

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 101

Vivian did not expect Finnick's question. She froze for a second before answering, "I didn't think so much at that time. I just wanted to stop that man. I never thought he'd be that crazy to do something to me as well."

Finnick's eyes darted away but he kept silent.

"But it's good that I've saved Fabian this time." As though she had thought of something, an indecipherable glimmer showed up in her eyes. "At least I no longer feel like I still owe him something."

It was only then Finnick looked at her. "Owe him something?"

"Yes." Vivian nodded. "I had financial issues when I was studying. I kept working and applying for scholarships, and Fabian secretly helped me a lot."

Rachel raised Vivian by herself; the former never had the best of health. By the time Vivian entered university, Rachel could no longer afford her daughter's tuition fees and living expenses.

That was why Vivian had always applied for scholarships and worked as she studied. However, Z College was full of talented students. It was difficult for her to come across the opportunity to apply for scholarships or seek work.

Yet, despite having mediocre results, she always managed to clinch the best scholarships. Furthermore, she always "coincidentally" found convenient yet good-paying jobs.

Back then, she thought it was God favoring her. However, ever since she found out Fabian was the son of the Norton family, she realized the truth— Fabian had been the one helping her behind the scene all along.

Vivian did not like to owe other people favors, especially when she was now in an awkward relationship with Fabian.

Therefore, by saving him this time, she considered herself having returned his favor.

From now on, both the favors she had owed him in her younger days and the pain he had brought her would be wiped off the ledger.

Vivian was lost in her thoughts. She did not notice that Finnick was looking at her with dim eyes.

She owed Fabian back then?

Finnick could not find the words to describe the feelings in him.

Did I come into her life too late?

The Vivian he knew was an independent woman who always bore her own burdens.

He never knew she used to be an ordinary student. He also never knew about her past or the financial status of her family, for which she had suffered great humiliation.

However, Fabian had known her all this while and had been the one to quietly give her love and support.

Finnick abruptly raised his hand to hold Vivian's.

She jumped when the warmth of his hand seeped into hers. Looking up at him, she asked, "Finnick, what's wrong?"

Finnick stared at her, his expression hard to fathom. He murmured, "Nothing. I was just hoping I could've met you earlier."

Even if he had not met her in her college days, he would be glad to have met her two years ago. That was her weakest moment, and he wanted to be the one to save her.

Vivian was dumbfounded by Finnick's abrupt words. She nodded slowly. Thinking that Finnick was still angry, she added, "Don't be upset, Finnick. If you were the one in his place yesterday, I'll go to you, too."

Vivian only said those words to appease Finnick; she never thought her simple words would stun him.

Right away, his anger faded away.

In fact, the corner of his lips even turned upwards. He raised a brow and gazed at Vivian. "Do you mean it?"

Vivian nodded fervently.

Looking at the obedient woman, even Finnick himself could not believe the frustration he had been feeling could dissipate so quickly.

Damn it.

Are my feelings already so easily swayed by Vivian William?

He tried his best to maintain his calmness. After carefully feeding her the chicken soup, he moved, about to leave. "I'm going back to the office. Rest well here."

When he turned to leave, Vivian suddenly grabbed the edge of his shirt.

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Finnick froze before turning around. "What's wrong?"

"I... don't want to stay in the hospital." Vivian looked at him with a slight frown. "I've always hated being in the hospital. Also, look at me: it's just a minor injury so there's no need for me to stay here. Can I go home?"

Finnick frowned. "It's safer to stay in the hospital. What if your wound gets infected? What if that man's dagger has some virus or bacteria on it?"

Vivian was speechless.

He's just a working-class man. He won't think that much.

Knowing that Finnick could not be persuaded by force, she tried to feign pity. "Finnick, I'm really fine. Moreover, you'll be there. If my wound gets infected, you can call the doctor for me, right?"

Indeed, Finnick's furrowed brows relaxed. She swiftly added, "Furthermore, the hospital is having a shortage of beds now. It's not right for me to use a room when I'm completely fine, is it?"

A part of Finnick's heart softened seeing the way she tried to convince him. "Alright. I'll send you home before I go to the office."

Vivian cheered in her mind as she watched Finnick arrange for her discharge. Soon, she was in Finnick's black Bentley.

On their way back, Vivian thought of something. "Right. Finnick, what happened to the person who hurt me?"

"I've arranged for a lawyer to take up the case." When he thought about that person, Finnick's expression turned colder. "Don't worry. I won't let him off easily."

If not for that idiotic Fabian getting the cops involved with this, I'd definitely have made that man's life a living hell.

Vivian frowned. "Finnick, don't cross the line. Scaring him is more than enough."

Finnick turned to look at Vivian. "He hurt you. Aren't you angry?"

"A little," Vivian muttered, "But at the end of the day, they're pitiful people. They've left everything behind to work in the city but they still have nothing in the end. That's why they tried to take revenge on us. It's frustration that they're feeling. Of course, they're doing it the wrong way, but the truly evil ones is that senior manager. I only want to teach him a lesson so he knows what he's done wrong."

Finnick peeked at Vivian, but he neither agreed with nor refused her. He only said, "I understand. We've arrived. Rest first."

It was then that Vivian realized they had arrived at the villa. She stepped out of the car.

After Vivian got out, Noah, seated in the front passenger seat, turned and queried, "Mr. Norton, so what do we do with the man who hurt Ms. William?"

"Tell the lawyer to bail him out. Once he's out, teach him a lesson," Finnick ordered.

Leaving this man, who hurt my woman, to the police is too easy of a way out for him.

Not surprised by Finnick's answer, Noah nodded, but what Finnick said next was out of his expectation. "After teaching him a lesson, let him go. You should then look for those at the management level, find evidence of their corruption, and make them pay off the company's debts with their private assets. Make them pay the employees, too."

Noah was stunned. He stared in disbelief at Finnick.

Since when did Mr. Norton become so nice? I can't believe he's actually concerned about the employees' wages.

Finnick ignored him. He simply watched Molly come to the door and anxiously help Vivian into the house.

Finnick was not a benevolent busybody.

However, this was different: it was Vivian's request.

The man who hurt Vivian had to pay his price. However, Vivian pitied him, so Finnick would do as she wished and help those employees.

As long it was something she wanted, he would do it for her.

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At the Norton residence.

Fabian was calculating the sales of the current magazine issue. However, no matter how many times he did the sum, the figures were wrong. In the end, he pushed away his laptop in frustration and leaned back in the chair.

Damn it.

It had been days. Ever since Vivian was hurt because of him, his mind had been wandering.

No matter what he did, the anxious look Vivian had when she ran toward him kept appearing in his mind.

He had thought she was no longer the Vivian he knew, but she had saved him.

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If she were a woman who worshipped the rich and gave up everything for money, she would not have saved him when he was in danger.

Have I misunderstood something about her these two years?

Frustration was overwhelming Fabian.

Whenever he thought about the possibility of him having misunderstood Vivian, he became agitated. Yet, he felt it was impossible that he had been mistaken.

After a long while of feeling conflicted, he finally took his phone and made a call.

"Hello? It's me," Fabian uttered when the call was picked up, "Check something for me. Investigate it. I want the truth."

After reaching home, Vivian took a long shower and finally got rid of the disinfectant smell of the hospital.

Sleep took control over her soon after she lay on her bed.

She did not like being in hospitals, so she had not slept well the few nights she had spent there. Now, she was finally back.

She subconsciously turned toward Finnick's side of the bed.

When her head sank into the soft pillow, Vivian suddenly smelled Finnick's scent.

It was the smell of his shampoo, along with a tinge of cigar fragrance. Vivian felt a wave of calmness washing over her as she breathed in the blended scent.

She suddenly felt greedy, not wanting to turn back to her spot. She ended up falling asleep on Finnick's pillow.

In the evening, when Finnick entered the bedroom, he saw Vivian lying on his side of the bed like a kitten.

He stood transfixed for a second before curling his lips upward in the next.

Closing the door, he silently stood up from the wheelchair and walked toward the bed.

Vivian was in deep sleep and did not notice him coming closer.

Finnick had wanted to tuck her into the blanket, but when he lifted the blanket he saw the wound on her arm. He could not help but furrow his brows.

Vivian had showered earlier. Although she made sure to keep her wound away from water, some water had still made its way there. The bandage was slightly damp, and as she fell asleep so quickly, she had forgotten to change her bandage.

Dissatisfaction swirled in Finnick's eyes.

She's an adult. Why can't she take better care of herself?

Finnick had wanted to wake Vivian up to change her bandage, but when he looked at her deep in slumber—she was even drooling on his pillow—he could not bring himself to do so.

With a sigh, he picked up the medication on the table that Vivian brought back from the hospital and placed it on the bed. He then slowly unwrapped her bandage.

Vivian was sound asleep when she sensed someone touching the bandage on her hand. In the beginning, she took no notice of it, but pain abruptly exploded at the site of her wound. It was then she jerked awake. "Ouch!"

The moment she opened her eyes, she saw Finnick sitting by her bed with a cotton swab in his hand. The bandage on her arm was completely unwrapped, exposing her wound to the air.

"Finnick?" She stiffened. "You're back?"

"Yes." Finnick did not look at her but continued to focus on his task at hand.

Immediately, Vivian gritted her teeth from the pain. She could not help but curl up. "B-Be gentler."

Finnick lifted a brow. "I'm not being rough. You forgot to change your bandage in time, so the wound is a little infected. I have to clear the pus before I can apply medication."

Vivian suddenly recalled the doctor informing her to change her bandage twice a day. However, she had fallen asleep since she came home, so she had not done that.

"I've forgotten about it," she murmured.

Finnick shot her a disgruntled look. As if he was punishing her, he pressed the swab harder than he should. "How can you forget about something as important as this? Should I let you stay in the hospital? That's safer."

Pain traveled up her arm from her wound, and Vivian's face paled. She begged, "I know I'm wrong, but I'm too tired this time. Tell Molly about it and let her remind me."

When he saw sweat beading on Vivian's forehead, Finnick immediately stopped pressing as hard. He frowned and asked, "Does it hurt that much?"

"Obviously. Try getting stabbed with a knife," Vivian grumbled.

It was just some words of complaint, but Finnick lowered his eyes and whispered, "I have been stabbed before."

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Vivian froze. She turned to look at Finnick. "Was it when you were kidnapped ten years ago?"

Finnick was raised in a rich family. Other than the kidnapping ten years ago, Vivian could not think of any way he could have been seriously injured.

"That's right." Finnick lowered his head as he applied medication to her wound, so she could not see his expression. "Three blows, all on my leg. If I weren't treated in time back then, I would really have been crippled."

Vivian's arm shuddered. She then realized how irresponsible her words were. She lowered her gaze and murmured, "I'm sorry..."

"What are you sorry about?"

"I mentioned something upsetting." Vivian suddenly felt that she had complained too much about her injury. It was minor in comparison to what Finnick had gone through. She was sounding like she was made of glass.

"It's fine," Finnick replied.

However, Vivian could not help but ask, "Do you have scars? Were there any repercussions?"

Although Vivian had glanced at Finnick's body in the bathroom previously, he had a towel wrapped around his waist so she never saw his lower body. That was why she did not know about the wounds on this leg.

"My physical therapy was quite the success, so there aren't any major issues. That spot only hurts when it rains," Finnick answered. Right then, a thought entered his mind and he looked up at Vivian with a raised brow. "Why, do you want to take a look?"

"At the scar?" Vivian froze. The injury was at such a sensitive spot; how am I supposed to look at it? Hurriedly, she muttered, "No, no. Ah!"

She was in the middle of rejecting him when pain once again radiated from her injured arm, making her scream aloud.

"Finally, it's out." In comparison with Vivian's pallid face, Finnick looked calm as he threw the cotton swab onto a piece of tissue.

Dumbfounded for a few seconds, she only realized what had happened after seeing the scab with pus at the tip of the cotton swab.

Finnick only made the suggestion of looking at his scar to divert her attention so that he could do a thorough cleaning of her injured spot.

"We'll be done once the medication is applied." Looking at Vivian's colorless face, Finnick softened his tone. He took a new cotton swab and dabbed on her wound. "Hold on for a little longer."

"I know, but... Be gentler. Ah! Not here... Gentler."

Vivian focused all her attention on the pain she felt while Finnick applied medication for her. She did not know that outside her room, Molly had heard a part of their conversation and was blushing bright red.

Molly had come to ask Vivian and Finnick to go downstairs for food. She never thought that she would hear Vivian screaming and mumbling words like "no" and "gentler."

One must forgive Molly for having thought of the wrong things.

Molly was excited by what she had heard. She abandoned her original thought of asking the two to eat and rushed back downstairs.

"Molly, where are Mr. and Mrs. Norton?" When Liam saw Molly coming downstairs alone, he furrowed his brows. "Come and eat. The food's getting cold."

"Who cares about the food?" Molly walked over with a reddened face. "They're busy in their room. Don't interrupt them."

Liam was clueless for a second before he realized what Molly was talking about. He, too, had a look of joy on his face. "Do you mean they're..."

"Hush, old man. Aren't you ashamed to say those things out loud?" Molly shot a glare at Liam but she could not hide the smile on her face.

"This is great news!" Liam was exceptionally happy as well. He promptly stood up. "I have to tell the good news to the elder Mr. Norton."

Upstairs, Vivian had no idea her shouts of pain had been misinterpreted by Molly and Liam.

After changing her bandage, she noticed her growling stomach and went downstairs with Finnick.

When Molly saw them, she was taken aback. "Oh, why are you so quick? I mean, I just finished preparing dinner. Come and eat quickly, Mr. and Mrs. Norton."

Vivian sat down on the chair, but her arm movements were restricted. Molly moved over and was about to feed her when Finnick had already wheeled himself next to her. He picked up the bowl and asked quietly, "What do you want to eat?"

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By now, Vivian was more used to being fed by Finnick as he had done it for her once back at the hospital. She obediently replied, "I want the broccoli and eggplants."

Finnick immediately took the food and fed them to Vivian.

Beside them, both Molly and Liam were astounded by the scene.

Mr. Norton is feeding someone?

This is unbelievable. I never thought I'd live to see this with my own eyes!

Vivian took a long time to finish dinner. She was beyond embarrassed when she saw Finnick busily feeding her. Awkwardly, she mumbled, "Finnick, I can eat with my left hand. Please just eat your dinner."

Finnick ignored her. He only started eating when she was done with her meal.

Soon, Finnick was done as well. When he saw Molly clearing the dishes, he said, "Molly, Vivian needs to change her bandage every day. Do remind her in the future."

Molly nodded. The plates were in her hands, but she did not head to the kitchen.

Realizing the woman seemed to have something to say to him, he raised his head and queried, "Is there anything else?"

"About that... Mr. Norton..." Molly hesitated, but looking at the pallor of Vivian's face she continued, "Although it's good that you're loving with Mrs. Norton, she is still injured. Shouldn't you... Shouldn't you be gentler?"

Molly only had good intentions when she said those words. She had heard Vivian's scream earlier and then noticed she was quite pale when she came downstairs for a meal. Molly's heart ached for the younger woman.

Both Finnick and Vivian were dumbfounded. However, they were adults and they soon realized what was going on with the reddened faces and suggestive looks on Molly and Liam.

Vivian's face flushed red.

Oh no.

Did Molly misunderstand my shouts of pain when he was applying medication for me earlier?

"Molly, actually-" Vivian was easily embarrassed and was about to explain to Molly when Finnick interrupted, "Molly, don't worry."

Finnick had a tranquil look on his face. "I know Vivian's hurt so I was being careful with her. I was the one who did everything."

Vivian's eyes grew wide as saucers.

What do you mean you did everything?

Not only is he not blushing from this, but he even made such an embarrassing lie!

Both Molly and Liam had not expected the usually cold Finnick to say something as blatant as this. They were stunned by his words but soon recollected themselves. With a smile, they nodded. "That's good. You are considerate after all."

The hell you are considerate!

By now, Vivian was as red as a tomato. She was about to open her mouth to explain, but Finnick squeezed her hand under the table. Evidently, he did not want her to say anything.

Thus, with a flushed face, she could only quietly let Finnick hold her hand as they went upstairs.

Vivian finally exploded when they retreated to their room.

She grabbed a pillow with her uninjured hand and threw it at Finnick. "Finnick, what nonsense were you talking about just now? What do you mean by you did everything? You're... You're ridiculous!"

Finnick caught the pillow easily before it hit him.

He could not help but burst into laughter when he saw her huffing in anger.

I'm sure she doesn't even realize that she's getting more and more unruly in front of me. She even dares to hit me now!

However, the way Vivian was acting actually lifted his mood.

A barely discernible smile grew on his lips as he asked, "What's wrong? You don't like it? But we're husband and wife and it's normal for us to do such things in bed. Otherwise, how will Molly report to Grandpa?"

Vivian tensed up. Her senses slowly came back to her as she recalled Finnick telling her that Molly and Liam were sent by his grandfather to monitor Finnick and her.

It was then she realized Finnick had meant for Molly and Liam—and therefore the elder Mr. Norton—to misunderstand them.

"But..." Vivian still felt her face heating up when she thought about what Finnick had said earlier. "You didn't need to... say things that way..."