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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1542

Larry surreptitiously studied the driver. He simply couldn't shake off the feeling that something was off about him.

The driver was driving very slowly, but it was already night, so it wasn't a big deal since neither Larry nor Joan minded.

"Are you a local, mister?" Larry asked.

"No. My daughter is studying here, so her mother and I moved to this city. I couldn't find a job, so I started driving a cab."

The driver's voice was a mere whisper, but it gave off a sense of oppression.

"No wonder you don't sound like a local," Larry commented.

Well, well... he was probably in the killing profession before he became a cabbie.

After all, he was no stranger to the aura that the driver was emanating. Only those who had experienced peril and near-death brushes would develop such an aura.

He was very familiar with such an aura because he had once possessed it himself. But as time passed, or more accurately speaking, the changes in his social circle made it imperative that he conceal it.

Wait a moment!

All of a sudden, he was taken aback by his own thoughts—this cabbie is an assassin!

That intuition couldn't be wrong, for the driver possessed all the traits of an assassin—low-key, disguised, and a faint murderous aura.

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Is he targeting me and Joan, or was he an assassin in the past but had retired long ago? he mused inwardly.

Nonetheless, he still cautiously kept his guard up.

“What are you thinking, Larry?” Joan queried when she saw him spacing out.

“Nothing. Something just occurred to me, but I’ll tell you when we get back,” Larry answered with a smile.

He feigned an expression of utter nonchalance, but his nerves had long since stretched taut.

“Oh, I see. We should be arriving back at the hotel soon, no?” Joan asked.

In truth, they should have reached the hotel by then.

“Yup, we’re probably arriving soon.”

Larry looked around, only to discover that he had never seen the place before.

While this was considered an unfamiliar city to them, he could still remember the surrounding landscape.

Inwardly, Larry cursed. Damn it, this is bad! Now, I can say for certain that the cabbie is an assassin, and he’s targeting us!

At the thought of this, he broke out in a cold sweat.

He naturally wasn’t afraid of those so-called assassins, but he was worried about Joan.

“Mister, please pull over by the side. I need to get out for a while,” Larry said to the driver.

Unsurprisingly, the driver didn’t answer but merely continued driving silently.

“I said, pull over! I’ve got an urgent matter to attend to!” Larry repeated upon seeing that he was ignoring him.

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"May I know what the matter is, sir?" the driver finally replied.

"That's none of your business! You only need to pull over!" Larry declared glacially.

The look in his eyes as he stared at the driver was filled with frost.

"I'm sorry, sir, but my cab isn't pulling over before reaching its destination."

Snickeringly maliciously, the driver abruptly accelerated.

By then, Joan had also realized that something was off. "What should we do, Larry?" she questioned in panic.

At that, Larry cast her a consoling look and reassured, "I'm here, so everything will be fine."

"I'm afraid it's useless even if you're here. Both of you aren't escaping today!" the driver proclaimed malevolently as he bared his vicious teeth.

Larry kept mum, knowing that nothing he said would make a difference. Fearing that Joan would suffer the slightest bit of hurt, he didn't even dare to grab the assassin's steering wheel.

But despite the tense situation, he was still extremely calm. Having seen too much of the world, such a situation was nothing more than child's play to him. Furthermore, he had great backup.

Screech!

As the sharp screech of tires pierced the air, the car finally came to a stop.

The impact almost flung Joan out of the windshield, but fortunately, Larry had been keeping his arms around her, so she wasn't affected much by the sudden brake.

"Get out. Someone wants to meet you both," the assassin ordered coldly.

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