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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1596

Carl's voice had so much hatred in it that even Yuri, who was standing at the side, could sense it. A chill ran down Yuri's spine.

"Y-you want me to kill them?"

Yuri started hesitating. Killing either Joan or the baby would mean making a lifelong enemy out of Larry, and Yuri wondered if it was worth it.

"Do not let them off the hook even if you can't kill them. I want you to torture them," spat Carl through gritted teeth.

After saying his piece, he got a package out from under the table and handed it to Yuri before promising, "Here's two million, Yuri. Take it as your compensation for carrying out the mission. Once everything is done, I will give you another three million. Don't feel bad accepting the money. It is but a small thank-you gift from me."

Carl didn't give Yuri all the money because he wanted to keep some for himself. If anything went awry, Carl would use it for his escape plan.

The sack of money in front of Yuri drowned out that last bit of hesitation he felt. For a middle-ranked mafia leader like Yuri, two million was a huge deal.

At first, Yuri only felt compelled to carry out the task because he wanted to clear his debt. He became a lot more inspired with the cash in front of him.

"I see that you are truly a good friend, so don't worry, Carl. I will definitely complete the task and make Larry pay for what he's done!" said Yuri confidently.

Carl nodded in satisfaction. As suspected, Yuri is a greedy, money-minded fool who changes his stance as long as money is involved. That's good. This is exactly what I need.

You've accepted my money. Now, do my bidding!

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Carl grinned slightly. A calculating glow that screamed double-cross was on his face, but Yuri was too engrossed in the money to notice anything.

The scheme was slowly and secretly unfolding...

Larry had been taking care of Joan every day from morning to night after she gave birth to the baby.

Hence, she had recovered quite a bit and could go home after a few more days.

“Leslie, come let daddy hold you.”

Larry had a loving grin on him when he took the baby out of the baby cot. Happiness was overflowing in his heart.

“My mom said that the baby looks exactly like me when I was younger. Looks like he chose to take after me. Awh, I guess that can’t be helped since I am so amazing,” said Larry in a narcissistic tone. Glee was written all over his face.

Joan found Larry’s immature style to be hilarious. Still, she mercilessly retorted, “I just hope that he doesn’t become like you when he’s older. I heard that a certain someone didn’t like going to the toilet and often wet his bed until he was eight years old. Dear, you are such a wet... I mean, wonderful example.”

“H-how did you know?”

Larry turned red with shame. Joan’s grin and her seemingly nonchalant gaze got him to feel so awkward that he wanted to hide under the bed.

“Ah, my mom is just messing with you. That is not real at all. Don’t be fooled.”

Larry tried to deny it, but Joan had already seen through it all. “It’s fine. So what if you wet the bed? It’s not a big deal. You’re so good in everything else after all, so it’s only natural that there are some things that other kids can do easily while you struggled a little,” teased Joan.

Then, she stared amusingly at Larry. Hah! I’d like to see you boast now.

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"T-that only happened because I had a nightmare... Ah, never mind, let's just change the topic, okay?"

Larry was blushing red when he tried to explain the situation, but he later realized that there was no way to do so. Hence, he ignored Joan completely and went out to have some fresh air.

When he left the room, he bumped into a stranger and instinctively looked up to see who it was. Turned out, it was a plump doctor in a white coat. Larry had hit the doctor so hard that the good doctor was massaging his own tummy.

"Sorry, doctor. I didn't see you there. Are you alright?" asked Larry, who sounded a little apologetic.

"I'm fine."

The doctor's reply was a little stiff and walked away without ever looking back.

Ah, the doctor was probably behaving that way because he's mad at me. Larry tossed that incident out of his mind after grinning bitterly.

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