

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 111

A corner of Vivian's mouth quirked up. "Why are we even talking about this? It's all history now. There's no point for us to have this discussion anymore."

She stood up and was ready to leave as she did not want to talk to Fabian anymore.

Yet, Fabian was not ready to let her go. He went up and grabbed her by the wrist.

"You and I still have a lot to talk about." Fabian stared at her, and this time he did not look away. "You protected me from the attack. This shows you still have feelings for me!"

Vivian's body could not help but shudder ever so slightly, but she quickly managed to calm herself down.

She looked at Fabian, who was standing beside her. She saw from his beautiful eyes remorse and saudade. The feelings were so intense that Vivian dared not look at them directly.

"I think you've mistaken," she said in a suppressed voice, "All I did was to pull the man away from you, that's all."

"What's the difference? You still care about me, don't you?" Fabian growled.

"I saved you because I..." Vivian's eyelashes fluttered, but she tried to explain it in a steady voice, "Because I want to repay your kindness."

Fabian froze momentarily. "What do you mean?"

"You're the one who helped me secure the scholarship and job opportunities, right?" Vivian said softly. Upon seeing Fabian's sudden change of expression, she knew her guess was right. "This is why I'm still grateful to you, though you didn't trust me and even lied to me. Without you, I wouldn't be able to complete my university studies."

Had she not graduated from university, it would be impossible for her to land a job in any magazine company. She would also not be able to afford her mother's medical expenses.

Despite all that had happened, Vivian was sincerely grateful to Fabian.

“What do you mean?” It was Fabian’s face going pale this time. “You rescued me just because I’ve helped you in the past?”

It hurt Vivian to see the disappointment in Fabian’s eyes.

She did not rescue Fabian just because she wanted to repay his kindness.

At that critical moment, she did not even have the time to think; she simply stepped forth and rescued him. It was an instinctive act.

After all, Fabian was the man she had once loved, and she could not bear to see him in danger.

But he doesn’t need to know all this.

Instead of explaining herself, she answered in a nonchalant manner, “Yes.”

Fabian turned ashen-faced completely, but he was not willing to accept her explanation. He tightened his grip on Vivian. “You don’t have any feelings for me? I don’t believe you!”

Vivian could no longer contain her frustration as she was in so much pain, and she bellowed, “Who are you to question me?”

Fabian was taken aback and released her from his grip at once.

She’s right. Who am I to question her?

I shamed her and made her a laughing stock. Who am I to ask her for forgiveness, or force her to admit she still has feelings for me?

Vivian massaged her wrist and said aloofly, “Remember what I told you two years ago? I said I’ll never forgive you even if you find out the truth and apologize to me.”

Fabian trembled. He did recall what Vivian said to him when he humiliated her.

“I’m sorry. I...” He wanted to apologize to her, but Vivian interrupted him.

“Save your apologies. I’ll never forgive you.” She looked into Fabian’s eyes. “Whether you’re sorry that you’ve lied to me about your family, for not having faith in me, or even for insulting me, I won’t forgive you.”

Vivian meant every word she said.

She did not want Fabian to get hurt and she truly wanted to repay his kindness, but this did not mean she would let bygones be bygones and forget about how badly he had treated her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 112

No one had hurt Vivian’s feelings the way Fabian did. She refused to forgive him and did not want to be associated with him anymore.

She just wanted him to stay away from her.

Upon hearing those words, Fabian froze.

Meanwhile, Vivian walked out of the office without hesitation.

...

Over at Ringsby Mall, the largest shopping mall in the city, Shannon carried her purse and stormed past all the branded outlets in anger.

Damn you, Vivian! How can everyone believe you and sympathize with you? Are they blind? B*tch!

She was so mad that she wished she could splurge on some luxury handbags. Yet, with her salary, she could never afford them.

This made her angrier!

It’s not fair!

I have to save money for months to buy myself an expensive handbag, but Vivian can get what she wants by winking at those rich b*stards!

When Shannon's resentment was still clouding her thoughts, all of a sudden she heard a few girls giggling right behind.

"You look great in that dress, Ashley. Fabian is so lucky to marry someone as pretty as you."

Fabian?

Shannon was stunned for a bit. She gradually turned around and saw a young and gorgeous woman trying on an expensive dress. A group of ladies surrounded her and complimented her looks.

With her striking appearance, Shannon instantly recognized her as Fabian's fiancée because she had visited him in his office before. Her name is Ashley?

Upon seeing all the luxurious accessories Ashley carried with her, Shannon got a little jealous. Instead of letting her envy get the better of her, Shannon had a better idea.

Since I can't take Vivian down myself, perhaps Ashley can!

She mustered up her courage and approached her. "Hi there, are you Mr. Norton's fiancée?"

Ashley, who was admiring her own look in the mirror, turned around and looked at her.

The moment she saw Shannon's counterfeit handbag, she immediately lost interest in the person. Nonetheless, she still answered politely, "You mean Fabian Norton? Yes, I am his fiancée."

"That's why I thought you look familiar." Shannon acted as if she was pleased to meet her. "I'm an employee from Glamour Magazine and I remember seeing you in the office."

Though Ashley had no clue why Shannon came up to her, she still nodded out of politeness.

"I know this is a little awkward, but... there's something I wish to tell you because I think you deserve to know the truth," Shannon said sheepishly.

Ashley knitted her brows. "What is it?"

"It's about Mr. Norton and Vivian William."

Ashley's expression immediately changed.

She gave Shannon a sullen stare and turned to her female friends. "Wait for me at the café. I'll come and meet you after this."

These ladies were Ashley's entourage. They immediately nodded and walked away.

Once they had left, Ashley put on a deadpan expression and looked at Shannon. "What do you want to tell me?"

...

Vivian finally punched out after spending a long day in the office. At the subway station, she instinctively boarded the train to the Norton residence, but halfway through the journey, she remembered she was supposed to pick her mother up from the hospital. She immediately switched trains and went to the hospital.

Once they got home, Vivian clumsily tidied up the house and ordered some plain dishes for takeaway from a restaurant downstairs. It was already 9 p.m. by the time she settled everything, and it was at this point that she remembered she had forgotten to inform Finnick that she would be staying with her mom tonight.

She decided to text him anyway, even though Finnick might not even care to know where she was.

After that, Vivian helped her mother up to the dining table.

Vivian did not know her text message had affected Finnick, who was attending a meeting. Upon receiving her text, his mood instantly changed for the worse.

The financial department director, who was conducting a briefing on the company's quarterly earnings, broke into a cold sweat after seeing a drastic change on Finnick's face.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 113

Is there something wrong with my numbers? But our company did exceptionally well in this quarter!

As the director continued to reveal the details of the financial report, he could not help but start wiping droplets of sweat off his face. "Mr. Norton, is there a problem with the report?"

He did not get a response.

Finnick just nodded randomly and did not even pay attention to his report. All this while, his attention was on the screen of his phone.

Or more precisely, he was staring at Vivian's text message on his phone: Hi, I'll be staying with my mom in my house since she has just been discharged from the hospital.

The text message was so formally written that a vortex of anger swirled inside him.

Her house?

Is she trying to draw a line between us?

This woman is absolutely capable of provoking me!

Finnick's silent treatment made everyone in the meeting room nervous. Even the most experienced members of senior management began to tremble because they were afraid that he was not pleased with the results.

Minutes ticked by, and everyone was already sweating buckets. All of a sudden, Finnick raised his head.

Just as the company executives thought he was about to comment on the company's performance, he said, "Let's call it a day. We'll continue tomorrow."

Finnick did not notice how shocked everyone was, and left the meeting room in his wheelchair.

Noah, who was just as dumbfounded, picked up his pace and ran after Finnick.

"Is everything alright, Mr. Norton?" Noah finally caught up with him. "Did an earthquake happen in J Nation and affect our nuclear plant? Or did a tornado hit our power plant in A Nation?"

Noah believed something disastrous must have happened; otherwise, Finnick would not have ended the meeting so abruptly.

Finnick stopped his wheelchair, tilted his head, and gave Noah a cold stare. "Go and find out where Vivian lives. I mean, where her mother lives."

"Ms. William's mother?" Noah was confused for a moment.

Finnick ignored his question and wheeled himself away. "Let's go and pay them a visit when you find out where she lives."

...

Meanwhile, Vivian was in her house, cautiously feeding Rachel dinner. She still had no idea her text message had enraged Finnick.

She bought plain porridge and soup for Rachel, but they were so cold and tasteless that Rachel refused to eat them.

Vivian immediately wiped the corners of her mouth with a napkin. "I'll go and buy something else for you."

She then put on a coat and was ready to leave.

Rachel frowned. "It's almost 10 p.m. now. Where are you going to get food at this hour?"

"I still have to get something for you to eat. If I can't find a restaurant, I'll just grab something from the supermarket."

With that, she walked out of the house.

Vivian headed downstairs and started counting the money she had in her pouch. All of a sudden, a car with a pair of bright spotlights appeared.

She lifted her hands to protect her eyes from the light. A few seconds later, she saw a black Bentley approaching her.

Vivian froze.

Isn't this...

The house Vivian rented was located in an ordinary neighborhood in Sunshine City. Hence, it was highly unusual to see a Bentley here.

Before she could react, the car door suddenly opened automatically and a familiar wheelchair appeared before her eyes.

Vivian could not believe her eyes when she saw Finnick came up to her in his wheelchair. She stuttered, "What... what are you doing here?"

Finnick took a glance at her from her head to her feet. Vivian wore her pajamas on the inside and covered herself with a jacket. She had a pair of flip-flops on, and she tied her hair into a messy bun. Though she might appear a little sloppy, Finnick thought she still looked adorable.

But the moment he remembered her text message, he immediately put on a serious look and asked, "Why did you come back?"

Vivian did not expect Finnick to come all the way just to ask her this question. She decided to tell him her half-truth. "My mom was discharged from the hospital today, so I came back to take care of her."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 114

A line formed between Finnick's brows but he decided not to pursue the matter. "Where are you going at this hour?"

"To buy dinner for my mom."

"Dinner? At this hour?" Finnick frowned. "You won't be able to find a restaurant at this time."

"I guess I'll just have to buy something from the supermarket then." Since there's nothing at home, I'll buy some ingredients and cook something simple for her.

Finnick looked at Vivian and did not know what to say.

At times, she presented herself as a tough woman, but more often than not she's just a girl who has no clue about anything in the world. She can't even take care of herself; how can she look after her mom?

"Noah." Finnick suddenly called. "Go to a nearby hotel and ask their kitchen to cook something."

Vivian was taken aback and immediately stopped him. "It's fine, I'll cook myself."

"It's past 10 o'clock. You want your mom to wait for you to cook?" Finnick raised his brows. "Don't forget she is still unwell."

Vivian was at a loss for words after hearing what he said.

She knew it was late, but since she was all alone by herself, she could only do one thing at a time.

Instead of putting on a tough front, she decided to give in for the sake of her mother. She accepted his offer in a soft voice, "Thanks."

Finnick's expression finally lightened up a little. "Come on, let's get back to your house."

"You want to come to my place?" Once again, Vivian hesitated.

"Unless you don't want me to?" Finnick looked at the woman who got nervous all of sudden. "You expect me to stand here and wait for Noah?"

Vivian's face blushed right away and ushered him into the building.

After stepping out of the elevator, Vivian opened the door for Finnick to enter. He was surprised to see how disorganized the house was.

"So sorry for the mess. I just came back and didn't have time to clean the house." Vivian was thoroughly embarrassed that she started putting things away.

Yet, every time she tried picking something up with her hand, she would feel pain in her wound. "Ouch."

Upon noticing Vivian's grimace, Finnick frowned and stood up from his wheelchair. "Let me."

How can I ask him to clean my house for me? Vivian stopped him by waving her hand in the air. "It's fine. I might be a little slow, but I can do this myself."

"Stop it." Finnick grabbed her by the wrist and made her sit on the couch.

Don't you dare act tough in front of me.

Vivian froze at his order. She sat still on the couch and watched him clean up the house.

It was clear that the man before her had never done house chores before.

Whether it was cleaning up the rubbish or doing the dishes, he was like a bull in a china shop. His expensive branded shirt was all wet.

"Hey..." Vivian could not bear to see how disheveled he had become. "Just let me do it, okay?"

"No." Finnick mumbled while wiping the coffee table.

She could not help but press her lips after seeing how clumsy he was.

Though Finnick was not adept at doing house chores, Vivian still found him to be rather attractive. After all, he was a tall and good-looking man.

Initially, she was very touched by his thoughtfulness, but soon, she remembered something that made her feeling vanish into thin air.

She remembered why she left the Norton residence.

All because of his necklace. And also how messed up her heart was.

She instantly looked away and decided not to focus on Finnick anymore.

Enough with your nonsense, Vivian William. This prince charming will never be yours. Stop dreaming.

While Finnick was tidying up the house, a frail voice emerged from the room, "Someone's here?"

Vivian was taken aback at first but soon realized it was Rachel who had woken up from her nap.

To prevent Rachel from seeing Finnick walking around the house, she immediately went to her room.

"Did I wake you up?" Vivian saw that Rachel was already sitting upright on her bed, and walked over. "I've asked someone to buy food for you. You can have your dinner soon."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 115

Rachel heard noises in the living room and frowned. "Who's here?"

Vivian replied in an awkward manner, "Finnick's here."

"Your husband?" Rachel's expression changed. "He came here to look for you? What is he doing outside?"

Vivian did not know how to answer her. "He is cleaning the house for me."

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Her eyes glistened for a second, and then whispered, "I don't want to nag anymore, but you'd better make sure you know what you're doing."

Of course, Vivian knew what Rachel was talking about. She inched closer and held her hands. "Don't worry, Mom. I know what I'm doing."

She did not just say that to appease Rachel. She said that as a reminder for herself.

I cannot fall in love with him. I won't allow that to happen.

Rachel gazed into her eyes and said sincerely, "I believe you."

Vivian responded with a grin and left the room.

She noticed Finnick had finished cleaning the house. He stood there with a wet cloth in his hand and a smug smile on his face. "What do you think? Not bad, huh?"

Vivian could not help but chuckle at how confident he was.

Who would expect Mr. Finnick Norton to be so proud of his little achievement here? He was the same man who would not even bother to celebrate after closing the business deal of the year!

"You did great," she praised, "Thank you."

While they were having this conversation, Noah arrived. Vivian then opened the door for him to come in.

Noah got the shock of his life when he saw Finnick holding a wet cloth in his hand. Instead of making any remarks that might offend him, he decided to keep mum and place the food on the table.

After helping Rachel finish her dinner, Vivian also ate something simple to stop her hunger pangs. It was already 11 p.m.

Vivian looked at Finnick and Noah after she cleaned up the table. "Thank you so much for today. It's getting late now. Drive safe."

"You're welcome," Noah responded with a smile and was ready to leave.

But it seems that Finnick, who was sitting on a chair beside Noah, had no intention of getting back into his wheelchair.

Noah was confused. "Mr. Norton?"

"You go back first," Finnick said, "I'll stay here tonight."

Stay here?

Vivian's eyes widened; she looked at him in disbelief.

Noah was equally shocked, but like what a professional personal assistant would do, he regained his composure in the blink of an eye. "Alright, Sir. I'll come and fetch you tomorrow. I'll bring fresh clothes for you to change into as well."

Noah then left the house.

"Wait a second, Noah!" Vivian panicked, but Noah was already nowhere to be seen. She then turned her attention to Finnick. "Are you sure you're going to sleep here?"

The man raised his brows and questioned her, "Do you have a problem?"

"I mean, you're welcome to stay, but..." Vivian got even more anxious upon seeing how serious he was. "But we only have two rooms in this house."

"I'll sleep in your room," Finnick said without hesitation, "You have a problem with that?"

Vivian's face flushed red instantly.

Back in the villa, the bed she shared with Finnick was much larger. The bed in her room here, however, was tiny. If we were to sleep on that small bed...

She dared not think further.

If he's going to be here for the night, why did I leave the villa in the first place?

"But my house is so shabby. I'm afraid you won't sleep well." Vivian continued to find an excuse to get rid of him.

"I'll be fine." Finnick's forehead furrowed. "It's not an issue for me."

By now Vivian had run out of ideas. She stared at him for a bit and eventually gave in. "Alright, then. I'll go and take a shower now."

Finnick responded a baffling smile, "Okay."

Vivian excused herself and went into the bathroom. As she was about to turn on the shower, she suddenly thought of another problem.

Her house only had a very simple shower but not a bathtub. This had become a problem for her because her right hand was injured. Using a shower would cause her to wet her wound.