

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 11

"A misunderstanding?" Vivian's words had merely served to infuriate Fabian. His voice soared, as he soon pinched her chin.

He was exerting so much force upon it that Vivian's face had started to contort in pain.

"What misunderstanding? In my opinion, you'd seen that the broke bloke from two years ago had suddenly struck his pot of gold, becoming a Chief Editor. Hence, since you've come to regret your decision, you've decided to claim that this was all merely a misunderstanding, right?"

Upon uttering such words, a vicious glint flashed across Fabian's eyes. He jerked Vivian's face towards him as he warned her, "Vivian, let me tell you this. I am no longer the gullible man that I had used to be."

Gazing at his familiar face, which was currently full of resentment and hatred, all Vivian could feel was complete shock and heartache.

She had wanted to explain herself. However, she found that she could not bear to utter a single word in her defense.

What else is there to explain?

If he were truly willing to believe me, why would he have left back then, without even informing me as much?"

Before all else, he has already come to believe that I am merely a gold-digger; someone who is ready to betray him for money, at any given point in time.

Also, even if he were to believe my explanation, so what?

I am someone else's wife now. Furthermore, I am no longer my past self. We'll never be able to return to the past...

At such a thought, Vivian tried her utmost best to suppress the tears that had threatened to escape her. In doing so, she took a deep breath as she abruptly raised her head.

"Fabian," she uttered softly, her tone surprisingly calm. "You are right. What happened that year is exactly as you've thought it to be. However, you've got something wrong. Currently, I don't want to be in a relationship with you. Having a position as the Chief Editor, or even a CEO, this has nothing to do with me."

Upon uttering her last sentence, Vivian soon felt a sharp sensation across her chin. Evidently, Fabian was pinching her forcefully, his grip strengthening.

However, to her utter surprise, he decided to fling her away in the next instance.

Staggering backward, Vivian was quick to steady herself against the wall with an arm. Raising her head to glance at him, she caught sight of Fabian glaring at her coldly. The disdain and hatred in his eyes were like daggers, piercing through her heart.

I should allow it to hurt. It'll certainly be a better alternative than getting myself entangled with him.

Hence, she justifiably suppressed her tears as she quickly announced, "If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now."

With that, she made a brief departure from the office, without even daring to steal another glimpse at Fabian.

Bolting out of the magazine company, Vivian soon reached its ground level. However, she soon came to realize that it was pouring heavily outside. To her utter misfortune, she discovered that she had left her umbrella in the office.

Even while faced with such a circumstance, Vivian found that she was simply not courageous enough to go back, to retrieve her umbrella. As she was aware that Fabian might have still been in his office, she did not dare to return.

I am such a coward.

Watching as the rain poured from the sky, Vivian sought to hail a cab. Unfortunately, with the combination of the peak period, along with the thunderstorm, Vivian found that it was nearly impossible to find a cab. The cab-hailing application was malfunctioning as well. Ultimately, she had no choice but to harden her resolve, as she covered her head with her bag and sprinted towards the train station.

Completely drenched, she had to squeeze herself in, with the other commuters on the train. She was hoping that the rain would have stopped by then, but it seemed as though God was trying to torment her too. The thunderstorm outside blared on, showing no signs of stopping.

Still unsuccessful in her futile attempt to hail a cab, Vivian had no choice but to wait by the train station.

She soon recalled a past memory, from two years ago, on a night that had a similar thunderstorm. It was a night where she had lost the thing that was the most precious to her...

Soon after, she lost Fabian, the man whom she thought would accompany her for a lifetime.

The sense of despair that she had felt two years ago was like a parasite, invading her initially numb heart.

Vivian could not help but wrap her arms around her body, squatting down as she curled herself into a ball.

Cold...

It's so cold...

She was so cold that her body had begun to shiver uncontrollably, just as it had throughout the night, two years ago...

On the verge of being engulfed by such memories and painful emotions, Vivian soon caught a glimpse of a wheelchair and a pair of long legs, suddenly appearing before her very two eyes.

Stunned, Vivian's head snapped up. She saw Finnick in front of her, while Noah held an umbrella up beside him.

Due to the pouring rain, his handsome face became a blurred image. Nonetheless, his cold aura was still evidently noticeable. Although he was wheelchair-bound, his current appearance was like an angel's descent to Earth. The sadness that Vivian had felt suddenly dissipated.

Vivian's eyelashes fluttered.

Finnick?

"Why are you here?" Finnick lowered his head and stared at Vivian, who was squatting down on the ground. For a reason unbeknownst, a hint of fury soon crept into his voice. "Were you drenched by the rain?"

It was at that moment when Vivian finally returned to her senses.

Flustered, she attempted to stand up. However, her vision suddenly went black, as she soon lost consciousness.

In a panic, Finnick quickly grabbed hold of Vivian, as he tried to steady her.

When he felt that the woman in his arms was abnormally warm, his gaze turned solemn. As his stare landed on the bruise that Fabian had left on Vivian's chin, a murderous glint flashed across his eyes.

"Let's return home." The brief change in his expression was fleeting. Finnick soon resumed his usual indifferent expression. Hugging Vivian, he wheeled his wheelchair towards the black Bentley that was parked at the side.

Finnick's car was parked at a hidden corner beside the train station. Due to the combined weight of both himself and Vivian, Finnick discovered that the wheelchair could not move as smoothly as it had before.

"Mr. Norton." Noah could not help but offer, "Allow me to provide you some assistance."

"There's no need for that." Without a moment of hesitation, Finnick instantly refused his offer. He then adjusted Vivian's position in his arms, carrying her, as he directly rose from the wheelchair...

The room was pitch-black.

Hot...

So hot...

It's so hot that I feel as though I am burning...

Moaning in utter discomfort, Vivian suddenly found that she was being placed down, as something cold was soon pressed against her skin.

Vivian greedily tried to hug the cold object. However, she suddenly heard a man's heavy panting.

Something is amiss!

Only then did Vivian's muddled mind become clearer. As she tried her best to open her eyes, the blurry image of a man entered her vision.

She struggled hard, to push the man who was looming above her. Unfortunately, he would not budge at all, as if he was a massive mountain.

"Ouch!"

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Momentarily, a sharp pang of pain struck her, causing her to shriek out in pain.

Just then, the man forced himself upon her aggressively, time and time again.

Pain, hatred, and humiliation threatened to tear Vivian apart. She had wanted to resist him, but she was far too weak to defend herself from his advances. Hence, her only choice was to endure it all...

After going through what had seemed like a limitless expanse of darkness and pain, Vivian's surroundings suddenly shifted.

Now, she was surrounded by a thunderstorm, as a distant thunder boomed.

Her body completely bruised, Vivian dragged herself along the streets. She wrapped her tattered clothes tightly around herself as she staggered around in the rain. Holding her phone, she frantically dialed a number, over and over again.

Fabes...

Fabes, where are you?

I'm so scared. Come and save me quickly...

Unfortunately, no matter how many times she had called him, all she could hear was a cold, mechanical voice, "Sorry, the number that you have dialed is busy. Please try again later."

At long last, unable to endure her suffering any longer, Vivian collapsed in the rain...

Looking at Vivian, who was currently breaking out in a cold sweat, Finnick could not help but frown. He turned his gaze to the doctor, who was by his side, and asked, "Is she truly alright?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Norton. She has merely caught a fever because of the cold. As of now, she's probably having a nightmare."

Upon hearing his reassuring words, Finnick soon appeared relieved.

As soon as the doctor made his leave, Finnick turned his gaze towards Vivian, who was extremely pale. About to touch her forehead, Finnick was surprised, when he saw that her body had started to quiver,

"Vivian?" Finnick could not help but furrow his brows again. "Are you alright?"

Evidently, Vivian was still in an unconscious daze. Her cracked lips parted slightly, as a string of words escaped her lips.

A slight frown soon made its way to Finnick's face. Bending down to some extent, he soon heard the words that Vivian was mumbling.

"Fabes... Save me... Where are you? Fabes... Please believe me..."

Fabes?

Finnick sat up straight, as a dangerous glint flashed in his eyes.

It's that man's name again.

He stared at Vivian who was on the bed. Although her face was ashen and sickly, it did nothing to conceal her beauty. This was especially apparent, as he gazed at her fluttering eyes. Finnick had never seen her display such vulnerability before.

He mulled over it for a while.

Now that he had thought about it, this woman had always acted in a rather careful manner. She was distant, right from the beginning, when he had first met her. She had never once depended on him. In fact, she probably never intended to do so.

Yet, she seemed as if she was filled with fondness and trust, for the man called Fabes.

He had given Noah instructions to investigate Vivian's past. As Noah was a man of great efficiency, he soon summarized the play of events of everything that had happened to Vivian.

For instance, Finnick knew that she had a memorable first love. However, even as such, she had still broken up with her first love, two years ago. Although he had never checked her first love's name and background, it appeared as though the person was named Fabes.

Finnick began to feel extremely gloomy, upon that thought, for reasons unbeknownst to him.

At that moment, Vivian abruptly opened her eyes.

Suppressing his emotions, Finnick lowered his head and stared at her. "Are you okay?"

Vivian blinked. Only then did she realize that she was lying in a room in the villa, with an IV drip attached to her hand.

"Were you the one who had fetched me back home?" asked Vivian, her throat feeling parched.

"Yeah," Finnick replied nonchalantly as he handed a cup of warm water over to her.

"Thank you." Vivian accepted it as she soon began to sip on the water.

When Finnick took note of the usual distant and polite expression that had returned to Vivian's face, he inexplicably felt a sense of frustration.

"Vivian." Finnick abruptly asked, "Who is Fabes?"

"Ahem!"

Vivian had never expected Finnick to suddenly ask her such a question. Hence, she began choking on her water as she coughed violently.

"Be careful." In comparison to how flustered Vivian was, Finnick remained calm, as he patted her back.

Panicking, Vivian looked up and saw Finnick gazing at her. She could sense that his gaze had landed on her bruised chin.

It's rather glaring.

Finnick quickly took out an ointment from the medical kit on the bedside table. He squeezed some out onto his hand and applied it to Vivian's bruised chin.

Vivian felt a cool sensation on her chin. However, she soon glanced at Finnick warily as she asked hesitatingly, "How do you know Fabes?"

"You had yelled his name while you were dreaming."

Vivian was stunned. Only then did she remember that she had dreamt about the incident that had happened two years ago, all while in her sleep.

A despondent look crept into her eyes. Before Vivian could think of an answer, Finnick slowly interrupted her.

"Vivian, I don't care about your past. Nevertheless, I do hope that you'll understand that you are my wife now. I don't like my woman yelling another man's name."

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When Finnick announced that, his tone was still relatively indifferent. However, when Vivian heard his words, she felt an indescribable sense of pressure being weighed upon her.

His obsidian eyes were seemingly calm, yet brooding and unfathomable. Vivian found that she could make sense of his emotions at all.

By then, Finnick had already finished applying the ointment on her chin. Lowering her gaze, Vivian soon muttered aloud, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Finnick calmly placed the ointment aside. "I don't like it when someone else leaves a mark on you."

Vivian's body stiffened again.

Although she had merely kept silent, it felt as though Finnick was aware of everything that was going on.

Upon feeling the sudden, cool sensation on her chin, Vivian came to realize that Finnick was far more domineering and indecipherable than she had initially expected.

"Okay," responded Vivian as she lowered her head. Unknowingly, her palms had already started to perspire.

"Rest early." Finnick wheeled his wheelchair around. "I'll sleep in the guest room today."

With that said, he left the room immediately, without stopping to wait for Vivian's reply.

In the room, Vivian slumped against the soft bed, not feeling the slightest hint of drowsiness.

Upon receiving the IV drip the next morning, Vivian was increasingly energized. Hence, she decided to go to work. However, when she stood up to pack her bag, she realized that her bag was gone. Instead, a branded bag stood in its place.

“Molly.” When she saw Molly coming up to clean the room, she queried, “Where is my bag?”

“Ma’am, your bag was drenched by the rain yesterday. Hence, Mr. Norton had instructed someone to buy you a new one.”

Vivian felt guilty almost immediately.

She could recognize the bag that Finnick had bought her— it was a Chanel bag that was probably worth tens of thousands. With her salary, she would have certainly not been able to afford it. However, her old bag had already been discarded. Without any other bag, she could only steel her resolve, as she accepted his gift.

She then headed downstairs to have her breakfast. Just as she was about to hail a cab, Finnick offered, “Since you’re not fully recovered yet, I’ll send you to the office today.”

“It’s okay.” Vivian was slightly flustered. “I can do it on my own accord...”

However, Finnick had already turned the wheelchair around. Soon, he was headed for the door, not giving her any room for refusal.

Defeated, Vivian could only follow him to the car.

Fortunately, Finnick headed off to work earlier than her. When the Bentley arrived at the office, there were not many people downstairs. Upon bidding Finnick farewell, Vivian alighted the car swiftly.

Gazing at her back, a solemn look appeared in Finnick’s eyes.

Why is she reacting in such a manner? Is she really that afraid that someone will come to learn about our relationship?

Vivian soon entered the building. Fortunately, she had managed to catch a lift before its doors had closed. However, when she entered, she realized that there was only Fabian inside.

“Excuse me.” Instinctively, Vivian wanted to leave the lift. However, Fabian was quick to close the lift’s doors.

"Why are you avoiding me?" Fabian smirked coldly. "We're from the same department. Do you really think that you'll be able to avoid me?"

Biting her lip, Vivian chose to remain silent.

Fabian lowered his gaze towards Vivian. As she was still sick, her face was rather pale. He soon came to the observation that she had been letting out continuous, soft coughs.

He could not help but feel a tug at his heart.

Damn it.

Even though I've already found out about this woman's true self, my emotions are still influenced by her.

"Have you caught a cold?" Came Fabian's icy question.

"Yeah." Vivian did not intend on explaining herself further either. Upon acknowledging him curtly, she walked out immediately, after the lift doors had opened.

As Fabian headed to his office, he felt extremely gloomy. In the end, he could not help but call his secretary. "Please buy some cold medicine for me."

His secretary sent the medicine to him quickly. Fabian fidgeted with it for a long time before he soon stepped out of his office.

Upon walking past the office pantry, Fabian came to overhear some gossip, amongst his female colleagues.

"Huh? Are you serious? Vivian came to work today in a black Bentley?"

"Of course! Even Sarah witnessed it!"

"Oh my God! That means that her husband is rich, doesn't it? Otherwise, why would he own such a luxurious car?"

"Are you stupid? How could that have been her husband's car? The diamond ring that her husband had given her was rather cheap. In my opinion, it's definitely another man's car..."

"Also, did you see her bag today? It's a Chanel bag! In the past, she merely used those cheap bags that she had bought online. Now that she suddenly owns a Chanel, I'm certain that the man had bought it for her."

Standing outside the pantry, Fabian had unknowingly tightened his grip on the medicine.

He suddenly realized that it was utterly foolish of him to have bought her the medicine. Crumpling the box of medicine in his fist, he tossed it into the dustbin, before returning to his office.

On the other side, Vivian's phone rang when she reached her desk.

Upon seeing the number that was displayed on her phone screen, her gaze turned cold.

She walked to an empty corridor as she accepted the call and asked frostily, "Why have you called me?"

"Vivian, what's up with your tone?"

"Nothing." A hint of impatience crept into Vivian's voice. "I know that you wouldn't have called me for nothing. Tell me, what's happened this time?"

"Your little sister is going to get married soon." Indeed, the man from the other end of the line went straight to the point, as he soon revealed his objective in calling her. "If you're free, come home and have a meal with us. You can meet your future brother-in-law too."

"Home?" Vivian's tone sounded mocking. "Dad, you must have gotten something wrong. That is not my home."

"Vivian, be careful of how you speak to me!" The man's tone grew irate. "Your sister isn't just marrying anyone. She is marrying the grandson of the Norton family! Your sister had said that it would be better if the family were to reunite. Hence, it is inherent that you come over tomorrow night!"

With that, he hung up the call.

Vivian frowned as she gripped her phone.

Ashley is marrying someone from the Norton family?

No wonder she insists on making me go. It would have been weird if she didn't brag to me about having such an impressive fiancé.

Although Vivian was aware of what her family was planning to do, she knew her father's personality all too well. If she were to refuse him, he would definitely get enraged.

It's just a meal, anyway. I'll just go.

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Ever since Fabian became the Chief Editor, Vivian, who had always liked to work overtime, left exactly on the dot. Today was not an exception either.

She took a cab home to the villa. Slumping against the soft sofa, she realized that her cold had not fully recovered yet as her muscles had ached terribly.

When Vivian heard someone approaching her, she sat up in a fluster. She soon caught sight of Finnick's wheelchair beside her.

Instead of wearing his formal, white shirt, Finnick was wearing a casual grey cardigan, outlining his perfectly sculptured body.

"Why are you back so early today?" She was surprised to see Finnick at this time of the day.

Finnick threw a returning glance at Vivian.

Her face was still slightly pale while her eyes were red, which meant that she had cried in the morning.

"Well," mused Finnick, his expression still calm, "The food is ready. Come and eat."

When Vivian arrived at the dining room, her gaze fell upon the dishes on the table. She was momentarily stunned.

Most of the dishes were soup-based and vegetarian, with many nutritional ingredients in them.

Although they had not stayed together for long, Vivian noticed that Finnick had a love for spicy food. Why are today's dishes so bland?

Feeling suspicious, Vivian sat down. Finnick poured her a bowl of chicken soup and placed it in front of her. "This is to warm your body."

Vivian was astonished.

Were these dishes specially cooked, to tend to my cold?

Vivian felt an indescribable feeling, flooding within her heart. Her initial exhaustion and sadness had slowly disappeared as it was soon replaced by a heartwarming feeling.

So, it feels so good to have been cared for by someone.

"What are you thinking about?" Finnick's mellow voice sounded out from beside her.

Jolted back to her senses, Vivian smiled and murmured, "It's nothing."

Suddenly remembering something, she added, "Oh, right. I'm going to eat at my father's place tomorrow night. Seeing as such, you won't need to prepare dinner for me."

"Okay," replied Finnick. After a while, he added, "When I'm free, I'll visit your parents too."

Stunned, Vivian blurted out, "There's no need for that."

Finnick raised his eyebrows in question.

Vivian realized that her reaction seemed slightly inappropriate. Feeling embarrassed, she explained, "My parents... Don't have a good relationship... My Mom's health is quite bad too, so..."

Looking at how flustered Vivian had seemed, a small smirk played upon Finnick's lips.

Vivian was unaware of the fact that he had already investigated her family's background.

"Really?" Instead of exposing her lie, he responded calmly, "When you're free, I would want to bring you along to meet my family."

Vivian was taken aback, for it was the first time that Finnick had mentioned his family.

"Your parents?" asked Vivian carefully.

"My parents have long passed away."

Embarrassed, Vivian muttered, "Sorry."

"It's okay." Finnick remained as composed as ever. "I'll bring you to visit my grandfather and elder brother when your schedule is freed up. Coincidentally, my brother's son is going to get married recently."

Someone's getting married again?

Vivian smiled bitterly.

Has it been auspicious recently? Why is everyone rushing to get married?

"Okay, then." Since she was Finnick's wife, it was a basic courtesy to visit each other's families. Hence, she did not refuse.

The next day, Vivian managed to survive until her dismissal time from work. She hailed a cab to the Miller Residence.

Upon stepping out of the cab, she took notice of a woman wearing a bright yellow dress, happily rushing towards her.

"Vivian, you have finally arrived!" The woman grabbed Vivian's hands in hers. Flashing a bright smile at Vivian, she urged in an intimate manner, "Come in quickly. I want to introduce my fiancé to you!"

Staring at Ashley, who appeared rather beautiful, Vivian pursed her lips. "The grandson of the Norton family, huh?"

Appearing astonished, Ashley smiled shyly. "So Daddy has already let you in on everything. Nonetheless, when you see him later, don't mention anything of the Norton family! He hates it when others discuss his family background."

Although Ashley had uttered such words, the proud look in her eyes could not be concealed.

Vivian merely smiled at her words.

Since young, she had known that Ashley was a materialistic person. Now that she managed to cling to someone from the Norton family, it must have been really hard for her to stop herself from bragging.

However, it was certainly a proud achievement to be engaged to a member of the Norton family.

In Sunshine City, the top three families were the Nortons, the Morrisons, and the Jacksons. They were powerful families who had risen to power ages ago, unlike the Millers who had only recently shot up to riches.

If she was not mistaken, Ashley's fiancé was the son of the eldest son of the Norton family. He had studied abroad for a long time, so many outsiders did not know his name.

While Vivian mulled over it, Ashley was already eagerly dragging her to the villa.

In the living room, a tall and lean figure was sitting on the sofa, his back facing them.

Ashley dragged Vivian over, her face full of excitement. "Fabes, let me introduce her to you. She's my sister. Although we don't share the same mother, she's my biological sister!"

Fabes?

Vivian's body stiffened. When she raised her head, she saw the man smiling at her. "Oh! I didn't expect your sister to be someone that I'm acquainted with."

It was Fabian.

Vivian was utterly stunned, feeling as though she had just been struck by lightning.

Never in a million years would she have imagined Ashley's fiancé to be Fabian!

He's the grandson of the Norton family?

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At that moment, Ashley, who was hugging Vivian's arm, revealed a surprised expression. Suddenly, she smiled. "Oh, right! I'd almost forgotten that Fabes used to go to the same university as you. He's also in the journalism department, so he's your senior."

"Yeah, I know him." Suppressing the bitter feeling that was arising in her heart, Vivian pretended to be calm. "It's just that I haven't seen him in a long time."

When Fabian noticed Vivian's indifference, his eyes narrowed. "Ashley, can I speak to your sister for a while?"

The look in Ashley's eyes changed. However, she still maintained her gentle demeanor. "Okay, I'll see if I can help out in the kitchen."

At that, only Vivian and Fabian were left in the living room.

"What's wrong, Vivian? Why didn't you react to the fact that I'm now your brother-in-law now?" asked Fabian mockingly, as he lowered his head and stared at Vivian.

"What kind of reaction would you have liked me to have? Should I have called you my brother-in-law?" Vivian eyed Fabian coldly. "Or perhaps, you'd like me to call you the grandson of the Norton family?"

Fabian's expression fell.

He hated it when others called him that. In fact, he despised it even more when others had tried to get closer to him because of his family background.

Hence, when he was studying in college, he refused his father's offer to send him abroad to the United Kingdom. Instead, he went to Z College in the adjacent city, as he pretended to be a poor man.

It was then when he had met Vivian.

When he had first met her, he treasured her a lot because she loved him for being "Fabian", rather than for being the "grandson of the Norton family".

However, the harsh reality dealt a slap to him. Vivian had dumped him, a supposedly "broke bloke." For the sake of money, she had even...

When Fabian recalled those photos from the past, he felt heartbroken. He grabbed Vivian's wrist tightly and mocked, "Vivian, now that you know that I'm not only the Chief Editor of Glamour Magazine but also a member of the Norton family, do you regret it now? However, I can give you a chance to make amends..."

Vivian raised her head slowly and gazed at Fabian's furious expression. Before she could respond, he continued viciously, "Since you're willing to sell anything for money, why don't you be my mistress?"

Vivian's eyes widened in shock, unable to fathom that Fabian could utter something like that.

"Ha! Are you tempted by my offer?" The mocking look on Fabian's face intensified. "It's not surprising, though. Although you're married, you've continued to engage in such indecent affairs, right? Instead of remaining with a disgusting old man, it'll better to be with me, wouldn't it? Don't worry. I'm from the Norton family. I can give you anything that you desire."

Vivian was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of disgust.

She had never thought that Fabian, whom she had once deeply loved, would disgust her so much.

"Oh, right. Vivian, Mom says that she needs to get some wine. Would you like to accompany me?"

Fortunately, Ashley appeared at that moment, interrupting Vivian's urge to slap Fabian's face harshly.

“Okay, I’ll go with you.”

Shooting a glance at the man, who quickly resumed his gentle demeanor, Vivian followed Ashley towards the wine cellar.

“Truthfully, Fabes doesn’t like to drink red wine.” When they were picking the wine, Ashley suddenly spoke up, “Haha! A lot of his habits are unlike those of wealthy men.”

Unaware of why Ashley was suddenly bringing this up, Vivian merely muttered an acknowledgement.

“So, it’s normal that you didn’t recognize him to be the grandson of the Norton family,” drawled Ashley.

Vivian’s expression suddenly stiffened. Her head snapped up, as she looked at Ashley, who had a bright smile upon her face. “However, Vivian, no matter how much you regret it now, Fabes is already mine.”

Vivian was astonished.

Ashley is aware of my past with Fabian?

“You want to ask me how I’ve come to know about it?” Ashley’s smile became more coquettish. “Naturally, Fabes had told me about it himself.”

Vivian felt a sense of unease, rising within her.

Did Fabian narrate our past to Ashley as if it were all a joke?

“Huh? You don’t appear too happy, Vivian.” Holding the wine bottle, Ashley inched closer to her.

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Vivian’s expression turned cold. “Ashley, what are you trying to say?”

Only then did the hypocritical smile fade from Ashley’s face. A hostile glint appeared in her eyes as she warned, “Vivian, you know what I’m trying to tell you. I know that you’re working in the same company as Fabes. However, I’m warning you now. Don’t covet something that doesn’t belong to you!”

Gazing at Ashley's threatening look, Vivian finally found that all of this hilariously ridiculous.

"Don't worry." She raised her hand. "I am already married. I am completely uninterested in your fiancé."

When Ashley saw the wedding ring that was on Vivian's finger, she was momentarily stunned. Notwithstanding, she quickly burst out laughing.

"Vivian, you're already married? Why didn't you tell me earlier?" She took a closer look at her ring and laughed even louder. "It appears as though my brother-in-law is an honest man. He must be really nice to you, right?"

To Ashley, an "honest man" was synonymous with a poor man.

Without denying it, Vivian coolly replied, "You're not worried anymore, right?"

"I've never been worried." Ashley feigned an innocent and harmless look again. Blinking her eyes, she drawled, "After all, after what had happened two years ago... Even if you'd wanted to reconcile with Fabes, he wouldn't be willing to do so either, right?"

Vivian's body shuddered, as she glared at Ashley.

Ashley's grin grew wider. She abruptly moved closer to Vivian and lowered her voice. "After all, who'll accept a woman who has been ravaged by a stinky, old man?"

Ashley's words were like daggers to Vivian's heart, causing her to feel extremely distressed. Her body started to quiver uncontrollably as she soon yelled, "That's enough! Stop talking..."

However, Ashley moved even closer to her ears. With a mocking tone, she scorned, "Vivian, does your current husband know that your virginity was stolen by an old man, two years ago? And... It was only for a price of ten thousand..."

"That's enough!" shrieked Vivian, who was unable to bear it any longer. She shoved Ashley aside forcefully.

"Argh!"

Ashley fell onto the floor, causing the wine bottle to be smashed into smithereens.

"Ashley!"