

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 761

An endless meadow, dotted with sprigs of brightly colored wildflowers, stretched out before her feet. It was enough to lift Vivian's spirits instantly.

But the gorgeous landscape went unappreciated and unremarked by Vivian, who only had eyes out for her lost child.

"Come on. Let's walk around and see if we can find anything," Finnick pressed. He thought he could say with some confidence that he'd figured out what they were here for.

The person dearest to Vivian's heart had been kidnapped. It must be why she'd come all this way to save him.

Having judged Finnick's proposition to be reasonable, Vivian decided to follow him forward. After all, this was indeed too much of an open area for the shady exchange that was about to take place.

Besides, with the car right next to them, Vivian and Finnick might easily have gotten away with both the child and the money.

Her mind thus lost in thought, Vivian failed to register the extraordinary warmth that flowed from Finnick's hand to hers.

Suddenly, Vivian patted her pocket and realized that her phone was still with her.

She turned to Finnick and declared, "You may go now."

Finnick gazed at his vacant hand and smiled ruefully, looking at Vivian.

"Don't follow after me," Vivian warned. She was well aware of Finnick's obstinate character.

When she noticed him following behind her, Vivian snapped, "What on earth are you trying to do?"

She was in no mood to engage in a discussion of any sort with him. There was absolutely no way Vivian could allow Finnick to discover Larry's existence.

"I'm coming with you no matter what," Finnick said stubbornly. He met Vivian's gaze steadily.

Vivian knew that it would be impossible to shake Finnick off now. What was of paramount importance, then, was Larry's safety.

She decided not to waste her breath squabbling with Finnick.

After they had traversed a short distance, Vivian's phone rang. It was the kidnapper.

"Hello, where are you? I've brought the money with me," Vivian immediately announced, demanding the kidnapper's precise location.

"There's a little hut up ahead. Bring the money in with you," the voice on the other end instructed.

"OK," Vivian answered. She could not risk defiance now, with Larry's safety still hanging precariously in the balance.

Vivian approached the entrance of the hut with Finnick following close behind. He stuck fast to her, and there was nothing she could say that would effectively deter him.

At least there was now one more person on her side.

After they had entered, the door slammed violently shut and locked itself.

Vivian ran back and yanked at it with all her might. Despite her valiant efforts, however, the door remained firmly shut.

The kidnapper had indeed been meticulous in his design. He'd even chose such a sturdy door!

Finnick stepped forward to examine the door. Upon confirming that it could not be reopened, Finnick pulled a chair over and sat Vivian down on it.

"Are you going to keep on hiding the truth from me? Who's been kidnapped?" Finnick demanded. If I'm going to be trapped here with you, I have the right to an explanation, at least!

After vigorously racking his brains, Finnick had still been unable to figure out who among the Morrison family was significant enough to warrant a kidnapping.

“That’s not for you to know,” Vivian said with a toss of her head.

At that moment, the phone rang yet again.

“Toss the money and your phone aside. You’ll stay in this room until morning.” Over the phone came the next set of cryptic orders.

Why can’t he just tell us everything all at once? Why the piecemeal instructions? Vivian puzzled.

“Where have you brought him to?” Vivian yelled in retaliation.

Despite being at her wits’ end, Vivian still remained adamant about not revealing Larry’s identity to Finnick.

Before she could finish her sentence, however, the line on the other end went dead.

The only audience to Vivian’s fury was the beeping dial tone.

Helpless, Vivian flung the phone away from her, as well as the money she had brought. She collapsed onto the chair and sat mutely in the room.

Vivian could only hope that morning would come quickly and bring Larry along with it. She would then take him somewhere far, far away, where nobody recognized or knew either of them.

As Vivian and Finnick waited with bated breath for the first sliver of daylight to appear, Benedict was furiously analyzing the movement of vehicles within the area.

Noah sat beside him, slogging away with equal measure. Neither of their efforts yielded any result. The only lead they had was of a rented car that had passed by. However, the car plate was too blurry for it to be anything more than a dead end.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 762

Although Benedict despised Finnick and Noah with everything in him, now was not the time for personal grudges. There was something else much more important at hand.

“Go to the police station immediately to find out who this car plate number is registered under. I want to know the owner’s name, address, contact information, and everything else that you can find,” Benedict instructed.

Noah didn’t waste any time in following Benedict’s orders, he took off down the stairs and zoomed off towards the police station in his car.

Benedict wanted to call Vivian to check up on how she was doing, but she didn’t answer the phone.

All he heard was a robotic female voice telling him, “The person you are trying to call is unavailable...”

Frustrated, Benedict threw his phone aside, turning his attention to the video clip for what seemed to be the millionth time. Did we miss anything?

But Coast Haven was a desolate place, with few people going in or out. He was certain that they hadn’t overlooked anything.

The kidnapping case had caused the entire city to go into a frenzy looking for the missing child because the housemaid had gone to file a police report.

Of course, it wasn’t because the citizens were just kind, good Samaritans. They just wanted the reward money for finding Larry.

Larry’s adorable looks had also caused a crowd of more shallow younger women and girls to spring into action, doing their best to play detective. When the media somehow got wind that the child was one of the Morrisons, reporters swarmed the lobby of the Morrison Group building in an attempt to ambush Benedict and try to interview him.

But the man never showed up, and they could only wait aimlessly downstairs while Benedict stayed upstairs, waiting for updates from Noah.

Thankfully, Noah quickly found out who the car belonged to.

With this new information, he and Benedict made plans to meet up at the address of the car owner.

As soon as Benedict stepped out of the elevator and into the lobby, the reporters flocked towards him.

“Mr. Morrison, who is the little boy?”

“Mr. Morrison, did you secretly get married?”

“Mr. Morrison, who’s the lucky woman?”

“Excuse me! Make way!” The security guards did their best to escort Benedict onto his vehicle, guarding him against the reporters’ microphones and flashing cameras.

The mass media personnel directed fiery glares at the guards, irritated at how their huge scoop was getting snatched away right in front of their eyes.

Benedict and Noah arrived at the car owner’s address at nearly the same time. The residential area the address was located at was entirely made up of narrow, winding roads, forcing them to get out of their cars and walk the rest of the way.

The rancid odor of moldy trash invaded their senses as they walked, but they could only cover their noses and push forward.

Outsiders rarely came and went in this small residential area.

“The pig next door just gave birth.”

“The neighboring old lady is hitting her son’s wife again.”

“The lady living in the west cried in the middle of the night again.”

These small, mundane issues were the only things the residents had to talk about over dinner.

That one driver was the only person in the entire area who regularly left the area for work, and many people envied him because of this.

He also earned some side income through renting out his property, which allowed his family to live a comparably comfortable life here.

Everyone else merely had a small piece of land to their name and had to provide for themselves.

The residents of the area stared warily at the two outsiders.

The man walking in front was tall and handsome, emanating an aura of regality. The guy following behind him wasn't as eye-catching, but clearly also wealthy.

Benedict glanced around at everyone, feeling very uneasy with their curious stares burning into him.

Approaching a middle-aged man in the street, he inquired, "Excuse me. Does Mr. Jeffrey Watson live here?" The residential area was small but messy and unorganized making it harder to look for a single person than they'd initially expected.

Or worse, Jeffrey might go into hiding if he heard that there were people looking for him.

"Oh, Jeffrey? Yeah, he lives up there," the man replied, pointing towards a house that looked much more modern and extravagant than the rest of the houses in the area.

"Thank you," expressed Benedict, making a bee-line for the house.

He knocked on the door thrice before a frail-looking young man answered the door.

"Who are you?" Jeffrey had worked in the city for many years. One look at the two strangers' outfits was all he needed to know that they were rich people.