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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1658

Given Caspian's strength, it would be no problem for him to bear Larry's weight. However, he was already getting a headache the minute he entered the rowdy bar with blasting music. Coupled with how much Larry was squirming, Caspian almost fell to the ground while helping him up.

Meanwhile, Nancy had noticed how much trouble Caspian was having, so she stepped forward and hooked one of Larry's arms around her neck. Needless to say, it was a lot easier for Caspian with help from someone with a Taekwondo black belt. As he naturally took the other arm, they managed to drag the drunk man out.

It did not take long for them to help Larry into the car. But since Nancy drove here with a navigator, she had already forgotten the way back. Therefore, Caspian took the driver seat instead.

"Why did Larry drink so much? How did even you find out that he was here?" Nancy questioned the moment they were seated in the car.

"Who knew that Joan turned out to be someone like that? I can't believe that we tried to keep her secret and even hid it from Larry. If only we revealed it to him sooner, he would not have assumed that we all lied to him and betrayed him. He probably wouldn't have downed this much alcohol either," she continued to grumble.

At that time, it was already past midnight, and there were lesser cars on the road. As though taking the opportunity to vent his anger, Caspian began to speed. He slammed the steering wheel with his left hand and growled, "This can't do. I must take revenge for Boss."

"Please slow down..." Nancy anxiously yelled as she felt the car accelerating. Then, she noticed the hand beside her twitching, so she snapped her head in its direction. Larry was mumbling something repeatedly while changing his sitting posture restlessly.

"Don't do anything funny behind our backs, and don't you dare lay a finger on Joan. I still have faith in her," Nancy turned back to Caspian and defended Joan.

By then, Caspian had slowed down, but he was unconvinced. He reasoned, "Didn't you see those photos? It may simply be a coincidence if we only had one photo. The second may be

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accidental too. Unfortunately, there are more than twenty pictures of her. Do you still think that she did nothing wrong?"

Firmly standing her ground, Nancy insisted, "Aren't you curious about where these photos came from? Who and why do you think took them?"

"Seeing is believing, and we have already seen it twice. Don't you think that's enough evidence? I will be sure to investigate the source of those photos," the man at the wheel replied after taking a moment to ponder over it.

Nancy kept quiet. Even though she believed Joan, she could not refute that 'seeing is believing'. Glancing at the intoxicated man beside her and the driver who was releasing his anger behind the wheel, she decided that silence was the best choice in that situation.

As they drove, the scenery outside the window flew by in a blur. The ground reflected the dull moonlight, and it looked like the Earth was covered in a translucent veil that dyed the night sky into a mysterious color.

Miles away, Joan was holding onto her fork as she stared at the dishes prepared by Dustin. For some reason, she felt uneasy. She repeatedly poked her cheek with the back of her fork, and for a long time, she did not touch any of the food.

"Are you not hungry?" Dustin propped his hands on the table and asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

Immediately, Joan scooped a bunch of vegetables and shoved it into her mouth. She forced a smile and mumbled with her mouth filled with food, "It's delicious!"

The dishes were tasty, but she could not comprehend why she was feeling this troubled. There was a dull throbbing in her heart, and she felt an inexplicably bad premonition.

Although this was the first meal Dustin had ever cooked for Joan, she did not enjoy it as much as she expected. Like they were strangers at a college canteen eating together, they barely exchanged words across the dinner table. Clearly, it was an awkward situation, but they seemed unbothered as they mulled over the worries of their own.

On the other hand, Nancy was assisting Caspian to bring Larry into the house. After they moved him to the guest room, she hurriedly went to fill up a pail of warm water for Caspian

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to help Larry wash up. Following that, she picked out a shirt Caspian rarely wore and passed it to him.

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