

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 841

After listening to his father's reply, Larry started to parse through the huge pile of documents.

After about forty minutes, Finnick heard a knock on his door. Vivian jolted awake and noticed that Larry appeared to have read through all the documents as she spotted the boy had already dozed off on the sofa aside.

"Mr. Norton. This is all the review on the company's performance. All the documents that have been organized are here." Noah had stolen a few glances before submitting it to Finnick.

The man was befuddled by how far some people would go to have a shot at promotion and increment, as he had spotted a few even pointing fingers at Finnick for the problems faced by the company.

However, on second thought, Noah thought those people were not actually taking much risk anyway. After all, the company had fallen into disrepute, and might even go bankrupt soon. The worst-case scenario for the employees who blamed Finnick would be to get terminated. In short, it wouldn't affect them much.

Larry went over to Finnick and Vivian's side as he was trying to read the report that Noah had just submitted. Since the boy couldn't read most of the words, Finnick decided to just read it aloud so that his son could understand better.

However, Finnick and his family were bemused by some of the comments from the staff.

"I do not like it that I cannot call my boyfriend at work. I do not like it when I cannot fetch my parcel during work. I do not like it that I am forbidden from shopping online while I'm at work. I do not like it when I cannot go to the toilet for just a longer time. I do not like it that the president is too handsome, causing the female staff to gossip about him all the time. I do not like it that the president has married someone, causing me to lose focus at work."

Finnick was rendered speechless by the pointless feedback from the employees.

Besides, he was not the one who came up with all the rules—the respective heads of departments did.

Moreover, I don't think they should be whining about these sound rules.

Finnick lowered his head and continued to browse through the feedback, most of it were pointless.

Just when the man was about to give it up, the corner of his eyes caught onto a document that had more things written on it.

“Firstly, there is no unity among the employees as the bullying and badmouthing other people are a norm around here. Next, the company does not seem to care about the welfare of the staff, driving people into frustration, and eventually, we just give up on the company.”

Finnick reflected upon himself after reading the particular feedback. I have not shown much care for my employees. That is true.

However, as for the first part of the feedback, how would he as the top management know about the norm?

He continued reading and realized that the words stung, but were irrevocably true.

“Let’s start investigating the matter,” said Vivian as she looked at the page of A4 paper which was fully written. She thought the feedback would be an excellent starting point for them.

“Daddy, which department is this employee from?” Larry asked.

“The Marketing Department,” replied Finnick before he turned to look at his son.

Larry then searched the pile of documents on the sofa.

The man is from the Marketing Department as well. He looked like an honest man but did not appear like he was from a well-to-do family.

“Daddy, do you think this could be the person who was always bullied by the others?” Larry made his guess but he still had his doubts, and the boy cast a glance at his father.

The boy felt the need to seek validation from his father as the man was more experienced.

Finnick looked at the profile before him. It was of a man named Peter Zborowski.

He had never heard of the man’s name. It was not unusual considering the number of people who work for him.

“Well, then let’s go to the Marketing Department.” Finnick planned to bring Larry along.

In the meantime, Vivian stayed in his office and waited for them.

After all, Larry was the one who discovered the link anyway.

Finnick had long thought of his son as his little assistant.

Finnick was not relying on the boy because he was desperate. On the contrary, the man thought Larry really had the potential to achieve greater strides.

“Attention, please. I’d like to ask for your opinion on someone.”

Finnick headed toward the Marketing Department and requested for everyone’s attention.

Every staff was thrilled by Finnick’s presence at the Marketing Department, especially the female employees.

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Some had already started to speculate who the boy beside Finnick was. Unfortunately, he was unfamiliar to all of them. Their guess was that he must be Finnick’s son.

“What does everyone think about Peter Zborowski?” Finnick made sure to scrutinize their expressions as he did not want anything to elude him.

“About Peter...” It would seem that no one was really keen to talk about that man.

Nobody really liked him when he was around previously, so they wondered why Finnick was asking when they were finally rid of him.

That was what was bothering them, yet no one saw enough of it to speak

up.

They were reluctant to speculate what might be on the president’s mind, as even if the company was not doing too great at the moment, he was still a fearsome character.

“Do speak freely,” Finnick added, as he was well aware of their hesitancy.

“Relax. I won’t make things difficult for you.” That left everyone quite surprised.

Whatever did he mean by that? In other words, they may be in for a torrid time should they choose to remain silent.

After they weighed up their options, they variously voiced their opinions.

“Peter’s a menace to the Marketing Department.”

“I don’t like to socialize with him because his family’s poor.”

“He’s little kooky.”

Finnick listened intently as they spoke.

It occurred to Finnick that Peter was generally not viewed in a positive light by his colleagues.

With that, Finnick departed from the Marketing Department. He concluded that there was nothing suspicious about Peter.

It was all about the money. The company's financial situation was not able to meet their needs, hence they packed up and left.

Though the company may be dealing with some problems at present, salaries were still being paid out in a timely fashion. To leave now would be tantamount to forsaking a concrete source of income.

For him to be so bold as to saunter off so unreservedly and without even tendering his resignation to Human Resource Department suggested that

he might have some backing.

"Go and find out more about Peter," Finnick instructed Noah the moment he stepped into the office.

"Right away," Noah replied, and left immediately.

"How did it go?" Vivian asked to see if Finnick had discovered any new leads at the Marketing Department.

"We suspect Peter may have played a part in it. Once we figure him out, we should be able to get to the bottom of things."

Finnick could scarcely believe that the key to uncovering the truth behind the current state of affairs hinged upon such an unremarkable employee.

"Nothing else we can do now except await word from Noah. Let's go home."

Finnick glanced at the hue of the sky. It was almost six in the evening.

Vivian must have been tired for quite some time already. He took her and Larry by the hand and led them outside.

They were free to exit through the main entrance since the stockholders downstairs have dispersed.

However, the reporters were still there.

Finnick drove up without delay for Vivian and Larry to get in so that they may make a quick exit.

It was not that Finnick was afraid of the press. He was more concerned about getting Vivian some rest so he had no desire to deal with their queries.

"Actually, you should have spoken to them. I don't know what they'll write about you after you skipped out like that." Vivian knew well what her contemporaries were like.

"Don't worry about it. It's more important for us to get some rest at home."

Finnick had placed all his staff on compulsory leave. Even if meant incurring a loss, it should prevent it from escalating out of hand.

Thinking this way came to him as sort of a relief.

All he could think about was for Vivian, Larry, and himself to get a good night's sleep. When Noah came back with his report, they should be able to establish the root of the problem and work toward a resolution for this crisis.

Finnick wanted to reach home and lay his head down as soon as possible. The car accelerated as his sense of urgency grew. Even though Vivian had been accompanying him around, she understood his decisions as the pressure he had to endure was much greater than hers.

Once at home, Mrs. Filder prepped some simple fare for the trio. After they had their fill, they returned to their respective rooms.

"How was it? Do you like the outcome?"

A man and a woman were chatting inside the prison. They sounded like they were gloating.

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They were Mark and Evelyn.

"I hope that Finnick's company shuts down soon so that I can show myself," Evelyn said as she primped the hair she had done up the very same day. She was reasonably satisfied with the situation at present.

"Glad to hear that. Remember to let me know the second it's proven successful." Mark smiled as a devious glint flashed across his eyes.

"Naturally," Evelyn replied smugly. "I'll figure out a way to free you after Finnick and I get together."

Mark has proved to be a tremendous asset to her even while behind bars.

There was no way she could have been able to come up with such a brilliant scheme by herself if not for him.

Evelyn was one who knew to pay her dues.

"Please accept my thanks in advance."

Finnick was able to recover after a night's rest.

Seeing that Vivian had not stirred, he got up quietly to get dressed and washed up.

By the time he stepped out, Noah was already waiting for him on the couch downstairs.

When Finnick came down the steps, he motioned for Noah to remain seated.

Finnick then regarded the man intently, ready to hear about his findings.

"I've got something, Mr. Norton," Noah said, looking quite emotional.

There was not much about Peter's squeaky clean background to dig into,

and that conveniently made the investigation process much smoother. "Go ahead. Speak." Finnick made himself comfortable and looked to his personal assistant in keen anticipation.

"Peter met up with Evelyn a week ago."

"Where?"

"At the office."

With that, Finnick had some inkling as to how things suddenly went downhill for them.

So Evelyn was the one who instigated all this.

Finnick massaged his forehead to soothe his own vexation. He would be able to fix this himself if it was the result of an oversight on the part of the company.

However, if it was the consequences of foul play, the perpetrators must have gotten their hands on something which they had no intention of relinquishing.

That would make things significantly more challenging.

The only way forward was to make restitution toward the losses incurred

by the company, replace the team and resume operation.

This would require an enormous operating capital.

Even with Finnick's wealth, after taking out the money that would go toward servicing the debt first, he would not have enough left over to keep the company going.

Finnick reviewed the accounts before him. The numbers reflected were caused by the hemorrhaging suffered by the company. Money was still needed for repayment to his partners.

He would not have the additional funds needed to plug the hole in the sinking ship that was his company and get it sea-worthy again.

Finnick stared blankly at the books, at a loss as to where he should go from here.

"So what if we fail? There will always be a way out," Vivian said as she came down.

She had actually been listening in on their conversation for quite a while and witnessed the shifts in their mood throughout, so she more or less understood their worries.

"Vivian." Finnick reached for her hand as he led her to sit with him.

"We could take up a bank loan, Finnick. So long as you do it right, we'd be able to start over."

Vivian held his hand in sincerity, but good intentions are not enough.

Without money, how was he to qualify for a loan to kick-start anything?

In addition, with the circumstances surrounding the company at present, there would not likely be many paying customers.

Everyone was aware by now that Finnor Group was a failed company. Once a company failed, it would be extremely difficult to build it back up.

It would be an impossible undertaking in the absence of strong financial backing.

"I've some money here," Vivian said.

"Where did you get the money? From your work at the newspaper?"

Vivian had not been working recently, and her previous job was her sole source of income.

"No. I could ask my brother for it." Vivian knew Benedict would surely help them.

"I can't let you do that," Finnick stated.

"Why not?" Vivian looked at him, quite perplexed. Why was he still resistant given the company's present predicament?

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She could not understand this at all.

"It's a matter of principle. I've promised Ben that I'll take care of you, so it wouldn't be right for me to have you ask him for money."

He did not wait for her to respond. "Let's drop the idea and try to think of something else."

There was nothing else Vivian could have said to that. It was a good thing too that they were not yet at their wit's end so she need not be insistent on seeking Benedict's help.

Vivian and Noah quickly got back to helping to brainstorm for alternatives. Meanwhile, Evelyn was leisurely enjoying her afternoon tea.

"Now that Finnick's company has collapsed, the rest will be up to you," Evelyn said as she regarded Hunter enthusiastically.

"Yes. But how do you know that they won't be able to turn this around?" Hunter replied as he took another sip of tea.

"For someone like you who holds the position of president in the business world, I'm sure you should be able to tell whether that's plausible." Evelyn left it for Hunter to assess for himself.

"Hmph. Indeed."

The man did not question her assertions. The Finnor Group was doubtlessly in dire straits and it would be hard-pressed for Finnick to be able to wriggle his way out of this one.

What Hunter needed to do was to continue to pound away from all angles until Finner Group was down for the count. Then, he would go to Vivian.

Only by doing that could he become certain of making Vivian his. Just thinking about this prospect had Hunter's lips curled into an unfathomable smile. He had everything planned out inside his head, waiting to be put into motion.

Evelyn was wondering if she might run into that woman she met at this shop previously.

The one who resembled Rachel William and who she has inquired about during her last visit to the nursing home.

She asked if the woman could be Rachel's younger or older sibling.

Rachel did not give her a straight answer.

"I was very young back then so I'm not in the know about a lot of things. But there seems to be someone who looks like me, or so I've heard."

After hearing Rachel's reply, Evelyn wanted nothing more than to meet that woman again, and ask if she had a sister.

She hoped to be able to gain the strength of kinship.

It would be good to have some stable support, seeing that she was already working toward approaching Finnerick.

With that in place, it would surely put her in good stead to win Finnerick over.

Unfortunately, things did not pan out as she hoped. She stayed on at the shop long after Hunter left, but without chancing upon that assumed relative of hers.

She continued to wait on, but to no avail. The sun set on her before she resignedly returned to the nursing home.

"You're back." Rachel appeared pleased when she saw her daughter walk in.

"Do you have a twin, Mom? I really want to reunite you with family," Evelyn looked at Rachel as she tried to get her mother to divulge more.

"I'm really not sure, but I don't need any relatives. I'm happy just to have you." Rachel was heartened at Evelyn's consideration for her.

"But I'm not. Can't I do something for you?" Evelyn howled.

Rachel was taken aback by this sudden outburst. The Evelyn she remembered was not like this at all.

She chose to keep her opinions to herself, and could only look at Evelyn helplessly.

"I have no idea whether I have a twin, Evelyn. I've never met her as an adult," Rachel replied in earnest.

"I see. Don't mind me, Mom. I got a little carried away there." Without waiting for Rachel to respond, Evelyn made her way inside the house to rest.

Evelyn was restless as she lay on the bed. She badly needed a strong backer at this juncture.

She decided that she must make another trip down to that coffee shop, hopefully with better luck this time.

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As dawn broke over the horizon, a man was seen still seated by the window. It was Finnick.

Yes, he had not slept a wink all night.

He spent the entire time sorting out his work, albeit fruitlessly.

"It's been a long night. You ought to go get some rest.," Vivian said as she passed a glass of warm milk along.

"Why are you up so early?" Finnick turned to regard her affectionately. His weariness seemingly dissipated in an instant.

The sight of the people one wanted to see the most tend to have that psychological effect, no matter how rough a time one was going through.

"I got up because I couldn't sleep."

Vivian's heart ached at the sight of the puffiness and dark rings under Finnick's eyes.

Why must they be made to undergo this ordeal right after life has started

to become a little more settled for them?

Vivian had no answer for that and did not hope for an explanation either.

All she knew was that she needed to be rid of these problems so that they may have some days of solace.

Regardless, there were pressing issues that had to be addressed first.

"Go on and get some sleep. I'm going to get some groceries."

Vivian wanted to make sure Finnick was properly nourished.

Spending long nights like these would surely take its toll on his body otherwise.

"Okay, be careful out there," Finnick said gently as he held her hand.

Vivian acknowledged that under her breath as she watched Finnick settle himself into the bed. She then drove out in the car. Not to the market, but to the Morrison residence. In her esteem, the only recourse for a comeback was by recompensing the losses the company incurred. With their own money close to being depleted, she could only approach Benedict behind his husband's back. She would also like to see if her brother would be willing to aid them covertly. That might offer them some hope of saving the company. With this in mind, Vivian stepped on the gas and headed for the Morrises.

"Miss, you've returned," said the helper who met her at the door. "Yes. Is Ben around?" Vivian went straight to the point as time was of the essence.

Finnick was at home and might come to at any moment. She had to secure the money and have the meal prepared before then. "I'm sure you've heard about the company's situation," Vivian said as she approached Ben when he was coming down from the opposite direction.

"Yeah. I know." He frowned when he saw his younger sister looking a little worse for wear.

With the state the company was in, Finnick could not really be faulted for his inability to take care of her.

"Since you know, Ben, do lend us some money." Vivian looked to her brother as he was the only one who would be able to help right now. "I've no problems extending a loan, but there's not much else I could do beyond that as there are many companies eyeing a takeover of Finnor Group. We might be capable, but there are simply too many for us to fend off."

Vivian understood the difficulties cited by Benedict on the part of Morrison Group. That was why she needed only a small loan from him. "I'm so sorry that I couldn't do more to help, Vivian." He had a pained expression on his face as he regarded Vivian. There was no way he could be happy seeing the hardship his sister had to contend with. Nonetheless, he could not risk having Morrison Group fail on his watch.

"It's okay, Ben. I understand," Vivian said as she eked out a smile. "Silly girl." Benedict ruffled Vivian's hair before he went upstairs and

came back down with a check for her.

Vivian was stunned to see the numbers written on it.

“Why is there so much?” Vivian looked at her brother in disbelief.

She knew that he would help, but did not expect that he would offer this amount.

“This was what I’ve set aside all this time as a wedding gift for you.

Looks like it might come in handy now.”

Vivian felt awful as she recollected Benedict’s expression while she sat in the car.

What was meant as a wedding gift for her had to be used on the company instead.

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How could he feel good when his original plans were laid to waste, just like that?

Vivian had only intended to borrow a little but she ended up taking the entire sum tabled as Benedict could not be persuaded otherwise.

She was determined to return the money she borrowed someday.

Vivian held the check tightly in her hands. After she purchased her groceries, she hurried on home and got busy.

Anything too complicated was beyond her, but she could manage a simple leek soup well enough.

Before she was done, she felt a hand slid in from behind and wrapped itself around her waist. She giggled and leaned her head into Finnick’s chest.

“Alright, alright. It’s almost ready. Go wash up and prepare to eat.”

When she turned, she saw that he seemed to be in better spirits than earlier.

That was a huge weight off her chest.

“Okay. Thank you, Honey.” Finnick let his hand run teasingly off her before he departed.

Vivian chuckled before she turned her attention back to the pot.

The soup needed to be cooked at low heat over an extended period of time. Vivian was not sure how to control the temperature well so she dared not leave the kitchen.

She was worried the contents of the pot might burn if she did.

As it was not a demanding recipe, the soup was brought before Finnick in short order.

Finnick got a serving for himself and helped himself to it.

The result confounded Vivian’s expectations and turned out rather decent.

After hearing Finnick's praise, she too got herself a bowl and sampled it very carefully.

He was not humoring her. Though not comparable to that prepared by professional chefs, it really was quite savory.

"It's good. And filled to the brim with my wife's love."

Finnick looked Vivian in the eye as he said this before he proceeded to tuck in.

With breakfast settled promptly, Finnick went right back to work.

"Alright, you go ahead. I'll go check on him."

"Hey little pumpkin, it's time for school."

The boy was nowhere in sight when Vivian pushed open the door. That got her worried.

Where could Larry have gone this early in the day?

When Vivian walked into the washroom, there he was, brushing his teeth on his own.

"You've given Mommy a real scare, little pumpkin."

She was able to relax upon seeing him.

"What did I do to scare you, Mommy?"

Had he not been in there brushing his teeth all this time? What was she panicky about?

"It's nothing. I was worried that you might have gone missing."

Vivian was aware that she had been a little on edge lately.

She had been quite jittery ever since things started to go sideways at Finnick's company.

"Alright. Come out for breakfast after you're done." Vivian had also some soup set aside for Larry in the dining room.

"Okay." The boy took one glance at the comparatively more tired Vivian and nodded with his head bowed.

Larry could guess as much that the troubles at the company mostly came down to sabotage.

But so what if they knew this? The loophole already existed. Apart from patching it, there was nothing else that could be done.

Only money could offer them the quickest fix to this.

Larry sped up his brushing motion. Once he had himself cleaned up, he saw that Finnick was still going through documents in the living room.

"Good morning, Daddy."

Larry approached to greet his father but did not intend to wait around for

a response.

"Morning, Larry."

It was different this time. Not only did Finnick return his greeting, he did so with a tender smile.

No matter how bad things were, Finnick was making a point to not let the problems at work affect his family.

Larry smiled broadly before he sat down at the dining table to eat on his own.

The boy had always enjoyed Vivian's cooking, so he had quite the appetite this morning.

When Noah was about to send Larry off to school, Vivian summoned the former to the room.

"Hang on to this check, and use it for Finnick's expenditures should the need arises," Vivian said as she regarded him in bated breath.

"Mrs. Norton, this..." The man appeared unsure.

Even if it was a good thing that Vivian was trying to help, it put Noah in a tenuous position, sandwiched between Finnick and herself.

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"Let's try to keep this between us."

Vivian hoped that Noah would be able to see to this on her behalf.

"Understood." Noah nodded. He did not think too much of it as it was all for Finnick's benefit.

Vivian's lips lifted in delight when he agreed and promptly let him and Larry be on their way.

In the interim, Vivian went round to the study several times to check in on Finnick. He was hard at work trying to address the company's deficit.

She quietly exited when she saw no change in his expression.

It was awful for Vivian, being helpless to do anything. Even her brother, the only one who might be able to aid her, had his hands tied.

The woman could only sit herself in bed and wait for when it was time to prepare lunch for her husband.

While this was happening, Evelyn carried on waiting at the coffee shop, day after day, without meeting the person she was longing to see.

She made a call to Hunter, hoping that he would be able to look into the person's identity.

Unfortunately, she had nothing to go on apart from the woman's looks.

On top of it, a man in Hunter's position could not possibly be

expected to help, as the nature of their cooperation was impersonal.

Hunter had neither the time nor the enthusiasm to expend on an endeavor that did not serve his ends.

As upset as Evelyn was over this, there was nothing she could do to him at the present time.

She still needed his financial support, and would only be at the losing end were she to fall out of his good graces.

With the scheme now into the home stretch, Finnick's company was certain to go into administration.

Evelyn was considered expendable now that Hunter had already gotten what he wanted.

But unlike Evelyn herself, Hunter was arguably a much better team player.

Despite being aware of that, Evelyn dared not let her guard down around him.

Right now, all she could do was wait on her own.

While Evelyn's patience came to nothing, Finnick was to receive three visitors.

Thud. Thud. Thud. Finnick heard rapping upon the door, but ignored it because he knew that Mrs. Filder was around.

And when she did answer, she got a fright.

The visitors were no ordinary people, but police officers.

"Hello Ma'am, may we speak to Mr. Norton?" the officer asked as he produced his badge.

Mrs. Filder was aware that there was a situation with the Norton family's business but did not think that the police might somehow become involved.

"Yes. He's upstairs," the elderly woman stuttered before she led them up.

Finnick certainly heard the commotion and got to his feet to open the door to the study.

"Hello. We're the police." The officer regarded Finnick staidly.

"Hello, officer. What can I do for you?" Finnick's brows perked up as he asked.

Apart from the company's financial woes, he could not imagine how he could be involved in anything illegal.

"We are under orders to take you in for involvement in stock fraud. Here is our warrant." The officer placed it in front of Finnick, who became shocked after inspecting it.

The details and photograph appended were indeed his. He could not for the life of him understand when he might have broken the law.

As far as he was concerned, he was not complicit in any form of stock manipulation.

Finnick looked at the police officers, completely bamboozled.

“Could you have gotten the wrong man, officers? I’ve done no such thing,” Finnick tried to remonstrate.

He did not want the police to make a wrongful arrest. More crucially, he did not want to be turned into anyone’s scapegoat.

Vivian was awoken from her sleep in the room next door by the activity inside the house and hastened to come over to the study.

“Officer, I would like to know what my husband is being arrested for.”

The first thing she did when she stepped in was to put herself between Finnick and the police officers.

Because should Finnick be taken away, all would be lost.

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The company needs Finnick, but at the same time, we need his protection here at home too.

If Finnick gets taken away, our family and the company will lose our only pillar of strength; everything will crumble.

So they can’t arrest him!

“It’s clearly written here, Mrs. Norton. Please cooperate as we’re only doing our job.” The policeman had been well acquainted with Finnor Group because he too was an avid buyer of many Finnor products.

So he felt extremely awful for not only witnessing but also arresting the president of Finnor Group.

He responded accordingly since the president of Finnor Group’s wife, Mrs. Norton, questioned the reason for their arrest.

Vivian scanned the bolded words at the very top of the arrest warrant: **Crime Charges for Stock Fraud**. Unwilling to believe that it was real, she widened her eyes and blinked at the words.

But no matter how many times she shut and opened her eyes, the bolded criminal charge remained the same.

Vivian gazed helplessly at Finnick. Her shoulders slumped, giving away as if all hope had left her body.

Finnick didn’t say a word. Instead, he reacted to this by soothingly caressing the top of her head.

Truthfully, he had no clue what he needed to do or say to comfort Vivian.

Because he knew that nothing could alleviate the grave sorrow that she felt, so he would rather keep quiet.

This left them in a bubble of awkward silence.

Then Finnick's wrists reached out to the policeman, ready to be cuffed.

Following this, the policeman went about his business and cuffed Finnick. He looked at Vivian, indicating that Finnick had to go now before leading them out the door.

Vivian accompanied Finnick as they walked out side-by-side. It felt as if she were sending her husband off to work on a regular day.

Looking over at her dispirited, grey-faced husband, she knew that she had made a mistake. She shouldn't have followed him out or allowed herself to witness his arrest.

It was like she had committed a sinful crime herself—robbing whatever was left of the man's dignity.

What could be worse than having your own wife watch you get cuffed and taken away by the police?

Nothing, she answered herself bitterly.

But Vivian was terrified of not taking one last look at his face, of not memorizing the slants of his eyes and the shape of his lips.

She was worried that they'd never get to see each other face to face again.

Outside, swarms of reporters gathered with silver gossip-seeking eyes.

"Mr. Norton, can you talk about the current state of your company?"

"Mr. Norton. Did your company really dabble in stock fraud to deceive investors?"

"Mr. Norton, how long does your company have before it goes broke?"

"..."

The reporters buzzed forward excitedly, each one more determined than the other to ask questions.

However, Finnick's mouth remained tightly shut because he refused to acknowledge his demeaning state.

He wanted to appear as a successful, well-composed businessman in front of everyone and not as a humiliating arrestee.

The higher you climb, the harder you fall. They don't know the

struggles I endured to get to where I am today.

They don't know how far my boundaries go.

Who do they think they are?

And what right do they have to stand around and question me?

Just wait and see. Finnick shot an icy stare at them. These other companies will snap like dead roaches under my shoe when I make my comeback.

Finnick had never involved himself with stock frauds, so he believed that the fates would prove him innocent and shed light upon his injustice.

Finnick sat himself into the police car.

As the car slowly departed, he could sense Vivian's unwilling gaze that focused only on him. But he didn't turn to look at her.

Seeing this, the reporters began scattering away. They knew that there was no point in probing information from Vivian because she was too far gone in despair.

Vivian slumped defeatedly on her porch whilst watching the police car drive further and further out of her reach.

At that moment, she brimmed with self-hatred. Why did I insist on traveling?

If she hadn't insisted priorly, then Finnick could have discovered something was wrong with the company. He could have fixed it and prevented all this from happening.

However, it was far too late now because Finnick had already been taken away. Their family had crumbled to dust.

"N-no. Finnick didn't do it! He didn't..." Vivian wiped away her tears and raced back to her room.

Finnick would never break the law! He wouldn't!

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 849

I have to find evidence. I have to get him out of there! It's the only way that our family can be whole again.

Vivian frantically skittered into Finnick's study. She couldn't care less that she tripped and stumbled into the pillar and the furniture; not even the lengthy cut on her calf could stop her from finding the truth.

She needed to save Finnick and fast because the company urgently needed his help.

Vivian phoned Noah, who was dealing with matters at the company, and urged for his immediate assistance. "Noah, hurry over. Finnick's been taken by the police."

With that, Noah hopped into his car and drove in haste.

Once he got there, he took one look at the empty living room and knew that Vivian must have been in the study. Mr. Norton's arrested... Mrs. Norton must be digging for evidence in his study.

At this thought, Noah sprinted into the study and saw smudges of red all over the floors and on Vivian.

Vivian was sprawled on the ground with purplish bruises and different-sized cuts sliced into her leg, some still oozing blood.

Noah stiffened for a split second before hurrying to help Vivian up onto her feet. While doing this, he pulled out his phone and called the hospital.

Soon after, an ambulance arrived to collect Vivian, who lay resting on the couch.

Noah frantically followed along.

He felt like the weight of the world was on his shoulders, and that weight would only grow if anything bad happened to Vivian while Finnick was arrested.

In the ambulance, Vivian was so consumed by grief that she kept calling out to Finnick. Unfortunately, she knew that her cries were in vain because there was no way that Finnick could be there.

Noah felt a bitter ache in his chest. It's bad enough that Mr. Norton got framed and arrested. Now, to make things worse, Mrs. Norton is in a difficult situation.

Noah knew it was a hard pill to swallow, but he needed to be strong, especially since Finnick couldn't be by Mrs. Norton's side.

Therefore, he had to take care of Mrs. Norton. He would keep her safe and unharmed until Mr. Norton returned.

Noah lowered his head to look at Vivian, whose eyebrows were tightly knit whilst she mumbled something.

But Noah knew that she was most definitely saying Mr. Norton's name. Seeing her in so much grief, Noah couldn't help but ache for her too. He asked the nurse, "Could you help massage Mrs. Norton's brows to soothe her?"

After all, he was a man; he felt like it wasn't appropriate for him to engage physically with a distressed Vivian, so he turned to the nurse's aid.

"Sure," the nurse answered him as she gently massaged Vivian's tense brows.

"You really care for Mrs. Norton, huh?"

"Yeah. Mr. Norton's not around, so I have to take good care of Mrs. Norton. Thanks for helping."

Truth be told, Noah didn't really like socializing with strangers. He only made an exception to chitchat just this once since the nurse had agreed to help soothe Mrs. Norton.

The nurse could also tell that he wasn't much of a talker, so she went about her task in silence whilst occasionally glancing curiously at Noah. They soon arrived at the hospital. Seeing Vivian's drastic blood loss, the nurse transferred Vivian onto a stretcher and rushed her into the ER for immediate treatment.

Noah anxiously waited outside the ER as his eyes glued onto the illuminated sign, waiting for it to signal once the surgery ended.

"Calm down, Sir. Take a seat here and have some water."

The nurse from earlier gave him a cup of water to settle his frenzied nerves.

"Thanks," Noah uttered absentmindedly whilst giving a quick look at the nurse. Then he ignored her and went on to nervously pace in front of the ER doors.

The nurse gave a defeated look at him before silently leaving.

Not long after, the ER sign dimmed.

Vivian's surgery must have ended, Noah thought as he attentively looked around for any updates. Once he noticed a doctor exiting the ER, he rushed over to grab hold of that doctor's arm.

"Doctor, how's Mrs. Norton?"

The doctor glanced at Noah and pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose before saying, "The surgery went well. However, the patient lost a lot of blood, so she'll need a long and proper rest."

A wave of relief washed over Noah as his jaw unclenched and the tension in his limbs loosened.

After hearing that Vivian was out of harm's way, Noah collapsed onto the chair.

Thank goodness, Noah muttered silently in relief.

Then he saw Mrs. Norton being aided by a nurse as they walked out of the ER.

"Mrs. Norton! Mrs. Norton, how are you feeling?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 850

Noah hurriedly approached Vivian, whose head was surprisingly wrapped in thick layers of bandages. That's odd, he thought.

He recalled that he only saw injuries on Vivian's legs earlier. So where did this head injury come from?

Noah stared at her confoundedly but decided against asking.

"I'm fine," Vivian answered. Sensing Noah's confusion, she

explained, “I thought that had only injured my leg at the time. I didn’t notice that there was a serious head injury on me until now.”

Vivian smiled faintly. This small act gave liveliness to her otherwise paled complexion from the surgery.

The nurse aiding her wore a uniform-like smile and explained, “Sir, this madam has just got out of a critical condition. We’ll begin with the hospitalization procedures so that we can monitor her for a couple of days. If everything checks out, then she’ll be out of here in no time.”

“Alright, thank you.” Noah and the nurse helped Vivian into her ward and onto her assigned bed. Once she was settled in, he left to complete the necessary forms and payments for the hospitalization procedures.

On his way, Noah ran into the nurse from the ambulance earlier.

“Sir, do you need some water?” The nurse cast a soft gaze, widening her eyes slightly in anticipation.

“No, thank you.”

Noah wanted to walk past the nurse, but she blocked his path head-on.

“Sir, I don’t think I’ve introduced myself yet. I’m Ivana.”

Ivana stared brazenly at him. It was as if her eyes were made of crystals or polished gemstones—they sparkled at him.

A simple “Mhm” grumbled from Noah. He was rushing to complete the hospitalization procedures so that he could get back to Vivian sooner. He couldn’t risk anything happening to her whilst he was away because the consequences would be too heavy a responsibility to wield.

Likewise, this responsibility was not something that the little nurse before him could afford to bear.

“Sir, perhaps—”

“Get out of the way!” Noah interrupted with a deep orotund tone. It sent chills down her neck and froze her in shock.

Noah was never a hotheaded man, but he had to be harsher now that Vivian’s wellbeing was involved.

Conflicted thoughts surged in Noah’s mind, rationalizing his heartlessness. It doesn’t matter if this nurse is a young, harmless lady. It doesn’t matter that this nurse helped Vivian earlier.

Ivana eventually recovered from her shock and said, “I’m not done speaking, sir.” But before these words fully came out of her

mouth, Noah had already left her in the dust.

Seeing his back broad back shrink into the distance, she sighed dreamily to herself, "He's so hot!"

Truth be told, Ivana had fallen for the ice-cold Noah from the moment she first saw him. However, she was too preoccupied at the time to make a move; she needed to fulfill her nursing duties by lifting the patient onto the ambulance as quickly as she could. Then suddenly, halfway to the hospital, Noah had asked for Ivana's help. That was the first time she heard his voice, which had a smokiness that drew her in completely like a magnet.

Despite Noah's indifference when speaking to others, Ivana believed the best in him. She believed that deep beneath that frosty exterior was an extremely loyal and considerate man.

Those beliefs were proven true now as Noah rushed to care for Mrs. Norton. This was the ideal man that Ivana wanted in her life. Ivana didn't care how ridiculous her actions seemed, how Noah didn't give a fig about her now; she would go the extra mile and work twice as hard to make him fall for her.

Fantasizing about that, Ivana cracked a jittery smile.

After completing the procedures, Noah returned to Vivian's ward and saw her lying on the hospital bed. He was at a loss for what to say. It took a while before he thought of something and spoke.

"Mrs. Norton, w-would you like something to eat?"

She must be starving, Noah thought worriedly as he recalled how long it's been since he received her urgent call. Feet shuffling with concern, he considered going out to buy some food.

"No, I already had some breakfast." Vivian couldn't help but smile at Noah, who looked visibly bothered. She continued with soft laughter laced in her voice, "I'm not hungry yet."

Vivian knew that Finnick would be stuck at the police station for some time, but she told herself that she needed to stay positive. Otherwise, Finnick would be upset if he came back and saw that I had worried myself sick.

"Alright. Since you're not hungry, I'll stay here with you." Noah didn't know how or what he should do to comfort her; all he could do was stay by her side and keep her company.

Vivian nodded at him without any objection.

Suddenly, Noah remembered that there was still unfinished business between them. He asked, "Mrs. Norton, what did you call me for earlier today?"

He figured he might as well find out and complete whatever tasks she had for him. Since he had nothing better to do, he would much rather find ways to help get Finnick out of jail.

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