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## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1661

Nancy gave it some thought. Indeed, she had thought about all the things he had said. When she saw him helping Larry out, the words she repeated a thousand times to support Joan suddenly meant nothing, and her confidence had morphed into resentment and incomprehension towards the latter. From a darker perspective, one could not deny the existence of those photos regardless of the mastermind's motive behind these photos. If Joan did not visit Dustin, how did such photos appear? If she was clean and had self-respect, why would she meet with him so many times even though she was already a married woman with a family?

Besides, based on Larry's abnormal behavior over the past few days, she clearly had not visited him in a long while. No matter how much Nancy thought about it, she would never indecisively linger between two men if she already decided that she had lost feelings for one of them. By doing otherwise, she would only end up hurting everyone's feelings. Currently, Caspian has lost all trust in Joan, so do I still trust her?" Should she believe in the conclusive evidence gathered, or should she count on her friendship with Joan?

"A lot of the soup has been spilt, and it has turned cold. Could you prepare another bowl?" Caspian requested before he twisted the doorknob to exit the study. Nancy followed behind him.

As soon as they stepped out, they noticed that the house was eerily silent. Feeling uneasy, Caspian exchanged anxious looks with Nancy. He was about to rush over and tear down the bedroom door, but Nancy stopped him.

As such, Caspian tried to calm himself down and gently pushed the bedroom door open instead. From the crack, he could not see Larry's figure. Bang! As expected, the man was nowhere in sight when they pushed open the door.

He stood rooted to the ground in a daze. Meanwhile, Nancy pushed past him and spotted a letter that Larry left behind on the table.

With her gaze, she beckoned Caspian over. Then, she held the letter out with both hands and read the contents in a small voice.

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"I'm sorry that I left. Don't bother looking for me. Thank you for everything, and goodbye."

Stunned, Nancy's first instinct was to run out to stop him. When she turned to chase after Larry, Caspian caught hold of her wrist. He grabbed it so tightly that it hurt her.

Using the gentlest and most helpless tone, he pleaded, "Nancy, don't go after him. He doesn't want to see us, nor does he want us to find him."

"What else should we do? Are we going to let him wander around the streets alone, without a friend and without the thought of visiting his kin?" Nancy choked.

Tears were forming in Caspian's eyes, but he held them back in front of Nancy. Pretending to be calm, he assured her, "Let's give him some space outside to think through everything that had happened. When he thinks of us and wishes to return, we can look for him then."

In fact, Larry did not completely blackout when he was drunk and still had some vague memories of that night. For instance, he remembered floundering while Caspian and Nancy tried to help him out of the bar. As a result, they had to change how they supported him several times, earning many glares from passersby. He felt guilty for everything, and although he was not fully conscious at that time, the fragmented memory still weighed heavily in his mind when he woke up. Feeling apologetic, he apologized in the letter he wrote for them.

As for the 'thank you' he wrote, it was out of gratitude for the trouble they took to travel to the bar and back to this house for him. At least now he knew he still had friends who cared for him dearly by his side, though he might have lost his beloved.

Knock! The rapping on the door snapped Nancy out of her thoughts. Retracting her hand from Caspian's grip, she quickly headed to the door.

Who knows, Larry might have changed his mind. Maybe he no longer feels conflicted and has overcome his struggles. Maybe he wants to come back to talk to someone about it?

With that thought, Nancy's expression softened. But as soon as she opened the door and saw who it was, she froze.

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