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# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1897

Chapter 1897 Witness

Upon hearing that, Joan jolted into action, dashing to Caspian's car right away.

"Hurry up, Caspian. Why are you still standing there? My son is hurt! We have to hurry!" Joan shrieked.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

Joan checked her phone before picking the call up.

"Are you home yet? Is everything alright?" asked Larry in a worried tone.

It was obvious that he didn't know what had happened in the restaurant.

"Yeah, it's all good. We just finished our meal, so we are heading home now..."

"How is my son?" asked Joan nervously while staring at the kid in front of her.

Lucius, whose eyes were closed, was lying on the bed with dried blood at the corner of his lips.

When he saw the injured kid, Caspian's eyes burned with fury.

"Joan, what happened?" asked Caspian with his fists clenched, guilt washing over his heart.

Larry had instructed him to take care of all three of them. Yet, the kid is injured. How the f\*ck am I going to explain myself to Larry?

"Your son needs to be transferred to a better hospital. It'd be best if he could do a full body checkup. Mr. Norton sent his men over some time ago, and they gave us some equipment, but our facilities are still limited," replied the doctor calmly.

Joan's heart ached when she saw the terrible shape the boy was in.

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This is all my fault! Joan knocked herself on the head as hard as she could.

“Calm down, Joan. Let’s take the kid to the hospital,” said Caspian while patting the woman’s shoulder to comfort her.

After Joan nodded in agreement, Caspian picked the kid up and ran to his car.

“Don’t tell Larry about this just yet, Caspian. I know that he is busy with something important lately,” instructed Joan.

“Understood,” replied Caspian while keeping his eyes on the road.

At that moment, dim lighting and soft music filled a café. It was already late into the night, so there weren’t many customers there. Larry sat in a rather noticeable spot inside the café as he waited for the other party’s arrival.

It took some time before a man in a black cap finally showed up in front of Larry.

“Hello, are you Mr. Norton?” asked the man.

Larry stood up slowly to examine the man in front of him.

The man had a scar on his face, which made him stand out among the crowd.

“Yes, I am. Have a seat,” replied Larry calmly.

“Did you bring the money?” asked the man right away.

Looks like he is in dire need of cash. Larry sipped some coffee and stared out the window.

“No.”

The man lost his temper instantly, and he sprang to feet while growling, “You tricked me!”

Larry merely sneered.

I had to rush over from the restaurant in the village, so how could I have the cash with me?

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“Calm down. I wasn’t in the city when I got the call and had to rush over from somewhere else. That’s why I don’t have the money with me,” explained Larry.

“Then why the f\*ck did you come and meet with me?” the man bellowed as he suppressed the swirling emotions within him, trying not to attract any attention to himself.

With a grin, Larry signaled the man to have a seat so that they could have a proper chat.

“I am a businessman, so naturally, my guard is always up. How can I be certain that you’re the culprit who caused the incident all those years ago?”

“I am,” replied the man eagerly.

Then, he quickly added, “No, I don’t mean that I am the culprit. I’m saying that I am the witness who saw the entire incident and caught a glimpse of the real culprit.”

The man never actually admitted to being the culprit, but Larry didn’t think that the man was just a bystander who happened to be in the right place at the right time either. Hence, Larry asked that question to test the guy.

Looks like I found the criminal.

At that thought, Larry scoffed.

“How about this? Tell me what you saw in detail, and if your description is accurate, I will believe you,” said Larry to mislead the guy.

The guy proceeded to recount everything about the incident all those years ago. He was focused and engaged. Only someone who experienced this firsthand will react this intensely when recalling the incident. Not even a witness could describe everything in such detail.

“So? How is it? Was I right?” challenged the man proudly as he looked at Larry.

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