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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1888

Chapter 1888 Fight

“Interesting.” The boss rubbed his chin.

Nancy yelled, “Release me! Let me go! Larry, quick! Run away and don’t mind me!”

Slap! The man beside her gave her a slap across the face.

Larry froze for a while before coming back to his senses, his usual composed expression was back on his face.

“What do you guys want?” he asked coldly.

“What else do we want other than money? As the saying goes, money talks.” The boss gave his answer on purpose.

As expected, someone wanted to lay their hands on Nancy.

With this in his mind, Larry snorted.

“Release her immediately, and we won’t take any action. However, if you guys want to drag this out, don’t beg for our mercy later.” Larry clenched his fists and laid out his warning.

Despite hearing that, the boss didn’t seem to be terrified.

“What can the three of you do?” the boss scoffed and started picking on his fingers, looking at ease.

Just then, a young man standing behind Larry shouted, “W-Who said there’s only three of us? W-We have a lot of men with us.”

In an instant, laughter filled the warehouse.

The boss snickered, “Then why are you stuttering? Are you afraid?”

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“Stop with the bullsh\*t and let her go,” Larry gritted his teeth.

Meanwhile, Joan, who was outside the warehouse, waited anxiously for Caspian’s arrival. But after a long while, the latter was nowhere to be seen.

Even though only five minutes had passed since Larry and his men went into the warehouse, it felt like an eternity for her.

“I would advise you to mind your own business,” the boss warned.

After scanning the surroundings, Larry noticed that the boss’ boldness came from the number of people on his side.

The middle-aged man whispered, “Boss, maybe we should...”

“Shut up! There are only three of them. What are you scared of?” The boss glared at Larry.

It seems they aren’t going to release Nancy. Larry clenched his fists tight as he got ready to fight.

“Shut the door!” the boss commanded.

In an instant, the door to the warehouse was closed with a loud thud.

“Ah!” All of a sudden, Nancy screamed at the top of her lungs.

“You should take it as an honor that I’m touching you. How dare you bite me?” One of the men slapped Nancy, causing her cheek to become swollen almost immediately.

“Stop!” Larry shouted coldly.

At that moment, the atmosphere turned cold as silence ensued in the warehouse. The boss’ men glared at Larry with hostility.

“Go get him!” Once the boss gave his command, each of the men took up bats from the side and charged at Larry and his men.

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Larry turned around and leaped before hurling a kick at them. The thugs collapsed to the ground and fell unconscious. Although he was outnumbered, the bunch of untrained thugs couldn't measure up to him.

Bang! Just when he was about to knock out every single one of them, he was hit by a wooden bat from behind.

He slumped to the ground. Seeing this, the thugs began swinging their bats at Larry who was on the verge of passing out from the impact. In an instant, bruises and wounds appeared all over his body.

"Aren't you good at fighting? Why are you not standing up?" The boss crouched in front of Larry and sneered nastily.

Blood continued to drip out from the corner of his lips while his eyes went dull. Larry didn't have any energy left, and he couldn't get himself to stand up.

"Beat him! Beat him to death!" The boss was ruthless.

Thunk! Thunk!

Larry curled up his body as the attacks continued to land on his body, from his head to his shoulder, to his waist, sucking out every ounce of strength he had left.

"Joan..." he murmured.

However, no one could hear his voice, let alone his lover who he had left waiting outside.

Seeing Larry in pain, Nancy mustered her courage and shouted, "Stop! Stop beating him! A\*\*holes!"

"How dare you call us names? You must be bored, right? Come, let's have fun together." With that, a long-haired man dragged Nancy to a corner.

"What are you trying to do?" Nancy shot the man a cold glare.

The long-haired man ignored her and started taking off his clothes.

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