

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 136

“What was it?” Without turning around, Finnick asked in a cold voice.

However, Fabian didn't answer because he recognized the necklace that Vivian risked her life for trying to retrieve.

One time when Mark was drunk, he mocked Finnick by saying that he was a useless piece of lovesick trash because he still cherished a cheap crystal necklace even though Evelyn had been dead for ten years.

That means that Vivian tried to retrieve the necklace for Finnick's sake.

Jealousy bubbled in him like an overflowing cauldron, so Fabian didn't want to answer Finnick's question. Instead, Fabian smirked and suggested, “If you really want to know, why don't you ask her yourself?”

When Finnick heard that, he finally left for real because he no longer wanted to waste his words on Fabian.

Finnick returned to Vivian's ward and saw that she was still fast asleep. She looked pallid and her brows were furrowed as if the pain from her wounds was troubling her even in her sleep.

Seeing that, Finnick felt a sharp tug in his heart.

“Tell the company that I'm not going back these few days. Arrange a video meeting if there's anything urgent or just come look for me directly,” Finnick instructed Noah softly.

“Mr. Norton...” Noah was absolutely stunned because he had never seen the responsible Finnick Norton shirk his work even after working under him for many years.

Finnick ignored Noah's shocked expression and approached Vivian, he then caressed her face tenderly with his slender fingers.

While Vivian was in dreamland, she suddenly felt a hand gently stroking her cheeks.

It was a familiar feeling, so she opened her eyes slightly and saw a superbly handsome face in her groggy state.

She stiffened and tried to sit up. "Finnick?"

However, Finnick pressed her shoulders down. "Don't move. Just lie down."

Vivian nodded and did as instructed.

"How are you feeling?" Finnick tried to sound as calm as possible, but a faint hint of anger still slipped through his lips.

Vivian could tell that something was amiss even though she couldn't figure out what. She frowned and asked, "Finnick, are you angry?"

Finnick fell silent at that.

Angry?

More like scared.

A wave of fear surged within his heart when he found out that the house caught on fire while he was in A Nation, just like ten years ago.

But, he had no intention of telling Vivian that. Instead, he held her wrist and inspected the burn marks on the back of her hand with a sad expression.

"Fabian told me just now that you went back to the room to get something during the fire, right?" Finnick answered Vivian's question with a question of his own.

Visibly taken aback, Vivian suddenly recalled something.

"Yeah. I went back to get this." Her eyes were still blurry from her sleep, so she fumbled around as she tried to take the necklace off her neck. "You must be worried about this necklace, right?"

Finnick felt a sudden coldness in his palms, and he was shocked to realize that the crystal necklace was already in his hands.

His head snapped towards Vivian and he asked in a quizzical tone, "Did you go back to the room just to get this necklace?"

Because everything looked blurry to her, she couldn't read his expressions, so she replied frankly, "Yeah. I thought that you must be concerned about it."

Finnick grabbed onto the necklace tightly and fell silent for a long while.

Never would he have thought that the item Vivian risked her life for was this necklace.

Sensing the cold silence in the room, Vivian asked anxiously out of concern, "Finnick, why aren't you speaking? Did something happen to the necklace? Did it get damaged during the fire?"

She then immediately inspected the necklace closely, but it was too small, and her vision was blurry, so she couldn't notice anything significant.

"Vivian William, are you f\*cking insane?"

Just as she was squinting at the necklace, a furious bellow rang in her ears.

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Vivian froze.

Having known Finnick for so many years, she had never heard the man curse or speak in such an agitated manner.

She frowned and asked, "Finnick, what's-"

But before she could finish, Finnick interrupted her with another yell. "You went back to the room just for a necklace? Do you know how lucky you were? You could've died in there!"

Finnick was absolutely livid at this point.

She's such a moron! Is her life any less important than this stupid necklace?

I admit, this necklace is really important to me because it's the only thing she left for me...

But how can a mere necklace ever compare to Vivian?

From the moment he found out about the fire, the only thing he was worried about was Vivian, and the existence of the necklace slipped through his mind completely.

For Vivian to confirmed that she put herself in danger just for that necklace...

It was only natural that Finnick was furious.

Finnick's tone was harsh, and it was very different from his usual composed and sophisticated manner.

Because of her eyes, Vivian couldn't see Finnick's concern and fear. All she registered was his fury and disapproval.

She never expected that all she got after risking her life for a necklace was a scolding.

The fear that she had been suppressing since the fire and the indignance she felt now culminated into tears in her eyes.

That brought even more pain to her eyes, so she had to lower her head to rub it.

On the other hand, Finnick was angry beyond belief, so he didn't even notice Vivian's expression. He simply clenched the necklace until it bore into his palms as he looked down in frustration.

For the first time in ten years, he felt fury instead of despair and guilt when he saw the necklace.

Vivian was in danger all because of this necklace.

If I continue to keep this necklace, would that fool of a woman make the same stupid and dangerous mistake the next time something like this happens?

He knew that he was being very irrational right now, which was a far cry from his usual composed manner, but he couldn't help himself from thinking that way.

When he saw Vivian's pale complexion and the numerous burns on her body, rage surged within him and forced his hands to hurl the necklace away.

Clang!

The sound reverberated throughout the silent room and caused Vivian to look up abruptly.

She couldn't really see what happened, but the sound still gave her an uneasy feeling.

"Finnick Norton, what did you do!"

His anger not yet subsided, Finnick stared at Vivian and uttered coldly, "I smashed the necklace."

"What! Are you crazy!" Vivian broke down when he said that. She sat up immediately and started searching for the necklace's fragments in his hands because she couldn't see where it went. "Did you really smash the necklace? What were you thinking! Your ex-girlfriend left it behind for you!"

That surprised Finnick because he never thought that Vivian would know about the necklace's origins.

Despite so, at that moment, he couldn't care less about it. He grabbed Vivian's wrist with one hand and wrapped his other arm around her waist. In just a split second, the distance between them was so close it looked as if they had melded into one.

He looked down at Vivian and spoke in a tone that was full of fury, "Vivian, I'm telling you now that if this necklace is going to cause you any danger in the future, I'd rather destroy it!"

Vivian, who was still in a state of breakdown, suddenly froze when she heard that.

What does he mean by that?

Did he... smash the necklace because of me?

How is that possible? Didn't his ex-girlfriend give him that? Isn't it very important to him? So why did he do it...

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Vivian felt realization budding within her like a germinating seed; she somewhat understood what was going on now, yet she didn't have the courage to face it.

Because of his fit of anger just now, he didn't notice that Vivian's eyes were reddened and her gaze was somewhat unfocused.

Panic rose within him the moment he saw Vivian's state and he moved her back on the bed and waved his hands in front of her.

Vivian frowned and said, "I'm not blind. I can still see; it's just a bit blurry."

"Blurry?" Finnick's voice became softer. "Damn it. Why didn't you look for a doctor then?"

As he said that, he pressed the bell to summon the doctor before Vivian could react.

Meanwhile, Vivian noticed that Finnick was very jumpy and easily agitated that day, unlike his usual demeanor. "I thought it wasn't anything serious, but honestly, it actually hurts a little now."

The worry in his eyes grew even deeper when he heard that, and he momentarily forgot what happened before. He covered Vivian's eyes with his hands to force her to shut them. "Close your eyes. Let's wait for the doctor."

Vivian lay down calmly on the bed and didn't resist his touch. She thought that everything was fine as long as Finnick wasn't angry.

Soon, the doctor arrived. After inspecting Vivian, the doctor explained that her eyes were just exposed to smoke, and the usage of eye drops would alleviate her discomfort. The

doctor also added that her eyes were drier than usual, so she was encouraged to not use her eyes for the next few days.

Vivian understood the doctor's words as limiting her exposure to books, phones, and such, but the fastidious Finnick asked the doctor to prepare a blindfold for her.

"Isn't that too much?" She couldn't help but protest, "It's not something serious anyway. I can't live a normal life like this!"

"You don't have to." Finnick's domineering personality was more obvious than usual. He put the blindfold on Vivian and said in a tone that left no room for discussion, "I'll take care of you."

"But you need to work..." When Vivian's sight was replaced by inky darkness, she felt uneasy. She tried to take it off only to be stopped by Finnick.

"I already told the company that I'll be working from here for the next few days."

"What?" Vivian gaped in shock and forgot all about the blindfold. "You'll be working from here?"

Isn't Finnick someone who would work overtime without batting an eye? Is he really staying here just so he can take care of me?

"It's fine, really," she hastily said. "You can just ask Molly to take care of me."

"No. My decision is final. You should get some sleep now." Finnick had already made up his mind.

Vivian knew his antics quite well, so judging by his authoritative tone, she knew that her protests would fall on deaf ears. She had no choice but to lay back down on the bed.

Vivian had a lot of wounds, so she took some painkillers that made her feel sleepy. That, combined with her blindfold, made her fall asleep soon after she lay down.

Noah, who didn't dare to say anything just now, stepped forward and whispered, "Mr. Norton, I already found out what happened during the fire."

Once Vivian fell asleep, Finnick returned to his calm and collected demeanor. He wheeled himself to the restroom beside the ward while keeping his eyes on Vivian and instructed, "Go ahead."

"The fire started from the second floor and the site of ignition is probably the study next to the master bedroom."

Finnick's gaze turned sharp. "So you're saying that the perpetrator was targeting Vivian from the start."

Noah nodded and said with a solemn expression, "Moreover, I sent some men to check every single entry point of the room and found out that none of the anti-theft equipment was damaged. There wasn't any footage of anyone stepping into the room as well."

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Finnick narrowed his eyes.

Noah knew what was on Finnick's mind and nodded in reply.

The security system in Finnick's villa was top-notch. The fact that there were no signs of sabotage could only mean that the fire was...

It's caused by internal staff members...

Finnick tensed up, his voice was chilly when he ordered, "Get Liam and Molly for me."

Half an hour later, Finnick arranged a few guards at Vivian's ward and headed to the hospital's underground storage room alone.

Inside, a man and a woman were tied up on the floor.

The door opened. A slender man in a wheelchair wheeled in slowly and stopped in front of them.



Realizing who it was, the woman was astonished. "Mr. Norton! Mr. Norton, what did we do to deserve this?"

Molly never thought that there would come a day like this. She had always taken care of Finnick with all her heart.

Finnick ignored her and said flatly, "Liam, Molly, seeing that both of you are the seniors in the Norton family, please just confess. Do not force my hand."

Molly looked confused. "Confess? Mr. Norton, is there some misunderstanding?"

"How about you, Liam? Anything you want to say?" Finnick continued without answering Molly.

Ever since Finnick entered the room, Liam's expression had been grim. As he looked at Finnick, he suddenly let out a menacing laugh.

In response, Finnick simply sat there and let Liam have his time. He was in no hurry.

As Liam's laughter ended, he glared at Finnick. "What a pity. To think that that woman would survive such a huge fire."

As Liam spoke, Finnick remained as calm as ever. It was clear that the latter already knew what was going on. Molly on the other hand was stumped. "What nonsense are you spouting, old man?"

"Nonsense? I'm just saying the truth" Liam continued. "After all, Mr. Norton. You've already found out about it, right? That I drugged Vivian's soup and started the fire. Do whatever you want with me. My wife knows nothing, so leave her out of this."

Molly's eyes widened and she screamed, "Liam Zachary! Are you crazy? You dare harm Mrs. Norton? Have you forgotten what the Norton family had done for us?"

"Of course I remember!" Liam roared. "But I'm doing this precisely for the Nortons!"

Compared to the agitated state that Liam and Molly were in, Finnick, on the other hand, showed almost no reaction. The only difference was that his gaze grew cold and gloomy.

Liam had been around Finnick for a long time to know the murderous intent behind that look. Cold sweat started streaking down his face but he forced out a statement. "Mr. Norton, let me be honest with you. There's only one person who can inherit the Norton family business. And logically speaking, that person should be the eldest of the family. On top of that, you're now a cripple. There's no reason for you to be competing with your brother! This would only harm the family!"

Finnick sneered after hearing Liam's justification. "So you're telling me that you targeted Vivian just because of that?"

"That's right" Liam's gritted his teeth. "I can't allow you to have an heir that might compete with Fabian. Everything I did was for the sake of the Norton family..."

"Excuses. All of it." Finnick snapped with an icy tone. "Tell me the truth. How much did Mark offer you?"

Liam instantly went pale and his words died on his lips.

Looking at Liam, Finnick felt nothing but disgust for the old man.

This is human nature. On the surface, you kept insisting that everything you did is for the family. But deep down, you're just a puppet guided by your own greed.

Finnick had no need for people like him ten years ago. That fact remained true even now.

As the disgust that Finnick felt for Liam intensify by the second, he could no longer stand the sight of the old man. Finnick turned around and got ready to leave the room.

At that moment, Liam shouted out behind him, "Finnick! Even though I accepted Mr. Mark's bribe, what I said is true! In the end, he chose to target Vivian instead of you. It's clear that he still values this relationship. Please stop going against him! With Norton family's wealth, you won't have to worry about a thing until the day you die!"

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Finnick stopped in his tracks after hearing what Liam said.

He snickered.

Oh Liam. You really are loyal to Mark.

“He values our relationship?” Finnick taunted. “Liam oh Liam. Looks like Mark never trusted you. Did he not tell you the truth behind the kidnapping ten years ago?”

“What do you mean?” Liam turned deathly pale.

Finnick simply ignored him and proceeded to leave the storage room.

Back in the hospital hallway, he finally gave Noah an order. “Settle this for me.”

“Understood, Mr. Norton,” Noah noted and he raised an eyebrow. “But don’t you want to see this through personally?”

Compared to when Finnick found out about Vivian getting hurt, his reaction this time was far more calmer. Noah had thought that the man would be furious.

Finnick sneered, “He’s just a pawn in the grand scheme of things. There’s no need to be too serious about it. Besides, the one that I’m after is still out of my reach for now.”

Noah immediately understood and said nothing further.

“One more thing.” Finnick suddenly thought of something as his gaze flickered. “Send Molly and her son overseas and give them some cash.”

Noah knew Finnick never blamed the innocent. He nodded and accepted the request.

By the time Finnick returned to the ward, night had fallen and the hallways were empty.

“Um. Mr. Norton. Would you like to head over to a hotel nearby? Or should I find an empty room for you?” Noah had no idea what Finnick wanted to do at the moment so he carefully probed.

However, Finnick’s answer left him in shock.

“It’s fine. I’ll sleep here in Vivian’s room.”

Noah's eyes almost popped out from its sockets when he heard that. It took quite a while for him to calm down. "Ok. I'll ask the nurse to prepare an extra bed for you then," he replied.

They arrived at Vivian's room door while they talked.

Through the window on the door, Finnick's gaze fell upon the bed that Vivian was sleeping in. The bed's actually quite big. But I guess that's normal since this is a VIP room after all.

"Never mind that." Finnick stopped Noah from looking for a nurse. "I'll sleep on Vivian's bed."

Noah gaped at Finnick in shock.

I-Is this... S-Still Mr. Norton? Mr. Norton, who always has high expectations for quality of life, is going to share a sickbed with a patient?

Perhaps it was because Noah's reaction was too over the top, Finnick raised his head and looked at Noah. "Is there a problem?"

Noah quickly closed his mouth and replied, "No problem at all. I'll bring some toiletries and some clean clothes for you then.

It only took a short while for Noah to send all the necessities over. Finnick washed up in the private toilet provided, got into his pajamas, and came to Vivian's bedside.

The bed was indeed big. Coupled with the fact that Vivian always slept curled up on her side, there was even more space on it. Finnick easily found a comfortable spot and laid down.

Vivian, who was sound asleep, felt a sudden but familiar warmth behind her and her forehead creased. She instinctively turned around.

Her nose bumped into something as she turned.

Ouch. That hurt.

She was instantly wide awake. Vivian tried to open her eyes but then she remembered that Finnick put a blindfold on her that obscured her vision.

Vivian tried to take off the blindfold but her hands were held in place before she could do anything.

“Don’t move.” A soft voice whispered to her ear along with the warmth of the breath. “I already told you. Other than when you need the eye drops, the blindfold stays on.”

“Finnick?” Vivian was stunned. She could not see a thing but she recognized the man’s voice.

Vivian felt something was amiss, but since Finnick prohibited her from taking off the blindfold, she had no choice but to fumble around in the darkness with her hands.

Lo and behold, she could tell that what she was touching was Finnick’s chest. Flustered, she blurted, “Finnick?” Why... Why are you on my bed? Wait! Are you in your pajamas?”