sealed off the area.

An ambulance reached the scene shortly after and the paramedics rushed the almost lifeless body to the hospital.

"Have you heard? Carl Johnson had been attacked last night near the bar he frequents. I heard someone had broken his legs and severed his tendons. Looks like he would have to use a wheelchair for the rest of his life from now on!"

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