

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 116

Despite having a headache, she took her clothes off and turned on the tap. Turning her body, she carefully showered.

However, she was never great with motor skills or balance, and her face ended up scrunching up in pain when she accidentally wet her wound. Lifting her arm higher, she slammed into the bathroom door instead and immense pain shot through her arm.

"Ouch!" she yelped, and within seconds she heard a flurry of footsteps outside.

Worried, Finnick called out to her, "Vivian, are you alright?"

"I'm fine..." Vivian tried to reply in a hurry, but she was in too much pain that her voice shook. She did not sound fine at all.

As a result, Finnick anxiously responded, "Give me a minute. I'll come in."

Vivian panicked and insisted, "I'm alright, and you don't have to..."

Bang! Before she could complete her sentence, she heard the bathroom door open.

The lock on the bathroom door had long been out of order, so it could easily be opened when Finnick gave it a push.

Once he entered the bathroom, he saw Vivian raising one arm while frantically trying to pull up her bath towel to cover herself with her other arm. In her hurry, she even forgot to turn off the showerhead, and water was about to cascade on her wound.

This woman is so careless!

Looking at how she seemed to be tormenting herself, Finnick could not help but feel angry. Instantly, he went forward to embrace her before turning the showerhead off.

"You are so stupid, Vivian," he chided. Then, he grabbed her arm and scanned her wound. As expected, it was inflamed, making him more frustrated. "With a showerhead like this at your house, how can you bathe alone?"

Vivian failed to pay attention to his scolding.

His thin shirt was the only thing between them, and all she could think about was how close they were. Besides, his shirt was now drenched because of her, and it clung to their bodies.

She could even feel his chest muscles and washboard abs against her...

Her brain felt like exploding.

Noticing that Vivian was quiet even after he spoke, Finnick frowned and looked at her.

With a glance, he finally noticed her standing stiffly in his arms while her face was as red as a tomato.

He was dumbfounded. He was so worried for her previously that he did not notice the position they were standing in.

Her fair skin was slightly red from the elevated temperature in the bathroom, and there were still water droplets dripping off her body. Although it was not the first time he had seen her naked, he felt more attracted to her each time he saw her like this.

Not only so, but since her body was so close to his, it was also a greater hurdle for him this time. Without looking down, he could already feel all her curves.

In that instant, he felt his body burning up.

Vivian, who was already flustered, blushed more when she felt the changes in Finnick's body. Instinctively, she struggled. "Finnick, let go of me..."

Little did she know that her movements were nothing to Finnick. It was as though she was tickling him instead of refusing him, which tempted him even more.

Without thinking, he pushed Vivian against the wall.

The distance between them instantly disappeared, and they could even feel each other's chests as they breathed.

"Finnick, what...do you want..." Unable to get out of his grasp, Vivian whimpered as she looked at him with a panic expression on her face.

Finnick did not know what got over him, but her whimpers almost took away all his willpower.

Abruptly, he bowed his head as his fingers slowly traced across her waist. Feeling goosebumps, she shuddered. "What do you think I'm doing?" he groaned.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 117

His low voice sounded sexier than usual, causing Vivian's body to heat up, too. She stuttered, "No... don't..."

"Why not?" Finnick lowered himself to nibble on her earlobe and whispered, "You said okay the last time."

His breath tickled Vivian's ear and his teasing almost succeeded in persuading her. However, her last shred of rationality still told her not to do it.

No way.

Nothing can happen between us.

Previously in the Norton residence, she did give Finnick permission. Despite so, she felt differently about it now.

She agreed then since they were already married, she did not mind having a child with him even though it was a loveless marriage. After all, that was also her duty as his wife.

Now, she could no longer make a calm decision without being influenced by her emotions.

She realized now that she might have feelings for him—feelings she shouldn't have. Vivian did not dare to give herself to him in light of this revelation, lest she fell in love with him and would not bear to leave him in the future.

With that thought, she desperately pushed him aside and reasoned, "My mom is at home, too, so it isn't a good idea..."

Finnick lowered his gaze and hazily glanced into Vivian's clear eyes. It was like a wake-up call to him.

Nothing was more disappointing than having one person lost in his lustful desires while the other remaining logical and rejecting his moves.

Thinking Vivian was still not ready as a result of what happened two years ago, Finnick stepped back to give her some space.

He never expected he would be so deprived to this point, having to endure and control his lust time and time again.

Especially when it came to this woman, whom he always found so attractive.

Forget it.

Since she is injured, I will let it go.

That did not mean that he was going to let her go physically. Instead, he wrapped his arm around her waist again. While she stared at him in surprise, he assured her, "Don't worry, I am not going to force you. I only want to help you shower."

With that kind of showerhead, how can she keep her wound dry alone?

Blushing, Vivian rejected, "It's alright. I will wipe myself instead."

Having said that, she turned to escape, but Finnick held onto her, refusing to let her leave.

"Why are you so shy? After all, I have already seen you naked," he casually stated as he took down the showerhead. "There's no need to worry about me because I still have some self-control."

In the next moment, he started helping her to shower.

Knowing how stubborn he was, Vivian was sure there was no use rejecting him. She could only stand stiffly in place while he helped her wash up.

Much to her dismay, as Finnick's hand grazed along her skin, that warm and slightly rough sensation sent countless electric currents through her body. She used everything in her power to hold herself back and not tremble.

Speaking of endurance, Finnick had it even tougher.

Although he had told her that he could control himself, he realized that self-restraint was almost impossible before Vivian.

He already gave her his word, however, so he could only grit his teeth and keep holding himself back.

After painfully helping her bathe, it was finally time to dry her.

Sensing his seriousness in performing the task at hand, Vivian fell into a daze.

She could not remember the last time someone gave her a bath like that.

I was probably very young when Mom used to shower me. As I grew older, she became busier with work and I started to take care of myself.

Who would have thought that after so many years of being independent, someone else would appear in my life when I'm injured, feeding me, cleaning me, and even bathing me?

She felt like she was being compensated for all the love she had long been deprived of.

More significantly, this person was someone with high social status who had never cared for others before.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 118

Vivian's heart softened, and she was touched.

She closed her eyes so that her emotion could not be read.

Finnick...

Why are you so nice to me?

I'm afraid...I might end up falling for you...

After her shower, Vivian and Finnick returned to the living room. Feeling bad that Finnick was soaked from head to toe, she went to her closet and picked out some larger-sized sports clothes for him. But before she gave him the clothes she cautiously asked again, "Are you sure you want to stay here with me?"

"Of course," Finnick replied casually and took the clothes from Vivian's hands, "Don't you have to take care of your mother? How are you supposed to do that when you are injured? Given so, I think I should stay here to take care of both of you."

"You don't have to do that," Vivian insisted as she did not want him to stay. "I can do it alone."

"You can do it alone?" Finnick raised his brows. "You needed my help to bathe. Are you sure you can do it alone?"

His words only made Vivian think about the incident in the bathroom. Instantly, she turned red and forgot to rebut his words.

Soon after, she heard Finnick's soft chuckle as he headed to the bathroom with her clothes.

Vivian suddenly grew frustrated. She felt like he had led her on, and that she seemed to have given him her silent consent to stay for the night.

Before stepping into the bathroom, Finnick suddenly thought of an idea and said, "If you don't want me to stay here, you can simply follow me home instead."

With that, he went in.

Finnick had to take a cold bath to overcome the urge burning within him.

When he returned to the bedroom, he saw Vivian lying on the bed.

It was small, and she was curled up in a corner. After entering the bedroom, Finnick could not stand it anymore and hugged Vivian by wrapping his arm around her waist.

"Why are you hiding?" he whispered beside her ear, "Isn't it more spacious this way?"

Not long after, he turned the lights off and closed his eyes to sleep. After being tortured for an entire day, he was exhausted. The fragrance of Vivian's hair gave him an inexplicable sense of comfort.

Well, this is one good thing about a smaller bed.

It did not take long for Finnick to fall asleep. While Vivian could hear his steady breathing, it took her ages to fall asleep in his arms.

Turning around slightly, she took in Finnick's handsome features, down to the stubbles on his chin.

At that moment, she felt her heart beating more vigorously than usual.

Her eyes dimmed, and she closed her eyes in despair.

Vivian, you might as well admit that you have fallen for him.

I am hopelessly in love...

Although it was already midnight, many people in Sunshine City were still not asleep.

After Fabian finished work, he dragged his lethargic body back to the place he rented next to the magazine company.

He did not like to live at his family residence because he would have to face his father and grandpa. As such, he decided to rent an apartment instead.

The elevator doors opened. He was just about to step out when he saw a petite figure squatting in front of his unit.

He was taken aback and could not believe his eyes. "Ashley, is that you?"

It was indeed Ashley at his door.

Hearing his voice, Ashley raised her head to look at him. Her eyes were red from crying earlier, and she looked especially pitiful.

"Fabian, you are back," she said in a pitiful voice, "I waited for you for a long time, and my calls to you never got through..."

"Why are you looking for me?" Fabian frowned and quickly helped her up. "I worked overtime and my phone battery died. Let's talk inside."

Upon entering the apartment, Ashley threw herself onto Fabian just after he closed the door.

Fabian stiffened and asked, "Ashley, what's going on?"

With her tears already soaking his shirt, Ashley sobbed, "Fabian, will you ever leave me?"

She could not describe the panic she felt when she heard Shannon's words.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 119

Shannon told her that Fabian, in front of everyone at the magazine company, questioned Vivian why she did not clarify that she had been set up years ago.

Ashley knew that Shannon said all these in hopes that she would teach Vivian a lesson. However, Shannon did not expect Ashley to turn white as a sheet.

Fabian knew that Vivian was being set up in the incident two years ago?

Does it mean that he's trying to rekindle his love for her? Did he find out what I did?

In a moment of panic, Ashley could not be bothered with Shannon but immediately ran to Fabian's house while calling him multiple times.

Not daring to raise the matter with Fabian, she tested the waters instead.

Surprised by her sudden question, Fabian paused momentarily before he responded, "Ashley, what on earth is going on?"

His avoidance to answer the question made her tremble more. In an attempt to hide it from him, she released him and forced a smile. "I'm fine... I was a little afraid since our wedding date is drawing close."

That sentence reminded Fabian that they were getting married next month.

All of a sudden, he felt a sense of resistance.

His silence only made Ashley more frantic. She glanced at him and probed, "Fabian, you...you're not thinking about calling off our wedding, are you?"

Snapping out of his daze, Fabian smiled and assured her, "Ashley, you are overthinking. I will not do that. Look, your arms and legs are so cold. Why don't you take a shower first?"

He pushed her into the bathroom as he spoke.

Absentmindedly, Ashley went into the bathroom and plopped onto the toilet seat.

I'm doomed.

Fabian is starting to doubt me after finding out what happened to Vivian.

What other tricks could I still use against Vivian?

In the midst of her thoughts, her phone rang.

Looking down at the phone screen, she was surprised.

"Hello?" she answered the call immediately, "You don't have to find that man I've asked you about. I'm already..."

Before she could complete her sentence, the words from the person on the other end of the call caused her expression to darken.

"What are you saying? How is it possible that the old man did not do it?" she screeched.

While Ashley was in the bathroom taking her bath, Fabian stood on the balcony and smoked until he unknowingly filled up the ashtray.

This is the first time in my life that I feel so much regret and sadness.

I regret not saying goodbye two years ago and then getting engaged to Ashley. But most of all, I regret insulting Vivian time and time again.

I am the one who pushed away the woman I love. Who am I to blame?

Now, Vivian has Finnick...

At that thought, he raised his cigarette and took a large puff.

Subconsciously, he thought about the time he gave Vivian's photos to Finnick. Without thinking, Finnick chose to trust Vivian.

Perhaps he already did his own research and had already made his decision. Regardless, at least he has never hurt Vivian.

In contrast, I am so different from him. This frustrated Fabian even more.

Thinking about the photographs, he recalled that he has kept several pictures of Vivian on his phone.

Seeing those photos now would only make his heart ache, so he instantly pulled out his phone to delete them.

However, after deleting a few, he realized something.

Wait a minute.

These pictures...why do they seem different from the ones shown at the Norton family party?

Although he did not purposely try to remember everything about Vivian, everything about her was somehow vividly imprinted on his mind.

He could even recall the photos from the party.

Most of the photos were the same as those on his phone, but one of them was different—in which Vivian was lying on a pillow with her hair spread across it.

Fabian suddenly felt breathless.

Why...

Ashley said that the photos were from my phone. Yet, why did she have one more photo on the screen that's not found on my phone?

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 120

Unless...

Fabian's heart tightened with that thought, but before he could piece together the puzzle in his mind he suddenly heard a soft voice coming from behind him.

"Fabian?"

He was startled and turned to see Ashley looking at him timidly with her hair still wet.

She had a beautiful face that resembled Vivian's, though she looked a little more seductive. For some reason, he suddenly felt a chill down his spine looking at her.

"Well... Ashley." He subconsciously took a few steps back and said, "The magazine company just called. A situation popped up and I have to take care of it. You can go back to get some rest first."

He rushed out of his apartment without even waiting for Ashley to reply.

"Fabian..." Ashley was dumbfounded. She wanted to chase after him but he was already out of the door.

Helplessly, she stood rooted to the ground.

It is already past midnight. Is he going to find Vivian?

At that thought, and recalling the news she had just heard on the phone, her face turned pale.

Not long ago, Ashley ordered an investigation to find the old man from two years ago. Yet, he confessed that he did not touch her, but that a mysterious man did.

What was even more shocking was that no one managed to find out who that man was. In other words, the mysterious man was much more powerful than she.

Who's the man who took away Vivian's virginity two years ago?

The next morning, when Vivian opened her eyes, she saw Finnick's handsome face right in front of her.

Dazed, she stared at him for a while before realizing that they were this close because they were sleeping in the small bed in her house.

Alarmed, she quickly wanted to get out of bed, but Finnick's arm weighed heavily over her. As though he felt her struggle, Finnick muttered without opening his eyes, "It's only seven in the morning. Stop moving and go back to sleep."

Vivian did not expect Finnick to be awake. She lay stiffly and motionlessly in bed. No matter how hard she tried, she could not fall back asleep.

Time passed slowly, and soon she broke out in a cold sweat from her nervousness. Finally, her alarm rang, and Finnick's eyes opened. His gaze immediately fell on Vivian.

"Good morning, Vivian." Finnick greeted her with his baritone voice which came with a bit of hoarseness, given it was the first thing he said after he woke up. Vivian's heart skipped a beat.

She could not hide her blush as she stammered, "M-Morning."

She then got up to prepare a clean towel and toothbrush for Finnick before helping her mom wash up. When she was done, Noah showed up with breakfast that Molly had prepared. Molly even made another portion just for Rachel.

As they ate, Vivian looked at the spread and whispered, "Actually, we don't have to bother Molly like that."

"We are not bothering her; we are just using a little more of her time." Taking a scoop of soup, he commented, "With that being said, if you want to continue to stay here, I'm afraid Molly will have to do this every day."

Surprised, Vivian asked, "Do you mean you are staying for another night?"

"I will, if you are," Finnick replied casually, "I will get Molly to bring my pajamas over. After all, your clothes are too small for me."

Vivian was speechless.

She finally realized how stubborn and demanding Finnick could be. Although he never raised his voice nor forced her to do anything, he always had a way to make her compromise.

I can never win against him.

"I get it." She lowered her gaze and sighed. "I'll go back tonight."

The corners of Finnick's lips lifted. "You can bring your mother over, too."

"Forget it. My mom will feel uncomfortable," Vivian rejected his offer.

"Well, I can get you a caretaker and maid," Finnick insisted.

Knowing that she could not win the argument, Vivian could only nod in agreement.

After the meal, Finnick drove Vivian to work. Only then did she recall she had a meeting to attend that morning. Thus, once she arrived at her office building she headed directly to the meeting room.

She was surprised to find Fabian in the meeting room; he seemed to be preparing for the meeting alone.