

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 847 - 848

"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.

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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.

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"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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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"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!

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