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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1933

Chapter 1933 The Race For The Evidence Part 2

"You're right, Caspian. They're still onto us," the middle-aged man said.

Caspian quickly pulled out his phone and made a call. "Hey, pull over and stop the vehicle behind us! Make it fast!"

A third car then abruptly put itself between the two vehicles. From it, a couple of men alighted and went straight for that vehicle on their tail.

Ring, ring, ring...

Caspian glanced at the display and picked up promptly.

"Pull out and return immediately. You must ensure his safety!" Larry said.

"Understood!" Caspian ended the call and instructed, "Back the way we came."

"Aren't we headed there?" Lonnie asked.

"Larry wants to prioritize your safety," Caspian replied as he monitored the rear in vigilance.

Unbeknownst to them, they were being followed by more than just the one car.

"Mr. Norton's a good man," Lonnie said with relief.

"I wouldn't have served him for so many years if he wasn't," Caspian mumbled under his breath. Then he asked, "Are we in the clear yet?"

"So far, so good," replied the middle-aged man at the wheel.

Caspian was especially meticulous in this aspect. He avoided sending Lonnie directly to the clinic, choosing to continue circling the roundabout.

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"That should be enough, Caspian," the driver said.

Caspian remained unsure as he checked the rear to his left and right.

"No. Tell you what. Swap your clothes, the both of you," he said as he nudged Lonnie and regarded the man in the front.

"Thank you, Caspian," said Lonnie, deeply moved.

"No need for that. You can thank me by staying alive."

"What's the situation?" Larry asked, concerned.

"We're safe and on the way back," came Caspian's quick reply.

Larry let out a sigh of relief before he looked out of the window, but little did he know that some visitors had amassed all around the clinic in the village.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The pounding on the door grew more threatening. Lonnie looked at the doctor. The fear that gnawed at him from the inside was surfacing, and it showed on his face.

"This is no courtesy call," he whispered.

"Hide yourself, and quickly!" The doctor then led the man to a concealed basement.

"Don't come out without my say-so!" With that, she shut the door after him.

The village had been the setting for many skirmishes in the past, so the fact that the clinic had a basement was nothing out of the ordinary.

Back in the day, this basement had saved countless lives in the entire village. Since the descendants rebuilt the village after the war, very few were aware of its existence.

"You... Who are you looking for?" the doctor asked.

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“Out of my way!” One man shoved the doctor aside and went straight inside.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing. This is a private property and you’re trespassing!” the doctor shouted in protest.

Bang!

Thud!

The house was turned inside-out; medication, drips, and test tubes were left strewn across the floor.

“No one’s inside, Boss.”

“I’ve got nothing here either!”

A few men ran back and reported to their boss.

Damn it! He got away!

The leader of the pack grabbed the doctor and pinned her down on the rickety couch to the side.

“Where is he?” he demanded.

“W-Who a-are you talking about?” she stuttered because her body was trembling so badly.

“We... are talking... about the man with green hair.” The head of the thugs mimicked her in mockery.

What a positively rude man!

A cold glint flashed across the doctor’s eyes.

“I’m the only one in the clinic,” she replied resolutely as she faced away.

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