

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 765

Finnick's face was stained with soot from the smoke and only his eyes were visible while his hair looked like a bird's nest.

Knitting her eyebrows together, Vivian took the pieces of wood from him.

"Let me try," she said lightly. She wasn't sure how to react or treat Finnick when he looked this strange.

Staring at her, he handed the wood to her and stood over her to see what she was going to do.

He didn't know how, but Vivian quickly started a fire without much difficulty.

This made Finnick feel somewhat inferior. He was a grown man, yet he was beaten by a woman at a simple survival skill.

But the truth was that Vivian was simply better at him at this sort of thing. And when he remembered that technically, he had only been beaten by his wife, he didn't feel too bad anymore.

Vivian started to busy herself in the kitchen, and Finnick once again recalled their life together five years ago.

Back then, the sight of her in the kitchen had been a common one that greeted him every day he came home from work.

Getting to see that sight again now was like *deja vu*.

Before Finnick realized it, Vivian had already finished cooking dinner.

He stepped up and helped serve the food, placing the dishes on the table.

Using his utensils, he cut out a large piece of the omelet and set it on Vivian's plate. She didn't refuse, nearly inhaling the food.

“Vivian.” Finnick tried to start a conversation, but she stayed quiet, and only the sounds of them eating filled the room.

“Don’t you think that this situation is just like before, when you used to cook for me?”

Her hands froze mid-air before she slowly lifted her head to look up at him. “Even if it was just like before, we can never return to what we were in the past.”

Her tone was flat and completely devoid of any emotion.

“Please don’t be like that. Come back to me, please?” Finnick pleaded even when he knew that this was not the best time to be having this conversation.

But he just couldn’t help himself—his feelings for her were overflowing and spilling out.

“Can you stop that? Why would I go back to you? To get hurt again? To watch you sleep around with other women?”

Vivian had no idea how Finnick thought he had the right to ask her to go back to him.

If he truly wanted to get back together with her, then why did he do everything that he’d done to her back then?

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Vivian. Can we please have a proper discussion about this so we can resolve this issue together?” he begged.

But she was in no mood to take a walk down memory lane with him. “No, thank you. We have someone who’s been kidnapped that we have to save right now.”

The most pressing matter currently was to rescue Larry. Without him, nothing else mattered.

“I’m sorry for bringing up the topic so soon.” Aware that he had come on too strong, Finnick finally backed down.

With a small smile, he went back to eating dinner. They both finished their food in silence, refraining from mentioning any other upsetting topics.

At the end of dinner, their full stomachs soothed the fatigue they felt after the long tiring day, having replenished their physical and mental energies.

The night was dead silent. Only their breathing and the sounds of the wind filled the house.

Outside the building, a small shadow moved around, intently observing every single thing that occurred inside.

Under the dim light of the moon and the stars, the two people sat in the house as their minds wandered to memories of five years ago, completely failing to notice the suspicious figure lurking outside.

The tiny figure got down on his knees to peek in the gap between the door and the doorframe, a bright smile growing on his face.

It was none other than the kidnapping victim himself, Larry.

Watching his parents' movements, Larry felt like there was something missing. He caught sight of a grasshopper moving near his feet, and a lightbulb went off in his head.

He picked up the grasshopper and flung it inside the house, letting it fly all the way to rest on Vivian's body.

The two adults instantly noticed the abrupt movement, scrambling to their feet. Finnick wondered if it was something bad.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 766

But Vivian had very clearly seen that a bug had flown into the room.

All the blood was drained from her face; she had always been deathly afraid of bugs.

She'd hoped that the bug wouldn't move around after flying in through the window, but she didn't expect it to fly towards her and perch on her arm.

Nearly jumping out of her skin, she gasped and tried to get away from the bug, somehow stumbling into Finnick's arms.

The warmth of their bodies calmed both of them down as she gazed awkwardly and fearfully up at him.

He had wrapped an arm around her waist, a charming, satisfied smile on his face, looking like a cat that had gotten the cream.

Larry knew his mommy very well, and he was well aware that she was afraid of all kinds of insects.

Seeing that the couple inside had reacted exactly as he'd wished, he giggled to himself and got ready to carry out the last phase of the plan.

Meanwhile, the grasshopper had long since been stomped to death by Finnick. Slowly lifting her face from his chest, Vivian's cheeks were flushed a deep shade of red.

"Are you alright?" Finnick asked, concerned.

"I'm fine." Thinking that that was all she would say to him, he was surprised when she followed up with, "Thank you."

Vivian's mother used to be constantly ill and needed to drink traditional herbal medicine, but their family was poor and couldn't afford to buy it from the stores.

So, Vivian had had no choice but to pick out herbs to make medicine for her mother, repressing her fear and disgust every time she stepped into the long grass infested with all kinds of bugs in order to do that.

As a result, she eventually developed a phobia of insects, her legs would grow weak at the mere sight of them.

Thank god that Finnick is here. She wasn't sure if she would be able stay sane until Larry was saved otherwise.

"It's okay. It's gone." Finnick, noticing that Vivian was staring blankly into space, assumed that she was thinking about the past.

He stepped forward and hugged her, rubbing her back in an attempt to soothe her fear.

After a long while, she pulled away from he, proving to him that she was fine before he was willing to let go of her.

“What is that?”

Vivian spotted a rolled-up ball of paper by the door that she hadn’t noticed before.

“Stay here. I’ll go take a look,” instructed Finnick, wondering if it was a trap.

Worried for his safety, she fretted, “Okay. Be careful.”

Finnick stopped in his tracks.

How long has it been since I last heard her caring words? How long has it been since she talk to me willingly? How long has it been since I last heard her using such a soft, gentle voice when talking to me?

He couldn’t stop the grin from growing on his face, turning around to pick up the paper ball on the floor.

The words “Sleep on the bed” were written on the crumpled paper in neat yet childish handwriting.

He did a double-take at the strange message, handing it to Vivian and observed her reaction.

Shock flashed across her face, and then her eyebrows furrowed together.

Assuming that she didn’t want to sleep on the same bed as him, Finnick suggested, “You can take the bed. I’ll just sleep in one of the chairs.”

Saying that, he spun around and was about to head for the chair.

But he had barely taken more than a few steps away when Vivian abruptly squatted down, trembling all over.

"Finnick," she whimpered, clearly sounding like she was in pain and discomfort.

He quickly ran towards her, observing that her forehead was damp with sweat and her messy hair had fallen out from behind her ears.

Finnick was at a loss for what to do.

"Vivian? Vivian, what's wrong?"

His heart was hurting for her and wanted nothing more than to help her, but he had no idea what just happened.

I just turned around and she is all pale and disheveled. What is going on?

Having no time to think about all of that. He reached out and propped up a hand under Vivian's neck, helping her move into a more comfortable position.