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Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1721

Larry hugged Joan tightly. He rested his chin on her head and scoffed, "You better keep your promise."

Her encouragement meant the entire world to him. She was not simply a supporter, but also the source of his strength.

The chairman of Alpire Group set up his meeting with Larry at a famous bar instead of his office or the conference room. Larry was confused because a seedy bar was certainly of peculiar place to talk business. Most of his meetings with top businessmen took place either in restaurants, cafes or at the gyms.

Despite that, he decided to go and meet him out of curiosity.

After he reached, Larry struggled to find a parking spot since the bar didn't provide a reserved parking area. However, he found one at an intersection. He checked the address on his phone—Riverdale Route 36.

At the chairman's request, Larry went there alone without any company.

The moment he walked into the bar, he noticed something about the decoration that looked familiar yet strange to him. He recalled the day when he visited a foreign bar and got blackout drunk because he was wrecked by the devastation.

This must be the place.

He went deeper into the interior and was not impressed with it. The bar had triggered the opening of his memory box, that let his painful memories resurfaced, mirroring the myth of the box of Pandora.

The flickering light made him dizzy, and he felt foggy in the brain because of the smoke-filled room reeked of alcohol.

Who the hell would pick this kind of place to talk business? He doubted they would have a formal conversation in such kind of place.

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The confusing pictures, the unidentified IP addresses, the inexplicable acquisition plan, and the illumination in that bar certainly shrouded that man with an initial S in mystery.

Again, Larry checked his phone to see the invitation. Somehow, the mysterious man felt so far, yet so close to him.

His eyes cast about the crowded bar, searching for a middle-aged man between forties and fifties. Right then, his phone vibrated. He pressed the notification. It was a message from that unknown person: I see you. I'm on your right.

Larry turned his head to the right instinctively and saw a man waving his phone from a distance as if he had been waiting for his arrival.

Several people walked past them, so he only caught a glimpse of his face. Amid the flashing lights, he could only assume that the man didn't have the stereotypical image of an entrepreneur over forties. Rather, the latter looked much younger and was perhaps about the same age as he.

As he drew closer, he could see his face clearly. At that moment, everything seemed to be at a standstill. The energy fielded around them was different. One was hot under the collar, the other as calm as a toad in the sun.

Larry clenched his fists unwittingly, and his brow furrowed tightly. The vein on forehead bulge as if he was on the brink of violence.

The man in front of him immediately noticed his expression, but he wasn't threatened or surprised. Instead, he swirled the beer in his glass while he maintained composure on his face. Then, he put down the glass on the table and dropped his hands. He welcomed Larry like an old friend. His smile and deep gaze were indecipherable.

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