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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1543

"Larry, what do we do?" Panic consumed every inch of Joan as she felt she was at her wits' end.

"It's okay. If this is the case, let's get out of the car and see what they want."

Seeing that the assassin did not immediately take their lives in the car, Larry's nerves began to calm down. Might as well make the best of the situation!

Larry helped Joan out of the car as he took in their surroundings. Ruins of what used to be buildings surround them, allowing Larry to soon realize they were in a demolition area. The buildings around them seemed to be under reconstruction. With no one in sight, Larry easily deduced that they were brought there to be away from prying eyes.

The assassin that disguised himself as the driver joined a few other men after he got out of the car. The men stood in a line, staring intensely at Larry and Joan opposite them.

Larry examined all of them in a calm manner. There were five men in total, all of them masked, showing only their eyes.

"So, why did you bring us here?" Unable to tell who they were behind the masks, Larry had no choice but to ask.

"As expected of the president of Norton Corporation, bold words for a man face to face with danger. Hats off to you for maintaining your confidence even in times like this," responded one of the assassins coolly.

"Let's cut the pleasantries, shall we? Tell me, what do you plan to do with us? Surely you don't want to take our lives."

Larry raised an eyebrow, confident in his deduction. If the assassins wanted them dead, they would have done so long ago instead of wasting their time for mindless chit-chat.

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"You are shrewd indeed, Mr. Norton."

The reply came from the same person as before. It wasn't hard to guess that he was the one in charge of this mission.

"To offend you, and therefore offending Norton Corporation is not something we have a say in. I'm sure you know, Mr. Norton, that we only carry out the tasks we were paid to do, helping whichever party that hired us, no hard feelings. Now, let's not make things more difficult than needed. We just need to cleave off an arm from you and Mrs. Norton each."

Joan inhaled sharply as she edged closer to Larry, eyes widening as she gripped Larry's sleeves out of fear. Knowing what the assassins had planned did not ease her mind. Contrarily, her heart pounded faster in fear.

Sensing her panic, Larry patted her hand gently, attempting to comfort her.

"Since it's just about money—and you said so yourself, no hard feelings—then there should be some space for negotiation."

Larry kept his eyes fixed on the person in charge before continuing, "Whatever you've received, I'll offer you twice the amount for you to give me the name of your employer, and everyone will leave here unscathed. Do we have a deal?"

Keeping Joan's safety in mind and worried that she might be harmed, Larry hoped to resolve the situation by talking instead of spilling blood.

"Mr. Norton, I'm sure you know people like us carry out our missions seriously once we've received a task from the employer. We won't stop until it's done, so... please excuse us!"

With that being said, the leader was the first to unsheathe his dagger and lunged towards the couple.

"Get them!"

As the other four rushed forward with their weapons, chaos ensued. It was impossible to know who had shouted the command.

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The assassins all knew that once they defeated Larry, going after Joan would be a piece of cake, so right that second, all five men charged towards Larry with their daggers.

“Run, Joan!” exclaimed Larry, shoving Joan behind him as danger closed in, all the while raising his fists and getting into a fighting stance.

Fully aware that staying beside Larry would make him distracted, Joan turned around and sped off without hesitation.

“Be careful, Larry!” cried Joan as she sprinted away.

Please God, don't let Larry get hurt. Joan prayed silently, in hopes that everything would be fine.

Noticing Joan's attempt to escape, one of the assassins chased after her, not allowing her to get away as the other four surrounded Larry.

Being a highly trained assassin with special training, there was no chance Joan could have outrun him. The distance between the two got closer and closer. The assassin stretched out his hand, almost touching Joan when a huge shadow appeared and kicked the assassin in the stomach, knocking the air out of his lungs and saving Joan in the nick of time.

Before Joan could even respond, the assassin had been kicked a good few feet away.

As Joan regained enough composure to see the face of her hero, her eyes widened as her heart beat wilder.

“Quick! Go help Larry!” To her immense relief, Joan begged the person who protected her a second ago.

It was none other than Caspian!

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