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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1509

Carl remained quiet as he tried to weigh the pros and cons of doing it.

Even though Larry has a considerable influence in Marsingfill, if I were to pursue Joan as an admirer, he can't really do anything to me, right?

Carl rationalized it within himself and decided to give it a go.

You can't really get what you want without sacrifices. Besides, it's not really possible to win Gabriella's heart without taking any risks. In that case, I'd better agree to it promptly to leave a more favorable impression on Gabriella.

"Alright, I'll do it for you! Don't worry, Gabriella. I'll get it done perfectly, and I won't disappoint you," Carl assured her in a confident manner.

"Well, it looks like I wasn't wrong about you, Carl. I'm starting to take a liking to you," In order to motivate Carl to work for her, Gabriella started showering him with compliments.

"Of course, Gabriella. You'll discover more of my strengths in the future," Carl replied rather smugly as he looked at her.

Just you wait. I'll be able to do whatever I want with you once I get hold of you.

If you get it done, Larry would never ever let you off the hook, and I'll be able to free myself from your harassment. This is simply killing two birds with one stone.

In that instant, the two of them, both with a secret agenda on their minds, laughed aloud in unison.

"Gabriella, come on. The gathering is going to start soon. Let's go over there."

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Carl took the opportunity to reach out and hold Gabriella's hand. Let's see what other excuse you can come up with to reject me. If you're not even willing to compromise to such a simple act, that would mean you have not even a single trace of sincerity.

Carl was complacent as he thought about that.

As Gabriella was about to fume when she felt her hand being grasped, she was reminded of her agreement with Carl. Turning against him now isn't sensible.

Suppressing the overwhelming disgust within her, she let Carl hold her hand and lead her forward.

When the gathering started, Carl sat next to Gabriella, making an impression that he was very close to her. That made all the other men present extremely envious of him.

Throughout that period, Carl tried to take advantage of Gabriella by pretending to touch her unintentionally, but every time he did that, Gabriella was able to dodge him in time.

Eventually, Gabriella made an excuse to discuss something personal with the other ladies and left directly, which upset Carl.

Staring at Gabriella's attractive figure, Carl couldn't help licking his lips. You'll become my plaything sooner or later.

Suppressing his desire, Carl started deliberating about how he should approach Joan and fulfill Gabriella's request.

One day, Joan was ready to go home after work. All this time, Larry had always wanted to pick her up from work.

Nevertheless, Joan insisted on going home on her own in a cab. Since she was only an ordinary member of the company staff, she refused to receive any privileged treatment which would distance herself from her colleagues.

After some consideration, Larry thought that she was right. Besides, the company where Joan worked wasn't very far away from the villa. It was a journey of at most ten minutes. Hence, Larry allowed her to travel home in a cab.

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Taking her bag, Joan was ready to leave as it was getting late, and she was afraid that Larry would worry about her. Therefore, she rushed outside the company, and just as she was about to take a turn at the entrance, she bumped into someone.

“Ouch!”

The forceful collision sent Joan falling on her hip. Covering her forehead, Joan was in a daze for quite a long while.

“Miss, are you alright?”

The other person was also hit hard. But as a man, he reacted more quickly than Joan. Stepping forward in a polite manner, he was ready to help Joan up.

“It’s fine. I’ll get up on my own,” Joan rejected his offer as she came back to her senses.

Larry had been reminding Joan to avoid contact with strangers, and she always kept that in mind.

The man was a little bashful as he smiled apologetically. “I’m really sorry. I was in a hurry to discuss something with your company, so I didn’t really notice you. It was my fault.”

“It’s okay.”

Apparently, he didn’t do it on purpose, so Joan didn’t really mind. “Oh, it’s past working hours now. Why don’t you come again to our company tomorrow?”

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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1510

Joan kindly reminded him.

Most people had already left for the day, save for the security guard stationed at his post. There was virtually no one to discuss business with him.

“Is that so? I didn’t know that.”

Evidently, he did not expect everyone to have knocked off. Chuckling, he replied, “I’ll just have to visit again tomorrow. Thanks for your reminder.”

“No problem,” Joan politely responded.

The man was elegant and well-mannered, so even though Joan was not interested in him, he managed to leave a good impression on her.

After she finished her sentence, she walked out to hail a cab.

Without hesitation, the man followed after her.

“Miss, you must be a really hard worker, given that you’ve just ended your day,” the man casually flirted with her.

“It’s nothing. I’m used to it.”

Joan had no intentions of interacting with him any longer, and her response was merely out of courtesy.

“It’s getting late. How about I send you home? See it as my compensation to you for taking up your time,” the man offered to drive her home.

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“There’s no need for that. I live nearby, and my boyfriend’s waiting for me to have dinner.”

She could tell that he had ulterior motives for inviting her to take his car, so she decided it was better to use Larry’s name and directly reject his advances.

“Alright then. Be careful on your way back. I’ll be on my way.”

The man flashed a grin and bade her farewell without any resistance.

Joan was pleased that he did not pester her any further and returned his smile. “You too.”

With that, Joan flagged a cab and gently nodded at him before boarding the car.

His gaze lingered on her cab for a brief moment before he sneered. “Hmm, I guess she’s pretty smart. But hey, I’m not gonna let you off so easily. You’re bound to fall into my trap!”

The sophistication he exuded previously had vanished into thin air. Instead, his expression transformed into a lecherous one. The man was none other than Carl.

As someone who was no stranger to elite education, it was no feat for Carl to feign a gentleman.

However, Joan didn’t manage to get a good look at him, which was why she failed to notice his act.

The purpose of his visit was to assess the fiancée of Norton Corporation’s president. He wanted to figure out her character, so he put up an act to get to know her.

Everything, up to the timing of his appearance, was planned out meticulously. In order to fabricate a coincidental meeting, he made sure to catch Joan getting off work so that it could pave the way for his future plans.

“Just you wait. The show has yet to begin...”

With a contemptuous smile on his face, Carl boarded his car and left.

Soon after, Joan was home.

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"You're back."

Larry, who was patiently waiting for Joan on the sofa, turned to beam at her.

"Yeah."

Seeing that, Joan grinned from ear to ear. Her exhaustion after a long day was relieved by Larry's presence instantly.

"You must be dead beat. I've cooked up a feast. It's your reward for working so hard."

Putting down the notebook in his hand, Larry rose to his feet. He then walked to Joan and gazed at her lovingly.

"You can cook?"

Joan was stunned, probing doubtfully, "Why haven't I heard of this?"

Larry mumbled affectionately, "I only learned to cook recently, and since I had time today, I decided to prepare a few dishes. That'll help to reduce your burden too."

"It's no bother at all."

Joan shook her head. "I think you have it worse than me. On a side note... is your food edible?"

She eyed him with suspicion. Clad in a formal suit, Larry didn't look the slightest bit like someone who could cook.

"Hold on a minute... Are you trying to make me your guinea pig? What if I die from food poisoning?"

Larry's eyes rolled at the sight of Joan pretending to be horrified.

"Wait here. I'll go heat the food up. Even if you are the guinea pig, you're to savor them all." With that, he proceeded to the kitchen.

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The sight of a clumsy Larry frantically running around the kitchen warmed Joan's heart. She had never expected that the almighty president of Norton Corporation would enter the kitchen just to whip up a meal for her, and it was all because of his deep love for her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1511

Joan found herself unable to peel her eyes away from Larry, whose focused comportment made him even more dashing.

The twinkling, bright eyes that adorned his chiseled visage complimented his arched nose and slightly pursed lips. At that moment, she felt like she would do anything and everything for that man.

"Don't just stand there. Come have a seat."

Larry barely gave her any time to daydream and called out to her.

"Coming!"

Having said that, she hurriedly washed her hands and walked to the dinner table. Then, she sized the dishes up.

Upon her first glance at the table, she gulped nervously.

Larry, who was ever so thoughtful, had prepared four different dishes and a soup for her. This should be... pumpkin soup, right? Yeah... I think so. Although its color looked odd, Joan was sure it was pumpkin soup.

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Hmm... I guess the plate of sauteed mushrooms looks rather appetizing. And this must be... mashed potatoes? The color looks a little funny though... Now, this is... mac and cheese with bacon bits? Or is that beef?

Joan was unable to determine the ingredients of that dish.

Wait! What the hell is this? Why is it all dark and burnt?

Joan briefly scanned the table and weighed her options.

It seemed like the sauteed mushrooms were the only dish that was edible, while the others looked rather venomous.

Nah... The worst thing that could happen is that the food tastes bad. I'm sure it's not poisonous...

"Quick. Try them. This is my first time cooking, so I hope you don't mind."

Larry looked up at her in anticipation.

With the sacrifices Larry had made for her, Joan found it difficult to reject him.

She plucked up the courage and slowly reached out for the sauteed mushrooms.

Gasp!

Joan picked up a piece of mushroom and put it in her mouth. After the first bite, she sneezed. These mushrooms are nice, just way too salty...

"How's it? Good?"

Larry questioned enthusiastically like a child.

"Yep, it's great. Just a tad salty."

Joan said with a smile as her eyes twinkled in amusement.

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“That’s great. I will improve the next round. Try this.”

Larry pointed at the plate with a black mass.

The dish looked all dark and sticky. Worried, Joan hesitantly put a small serving into her mouth.

“Mm? It tastes fine!”

She originally thought she was doomed after ingesting the dish that looked inedible, but to her surprise, it turned out fine.

“This egg tastes quite delicious,” Joan quickly praised Larry.

“That’s not egg! That’s salmon.”

Larry gave her a puzzled look.

“Oh, I see... They’re quite similar anyway. Hehe.”

She eked out an awkward smile and carried on scooping a tiny serving of mac and cheese.

Upon putting it into her mouth, she realized that the bacon bits weren’t even fully cooked.

She contemplated spitting it back out. However, she feared upsetting Larry.

Larry was quick to notice that she paused after taking a bite. Confused, he fed himself a spoonful of the dish.

“Ugh...”

He barely took a bite before spitting it all out. Now, he finally understood why Joan had that odd expression.

After that, he quickly tasted the other dishes, but they all tasted funny, to his dismay.

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“You should tell me if the food tastes bad! Why are you pretending like they’re scrumptious?”

He felt a tinge of guilt and uttered, “I didn’t know I was so bad at cooking.”

“It was your first time! Don’t beat yourself up over it. When I first started cooking, I was nowhere near your standard.”

Joan hurriedly tried to console him.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1512

“I’ll dispose of them immediately and order takeout.”

His face darkened when he said that, as though he was frustrated with himself.

“Dear.”

Joan rushed over and embraced him tightly. In a sweet voice, she muttered, “You already tried your best. Even though the seasoning in some dishes is a little off, the rest are alright.”

“Really? But they taste so awful.”

Even though he was still upset, his mood lightened slightly. “My cooking is hopeless.”

“No! That’s not true.”

Joan found it amusing that Larry was sulking like a child. “If you want to learn to cook, I can teach you. Come on, let’s head into the kitchen.”

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"Maybe next time. The thought of the kitchen irks me right now. I don't want to set foot into it for the time being. Let's just order takeout."

He was clearly still unhappy with himself.

"You have to mend my broken heart," he uttered, staring at Joan earnestly.

"How am I supposed to do that?"

A glint of amusement flashed in her eyes.

"Using your body!"

Before Joan could register his words, he was already pouncing on her.

"No! The delivery will arrive any time now. Let's eat first."

Luckily, she was swift enough and avoided him.

"Fine. We'll have dinner first."

He reluctantly acquiesced to her demand.

After dinner, Larry took the initiative to ask Joan to teach him cooking.

The dishes he made today disappointed him greatly. Since young, he had always excelled in all that he did.

Therefore, he felt the need to master the art of cooking too. He was determined to salvage his reputation in front of Joan.

The pair made their way to the kitchen, where Joan patiently explained the use of all the seasonings and condiments, as well as the basic steps in cooking.

With his exceptional learning ability, it only took Larry one night to get the gist.

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By the time they finished, the weariness was apparent on Joan's face. Concerned about her wellbeing, Larry promptly brought her to bed to turn in for the night.

The next day, Joan ran into Carl even before stepping into the office.

"Hey! What a coincidence! We meet again."

Carl cordially greeted Joan upon seeing her.

"Yeah. Are you here for business purposes?" Joan courteously replied.

It's not coincidental at all! Carl scoffed inwardly.

Before their encounters, he already knew her working hours. The fateful meetings were all staged so that he could gradually get closer to her.

Despite his thoughts, he kept his expression neutral.

With a smile, Carl quipped, "That's right. I'm here to look for your boss. The office is now open, right?"

"Not yet. But you can wait inside."

As an employee of the company, Joan was friendly to all potential clients. "Do you require my assistance?"

"No need. I'm just waiting for a friend here. You can go ahead and carry on with your work." Carl made it a point to be considerate.

"Alright. I'll go in first. See you."

With that, she turned and left.

"See you! Hope we'll get to meet again," said Carl politely as she walked away.

We'll definitely see each other again.

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After ensuring she was inside the office, Carl waited a little longer before returning to his vehicle.

In fact, all that was a ruse; an excuse he invented so that he could talk to Joan.

After he boarded the car, he made a phone call to someone and briefly gave a few instructions before he hung up and drove off.

Time flew by, and it was already nightfall, which was time for Joan to end work.

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