# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2462 - 2464

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2462

Although biological brothers had their difference as well, it was only natural for them to help each other out during critical times. Thus, Larry truly couldn't figure out why Malcolm and his brother ended up as enemies.

"Because our father chose me as his heir back then," Malcolm answered helplessly.

At the mention of the past, it was actually no different from the typical plot of a family conflict.

True to form, the elder son was diligent and worked hard, so all employees in the company naturally looked up to him. Conversely, the younger son spent all his time cavorting and creating trouble outside, so the father pinned all his hopes on the elder son. That was all to it. Malcolm was the elder son, while Matthew was the younger son.

In truth, it was par for course in a prominent family that whoever was more capable and outstanding would hold the reins of the family. However, Matthew was inclined toward trickery and malice, so he focused all his energy and attention on dealing with Malcolm. What a shame!

"I didn't know that there was such a problem within your family. In that case, your life must have been tiring in the past few years," Larry remarked.

The two of them had already regarded each other as good friends, so they naturally forwent all the formalities of the past.

"It was indeed rather tiring. On my father's deathbed, he exhorted me to teach and discipline my brother, but I really can't manage it. I truly can't think of any method to steer him back to the right path. Moreover, he has always been averse to me..."

Malcolm appeared helpless as he spoke, and that surprised Larry.

I never thought that eminent figures who seem to outshine everyone else would actually have such a bitter history behind them. Sighing, Larry shook his head.

"What about you? I heard that things weren't going well between you and your wife some time ago," Malcolm blurted out of the blue.

Speaking of Joan, Larry was plagued with yearning and guilt.

He had been busy with work and career recently, so he hadn't much time to care about her. Besides, he was also afraid of hearing her say that she missed him...

"Yeah, but it's all in the past now. It was merely a trivial matter," Larry admitted candidly.

"Although I've never met your wife, Larry, you must remember that the woman who has been with you from the very beginning is the woman who loves you," Malcolm asserted emphatically while patting him hard on the shoulder, his voice tinged with a hint of regret.

Hmm... Perhaps he has experienced something of that sort! Nonetheless, Larry didn't comment on that, for he knew that Joan was it for him in this lifetime.

Bang! All of a sudden, the door was forcefully kicked open.

"Ah, I've been looking for you for a long time, my dearest brother. Unexpectedly, you've been hiding out here."

In the next moment, a familiar, frigid voice drifted over.

"What are you doing?" Larry sprang to his feet and moved in front of Malcolm at once.

Bam! Larry was suddenly shoved aside viciously by Malcolm.

"How many times have I told you that I've got no money, you scoundrel? Get lost!" Malcolm lambasted as he pointed at Larry a near distance away.

All at once, Larry was dumbfounded. He couldn't figure out what exactly happened that Malcolm had now changed his tune so drastically in the blink of an eye.

"This young man is here to discuss business with me. He doesn't know anything about the conflict between us, so let him go," Malcolm urged right on the heels of his admonishment.

Upon hearing that, Larry instantly understood that he was trying to save him.

Just when he was about to argue and stand with Malcolm, a thought abruptly flashed across his mind.

It's better if I remain free so that I can help him!

"Well? Do you want to stay or leave?" Matthew demanded loudly as he swaggered over to Larry and kicked him several times.

Argh! How dare he kick me! Does he know who I am?

"I'm leaving. The conflict between the two of you has nothing to do with me," Larry mumbled weakly as he clutched his chest.

"Really? So, did you see everything that happened today?" As Matthew asked that, he snagged the whip at the side and swung it hard at the man on the ground.

"I didn't see anything!" Larry answered in a near shout.

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Meanwhile, guilt swamped Malcolm as he watched the man in front of him being beaten to a pulp.

I'm sorry, Larry! His hands clenched tight, and a trace of anguish crept into his eyes.

"Good! Scram!" As Matthew said that, he again gave him a lethal kick.

Subsequently, Larry slowly staggered up while trying to compose himself. He cast a glance at Malcolm at the side, but he then walked out without saying anything.

Perchance because he had sustained too many injuries, he collapsed by the roadside shortly after. When he woke up, he was lying on a hospital bed in the hospital.

"You're awake? Are you thirsty? Would you like to have some water?" a young lady anxiously asked beside him.

"Who are you? And why am I here?" Larry mumbled.

His questions startled the woman beside him.

"Uh... Well, you passed out by the roadside earlier," the woman explained.

Hearing that, the man on the hospital bed massaged his temples in an attempt to clear his mind.

Hmm... That's right. I'm in the hospital now. In the next second, he recalled everything that had happened just now. Oh God, I've got to lodge a police report and save Mr. Lancaster!

Without an ounce of hesitation, he got out of bed. Slipping on his shoes, he then made to sprint out of the hospital room.

"Where are you going?" the woman screeched as she grabbed his arm tightly, her face a mask of worry.

"I've got an important matter to handle." As Larry spoke, he pulled away from her.

"Don't panic first. You can tell me if you've got a problem. I'll help you, so don't worry. As long as you tell me what it is, I'll definitely do my best to resolve it for you. Therefore, you only need to lie back on the bed and rest," the woman declared firmly. Then, she forcefully pushed him onto the bed.

At that very moment, Larry was completely drained of energy, his only thought to save Malcolm.

"First and foremost, I'm very thankful for your help, miss. But I really have an urgent matter to attend to, so please excuse me."

"Stay right there!" the woman snapped as she pressed him down hard.

Surprisingly, the moment she laid eyes on Larry, she fell in love with him. Perhaps it was the so-called love at first sight?

In the past, she had never considered love or marriage, but when she met this man, she knew that she had fallen deeply to the point of no return. Larry didn't do anything at all, yet she simply fell in love with him.

"I'll repeat this another time— tell me the urgent matter you're speaking of, and I'll resolve it for you," the woman murmured as she placed her index finger at his lips.

"Miss, we're strangers, so I hope you can have some self-respect. Besides, my affairs are none of your business," Larry stated coldly.

In the course of his entire life, the one thing he abhorred most was people getting overly familiar with him.

"Hmm? You're miffed? I just wanted to help you out," the woman muttered. Turning around, she then sat on the sofa with a regal demeanor.

"I don't need it," Larry countered bluntly.

Few people were aware of Malcolm being sabotaged, and they were secretly investigating the truth of the matter, so he couldn't simply tell someone else about it.

"So, your name is Larry Norton, huh?" the woman inquired out of the blue.

How did she know that? Larry eyed the woman in front of him suspiciously, his gaze threaded with a hint of curiosity.

"Here!" The woman tossed Larry's identification card, which she held in her hand, to him.

"You probably came here for business, yes?" she then asked, fiddling with her fingers.

After all, people dressed like him are generally illustrious characters such as company presidents. Her lips curved into an approving smile at that thought. In that sense, he makes a good match for me.

"You're asking too many questions," Larry growled before turning away with awkwardness written on his face.

"And the matter is extremely troublesome, yes? Larry, you're not a local, so you'll naturally need help to deal with a matter here. Am I not right?" the woman pressed.

She was indeed right, and her words were also aimed specifically at him, yet Larry still didn't feel like working with her.

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"I can handle it by myself," Larry insisted.

"Then, tell me how you're going to resolve the problem. You can barely save yourself now, okay? Don't tell me you're planning to lodge a police report? Considering your intellect, I think you can tell that the police are merely for show without any practical use."

That remark of hers snagged Larry's attention.

She's right in that the police are usually not of much use, but I'm unfamiliar with this place, so what else can I do besides lodging a police report?

"Isn't it good if I resolve it for you?" the woman questioned.

"Why do you want to help me?" Larry demanded bluntly. I'm not going to simply accept help from any Tom, Dick, and Harry without delving further into the possible motives!

"Because I like you."

That single utterance had the eyes of the man in front of her widening even as disdain manifested on his face.

What the hell is happening here? Even in a different country, an unknown woman has fallen in love with me? This must be a dream, yes? Larry immediately thumped his head and pinched his thigh with all his might.

"Ow..." Alas, pain assailed him. Oh God, this is no dream! Rather, it's reality!

"Go and help someone else. I don't need your help," he promptly blurted as he waved a dismissive hand at her.

I'm married, okay? Strictly speaking, while Joan and I haven't remarried yet, it's only a matter of time. Besides, I'll never betray her!

Slowly sashaying toward him, the woman then leaned in close to his ear. "Why, don't you like me?" she asked in a whisper.

Hah! Not only do I not like you, but I'm actually repulsed by you, okay? Larry merely threw her a look without answering her, which in turn conveyed his tacit acquiescence.

"It's okay. Feelings develop over time, anyway. It's enough that I like you," the woman proclaimed confidently.

Jeez, who exactly is she that she has so much confidence to make such a brazen declaration?

"Alright, you go ahead and rest. I'll go and get some medicine for you. Oh yes, don't attempt to escape from this room since there are several bodyguards stationed at the door." As the woman said that, she strode away, her platform heels clicking against the floor.

Ugh! This woman is simply crazy! She couldn't have failed to discern my stance, could she? Larry frowned slightly as he stared at the retreating back.

After some time had passed, he glanced at his watch. She has probably gone far enough, yes? He then quietly crept out of bed and slipped on his shoes before slowly inching to the door. But the moment he opened the door, he was again taken aback.

"Is there something you need, Mr. Norton?" one of the bodyguards inquired in a low voice while bowing to him.

Larry could tell that he was trained at a single glance, so he merely shook his head with a bitter smile and closed the door.

Damn it all to hell! It looks like I've been confined this time! Subsequently, he raced over to the window, only to see that he was on an upper floor. Argh! If I were to jump out, I'd definitely end up splattered on the sidewalk!

"Why, are you contemplating jumping out?" the woman questioned disdainfully as she walked in.

She had anticipated that he wouldn't simply listen to her, so she had taken all precautions from the very beginning itself.

"What exactly is the meaning of this?" Larry snarled, his expression vicious.

"Nothing much. I just want you to rest. That's all," the woman replied.

"I don't know you, so please let me out of here. Otherwise, I'm going to sue you for kidnapping!" Larry snapped.

All at once, the woman before him burst into laughter. Haha, I don't fear anyone or anything in this world!

"You can try it, and we shall see whether the police will believe me or you."

Suddenly, she found him really amusing. No one had ever dared to speak to me in such a manner. Well, he's the first.

Meanwhile, Larry was indeed too weak at that time, so he couldn't quite handle her aggressive attitude.

Ah well, I'll just rest for a while. Lying down on the hospital bed, he slowly closed his eyes.

What's with him now? Is he tired? Or is he sad? Mystified, the woman stared intently at the man who was lying on the hospital bed.

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