

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 648

"I am glad you are fine." Rachel let out a sigh of relief and then asked anxiously, "Vivian, what's the address of that apartment? I am worried that Evelyn would have a hard time living alone. I should go take care of her."

"It's alright. I have already hired a nanny to take care of her." Vivian tried to assure Rachel. "This nanny has been working in the Morrison family for several years. She is very experienced, so you don't have to worry. Your current physical condition is also not very good, so it is better not to exhaust yourself. After you recover, I will bring you to see her again."

Hearing these words from Vivian, Rachel was grateful. "Vivian, thank you so much. Thank you for helping Evelyn."

"It's okay. You don't need to thank me," Vivian responded politely. "Didn't you say that Evelyn and I should take care of each other?"

"I am glad that you can think of it this way." Rachel expressed a relieved smile on the phone. "Vivian, Evelyn has been kicked out by Finnick, and I, as a mother, can't do anything to help her. You are the only one I can count on to watch over her."

"I understand." Vivian's voice sounded a little moody. "I have something else to do, so I'll hang up first. Don't worry. I will make sure Evelyn being well taken care of."

"Okay. That's good to know," Rachel replied in a hustle.

As soon as she hung up, Vivian raised her head and took a deep breath. She was worn out.

Acting with Evelyn was exhausting, and talking to Rachel was even more so. She did not like how tiring her life was now, and she missed her old naive self.

But for the future of she and her son, reality had left her no choice. This was the only way to make sure justice be served.

Taking a deep breath to clear her head, Vivian advanced towards her car. Larry should have finished school by now. Imagining her son's lovely face and cute voice, her mood lightened up a little.

But just after walking a few steps, Vivian detected hurried and chaotic footsteps behind her. Before she could turn her head vigilantly, she was held on a chokehold by a strong arm.

In the next instance, a pair of hands covered her nose and mouth – it was, without doubt, a man.

Vivian struggled vigorously and yelled in a muffled voice, trying to break free from the restraint of the other party. But he was too strong, and her struggle failed to move him even an inch.

Next, it was darkness all around. Vivian realized that she was blindfolded, and so she became even more anxious. Who exactly is this man? Who sent him?

“Help!” Vivian shook her head desperately while making loud noises, hoping that someone around could miraculously come to her rescue.

“Stop talking and stop struggling. As long as you don't fight, we won't hurt you.” The man's hoarse voice echoed.

As the man's words slid into her ears, the fear in her heart multiplied. Dreading that these people would do something terrible to her, Vivian hurriedly nodded and gave in.

After that, she felt she was carried being into a car, and her hands and feet were tied with rope.

Forcing herself to calm down, Vivian was guessing who the kidnapper would be. The biggest suspects are Evelyn and Mark.

But Evelyn has just been driven out from the Norton family by Finnick. She would be too busy worrying about her own a** to kidnap me at this moment. Or is it Mark? If it was him, what does he want? Does he want to use me to threaten Finnick again?

As the horror deepened, Vivian's whole body quivered slightly. I can't have anything happen to me. Otherwise, what will happen to Larry? My poor fatherless baby can't lose his mother too!

With that in mind, Vivian's brain was dashing to conceive of a way to free herself. But before she could think of anything, she felt the car came to a halt.

Are we there? Where am I now?

She was taken from the car by the two people who had been sitting next to her. Still uncertain of where she was, the sound that she heard next confused her even more.

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Isn't it the sound of an elevator? Where exactly is this? Based on my previous traumatic experience, shouldn't I be taken to a warehouse or something? Why is there an elevator?

With incomprehension, Vivian was finally lowered to the floor. To her surprise, those people just left after that.

"Anyone there?" Vivian asked with her trembling voice, but there was no answer.

Squirming her body vigorously, Vivian tried to sense the surrounding with her hands. It felt like a room. Why did they take me into a room?

Recalling that Evelyn hired someone to humiliate herself before, cold sweat started dripping on Vivian's forehead.

Is it Evelyn again? Could it be that she would repeat the same act? Anyway, I'll never let her succeed! I have to find a way to escape now.

Fumbling around with her hands, Vivian searched for something to help her cut the rope. But her effort was in vain.

Unable to obtain anything, she tried to loosen the rope via friction but only to realize that her wrists were being tied tightly. But the peculiar thing was that she did not feel any pain around her wrist. The rope that tied her did not seem to be an ordinary hemp rope, and it felt rather flimsy to the touch.

That person... won't be some sort of pervert, would it? At the thought of this, Vivian's heart thumped wildly again, and she struggled even harder to set herself free, but with no success.

Just when Vivian was overwhelmed with desperation, she heard the door opened. Then there were sounds of footsteps – calm and assertive. She knew right away it was a man.

Still unable to break free, Vivian was so anxious that her tears were about to fall. Who exactly is it? Is he going to do something to me?

As the footsteps gradually approached, Vivian's heart leaped to her throat.

"Stop! Don't come near! Who are you?" She summoned the courage to shout, but her shivering body exposed the panic in her heart.

It was complete darkness in front of her, with only a slight glare piercing her eyes from below. Vivian tried to identify the person standing in front of her, but she soon realized that it was impossible.

However, the words she yelled just now obviously had some effect. She sensed the footsteps had stopped and were no longer approaching her.

Holding back her nerves, Vivian's lips quivered as she opened her mouth again. "You... who are you? Why did you kidnap me?"

Without responding to her question, the man in front of her stared at her with a complicated expression. After observing her for a long time, he lifted his feet and started going towards her again.

Detecting the resuming footsteps, Vivian instantly moved back with vast effort. "Don't come here! What do you want? Ah!"

Vivian clearly sensed the man leaning down towards her. In fact, she could even slightly feel his breath at her neck. All of a sudden, she was picked up abruptly and placed on the sofa beside her.

Is he going to do something bad to me? Despair emerged in Vivian's heart that instant.

With that, Vivian shrank to the corner of the sofa in fear. Her tied hands were waving wildly in front of her. However, the man in front of her did not make any further movements.

She could feel him standing in front of her. For some reason, she felt even more frightened when he was not moving.

At this moment, she felt like a rabbit locked up in a cage. No matter how hard she struggled, she could only wait to be slaughtered.

Under the hysteria of fear, Vivian ceased talking. She bit her lip firmly and froze as she waited quietly with the man.

But after a while, she felt a warm hand caressing her cheek. He was touching her face!

His hand gently stroked her cheek while his thumb and index finger subconsciously squeezed her thin chin. Those dark eyes of his were staring intensely at those delicate lips.

The fear when facing the unknown was innate. At that moment, Vivian wanted so badly to burrow into the sofa to get away from that man, but it was no use. She had nowhere to run.

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“Who are you? Did Evelyn or Mark send you?” Vivian interrogated uncertainly. Apart from these two people, she really could not think of anyone else that she had offended.

The hand stroking her cheek suddenly paused. Vivian could clearly feel the hesitation in his fingers, but the man still did not provide an answer.

Vivian’s voice seemed to echo in that room, and strange anxiety rose in her heart. Left without a choice, she abruptly shook her head to remove the man’s hand that was on her face.

Not knowing where her courage came from, Vivian swiftly strode forward and shoved the man approaching her away. “Go away! Don’t touch me!”

Her skin touched the man's shirt, and she was startled to find that it felt rather smooth. Judging from her knowledge and experience with menswear, the material was probably something expensive and custom-made.

If he was one of Evelyn and Mark's, he probably wouldn't wear such nice clothes. Who is he then?

Frantically trying to figure out the man's identity in her mind, Vivian was suddenly thrust onto the sofa. The overwhelming presence of the man made her heart fall with a thud.

Vivian could almost predict what would happen next. At that point, she was terribly scared, screaming as she struggled. "Let go of me! You b**tard, get up..."

Before she could finish her sentence, a pair of soft lips found their way to hers, pressing them tightly shut. The man's massive body was forced onto her body, holding her captive. One of his hands supported the back of her head, while the other was holding her chin.

In the beginning, the man kissed her tenderly. It almost made Vivian think that the way he acted was towards the person he loved, and not a hostage.

But when she thought that she was being humiliated by a stranger, the sense of shame soared in her heart. Coming back to her senses, she shook her head desperately to dodge him.

Maybe it was her struggle that triggered the man. His kisses suddenly became more domineering, and his tongue swept through her mouth vigorously, like a hungry wolf craving for food.

There was no way for Vivian to give in like this. She opened her mouth and wanted to bite the man's tongue. But he seemed to have predicted her trick. He then pinched her jaw, numbing her tongue.

At that point, Vivian's eyebrows were already tightly furrowed. With her hands clasped tight, she used all her strength to punch the man.

She could not be more intimidated then, despite knowing that her actions would not harm the man. But what she feared was worse; she feared if what she did would annoy him. Nonetheless, there was no way that she could endure such humiliation without doing anything.

On the contrary, the man did not erupt from anger after that punch, and neither did she even hear a muffled groan. All the rage and hatred seemed to vanish into nowhere, and there was no response coming from the man.

Boiled with frustration and restlessness, Vivian slapped the man recklessly. "A**hole, get out! Don't you dare touch me!"

The man wanted to stop her attack but discovered that the strength of this woman was unexpected. For a while, he even failed to restrain her.

Yet, the man just hung her tied wrist around his neck and locked her into a deep and passionate kiss. For some odd reason, there was a vaguely familiar scent lingering on the end of her nose.

This smells... so familiar? Vivian's heart started to tremble uncontrollably at that thought.

Eventually, the man's kiss was no longer as domineering as before. His lips then gently fell on her cheek and the corner of her lips as if to soothe an injured small animal.

After that, his lips made their way down towards her cheeks. When he reached her chin, the man gently nibbled the tip of her chin and then returned to her lips.

Vivian was startled by his every single move. Is it really him? Once that conjecture popped into her mind, she could not hold herself back any longer.

Following that, Vivian carefully explored the man using her other senses – his body, his scent, his breath, and his familiar tiny movements when kissing. The longer she was entwined with him, the faster her heart beat. Now she was almost sure about the identity of the mystery man.

It must be him. This is absurd! As she slowly came to a realization, Vivian felt flames of hatred burning all over her body. How could he do such a thing to me? He went too far this time, that b**tard!