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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1898

Chapter 1898 Hospitalized

“Yes,” said Larry before he nodded.

Except you don't have any evidence! That was the most troubling bit for Larry.

“When will I get my money?” demanded the man impatiently.

What a money-minded fellow. On the bright side, that makes him a good bait to catch the big fish.

“Mr. Norton, you should know that everything I said is just a small portion of what I know. There is so much more information that I can share with you,” informed the man as he tapped his fingers on the table.

Larry knew that there had to be a mastermind pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

“How about this? Leave your number with me. I will pay you tomorrow,” replied Larry as he shot a look over at the man.

The man's eyes instantly lit up.

“You're very decisive, Mr. Norton,” praised the man while slamming the table in delight.

After leaving his contact details, the man adjusted his clothes and scanned his surroundings before leaving. Larry's lips curved into a grin as he watched the man with the black cap leaving.

Gabriella Ward, you had better not be the one behind all this or you'll be doomed this time!

A menacing glint flashed past Larry's eyes.

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There was a saying that all businessmen were cunning and would get quotes from different suppliers before deciding who they would cooperate with. Admittedly, there was some truth in that saying.

“What did you just say? You went to talk to Mr. Norton?” shouted Gabriella. Her mind was in disarray as she sprang up instinctively.

“Well, you refused to pay me, so I had to find someone else,” dished the man.

Bang! Gabriella landed a blow on the wall, and blood was dripping down her fingers.

“Abide by the rules if you want to continue working in this industry. Men like you should know all about those unspoken rules,” growled Gabriella as her gaze turned cold.

As the man scoffed, his eyes were filled with distaste.

“Rules are made to be broken. Besides, our business deal concluded ages ago, and you have no right to stop me from working with Mr. Norton now. If you have nothing else to say, I’m hanging up,” replied the man.

The truth was, the man didn’t want to work with Larry either. If the latter were to discover the entire truth of the incident, the former would also be in trouble. In fact, the man was only doing that to force Gabriella’s hand and get her to pay him.

“Wait.” Gabriella finally caved, asking, “How much do you need?”

“Two million,” answered the man directly.

My luck has been in the dumps lately. I lost all my money gambling, and I’ve got debts to pay!

Clenching her fists, Gabriella exuded a menacing aura.

“What the hell? Do you take me as a charity organization? I may have made some money overseas, but I worked hard for every single penny! They didn’t just fall from the sky, you know?” shouted Gabriella.

If my family hadn’t chased me out, I wouldn’t have ended up in this wretched state!

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Anxiety started welling up inside Gabriella's heart.

"One and a half million," countered the man. "I will not go any lower. We have no reason to work together if you can't even pay that."

"Fine! Deal!" replied Gabriella hurriedly.

A wicked smile showed up on the man's lips.

So she still has some money with her. I might be able to con even more out of her in the future. The man grinned with amusement as a devious glint flashed past his eyes.

Gabriella hung up quickly before she grabbed her bag and headed to the ATM.

I have to get this done immediately, but if this happens again, I will kill that man!

Larry drove to the village as soon as he left the café.

What he didn't know was that Joan and the others were already in the hospital in the city.

"How is my son?" asked Joan nervously while staring at the doctor.

"He's fine, but he needs to rest. Don't let him study first for the time being," replied the doctor.

Delilah was starting to get anxious. Looks like the attack impacted his brain.

"Please follow me to collect his medicine," instructed the doctor to Joan.

Joan nodded and quickly followed him out of the room.

"You're his mother. How did you let a kid that young get hurt so badly? Don't let him overexert his mind for the time being, or there will be complications in the future," reminded the doctor as he looked at Joan solemnly.

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