

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 191

Vivian's heart skipped a beat.

All she could do was agree with Sarah as she awkwardly laughed. "It's nothing. He didn't do much. It was something simple for him. Don't expect too much from him."

Sarah continued, "I don't care. He's the savior of our company. Vivian, you have to bring your husband along to the company trip this time. We have to thank him for what he's done. He's really our savior. Aren't I right, guys?"

"Obviously!" Everyone agreed with Sarah's suggestion.

Shannon sat back down, upset and huffing. She thought, Yes, yes. Continue smiling. You've already crossed the chief editor's wife. Ashley looks like someone you should never cross. Let's see how much longer you'll be happy, Vivian.

Everyone in the office was keen to meet Vivian's husband.

However, Vivian and Finnick were still giving each other the cold shoulder. She was stumped. She did not know what answer she should give them.

She was conflicted.

She was still angry with Finnick, and she did not want to bring him along on her company trip. However, if she did not, everyone would start to doubt her.

However, if she did, then everyone would find out that her husband was the popular president of Finnor Group, Finnick Norton. The latter is worse!

Pretending to have suddenly thought of something, Vivian said to Sarah, "Sarah, I left my bag downstairs. Let me go and take it. Help me take the calls for a while."

At that, Vivian left the office with a reddened face.

Her colleagues started discussing. They wondered if her husband was abnormally ugly, and if that was the reason she was embarrassed to bring him along. They even wondered if perhaps she did not even have a husband. Maybe it was an illicit lover or an old friend. Otherwise, why else would that person help her with this? That person would be doomed if Finnick found out about it. Their life would be over.

Right then, Shannon added fuel to the fire. "Look at that cheap ring on her finger, and you'll know what kind of husband she has. He must not be someone important; he must be a minor character working in Finner Group. He's no one to brag about. Why do you even need to think about this?"

Jenny could not bear to continue listening. She huffed, "Shannon, what do you know? You only know how to talk rubbish. Can't you be someone nicer? Why are you talking bad about someone's husband?"

Immediately, the group of people lost themselves in their thoughts as they tried to imagine what kind of person Vivian's husband was.

At Finner Group.

Finnick looked at the invitation letter for a charity auction on the table with a frown.

This was his grandfather's friend's charity auction, and his attendance was compulsory. However, he had to bring someone along with him.

He was stumped.

Will Vivian go with me?

After work, when Vivian reached home, Finnick was already in the house.

Vivian did not know what to say to Finnick when she saw him.

She had been thinking about many things these few days. Maybe Finnick loves me too much. That's why his reaction was so intense. After all, it was her fault to have been forcefully kissed by Fabian. It was normal for Finnick to lose his temper. If he did not, that meant he was not jealous, and he did not care about her. His anger represented his love for her.

During these few days of giving each other the cold shoulder, the two bore thoughts of making up to each other. Yet, they were too prideful to be the first to apologize.

Finnick gripped the invitation letter as he thought, Maybe this is a good chance for me to fix our relationship.

Vivian had been ignoring him for days, and he had been lonely. The smile was absent from his face, and he kept frowning. It was obvious he was suffering from the cold shoulder.

Finnick handed the invitation letter to Vivian and murmured, "Vivian, this is an invitation letter to a charity auction. Let's go together."

Vivian took it, but she did not look at it.

She could not bring herself to forgive him yet; she was still angry. She was angry that Finnick was pretending as if nothing had happened. He really doesn't care about my feelings. He doesn't realize that the scar in my heart has yet to recover.

She replied, "I've never attended a charity auction as high-end as this. I'm afraid I'll embarrass both you and me."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 192

Hearing Vivian's rejection, Finnick's expression turned grim. He persuaded, "This is Grandpa's friend's charity auction. If you don't attend it, Grandpa will be angry. He's nice to you."

Vivian could not possibly embarrass Finnick's grandfather. Moreover, she was afraid that he might become angry after realizing something amiss about her relationship with Finnick.

Thus, Vivian nodded, agreeing to go with him.

However, she did not own any pretty evening gown, nor did she know how to dress herself up. She felt conflicted.

His heart skipped a beat when he saw her pursing her lips. She looked as cute as a baby when she was troubled.

Finnick swiftly called Noah and told him to make the necessary arrangements. As Vivian refused to publicly announce her identity, he had to rely on Noah to make the arrangements for dressing her up.

Vivian shot him a look of gratitude. However, she did not forgive him yet.

The two were silent for a moment before Finnick suddenly said to Vivian, "I don't want to sleep in the study room tonight."

Vivian's heart softened. The study room was not as comfortable as the bed. He had suffered in the past few days.

Yet, she replied, "This is your house and your bed. You're the owner of this house. You can do whatever you want."

Hence, Finnick returned to the bedroom, and the two slept on their side of the bed.

The next day, as arranged by Noah, Vivian went to a high-end club. She first went to the spa. Her moodiness from the past few days had faded away as she breathed in the fragrance of the essential oils during her massage session. Her mood was now much better than it was.

Vivian, who was a natural beauty, wore only light makeup. With an updo, she looked phenomenally outstanding.

Vivian put on the dress that Finnick had prepared for her. A famous fashion designer, Alex, designed the minimalistic mint green dress. The wearer would look lively yet noble in it.

Everyone present, including Noah, could not help but express their awe.

Noah was shocked. Clothing does make the woman!

Mrs. Norton's a beauty.

Finnick hurried over to the lobby to wait for Vivian's arrival.

He was in a suit, looking smart and handsome as usual. Although he was in a wheelchair, it did not affect his charm. He was like a witch who cast a spell over the women and made them look at him.

When Vivian walked through the door, Finnick blinked in surprise.

She's beautiful. She's like a real princess. Elegant and youthful. I can't tear my eyes away from the way she's moving.

Although the two were still giving each other the cold shoulder, they were in Finnick's grandfather's friend's charity auction. Both had silently agreed to head to the auction together.

The auction took place in a five-star hotel. Finnick pushed himself in as the well-dressed Vivian walked beside him. The pair attracted the eyes of many.

When they entered the auction hall, the first people they encountered were Fabian and Ashley.

Ashley had a look of jealousy and envy in her eyes.

Ever since Vivian met Finnick, she had gone from rags to riches.

In the past, her clothes were all the cheapest kinds; she could never walk beside Ashley on the street. Strangers who saw them would think that Vivian was a maid of Ashley's family.

Yet now, Vivian had appeared in an auction for the rich in a stunning dress.

Fabian, too, could not tear his eyes away from her. Vivian was gorgeous. It was as if the woman in front of him was not her but the classic princess of an old movie.

Ashley stepped forward and mocked, "Oh my, is this my sister? The ugly duckling has turned into the swan!"

Finnick shot a glare at Ashley.

Ashley's heart shuddered, and she quickly shut her mouth and turned her head aside.

Finnick pushed himself in front of Fabian and uttered, "Don't think of getting what does not belong to you. It's different from an auction. The highest bidder won't be the winner; the winner is the one who wins over the heart."

Finnick's words exuded a sense of oppression.

He and Vivian were legal husband and wife. No matter what Finnick said or did, Fabian had no words to refute. He could not intervene in their matters either. All he could do was to watch from aside.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 193

Vivian ignored the two men's silent fight. She was preoccupied with the feeling of awkwardness when she thought about Fabian's forceful kiss and the call from a few days ago.

Furthermore, she had a habit—she always needed to use the restroom whenever she felt awkward.

She informed Finnick, "You can go ahead. I need to use the restroom."

Before Finnick could reply to her, Vivian walked away with a lowered head.

Rolling her eyes at Vivian, Ashley said to Fabian, "Let's go in too."

With that said, she dragged Fabian into the inner hall.

After washing her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror. Something about her looked different, yet parts of her remained the same. Am I Mrs. Norton or that miserable Vivian back then? Who am I? Vivian spaced out.

On the way back to the hall, Vivian encountered someone, and the two nearly collided.

She raised her head to look before freezing.

It was the celebrity, Yasmin. She's here too.

Yasmin was dressed as glamorously as ever. She had a good figure, and naturally, she would want to show it off. That had always been her way of life. Moreover, she was dressed in this way to attract the attention of others, especially Finnick.

Yasmin was puzzled and annoyed. Vivian is here in a place like this? She's average-looking with an average figure. She doesn't even come from a rich or powerful family. Who invited her here?

Could it be Finnick? Yasmin immediately shook off the thought. I heard Finnick came with his wife.

She glanced at Vivian's luxurious dress with jealousy. "You're wearing especially well today. Which rich man are you planning to seduce? Vivian, you never change. How can someone like you come to an event like this? Grow a brain and scram!"

Vivian was also sick of Yasmin. She did not want to waste her breath arguing with the woman.

She took a step aside, planning to walk past Yasmin. She muttered, "I'm sorry. Please move aside. I'm going inside."

Yasmin stuck out her arm to stop her.

"Don't be in a hurry to leave. I'm not done yet." Yasmin blocked her way.

"You and Mr. Norton were in a rush to leave the restaurant the last time we met. I didn't get to see you that well yet. I want to take a good look at what kind of a person you are to bewitch Mr. Norton. This is the first time I've seen him so concerned about a woman."

Vivian tamped down the disgust that rose in her chest. She was also blaming herself. If not for the company, Finnick would not have invited Yasmin to a meal. Things would not have turned out as complicated as this.

Yasmin continued, "Do you know who's here today? Finnick from Finner Group and his wife. Although I've never seen Mrs. Norton before, I'm sure she's someone who has a high social

status and comes from a respectable family. As for you, you're just a lowly peasant. How can you possibly be compared to her?"

Vivian thought, I am Mrs. Norton. How do I compare with myself? Childish.

The more Yasmin said, the more excited she became. "What's wrong? Are you scared now? If you are, get lost quickly!"

Vivian had the urge to laugh. Is she really that concerned about the title of Mrs. Norton? Does she really think she's his mistress? Even if others enjoyed being Mrs. Norton, Vivian did not. She was Vivian William, and she would not change herself for anyone.

She said to Yasmin, "I don't care about Mrs. Norton. I'm here to attend the auction, not to fight with you. Ms. Ziller, please move aside."

Yasmin scrunched her nose.

How infuriating!

What Yasmin hated the most was Vivian's look of disinterest. We are both interested in Finnick, so what's the point of you pretending that you're not?

To Yasmin, Vivian was playing innocent. She looks pitiful and obedient, but she's just a stepford smiler. Yasmin had come across plenty of people like her.

Pushing Vivian, she voiced, "So what if you look presentable today? When you're in front of the noble Mrs. Norton, you'll want the ground to swallow you up. When that happens, let's see what Mr. Norton does to you. He'll never talk to you in front of his wife. You're nothing but a joke to Mrs. Norton. I'd suggest for you to leave now. You're only going to suffer when you embarrass yourself at the auction later."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 194

It was morally wrong, but people in this world were divided into categories based on the power and money they had.

In society, those with money were the ones who enjoyed a luxurious life. Meanwhile, those who did not have to live a tough life. What about happiness and health? What category would that be fitted into? Vivian felt that she and Yasmin were people who had vastly different world views.

Vivian questioned her instead, "What about you? Who do you think you are to Mrs. Norton?"

"M-Me?" Yasmin barked out a laugh before continuing, "I'm the famous Yasmin Ziller. I'm somebody. Moreover, I'm the ambassador of Finnor Group. Even Mr. Finnick Norton has to greet me politely, not to mention his wife."

The one standing in front of you is the Mrs. Norton you're talking about. What a pity you don't know, Vivian thought. It's tough being Mrs. Norton.

Yasmin whipped her smooth hair, and the aromatic scent of perfume wafted across Vivian's nose. Attacked by the sudden smell, Vivian sneezed.

Mockingly, Yasmin muttered, "I heard the items in the auction today are worth millions. I'm surprised you're trying to show off with your meagre salary. The guests today are all billionaires, and they spend hundreds of millions on each purchase. All you can do is to watch them. You can't afford anything here at all."

Vivian only smiled at her. She was here with Finnick. If not for his grandfather, she would not have come to a place like this.

She did not like auctions, feeling that it was a place that rich people show off their money. Although this was a charity auction, something was still off about it.

"Vivian, what are you thinking about? Get lost if you don't have the money. You're not welcomed here."

Yasmin pushed Vivian again; this time, she pushed her harder.

Vivian's body leaned backward. She was already balancing precariously on her high heels. With that push, she was about to fall.

Right then, Finnick appeared behind her and caught her with his wheelchair.

When Yasmin saw Finnick, she instantly put on a smile and greeted him.

"Mr. Norton!" Yasmin's voice was coated with sugar.

Finnick ignored her as he grabbed Vivian's icy hands. Frowning, he asked, "Where did you go just now? You took quite a while."

Vivian smiled. His timely appearance made her feel moved.

She replied, "I'm fine. Don't worry. I met Yasmin, and we had a chat. It's nothing."

Finnick reached out to tidy up Vivian's clothes. He only nodded after making sure she was fine.

Meanwhile, ignored at a side, Yasmin's mouth was hanging wide.

Is he bewitched? He's always so protective of Vivian, and the way he looks at her is so gentle. Yet, every time Finnick looked at Yasmin, he was glaring at her with a glacial look.

The envy Yasmin had for Vivian was killing her. Finnick and Vivian were displaying their love in broad daylight. What about Mrs. Norton? Aren't they afraid that Mrs. Norton will find out about their affair?

A thought entered Yasmin with a jolt. She suddenly realized something. She could barely believe it.

Could it be...

Vivian is Finnick's wife? Is that why they're being so obvious about it?

Vivian and Finnick both looked at Yasmin at the same time. With the two standing together, Yasmin could see that they were both wearing identical rings.

She jabbed a finger at Vivian, and muttered in a trembling voice, "Y-You can't possibly be Mrs. Norton, can you?"

Vivian and Finnick entered the inner auction hall, leaving the stupefied Yasmin rooted to the spot.

What will Yasmin think about after finding out the truth? Will she want to turn back the time to change what she has said? She's definitely going to cry over the impulsive words she's said.

When Vivian thought about how Yasmin paled earlier, she could not help but chuckle.

Finnick raised his head and saw her smile. After days of giving each other the cold shoulder, he finally saw her smile. Finnick's mood lifted.

The two slowly walked in silence.

In the auction, everyone had to donate something. Every money that the auction earned was to be donated to charity. First, they had to go to the storage room to register their item. Then, they would wait for the auction to begin.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 195

The two came to the outside of the storage room.

Several people were already registering their items. The items they were donating were exquisite, and they were things that had a certain collection value.

When the staff asked Vivian where was her item for auction, Vivian's brows furrowed. She exclaimed, "Oh no, I've forgotten to bring something along today!"

The staff member looked at her in surprise. There are people who don't bring anything to a charity auction? This is my first time meeting with a lady this weird?

Vivian's face flushed, feeling embarrassed in front of the staff member. The staff must think I'm a scammer who's here to scam some food and drinks.

When Finnick saw Vivian standing still like a child who had done something wrong, he took out a blue velvet box from his bag.

He then asked a staff member to open it, telling them that this was Mrs. Norton's donation for the day.

Finnick had prepared the item for her, but the staff had been too quick to ask her about it; he could not hand it to them in time.

When the staff member saw the intricate velvet box, he wondered what kind of treasure was in it. The moment he opened the box, he was stunned.

Mrs. Norton's donation was an extravagant diamond necklace. On the necklace was a total of nine diamonds, and each diamond was top grade. The workmanship was exquisite, and overall, the necklace was magnificent. Mrs. Norton's so generous! There's finally something to look forward to for the auction today.

The staff member nearly drooled while staring at it.

Even Vivian was dumbfounded as well. She had never seen something as pretty as this diamond necklace.

Finnick asked, "Do you like it? If you do, we'll auction something else. I'll gift this to you instead."

"No, no." Vivian hurriedly waved her hand; she could not afford to wear something like that.

"It's pretty, but I'd rather donate it to the auction. This way, we can help more people, and it'll be worth more than its original value."

These were the parts that Finnick liked about Vivian—her kindness and guilelessness. If it were not her but some other women, she would have been attracted by the diamond necklace. In fact, she would have insisted on owning the necklace.

There were few women who did not love money, and Vivian was one of the few. Finnick had never expected this when he first met her.

Vivian was moved by how he had prepared an expensive auction item for her today. She looked at him gratefully.

Finnick gave her a smile, and his eyes were filled with adoration for her.

By now, the majority of the anger Vivian had for Finnick had faded away.

The staff member placed the diamond necklace at the most prominent spot. He uttered, "Mr. Norton, Mrs. Norton. You may now take a seat in the hall." Upon hearing that, the two left.

Just as they left, Ashley came with her auction item.

Everything in the storage room was expensive and the best, including jewelry, cultural relics, and paintings. The beauty of them overwhelmed Ashley.

The item that caught her eye the most was a diamond necklace placed in the middle. None of the other auction items were comparable to the diamond necklace.

Pointing at the diamond necklace, Ashley asked one of the staff, "Who donated this necklace?"

The staff glanced at the list and answered, "This is by Mrs. Norton from the Finnor Group." The staff then said, "Isn't it beautiful? This is the first time I've seen a diamond necklace as heavenly as this. I heard it's custom-made in Africa, and there are only three in the entire world. This is one of them."

The staff member thought his explanation would pique Ashley's interest, but to his surprise, Ashley rolled her eyes at him instead.

When Ashley realized Vivian was donating such an expensive necklace, jealousy surged in her veins. This was a charity auction for the rich. Ashley refused to let Vivian steal the limelight from her; she had to win her!

The staff member now looked upset as he asked Ashley, "May I know what you'll be donating today?"