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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1659

Thankfully, Larry stopped fidgeting ever since he got into the car. Even so, they still met some difficulty before they finally managed to tuck him into bed. As he heard the incoherent strings of words that Larry occasionally blurted, Caspian thought his boss had a bad dream in his sleep.

The next morning, Larry woke up as usual, yet he felt that something was off. His last memory was drinking at a bar, so how did he end up here?

The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was the sky blue ceiling above him. Naturally, he started to scan his surroundings. He felt fine initially. However, as soon as he tilted his head, it felt as though his soul had left his body. All he felt was a nasty headache and a heartache now.

I felt fine last night while drinking and did not feel intoxicated then. Why am I having such a bad hangover?

The unfamiliar furnishing around him only confirmed his suspicions that he was not in his own house. Instantly, he tried to stand up while using the bed as his support. To his surprise, he realized he was in a different set of clothes from last night. Did someone bring me here and help me change yesterday?

By chance, he also noticed his mobile phone placed on the bedside table. Alas, the screen was black, like it was turned off or out of battery. Frustrated, he ruffled his fingers through his hair, desperately trying to piece together the fragmented memories he had of the previous night.

Squeak. Suddenly, someone pushed open the door, and it turned out to be Nancy, who was holding onto a bowl of soup. "Oh Larry, you are awake."

"What... am I doing here?" Larry stammered.

"You had a little too much to drink yesterday, so Caspian and I spent some time before we found you at a bar. Following that, we took you here, and Caspian helped you to change out of your dirty clothes."

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Putting on a tough act, Larry got out of bed and muttered, "I'm fine. Both of you don't have to worry about me."

Nancy sighed and held the bowl up to the man in front of her. "Larry, you were dead drunk last night. Have some of this hangover soup. Otherwise, your headache will persist throughout the entire day."

Before he could respond, Nancy forced him to take the bowl and went out to look for Caspian. Left alone in the room, Larry stared blankly at his reflection in the soup.

He could still remember the photos he saw the previous afternoon and the details of everything that happened at that time. The memories made him feel suffocated, and his throat felt hot as though it was on fire. In the heat of the moment, he slammed the soup onto the table, and its contents splashed everywhere. A few drops even scalded his hand. Unknown to him, a few drops also landed on the table, looking like raindrops that were falling on the surface of a river.

"Boss, you're awake." Caspian warily poked his head from behind the door like a spy who was checking the situation out.

Hearing no response, he let himself into the room and quietly closed the door behind him. He sat on a chair facing Larry, and they sat there in silence for a long time.

Time went by, and the hangover soup that Nancy prepared had already turned cold. Caspian finally mustered up the courage to speak. "Boss, I'm sorry for hiding things from you previously. Actually, I..."

Larry raised his head and looked at Caspian with disappointment. He interrupted his bodyguard, "Is there any point to talk about this now?" At this stage, he felt helpless, like he was at the bottom of the sea with no one who could save him.

Unsure of what to do, Caspian stammered, "What are you planning to do then?"

"I have no clue."

It was four simple words, yet this was the first time Caspian had ever heard Larry say something along these lines. From his memory, his boss was a fearless individual who had

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countermeasures for every situation, and Caspian did not expect to see a day where Larry would be as helpless as he was now.

For most men out there, it would be hard to forgive someone who betrayed you. In particular, if the traitor were to be someone you were close to, as it would be a fatal blow.

Trembling, Caspian cautiously probed, "Then...should I continue to look into this matter?" He was afraid that he might touch the wrong nerve if he said something wrong.

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