

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 911

The next day, Vivian was still pondering last night's events on the way to work. Finnick had already given her a plausible explanation, but something felt amiss to her.

She couldn't figure out what the problem was.

Ah, forget it.

Upon reaching her company, Vivian noticed everyone seemed to be engrossed in work.

Puzzled, she wondered, It's still early. Why are they working this hard?

Thinking she got the time wrong, she glanced at her watch. Indeed, it wasn't time to start work yet.

Hence, she went to Paris.

"What's wrong? Why is everyone so hard at work?"

Vivian inquired. Paris was also working, to her surprise.

"The president might come to inspect our company today."

Since Finnick acquired this company, no one had ever seen him in real person. They only knew his surname was Norton. That was it.

Early this morning, they received news that Finnick was coming to the company. Everyone was smiling from ear to ear.

Finnick was rumored to be a handsome and successful entrepreneur, so they start working diligently without hesitation.

"Huh?" Vivian was dumbfounded.

Inspection? Finnick never told me he'll come to inspect our company. Why am I the last one to know?

Even though Vivian had her doubts, she supposed Finnick had just made that decision this morning. Shortly after, Vivian began working as she awaited his arrival in anticipation.

Everyone else couldn't wait to see how handsome Finnick was, but Vivian was curious as to how Finnick would carry out the inspection.

This was the first time she had ever seen him in action, hence the anticipation.

It was still early, but everyone was already hard at work. Silence blanketed the office area; only the clicking sounds of the keyboard could be heard.

Very soon, footsteps sounded from the stairway, signaling Finnick's arrival.

Everyone tensed up at once. Some even held their breaths in anticipation.

As the footsteps got closer, Finnick appeared in their sight.

Everyone gasped in disbelief upon spotting him.

Wow, he's such a hunk!

They were still at work, so none of them actually said that out loud or stared at him boldly.

Everyone stole glances at him secretly.

Vivian couldn't help but beam at how handsome he looked.

Indeed, a man was most attractive when he was focusing on his job.

Upon spotting Finnick, Paris glanced at Vivian.

She had seen Finnick many times previously, but the man still managed to awe her with his stunning looks today.

However, Paris still found Benedict better-looking. Finnick's gaze swept across the office area. He met Vivian's gaze briefly before he strode into the president's office.

After the departure of the previous president, Vivian had redecorated the president's office.

Back then, the others were too busy to be involved in this project.

When she knew the new president was Finnick, she added more stuff inside.

The moment Finnick entered the office, he immediately knew it had been decorated by Vivian.

As Finnick was nowhere to be seen, the others resumed working. However, some were gossiping about who Finnick's wife was.

Those who were in the know said nothing, but the

clueless ones were chatting excitedly.

Vivian overheard their conversation and chuckled silently. She lowered her gaze and continued reading the document.

At noon, Vivian and her colleagues got off work. After the inspection, Finnicks returned to Finnors Group.

He was still at work.

Finnor told her he'll be going home with her at noon but still hadn't contacted her, so obviously he was still stuck in his meeting.

Vivian went home alone and prepared some desserts for him.

It took her a while to bake Finnors's favorite desserts. With the freshly baked desserts wrapped up nicely, she headed to Finnors Group.

"Hello, do you have an appointment?" Upon arrival, the receptionist stopped her from entering the building.

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Vivian whipped out her ID and provided a long explanation before she successfully convinced the receptionist to let her in.

She had been here many times, so she knew where Finnicks's office was.

On the way to the office, she bumped into the lady who brought her up the last time she was here.

Hence, they both headed up together.

Vivian was surprised when the lady entered Finnicks's office beside her.

"Who are you?" she inquired. The woman seemed really ordinary but could enter the president's office as she please, so Vivian felt slightly vexed at that.

"I'm Mr. Norton's assistant," the woman replied with a smile. Vivian glanced at her for the last time and fell silent.

Previously, Finnicks only hires male assistants. Why did he hire a female assistant now? Vivian was upset, but she didn't say anything.

She waited for a long time, but Finnick didn't show up. After putting the desserts on his desk, she left his office.

"Mrs. Norton, are you leaving?"

The assistant knew who Vivian was, so she greeted Vivian politely.

"Mm. I'm busy."

Vivian gave her a nod and strode out.

The reason Vivian showed little interest in this assistant was that the latter had a curvy body and pleasant attitude.

I left some snacks on your desk. Enjoy!

Vivian sent Finnick a text, but he didn't reply after a long wait.

Instead of waiting patiently for his reply, Vivian headed back to work.

When it was time to get off work, she realized Finnick still hadn't replied to her text. She immediately switched off her phone.

He should be busy, she comforted herself.

Yet, she couldn't shake off that niggling feeling in her heart.

When she reached home, Finnick hadn't returned yet. Vivian had dinner with Larry and went to bed alone.

In her sleep, she felt someone hugging her tight. It was Finnick.

Instinctively, she snuggled closer to him and dozed off comfortably.

The next day, Vivian woke up alone in bed. The same situation had been happening for a few days. Finnick was swamped with work recently. Vivian felt like complaining, but she was afraid of adding additional stress to him if she did so.

Hence, she decided against doing so.

After breakfast, Vivian fussed with her makeup in front of the mirror for some time before heading to work.

Yet, when she arrived at work, a shocking piece of news reached her ears.

Rendered speechless, she froze in her seat.

Lexi Jackson spotted holding hands with Finnor Group's president!

At the sight of the massive headlines, Vivian was thunderstruck. She had no idea how to react to that.

All the while, Finnick had always been a great husband. He had never fooled around with other women.

Is this true?

Yesterday, when I went to his office with some snacks, he didn't show up. Don't tell me he wasn't in a meeting? Was he with Lexi instead?

The more she thought about it, the more furious she was. Ignoring everyone else, she strode out of her office and drove to Finnor Group.

The receptionist was about to stop her from entering, but Vivian's gaze was so terrifying. The next minute, Vivian's words shocked her into silence.

"I am Mrs. Norton, Vivian Morrison."

Everyone, including the receptionist, dared not stop her from entering the building.

They had just found out about their president's scandal with Lexi Jackson.

They also knew the name of their president's wife.

That was how they confirmed Vivian's identity.

Vivian stalked upstairs and came to a stop in front of the assistant's desk. "Where is Finnick?"

The assistant was dumbfounded. Mrs. Norton has always been nice to me.

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Why does she look so mad? Did something happen?

The assistant had been at work since early morning, so she had no idea what was going on.

Her mouth was agape as she stared at Vivian wordlessly.

"Where is he?" Vivian urged.

"Oh, Mr. Norton's inside his office," came the

assistant's reply.

At once, Vivian pushed the door open and strode in.

Before she went in, she had half-expected to see something inside—like two persons flirting or fooling around, but Finnick was alone inside his office.

Vivian scanned the surroundings carefully, but there were no signs of the woman anywhere.

Her gaze landed on Finnick. "You're busy?"

"Huh? Honey, why are you here?"

Finnick glanced at her innocently.

"Why am I here? If I didn't come, will Lexi get pregnant with your baby next?"

Fury shone in Vivian's gaze. How dare he cheat on me but refuse to admit it?

Still, she kept her voice low lest outsiders overheard their argument.

"Lexi? Oh, I just held her in time because she fell down."

Finnick was tickled by Vivian's reaction, but he knew this wasn't the right time to laugh out loud. Holding his laughter back, he offered an explanation quickly.

"Oh? Fell down? Isn't it obvious what she's trying to do? It's pretty clear to me."

Alas, Finnick's explanation only served to heighten her fury.

A furious woman was an unreasonable woman.

"Vivian, listen to me."

This was the first time Finnick had ever seen Vivian this livid, so he was at a loss as to how to quell her anger.

Back then, he found Lexi's act despicable, but it was too late for him to turn back time and reverse his action.

"Go on. I'm all ears."

Vivian flashed a grin amidst her rage and glared at Finnick. Well, let's see what his explanation will be.

"Yes, Lexi did that on purpose. I had to help her

because her dad was right there. If I didn't help her, things would turn awkward."

After providing his explanation, Finnick gazed at her earnestly, hoping she'd cool down soon.

It's really difficult to appease her anger.

She looks like she is about to slap me!

"If so, will there be a next time?"

As Finnick's words made sense, Vivian's anger disappeared as quickly as it came.

As the news reported otherwise, Vivian initially flew into a fit of rage.

However, she could still think straight. After pondering for a bit, she immediately realized it was nothing but a ruse because she was also working in the publishing industry.

Ah, she has forgiven me!

Immediately, Finnick responded, "No, of course not! I won't do it again."

He dared not say anything else except to beg for her forgiveness.

"Mm," came Vivian's calm reply as she looked away.

Finnick knew Vivian still wanted him to appease her.

"Vivian, I was wrong. Why don't you hit me to vent out your anger?"

Vivian remained unfazed. It took Finnick some time to eventually soften her.

Soon Vivian felt better and she flung her arms around him.

"We've been separated for seven years. I've waited for you all the while. Please don't leave me ever again, alright?"

This morning, besides the initial fury that swelled in her, she was also angry at how incapable she was.

If the scandal turned out to be true, Vivian had no idea what she would do.

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Terrified that Finnick would leave her, she pleaded

with him in a meek tone.

She wasn't someone who couldn't survive without a man, but her love for Finnick was too deep.

"Okay. I won't, don't worry."

Finnick patted her back in consolation.

Nevertheless, he felt bitterness spreading across his heart. Am I doing the right thing?

Forget it. I'll just take things one step at a time.

Vivian remained in his embrace for a long time before leaving his office. She had already been absent from work for the morning.

If she didn't return to work, her senior editor might take action against her.

"Alright. Go!" Finnick kissed her forehead before allowing her to leave.

The minute Vivian stepped out of Finnick's office, his assistant immediately glanced at her curiously. Feeling chagrined, Vivian chided herself for acting on impulse earlier. Yet, it was too late for her to regret her actions.

She strode away confidently. No one will dare to gossip if I'm confident enough, she told herself.

After leaving the building, she drove back to her company.

The next day, another bombshell dropped.

Vivian's hands were trembling as she read the papers. She wanted to rush to Finnick's office to demand an explanation, but she was afraid the same thing would happen all over again.

"Finnick Norton!" she growled angrily.

At once, Finnick sneezed in his office.

Vivian wanted to demand a statement from Finnick now, but she changed her mind swiftly. I'll wait for him to come and give me an explanation.

Hence, she threw herself into work furiously until it was time to get off work. She was packing her stuff up when she saw Finnick's text: Are you getting off work? Do you want me to pick you up?

Vivian: Sure.

Let's see what his explanation will be.



“Honey!” Finnick called out when she walked out of the building.

After entering the car, Vivian fixated her gaze on Finnick.

The breeze was blowing against her cheeks gently. Her tears had dried off by now.

By the time Vivian stepped out of Finnick’s car, he still hadn’t offered her an explanation.

“Tell me. Why did you go to a hotel with Lexi?” She folded her arms crossly.

“Well, there’s nothing to explain. I’m not afraid to admit what I did.”

Glancing at the dark sky, Finnick was about to start the engine as it was late.

To his surprise, Vivian opened the door and left without hesitation.

Finnick watched as she walked away wordlessly. He called someone before heading toward the hotel.

Meanwhile, Vivian’s heart was aching uncontrollably at the thought of the conversation she had with Finnick in the car.

Yesterday, he gave me an excuse easily.

Now that the papers reported him going into a hotel with Lexi, he had nothing else to say.

She wiped her tears away and let out a self-deprecating laugh.

Finnick has admitted to having an affair. It’s pointless for me to stay on.

I should leave with little pumpkin.

After all, Finnick and I are still not legally married.

Might as well I leave him now.

We shall go on our separate ways from now on.

Instead of heading home, Vivian decided to spend a night in the hotel.

On the way to the hotel, she realized someone was stalking her. Immediately, she quickened her footsteps and went into a nearby hotel.

This hotel was one of Finnick’s assets.

Vivian didn’t want to use her identity as Mrs.

Norton to get a room, so she only requested for a

standard room.

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The room was slightly more expensive than usual, but Vivian thought the price was worth it. After all, this standard room was as huge as other hotels' presidential suites.

She flopped into the bed and thought about the past few days' events.

After Finnick came back, everything seemed strange.

He refused to register our marriage, claiming that he wasn't ready. He would only treat me nicely at home.

In public, he was always aloof.

Is he afraid his lover would get mad?

Vivian snorted as her mind raced.

They had been together for over eight years, so Vivian knew Finnick well. However, he had become a stranger to her now.

Back then, Finnick would never be caught with another woman, let alone entering a hotel with a popular celebrity. He had also never ignored Vivian.

It's his fault that I'm spending the night in a hotel. Finnick must be bored at me.

I'm old and haggard now. He isn't contented with having one wife, so he found himself another lover.

Cheating on one's partner—both physically and mentally—was an unforgivable sin to Vivian, especially since she regarded them as a married couple.

She couldn't do a thing to change the reality, hence she decided to leave with Larry in tow.

Soon, she drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, when Vivian arrived at the lobby, she ran into someone familiar—Finnick's assistant.

"Good morning, Mrs. Norton. I'm here under Mr. Norton's orders to escort you home."

Vivian nodded and got into the vehicle.

Her original plan was to go back home and pick up Larry before taking off. Therefore, this car ride was in accordance with her plan.

In the car, the assistant was smart enough to remain silent throughout the whole journey. True enough, Vivian wasn't in the mood to say anything. Silence hung in the air, except for the occasional turning of the steering wheel.

Back home, Vivian entered the door to find Finnick huddled together with Larry, seemingly engrossed in a conversation.

When she went closer, she realized that he was helping Larry with his studies.

Upon spotting Vivian, Finnick dismissed his assistant with a wave.

He glanced at Vivian and uttered, "Honey, you were too busy with work to come home last night. If I didn't send my assistant to pick you up, would you still be working by now?"

Vivian immediately understood what Finnick was trying to say. Oh, he told Larry I spent the whole night working in my office.

However, she refused to play along with him.

"Come with me," she ordered.

She didn't want to cause a scene in front of their child.

Finnick gazed at Larry, who was scribbling down the answer confidently. He gestured for the tutor to continue teaching Larry.

"I'm going to leave with Larry," Vivian cut to the chase and announced.

After seeing Finnick's scandal with a popular celebrity splashed over the front news for two consecutive days, she couldn't take it any longer.

Afraid of losing herself after seeing another scandal tomorrow, she told herself it was time to leave this man.

Perhaps she would fare better without Finnick.

"No, I will not allow it," came Finnick's firm reply.

There was no way he would allow her to leave him,

ever.

“What if I insist?”

Vivian’s eyes widened as she glared at him icily.

“I’ll hold you captive, then.” Finnick’s answer took Vivian by surprise.

Hold me captive?

Seriously? Why did he change so much after his return?

He had never said or even tried to hold me captive!

He means it. Vivian thought about it and returned to her room.

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I’ll find a way to escape secretly. I swear I will leave.

To her utter shock, Finnick refused to let her leave the house starting the next day. He even cut her off from the outside world.

Vivian felt extremely distressed. She had no idea what she did wrong or what had happened to Finnick.

Why is Finnick doing this to me?

Only a prisoner would be imprisoned. Why is he imprisoning me at home?

It was something she hadn’t expected, hence she could only sit on the sofa and switched on the TV silently.

Larry came to her and asked, “Mommy, don’t you have to go to work today?”

Yes, I do. It was your daddy who forced me to stay at home.

That was what she thought, but she didn’t reveal the truth to Larry. Instead, she beamed happily.

“No need. My company gave me a holiday.”

It was a blatant lie, but Larry bought it anyway. He giggled. “Then you must’ve been a hardworking employee. Otherwise, your company wouldn’t have given you a holiday.”

Then, Larry gave her a peck on her forehead and chuckled merrily at the sight of his saliva on her

forehead.

“Good boy. Love you too, little pumpkin.”

As Vivian laughed, she couldn't help but think that the little boy was the only one who loved her now.

There was also her brother, of course.

She felt much better upon recalling her family.

Previously, she was too obsessed with Finnick.

Now that he wasn't the one for her, it would be best for her to take her leave.

She might spend some time to get over him, but it would be over sooner or later.

Vivian waited the entire day until Finnick came home at night.

Larry was still with her. She didn't want her son to sense something was amiss, so she pretended to be delighted at Finnick's return.

“Honey, have you taken dinner?” asked Finnick nonchalantly as though nothing had happened.

At the thought of Finnick addressing someone else as “honey,” Vivian felt pained.

Yes, he's calling me “honey” now. What about the others?

He must've plenty of “honeys” out there.

Vivian smiled bitterly as she shook her head in response to his question.

The family of three took their seats as dinner was served. Larry reached out and helped Vivian to get her favorite dishes.

Oh? Vivian was stunned. Little pumpkin knows what I like?

Warmth flitted across her heart at her son's actions.

As Finnick ate his dinner, he spotted the celery in Vivian's bowl and took it away.

Immediately, Larry scowled at him for taking away the celery he had just given to his mommy.

“Your mommy doesn't like celery,” explained Finnick.

Confused, Larry looked up and met her gaze.

Vivian nodded albeit reluctantly. She did hate

celery, but that was in the past.

As this dish rarely appeared in their household, it was normal for Larry to not know about this.

Finnick glanced at her and shot her a warm grin.

Vivian might be mad at Finnick, but she still found him handsome.

Why am I still in love with him?

She chucked the man's figure out of her mind and continued eating her dinner.

Finnick, who had been watching her all the while, felt amused by her reaction.

He also lowered his gaze and resumed eating.

Just like that, Vivian was imprisoned at home for three days. On the fourth day, she successfully made her escape.

She wanted to see what Finnick was up to and whether he was with Lexi now.

If he was alone, she would continue her observation for a few days. The moment she saw Finnick checking into a hotel with Lexi, she'd depart without hesitation.

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Over the past few days, Vivian learned to embrace the truth, but she felt the need to verify it in person.

Although it was all over the newspaper, she refused to believe it. As a journalist, she knew some editors might misrepresent the facts to attract the public's attention.

More often than not, they would edit the news in their favor. Thus, she decided to make a trip.

After she made her way into the company, she placed her ears on the door of Finnick's office to eavesdrop on the conversation.

To her surprise, there wasn't any ongoing conversation. She stepped forward because she thought something was wrong.

Unsure if she had applied too much force or the door wasn't properly shut— she accidentally fell into his office.

“Argh...” Her mind was all over the place when she saw him.

She was in pain because of the accident that had occurred a few seconds ago.

On the other hand, Finnick wasn't particularly surprised by her presence. He retrieved a first-aid kit from one of the shelves and started bandaging Vivian's wound.

As blood gushed out of the wound on her leg, he knew it was crucial to get it bandaged as soon as possible to prevent a scar.

Finnick brought Vivian over to the couch and placed her leg on his lap, sanitizing her wound. She tried to move away from him because of the racking sensation she felt, but he stopped her. After he rendered her incapable of motion, he lowered his head and continued bandaging her wound. Tears streamed down her cheeks when she saw the man's side profile.

Since he has chosen to turn his back against me and have an affair with another woman, why is he taking care of me in such a gentle manner?

Her emotions came flooding out when she thought about it.

As he saw the tears streaming down her leg, he noticed she had burst into tears.

He put the things aside and wiped her tears dry before stuffing his finger into his mouth.

His action had taken her by surprise because she couldn't figure out the reason he wanted to taste her tears.

Why is he being so gentle?

Staring at the dumbfounded woman, he continued bandaging the wound.

Once he had the wound completely bandaged, he allowed her to move her leg away from him.

As tears were all over her face, he wiped them dry and asked, “Why are you crying?”

Looking elsewhere to avoid the man's gaze, she replied, “It's nothing.”

Actually, she couldn't keep her emotions to herself anymore the moment he started bandaging her wound.

Her mind was all over the place because of his action.

Initially, Vivian planned to leave after verifying Finnick was in a relationship with Lexi.

However, her mind went completely blank because of the current condition.

Should I leave or not? What's going on between Finnick and Lexi?

She had countless questions in mind, yet no one could possibly answer those. Afraid of being deceived, she refused to confront the man in front of her.

"It's about time for you to change that door of yours."

When Vivian felt the tingling sensation coming from the wound on her face, she regretted trying to eavesdrop on Finnick's conversation.

"It's about time to recruit a few employees to substitute the current ones as well."

She recalled no one tried to get in her way when she traveled upstairs just now. Most importantly, no one seemed to notice her attempt of eavesdropping on the president's conversation when she was right outside his office.

She felt a strong urge to make fun of him and his incompetent staff, but before she could bring it up, she was rendered speechless by his reply.

"If it weren't because of me, do you think you're able to make your way up without any hassle?

Usually, no one is allowed to approach the office without my consent."

"W-What do you mean?"

Does that mean it's all part of his plan? Was he the reason I was able to regain freedom?

Judging by Vivian's expression, Finnick knew she must have linked all the missing pieces of the puzzles together.



Hence, he nodded, acknowledging the hypothesis she had in mind.

As Vivian had one remaining question, she asked, "How did you figure out I would be making a trip here?"

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Had the thought of me heading over to another place never crossed his mind? How could he be so certain I would make a trip to his office?

"Have you forgotten you are my wife?" Finnick answered with a faint smile.

She was unsure of the proper way to carry on with the conversation because she was taken aback by his answer.

Initially, she had given up on him and planned to leave him behind once and for all. However, a few minutes into their conversation, she started opening up to the man again.

She was overwhelmed by a heartwarming sensation because she had always been a sucker for promises of sorts.

On the other hand, in spite of being aware of Vivian's emotions and helplessness, Finnick chose to remain silent.

He wanted her to make up her mind and figure out her next best course of action on her own.

She would have to decide if she would have faith in him or leave him once and for all.

With that being said, having faith in him was her only option because he would never allow her to leave him.

As she was conscious of his desire, she knew she had no choice but to trust him. Otherwise, she would be forced into submission.

After three minutes of silence, Vivian said, "What's going on between you and Lexi?"

"It's you."

"What?"

She was stupefied because of his reply. In fact, she thought he had misheard her question.

However, when she saw his serious expression, she knew he meant it.

“You’re the one Lexi and I have in our minds.”

In spite of elaborating his words, he knew she was confused.

Hence, he explained, “Lexi hates you, but I love you.”

...

Vivian was aimlessly walking on the streets. She had forgotten the way she made her way there.

All she could recall was her departure after her conversation with Finnick.

She was in a state of confusion after he assured her he had never turned his back against her.

Therefore, she decided to have faith in him for one last time.

Hold on! Is that Finnick and Lexi?

Suddenly, she saw the duo on the streets and started rubbing her eyes in disbelief.

He assured me he had never betrayed me a few minutes ago! Why is he behaving differently again?

She wanted to confront the man, but then someone covered her mouth from behind.

By the time she regained consciousness, she noticed there was a strong shaft of light in front of her.

Where am I?

Clueless about her current whereabouts, she started surveying the surroundings.

When she tried to move her hands to massage her aching head, she noticed her hands were tied together.

Finally, she figured out she had been kidnapped.

Nonetheless, she couldn’t be bothered by her situation at all because she was overwhelmed by Finnick’s behavior.

Why has he lied to me? Has he gotten into an affair with Lexi because of me? Is it because I’m a pathetic loser?

Over the past few days, she had been crying over

and over again. But now, albeit being upset, she could no longer cry.

When Vivian moved her hands and tried to run away, she heard a man's voice.

"Don't you try anything silly!"

The kidnapper wanted to caress her face, but she inched away from him and glared at him in the eyes.

"Wow! I guess we have a fighter here, huh?"

Staring at Vivian, he started teasing her and said,

"Give your man a call and get him over to save you immediately!"

Vivian found the kidnapper's instruction hilarious because she thought Finnick should be having a great time with Lexi.

In other words, she thought he wouldn't have time to spare, let alone rescue her. Perhaps he wants me dead, doesn't he?

Vivian chuckled when she thought about it, but the things the kidnapper said next took her by surprise.

"He had been pretending as though he couldn't be bothered by you because he was afraid of us! He must have thought we're a bunch of fools! Since you're the one he cares the most, as long as we get our hands on you, we're able to torture him!"

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Vivian finally figured out the reason behind Finnick's seemingly absurd behaviors all this while. The bunch of kidnappers was the investors who had suffered a great loss after investing in Finnor Group.

They were there to get their revenge. In order to get the better of Finnick, they kidnapped Vivian because they couldn't get their hands on him.

They were aware she was the one he cared about the most. Thus, they were certain they could get their revenge by kidnapping her.

Ever since Finnor Group returned to its prime, those who sought revenge had been going after

those affiliated with the company. In order to protect Vivian, Finnick had no choice but to resort to such desperate measures.

When she figured out the rationale behind his actions, she stopped holding a grudge against him and felt heartbroken instead.

She was upset he had been dealing with all these on his own, keeping her in the dark.

The kidnapper couldn't take it anymore. He urged, "Hey! Stop wasting our time and get in touch with him already!"

However, Vivian refused to give in to their request. In spite of being slapped in the face, she stood her ground.

The helpless kidnapper had no choice but to make the call on her behalf. He announced, "Finnick, your wife is here with us! If you want to keep her safe, make your way over on your own at once!"

The kidnapper proceeded to send Finnick the address of their whereabouts. They had no choice but to wait for Finnick.

Meanwhile, Finnick, who was supposed to pretend he was in love with Lexi, ditched her when he heard the bad news. He made his way over to the designated location immediately.

Vivian was in a tight spot—as much as she wanted him to be there for her, she was reluctant to put him at stake.

She was afraid they would force him into submission the moment he showed up.

After she surveyed the surroundings, she noticed there were at least twenty kidnappers there. If Finnick's here, isn't he doomed?

Although she secretly hoped he wouldn't be there, to her surprise, he showed up after fifteen minutes.

Has he been speeding his way here? How did he manage to reach within such a short time?

"Why don't you name your price? As long as you set my wife free, I'll give you the things you

desire!”

Finnick’s heart skipped a beat when he saw Vivian after he reached the location. He was afraid they would harm her.

Since he was the one they wanted, he was determined to negotiate the terms with them to set her free.

Nonetheless, the kidnappers showed no signs of setting Vivian free because they thought they needed something to keep Finnick at the bay. All this while, he was conscious of the people keeping their eyes on him, but he couldn’t pinpoint the exact ones.

He had dispatched a lot of people to go after them, but his effort was to no avail. To his surprise, they chose to execute their plan out of the blue.

The kidnapper was irked by his response. He looked at Finnick and said, “How dare you get so full of yourself when you’re the inferior one?” Finnick cut the small talk and confronted, “What do you guys want?”

He was certain something they needed was under his possession. Otherwise, they wouldn’t go through the hassle of luring him out.

“Hand over Finnor Group to us!”

The kidnapper, who had named their price, refused to move away from Vivian. It turned out they had been plotting to acquire Finnick’s most valuable asset.

“No!” Vivian yelled.

As Finnick had sacrificed a lot to rebuild Finnor Group from scratch, she knew how heartbreaking it would be to have him hand it over to others.

Finnick ignored Vivian and warned the kidnapper, “I’m afraid that’s impossible.”

When they saw his determined look, they knew they wouldn’t be able to achieve their goal.

They were conscious of the consequences of their actions should they make a fuss out of it and murder the defenseless woman.

Thus, they decided to demand something else because they were merely there for their benefit. "If that's the case, we want a million! On top of that, get on your knees and apologize!"

Those were the things the kidnappers needed to get rid of the grudge they held against him. They ended up with a huge loss, living a miserable life after investing everything they had in Finnor Group.

Finnick was startled when he heard their conditions because he would have to either sacrifice his dignity or his authority for his beloved woman.

"No! Finnick! Please!"

When Vivian heard the condition of the kidnappers, she burst into tears because Finnick had always been a proud man.

Never had he ever been in such an inferior position. Thus, she would never allow him to get down on his knees even if her life was at stake.

"Shut up! Finnick, if you don't make up your mind, I'm afraid your wife is going to die soon!"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 920

The kidnapper had enough of the duo being lovey?dovey in front of them. He raised his gun and placed the muzzle right next to Vivian's head.

He beckoned Finnick to make up his mind.

Otherwise, they would soon take Vivian out.

Click. The helpless woman was merely a step away from hell.

Finnick dared not try anything reckless because he couldn't bear to put Vivian's life at stake.

It was a risk he couldn't afford because he couldn't imagine his life without her.

Once he thought about it, his heart wrenched. In front of everyone, he got down on his knees.

It was the first time he got down on his knees in front of others because apart from his grandfather, never had he groveled himself at others' mercy.

Finnick felt humiliated, but when he saw the gun by Vivian's head, he took a deep breath and

calmed himself down.

He had nothing to lose by getting down on his knees. Instead, he could save Vivian's life by casting his dignity aside.

On the other hand, Vivian couldn't hold back her tears anymore. Although she knew he had given in to the kidnapper's request to save her, she felt awful because she had never seen the proud man at other's mercy.

Vivian blamed herself for being careless. Had she exercised caution, they wouldn't get to take her by surprise and take her into custody.

When she rushed over to Finnick's side to help him up, he pushed her away and kicked the proud kidnapper in the face before taking over the gun. Nonetheless, the duo was greatly outnumbered—at least another five of the kidnappers were armed with guns.

Fortunately, Finnick, who was a martial art practitioner, took them by surprise before they could grasp the situation.

Immediately after he took out those who were armed, he brought Vivian away with her and continued accelerating the car for twenty minutes. He pulled over at the street because the kidnappers seemed to have given up.

When Vivian was confused by Finnick's action, she turned around and noticed his arm was drenched in blood.

It turned out he was gravely injured. Blood wouldn't stop gushing out of his wound.

She knew it was an emergency. Thus, she offered, "I'll drive! Hang in there with me, Finnick!"

Soon, she moved Finnick over to the front passenger seat and returned to the seat of the driver, making their way to the hospital.

"It's fine. I'm just glad you're okay."

Those were Finnick's final words before being rushed into the emergency room.

After he was rushed into the emergency room, she

was overwhelmed by the built-up fatigue and collapsed to the ground.

She was exhausted after the series of events she had gone through these days. Nonetheless, the person she cared about the most was the man in the emergency room.

Although the helpless woman knew he was in good hands, she couldn't help but feel anxious because there wasn't anything else she could do apart from waiting.

When she thought an eternity had passed, the doctor finally made his way out of the emergency room.

Vivian rushed over and held the doctor's hand, behaving as though she couldn't afford to let the man's lifesaver go.

She asked anxiously, "Doctor, how's Finnick?"

Finnick had sustained serious injuries because of her. Therefore, she was afraid something bad might happen to him.

"The patient has been shot in the arm, but it's not a big deal. He'll recover in no time after a few days' break."

Although Finnick was merely shot in the arm, should they fail to rush him to the hospital in time, he might have to have his arm amputated.

"Goodness gracious!" Vivian was grateful it was nothing serious. It seemed as though God hadn't given up on the pathetic duo yet.

As she started celebrating, the nurse brought the injured man out of the emergency room.

Apart from following the nurse to the ward, the helpless woman couldn't do anything else. When she saw his pale and haggard face, she felt a heart-wrenching sensation deep down.

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