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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1673

During the lunch break, Gabriella simply spread out a piece of newspaper on the ground and sat there while hugging her knees. As the weather was growing increasingly hot, she opened a big plastic umbrella that had the words "Cola-Cola" printed on it and placed it beside her.

At this time, a man in his early twenties sauntered up to her fruit stall. He looked very much like a ruffian with a black baseball cap on his head. While the style of the cap was very simple, someone with a discerning eye would be able to tell that it was a luxury accessory of the upper-classes at a single glance.

Dipping his head, the man glanced at Gabriella, who had no image to speak of, before snagging an apple from her stall and started tossing it.

As the red apple was tossed back and forth between his hands, the sound of it hitting his palm had Gabriella jerking her head up to meet the man's gaze.

"Put it down at once if you're not going to buy it!" she roared at him.

The corners of Jory's mouth curved into a flippant smile. "It's just an apple. Even if you sell it, how much money would you make?"

Upon hearing that, Gabriella saw red. "Give it back to me!" After saying that, her hand shot out to snatch it back from his hand.

However, Jory dodged her hand with a nimble swivel and tossed the apple even higher. "I wonder if Landon Ward would feel that all his pride throughout the past fifty years and counting is all but obliterated if he were to learn that his biological daughter is selling fruits by the roadside."

All at once, Gabriella's heart jolted. She had deliberately picked this spot to set up her fruit stall to keep a distance from Ward Group. Despite having told herself time and again not to concern herself over her father's pride, a bolt of fear inexplicably struck her when someone said that.

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He's aware of my identity? I don't remember telling anyone about my past or identity, and I've never seen this man before me ever. So, who is he?

"Did he send you here? Well, are you here to see how I'm reduced to making a living on the streets?" She then glared at him. "I'm earning money and supporting myself with my own capabilities, so how is that embarrassing to him? Instead, it's the other way around. Even wild beasts don't devour their own cubs, yet he abandoned his biological daughter. It's his behavior that's shameful and humiliating!"

Thereafter, Jory flung the apple behind him and applauded her with a smattering of applause as he grinned widely. "Excellent! I loved it! You're truly someone to be admired for her spunk! You're not wrong, for the one in the wrong is your father who disowned you!"

His speech had Gabriella bewildered. If he's sent here by Landon Ward, he should have mocked me when I said such unpleasant words. Moreover, the people my father employs have always been old and experienced. This man before me is at most twenty-one or twenty-two years old in addition to having a temperament that is extremely unpredictable, so he's probably not sent by him.

"Buzz off if there's nothing else. I don't have time to talk nonsense with you here. I've still got to run my business..." Glimpsing the stark disdain and contempt in his eyes as he looked down at her, her impression of him instantly fell to rock bottom.

She then started arranging the wares at her stall. At that precise moment, Jory took a step back and whipped out a thick stack of bills from somewhere or other before brandishing it in front of her. "I know you've now fallen from grace, and I'm also aware that money is the most important thing to you. Once upon a time, millions or tens of millions is a drop in the bucket to you, but now, it must be difficult for you to even come up with forty or fifty thousand, no?"

People who did business, especially small businesses, were exceedingly sensitive to money. Before she was kicked out of the family, she had never thought that there would one day in her life that she would be so worried about money. Thus, she was inevitably tempted when greeted by the sight of the stack of bills in his hand.

"This stack of bills is enough to buy half a month of your fruits, yes?" Smug triumph flooded Jory when he noticed her gaze pinned intently on the money. Hah! There isn't a single person I can't convince. After all, isn't life a pursue of status, fame, and reputation? Putting it

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bluntly, it's all for the money! "I don't mind giving you this money, provided you do me a favor. When the matter is settled, I'll naturally keep my word."

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