

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 763

"Hello. Are you Jeffrey Watson?" Benedict instantly asked, cutting to the chase.

If it was him, then Benedict would continue the conversation. If it wasn't, then he would leave and start his search all over again. He didn't have any time to waste.

"Yes, I am." Jeffrey stared up at the men in confusion.

From Jeffrey's point of view, he hadn't done anything wrong. So why had they shown up at his doorstep?

"This is an emergency, so let's get to the point." Benedict quickly explained what he came here for as soon as he knew that he had found the correct person.

"Did you take a passenger to Coast Haven today?" Noah frantically asked as soon they had been let inside.

"Yeah, I did take one passenger there," Jeffrey replied without thinking too much about it.

"I remember him because Coast Haven is desolate and nearly abandoned. Very few people want to go there."

"What did he look like? Do you know how old he was?" Noah pressed on, not even letting Benedict get a word in.

"It... It was a little kid. And quite a handsome young boy at that." Jeffrey tried his best to recall that day.

Come to think of it, the incident had been strange. Only a handful of passengers had asked to be driven to Coast Haven in the past few years, so why did a little boy, of all people, ask to go there?

He had only agreed to take the little boy there because the boy had paid him a large sum of money.

A lightbulb lit up inside Jeffrey's head.

Why do these men come looking for me? Are they here to seek revenge because something bad happened to the boy?

"Kid? Mr. Morrison... what kid?" Noah turned to Benedict, perplexed.

"You saw a little boy? Did the boy get on the car by himself?" Benedict knew that the kid had to be Larry, but he couldn't understand why Larry had wanted to go to Coast Haven.

"Yes," Jeffrey answered seriously, afraid that one wrong answer would ruin his life and career.

"I see. That's all the questions we have. Thank you." Benedict gave Noah a look, who pulled out a check and handed it to Jeffrey before they left the house.

"Mr. Morrison, who do you think the kid is? Do you think he's in cahoots with the culprits?" Noah was only aware that someone had been kidnapped, but he didn't know that a child was also involved.

But Benedict brushed the question aside, not wanting Noah to know the details about the situation. "That's not important."

With Noah's personality, he was unlikely to pry too much into Benedict's secrets.

Noah was taken aback upon hearing Benedict's answer, staying quiet.

Did I just waste my entire afternoon to find out about something that was of no importance?

Benedict's method hadn't worked out, so they had to turn to other means to discover the truth.

As Benedict and Noah continued their search, Vivian was restlessly tapping her foot on the floor of the house.

Night was starting to descend, but she was still sitting on the same chair that she'd been staying in since morning. The outdoors was never warm. If anything, it was painfully chilly.

"Ah choo!" Vivian couldn't prevent the sneeze that escaped her, sparking Finnick to start worrying about her.

They couldn't afford to have Vivian fall ill right now of all times.

Ignoring what she might think of him, Finnick bent down and picked her shivering body up in his arms, placing her across his lap.

"Don't move if you're cold," warned Finnick, sensing that she was about to try and escape his arms. "Unless you want to become sick before we can rescue Larry."

His last sentence made Vivian freeze and instantly relax in his lap.

That's right. Right now, there was nothing more important than rescuing Larry.

Finnick watched as she slowly let her eyelids flutter closed, peacefully resting in his arms. He couldn't help but recall how they'd been in this exact position five years ago.

Time flies. How long has it been since we'd last been so physically close to one another?

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The four walls of the house were starting to prove defenseless against the cold wind of the night.

Finnick let go of Vivian, who had woken up from the freezing temperature, to find if there was anything around them that could keep them warm.

Since the moment they arrived here, all Vivian could think about was Larry, and all Finnick could think about was Vivian.

Neither of them had bothered to inspect the house, which turned out to be much larger and cleaner than they'd initially thought.

Finnick looked around and soon found a blanket that looked new.

He couldn't help but feel somewhat grateful towards the kidnappers for giving him a chance to have some alone time with Vivian.

I promise to have a little mercy on the culprits after we've escaped this place.

The corners of his lips quirking slightly, he picked up the blanket and draped it over Vivian's shoulders.

His hands accidentally brushed against hers during the motion, the sudden iciness of her skin gave him sent a chill over to him.

How could her hands be this cold? Finnick wasn't sure if he wanted to know the answer to that.

Is she worried about Larry or is this the temperature?

Decided to keep his questions to himself, he leaned in to hold her hands in his.

Vivian instinctively tried to pull them away, but she took one wry glance at Finnick's intense stare and gave up.

There was no use trying to fight against him.

Vivian's hands returned to their normal temperature after about fifteen minutes of Finnick warming them up by blowing on them. He tucked her hands into the blanket, telling her, "There's actually a kitchen here stocked with some food. I'll go make something for you to eat."

They'd gone on the whole day without eating and had exerted lots of energy. She had to be starving by now.

Vivian's eyes widened at the statement.

He's going to cook? Hah. Is he sure?

In no mood to entertain his joke, Vivian just nodded silently.

Finnick got up and stood in front of the simple, primitive stove.

Naturally, there weren't any electrical outlets nor any gas for the stove, meaning that he had to start a fire himself.

He didn't even have a lighter on him. This is going to be a problem.

What am I to do now?

But he couldn't just let Vivian stay hungry. So, he decided to attempt to start a fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, even though he had no idea how to properly do it.

He placed the two pieces of wood against each other and rubbed them to create friction, but didn't see even a single spark.

Sighing, he glanced over at Vivian and persisted with his determination.

I'd promised to cook for her. What kind of man would I be if I can't even start a fire?

Gritting his teeth, he continued to rub the wood pieces together.

Finally, a flame abruptly roared to life with a satisfying crackle sound.

But Finnick sensed something amiss and reached up to touch his hair.

Because he had been too focused on starting the fire, it had accidentally singed some of his hair off as it burst to life while he was leaning in close to the wood.

He sighed, giving the fire a deadpan look. He'd gone to such lengths to start it, so there was no way he would let the fire die.

Tossing the pain of his hair loss to the back of his mind, he concentrated solely on cooking a meal for Vivian, filling a pot with water and setting it aside.

The kitchen only had some tomatoes, eggs, and fresh vegetables.

Contemplating his options, he decided on making some sort of vegetable stew and an omelet. With a plan in mind, he set off to work.

As the boss of a huge corporation and the son of a wealthy family, he wasn't used to being in the kitchen and even struggled while trying to chop the vegetables.

But he eventually managed somehow, and peered over to check if the water in the pot had started boiling.

It hadn't. Glancing underneath the pot, Finnick realized that the fire had long since died out.

Sighing in resignation, he went back to start the fire back up, but his new attempt proved harder than the last.

In the end, Finnick had not only failed to start a fire after a long time, but he had also caused the house to be filled with smoke. Vivian curiously walked over to the kitchen to check on him.