

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 546 - 550

Besides, he was the only one in sight. Vivian did not identify any other allies in the crowd. Everyone, however, was shaken by the sight of the gun. No one dared make a false move in his presence.

Vivian was unable to locate Larry in her brief scan of the present crowd. She let out a small sigh of temporary relief. Little Pumpkin should still be in the cabin then, Vivian concluded. Hopefully, none of the pirates have managed to find him!

Vivian turned to Hunter and gestured at the deck, indicating that they could sneakily access the cabins through it.

Hunter understood. He flanked Vivian from the outside to shield her as they made their way in. Their hearts beating wildly, Hunter and Vivian finally arrived at the cabins. They'd managed to successfully evade the pirate's shifting eyes.

The moment she pushed open the door, Vivian darted in to search for Larry. He was nowhere to be found. As her search grew increasingly futile, Vivian became distraught.

"Little Pumpkin, are you here?" Vivian cried, already on the verge of weeping. All she had for solace was this single thought that she repeated to herself over and over again. Little Pumpkin's a clever little guy! He'll be all right!

But she couldn't shake the nagging fact that no matter how intelligent Larry was, he was still only five years old. Vivian couldn't help herself. Tears came and flowed uncontrollably. "Little Pumpkin! Are you in here? Answer Mommy, please!" Vivian cried in desperation.

"Mommy, I'm here!" Just as Vivian was about to collapse from sheer grief, Larry's voice piped out from the closet.

Delirious with joy, Vivian rushed over. Larry was indeed curled up inside, looking up at Vivian with joy.

"Are you all right, Little Pumpkin?" Vivian asked anxiously, scooping him up into her arms. She examined him closely all over to check for signs of possible harm.

"I'm fine, Mommy! Why did you come back only now?" Larry asked.

After his joy at seeing his mother had faded somewhat, Larry felt slightly indignant at having been left behind. Tears welled up in his eyes. It had been so scary being left all alone just now!

Vivian's heart ached for her child. She squeezed him in a tight hug and babbled, "I'm sorry Little Pumpkin! It's all Mommy's fault; Mommy shouldn't have left you all alone just now."

"I'm fine, Mommy. Don't cry," Larry said obediently, wiping at the tears cascading down Vivian's face. "I was playing here when I heard people shouting outside about pirates, so I quickly ran into the closet and hid."

"OK," Vivian said, patting Larry's head tenderly. "You're really smart, Little Pumpkin!"

"Vivian, now that we've found Little Pumpkin, we should leave quickly. If that pirate discovers us, we won't be able to get away," Hunter reminded her urgently.

"All right," Vivian submitted, wiping away the rest of her tears. They had to leave as fast as they could.

Hunter and Vivian retraced the route they had taken through the deck. Just as they were about to board the speedboat, they heard a vicious shout from the main atrium.

"Bring Finnick here!"

Vivian stopped immediately in her tracks. She couldn't suppress the worry that automatically accompanied the mention of that name. What does the pirate want with Finnick? Is Finnick his ultimate prize?

Even though the thought of Finnick still repulsed Vivian, he was still Larry's Dad and someone she has once shared tremendous intimacy with. Vivian could not bring herself to walk away in cold blood.

Vivian thus crept back towards the main atrium. She crouched in a corner that largely afforded her invisibility and tried to overhear what the commotion was about.

"Vivian, what are you doing? Let's go!" Hunter was clearly dismayed by Vivian's incomprehensible behavior. He lunged forward and whispered frantically, "We have to leave right now!"

"Shh." Vivian turned to him with a finger pressed against her lips, requiring his silence. It would be disastrous if the pirate discovered them.

Larry followed suit, echoing, "Shh." His adorable face was similarly filled with alarm. That bad guy shouted Daddy's name! Is Daddy going to get hurt?

Hunter was helpless before mother and son. He could only stand by and watch anxiously. Wasn't that enough excitement for the two of them? We're clearly in great danger! Why are we still messing around here?

All the same, Hunter couldn't just leave them behind and escape by himself. He had no choice but to stay by their side in this ridiculous situation.

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In the main atrium of the cruise ship, a tall figure stood facing the pirate.

When she recognized who he was, Vivian felt a sudden surge of emotion rise up in her throat.

It was Finnick! It truly was him.

Finnick stood proud and tall, looking utterly fearless. Scowling, he demanded, "Was this entire circus just for me? Why?"

The pirate hadn't bothered to hide his face. He looked like an ordinary middle-aged man, except for the gun that he wielded in his hand.

When the pirate heard Finnick's question, he erupted angrily, yelling, "Why? That's a good question! Don't ask me; ask yourself that! Don't you know what you did five years ago?"

Five years ago?

Vivian stood stock still.

Wasn't I still with Finnick five years ago?

"Five years ago?" Finnick sounded as clueless as Vivian was. He muttered to himself, saying, "But I don't even know who you are! How can I possibly remember what I did to offend you five years ago?"

"You may not know who I am, but I know exactly who you are!" The pirate's impassioned voice rang out in the stillness. "I'm looking for you, Finnick, president of the Finner Group! What did you promise us, stockholders, back then? You said that we had to trust you and that you wouldn't let our hard-earned money go to waste! Why don't you ask your conscience what you did?"

"Finner Group revealed trade secrets, causing its stocks to plummet. I lost my principal entirely! My wife took our child and left, leaving me to wander alone all these years. I've been living a desolate life! All this happened because of you, b\*stard! But look at you. You're still living a carefree life without consequence. You don't even deserve to live! Hell was created for people like you!"

So this was all because of the fund!

Immediately after the speech ended, Vivian heard shrieks coming from the passengers. Amid the tumult rose the sound of the pirate's sinister laugh, as well as Finnick's grunts of pain.

Fearing for his safety, Vivian was prepared to stand up and creep closer to get a better view of the atrium. Hunter, however, held her back.

"What are you doing? Even if you don't care about your own safety, think of Little Pumpkin! We should leave now and get the police. We can't get caught up in all this!" he said with a hiss.

Hunter was clutching Vivian's arm, evidently perturbed. Every minute they lingered was another minute spent in danger. He had no plans to die a hero for now, at least.

Besides, Hunter was primarily concerned for Vivian and Larry's safety. He didn't much care whether the other passengers lived or died. He was even less prepared to sacrifice his own life for any of theirs.

“This is important!” Larry said crossly as he glowered at Hunter. He turned to Vivian with tears in his eyes. “Mommy, can we go in and save Daddy?”

It was the sight of Larry’s vulnerability that finally convinced Vivian that they had to leave. No matter what, she couldn’t place Larry in harm’s way. It was just too bad for Finnick. He was no longer a part of her life, after all.

Vivian hardened her heart and was ready to leave with Larry and Hunter. However, the next sentence turned her blood to ice.

“Weren’t you the one that was responsible for exposing Finnor Group’s client data back then?”

Vivian was utterly taken aback. When that scandal broke out, Vivian had just been rescued from Evelyn’s kidnapping plot. Vivian recalled that she had been recuperating in the hospital.

At that time, Finnick had been occupied with this business. He hadn’t even been able to spare enough time to visit Vivian in the hospital. How could Finnick possibly have been able to expose their clients’ data then?

Vivian slowed down as she pondered this, only to hear the pirate continue shouting, “Wasn’t it utter nonsense when you announced to everyone that you had been hacked? I did my own investigation and found out that you did it all for your wife!”

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“When your wife was kidnapped, you promised all of Finnor Group’s client data to them in exchange. Tell me if this wasn’t the case!” the pirate challenged.

Vivian’s hand flew to her mouth. Her eyes widened in shock. How could that be? Did Finnick really expose all of Finnor Group’s client data because of me?

Vivian stood where she was holding her breath; her body quivering slightly, her ears keenly tuned for Finnick’s reply. Vivian was in shock. How is this possible? However, Finnick’s reply never came. The pirate’s voice, on the other hand, increased in volume and rage.

"Your silence speaks for itself. You're really something, Finnick. Your wife's life is important, but what about the rest of the stockholders? Did you think about anyone else? Did you think about the consequences that your actions would have on all of us?"

I'm a firm believer in retribution. An eye for an eye! You should have expected some kind of payback for your heinous deed. Today on behalf of everyone who suffered because of you, I'm going to give you b\*stard the punishment you deserve..."

Vivian was now persuaded that in order to rescue her five years ago, Finnick had readily sacrificed his own business and future.

She grappled with the feelings that were bubbling up within her. They left her feeling bewildered. The memory of Finnick caressing her as she slept in the hospital bed rose unbidden to Vivian's mind.

He must have been exhausted from everything that he was dealing with at work. Then, he had to go to the hospital to care for me. Yet Finnick had never breathed a word of this to Vivian. Was he afraid that I'd feel guilty because of that?

Tears sparkled in Vivian's eyes and threatened to spill over. She was undeniably moved. Finnick had given up so much for her! So he was sincere, after all...

"Vivian, let's go! Otherwise, it'll really be too late," Hunter urged. He felt an overwhelming instinct to knock her unconscious and haul her along with him at the rate she was holding them back. We're on the brink of death! What else is there to think about?

Although Vivian still couldn't quite forgive Finnick for what he had done to herself and Larry, neither could she steel herself to walk away without intervening in Finnick's time of trouble.

She thrust Larry towards Hunter. With a solemn look, Vivian said quickly, "Take Little Pumpkin with you and go! I have to stay here."

After all, Finnick was in this mess partly because of her. She couldn't possibly leave him now.

"You're crazy!" Hunter threw himself before Vivian, barricading her way forward with Larry in his arms. "Don't be stupid! Now's not the time to behave recklessly. Leave with me right now!"

Hunter struggled to grab Vivian and pull her away, but she had long since made up her mind. Vivian knew that if she left now, she would never be able to live with herself.

"I've made up my mind. Take Little Pumpkin away with you quickly! Please take care of him," Vivian begged, casting one last longing glance at Larry. She broke free of Hunter's grip and pushed them aside, storming towards the atrium.

Hunter barely stopped himself from calling after her, afraid that he would draw the pirate's attention to himself and Larry. He could only watch as Vivian marched towards certain danger.

However, something was stopping Hunter from fleeing for his life and taking Larry along with him. He froze on the spot not knowing what to do.

As she entered the atrium, Vivian was greeted by the sight of the pirate pointing the barrel of his gun directly at Finnick's head. Finnick was usually terribly fastidious about his appearance. At the moment, however, he was half-kneeling on the floor, his clothes wrinkled with a giant shoe print on his chest.

He remained remarkably calm despite the circumstances. The only indication of his suffering was the scrunching up of his features. A thin trickle of blood ran from the corner of his mouth.

Vivian anxiously looked Finnick up and down, taking consolation in the fact that there were no other visible injuries on his body.

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"Help!"

"Someone please help us!"

"Get us out of here!"

Everyone in the hall was desperately calling out to Vivian for help when they noticed her. They assumed she was the police coming to their rescue.

However, their cries for help agitated the robber, so he fired a warning shot towards the sky. "Everyone shut the f\*\*\* up!"

Bang! The anxious hostages screamed as soon as they heard the gunshot but immediately silenced themselves right after, allowing quietness to ensue once again. All the hostages were crouching with their hands on their heads, shivering for fear that the robber might point the gun at them.

Seeing that crowd was under control again, the robber pointed his gun towards Vivian with a restless look on his face. "Stay there and don't move! Don't come any closer!" His voice was clearly trembling.

At the same time, as soon as Vivian saw the gun pointing at her, she immediately became weak at the knees, barely holding herself up with those legs of hers. She swallowed hard and just stood there, afraid to move even an inch forward.

"Who are you! Why are you here!" The robber's heart was racing. All he could think of at that moment was how he should escape if the police had actually arrived.

Before Vivian could say anything, Finnick roared at her, "What are you doing here! Leave!"

The man who wore a straight face even at gunpoint was currently covered in a cold sweat. No one knew how terrified he was just now when Vivian suddenly appeared.

"Stay quiet!" The robber pulled his hand back and bashed Finnick on the head with the handle of the gun. As blood flowed down the side of Finnick's face, the gun was once again pointing back at him.

He was secretly relieved when he felt the gun pressed on his temple. A moment ago, Finnick was going insane when the gun was pointing towards Vivian. She was the only one on his mind, and he could not stand seeing her in such a dangerous situation.

"Who the hell are you!" Even though the gun was pointing at Finnick, the robber's attention was still on Vivian.

Vivian kept her cool and shifted her worried gaze away from Finnick. She took a deep breath before trying her best to act tough.



"I'm Finnick's wife, the one that you mentioned. The Finner Group publicized those client data because of me, so I'm the real culprit, not him. Let him go."

"What are you talking about! Just run!" Finnick shouted at her maddeningly. What Vivian said made him extremely frustrated because he had no idea what was going on in her head.

This is not something that you can take on all the blame for! Your life is at stake here!

Having said that, Finnick still felt a little touched as tears wet his eyes. Does this mean she still loves me? She wouldn't have risked her life for me like this if she doesn't, right?

Nevertheless, Vivian ignored Finnick and continued, "Let Finnick go. If you want revenge, I'm right here. I was the one responsible for ruining your life."

Meanwhile, Evelyn, who was among the hostages, kept her eyes on the blood on Finnick's head, concerned to the point of tears. When she heard what Vivian said, an extreme amount of rage welled up inside her as she shifted her gaze towards Vivian and gave her a death stare.

This is all because of her! Finnick wouldn't have gotten into this situation and got hurt because of her! In Evelyn's mind, Finnick should be placed on a pedestal and be respected by all. He should never be taking hits from a bunch of goons.

"Yes! That's her! She was the one that ruined your family! Finnick had nothing to do with it. Just shoot her!" Evelyn bellowed.

Just die, Vivian! Why don't you die!

Evelyn currently had a menacing look on her face as her hatred for Vivian filled up her mind. She had totally forgotten that nothing would have happened if she did not kidnap Vivian back then.

"Shut up!" Finnick roared at Evelyn angrily. He did not expect that she would be fanning the flame of the situation.

But he was too late. Evelyn's words had given the robber a final nudge into insanity. Slowly, he raised his arm and pointed the gun at Vivian.

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“So it’s you! It’s all your fault!” The robber exclaimed.

My business, my family, everything I had is gone because of this woman. She should die! Both of them should die! I had a good life ahead of me, but it’s all ruined because of this couple. I’ll make them pay! You should both suffer in hell!

The hatred in his eyes was burning furiously as the robber slowly approached Vivian. He was ready to pull the trigger at any moment.

“Mommy, no!” Larry saw what was going on from the deck through the window and was about to rush to the hall to save Vivian. Please! Don’t let anything bad happen to Mommy!

However, Hunter immediately gave Larry a bear hug, locking him in place as Hunter did all he could to suppress Larry’s struggling and stop him from going in. Hunter was currently in disbelief.

When he first started learning the language, he learned something about love that transcended life and death. He refused the notion thinking that no one would ever do something so stupid.

To him, besides the parents, there was nothing more important than one’s own life. Love was just a way to have fun and kill time. There was no point in getting hurt over it.

Nevertheless, that day, he finally realized that something like that did, in fact, exist. A feeling so strong that one would forfeit their life for another.

Does Vivian actually hate Finnick like how she acts?

Back in the hall, Vivian’s senses intensified from the tension. She could clearly feel the beads of sweat slipping down the back of her ears while the beating of her heart pummeled at her eardrum. Vivian closed her eyes when she realized the gun was getting really close.

Sorry, Little pumpkin. I won’t be able to watch you grow up, watch you get married, and have kids. I’m so sorry...

Her tears flowed down her cheeks as she waited hopelessly for the sound of gunfire. But it never came.

What she heard instead was the robber’s painful cry. So, she opened her eyes.

In front of Vivian, the robber was lying down on his back with one hand on his shoulder. He was moaning in pain while Finnick wiped away the blood at the corner of his mouth and pointed the gun at the robber.

When Finnick saw the robber approach Vivian, he was anxious to the point where he felt like his heart was about to explode. As he could not stay still any longer, Finnick blindsided the robber while he was not looking. He closed in on him and immediately grabbed the arm holding the gun, twisting it backward with all his might.

Crack! There was a crisp crackling sound as the robber's arm was dislocated from his shoulder, followed by the man's painful cry.

After that, Finnick snapped out a kick towards the robber's chest, knocking him down. Finnick proceeded to pick up the gun and pointed it at the robber.

Ever since he was kidnapped with Vivian fifteen years ago, Finnick had put in some work and picked up quite a few self-defense and martial art techniques. When he subdued the robber, he felt glad that he did not let up on honing those skills.

On the other hand, Vivian realized that she was safe, so she let out a deep sigh of relief and allowed herself to slump to the ground. She was trying to calm herself down as the fear sank in.

When the hostages saw that Finnick had taken the gun away from the robber, everyone stood up with no more concern on their minds. They surrounded the criminal as some even gave him a few more kicks.

The man on the floor was struggling to get up, wanting to escape. Nonetheless, no one there would ever let him go. Someone ordered a server to find some rope and tied the robber up before they started reprimanding the man for his actions and releasing the pent-up frustration and anger they accumulated.

Those people were very much accustomed to the high life, so the terror and indignant they felt from the incident had brought out the worst in them as they disregarded all the etiquette that they once emphasized.

"You really thought you had all the power in the world with that tiny gun, huh?"

"A solo mission to rob a cruise ship? You're brave if nothing else."

"Call the police already! Illegal possession of a firearm, kidnap and blackmail. I reckon he would be in jail for the rest of his life with these charges."

"You shouldn't have gotten into stocks if you can't take the hit. If everyone were like you, none of us here would be able to do any business!"

"Call the police, quick! I'll put a word in with you at the police station. I want this man dead in the prison cell! Goddammit! I thought I could have some fun on this cruise. Why did this have to happen to me!"