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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1541

As for Carl, the assassination plan would ensure that Gabriella was firmly bound to him. It would result in a great possibility of her marrying him, so it would only be a matter of time before he inherited the assets of the Ward family.

Most importantly, a sense of gratification flooded both Gabriella and Carl at the thought of Larry and Joan lying in the hospital because of their plan.

To them, nothing made them happier than having obtained their revenge.

After having discussed everything, they both went their separate ways. Carl was tasked with informing the assassins of the plan. Gabriella, on the other hand, not only had to prepare the money but also furtively use the Ward family's influence to investigate Larry and Joan's exact movements.

When Gabriella went home, she headed straight for her bedroom, but she just so happened to bump into Landon.

"Where did you go?"

Ever since the Ward family started having financial problems, Landon had never been amiable with Gabriella. When they would usually bump into each other, he either put on a cold expression and said nothing or chastise her impatiently.

While Gabriella felt extremely aggrieved at that, she didn't dare utter a single word of complaint.

"I went out to meet a friend," Gabriella answered cautiously.

"What friend? I hope it wasn't any of those useless friends of yours?" Landon demanded impatiently.

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"No, it was my best girlfriend. She was feeling down, so she asked me to keep her company and lend her an ear," Gabriella fibbed.

She knew that he would definitely blow a gasket if she were to tell him that she went to meet Carl.

"Good. Don't simply wander around these days. The Ward family is now in a crisis, so I don't have much time to take care of you. Also, don't make any more trouble for me."

Landon's tone was much better now. Although he was still peeved, Gabriella was still his daughter, so he couldn't simply shut his eyes to her.

"Got it, Dad. You should rest more, too. I'm sorry for having worried you."

Despite his belligerent demeanor toward her recently, Gabriella could still sense the concern underlying his words.

"I'm fine, so you can get back to your work."

At that, Landon spun around and went about his business without bothering about her anymore.

After going back to her room, the first thing Gabriella did was to calculate how much money she had on hand. Despite their financial strain lately, Landon didn't limit her daily expenses, and her monthly stipend hadn't been deducted either. Thus, she could afford to pay the assassins albeit smarting slightly.

Then, she furtively arranged for some people to observe Larry and Joan's every movement closely with the Ward family's remaining influence.

As for the rest of it, it all hinged on Carl.

Meanwhile, Carl immediately contacted the few assassins upon arriving home and wired the two million Gabriella transferred to him to the bank account provided by the assassins.

After the information from Gabriella's spies was conveyed to the assassins through Carl, the assassins set off for Horington right away.

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Thus, an assassination plan targeting Larry and Joan quietly kicked off.

Nevertheless, Larry and Joan were still ignorant of the impending danger, enjoying the final moments of their rare vacation.

Subsequently, night fell. After tiring themselves having fun out there, they decided to return to their hotel to rest so that they could return to Marsingfill early the next morning.

They both stood by the roadside while waiting for a cab. At that precise moment, a cab slowly cruised toward them.

When Joan spotted the oncoming cab, her eyes lit up, and she quickly held her hand out to hail it.

Sure enough, the cab gradually came to a stop before them.

Larry and Joan then got into the cab without delay.

“Where to?” the driver inquired.

His voice was low and hoarse, marking him apart from the average person.

“Hello, mister. We’re heading to Washington Hotel,” Joan replied politely.

“Okay.”

Without saying anything further, the driver started the engine and slowly drove forward after a single word of acknowledgment.

The driver was wearing a baseball cap with the brim lowered as though afraid that someone would discern his countenance.

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