

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 211 - 215

Finnick remembered that the dinner party was held at a place not far away from Century Hotel. Seeing that the expression on Finnick's face had changed drastically, Xavier put on a mischievous look and said, "What's wrong, Mr. Norton? Did you remember something?"

"I... I..." Finnick's voice had left him.

This time it was Xavier's turn to be driven crazy by Finnick.

"Then, you had a little too much to drink, and you went to Century Hotel..." Only then did it strike Finnick. His memories of that night from two years ago came back to him like a flood.

That night, Finnick had attended a dinner party where the elites gathered. He was arguing with Benedict when he realized he wasn't feeling himself. His body felt feverish, and he suspected that someone had spiked his drink.

Worried for his own safety, he had instructed Noah to send him to a hotel nearby. At this thought, Finnick grabbed his phone and called Noah. "Hello? Noah, do you remember that night two years ago at a dinner party when I told you that there was something wrong with my drink and then I asked you to send me to a hotel? Do you recall anything about it? What's the name of the hotel?"

Xavier wondered what did Noah say as he watched Finnick put down his phone slowly. He asked, "What did Noah say? Was it him who sent you to Century Hotel? Was it?"

Noah nodded in disbelief.

Isn't it too much of a coincidence?

"Ah-ha! Do you remember what happened next?" Xavier asked.

Finnick, after Noah's confirmation, trusted that he remembered all that had happened.

That day, Noah had gotten him a standard room at Century Hotel, as the VIP suites were all fully booked. After settling him down at the hotel, Noah had then gone back to get him a

change of clothes. Finnick remembered that the drug was so potent that his body was like on fire.

Unable to suppress the effects of the drug, he had unbuttoned his clothes to make himself feel cooler. However, it didn't last long as his body had started to get restless, like a cat in heat desperate for a mate.

Finnick couldn't bear it anymore. His body felt unusually uncomfortable, as though a time bomb had been planted inside.

He had to look for a woman to quench his thirst, and the sooner the better.

Finnick remembered that as he stumbled out the door, his face burning up and his mouth dry, he saw an old man next door helping a drunken woman inside.

Finnick had thought to himself that this woman must have accepted the old man's money to serve him in bed.

He rejoiced in his heart, as he could propose a trade for the woman. The old man was initially reluctant. But tempted by Finnick's offers, and sensing that Finnick was no ordinary man by the way he dressed, the old man caved in as he handed the unconscious woman to Finnick and walked away.

Thereupon, Finnick helped the woman into his room, where he transformed into a beast, pouncing on the woman lying on the bed. He could vaguely smell the fresh and light fragrance of her hair. Finnick wondered if Vivian was the woman whom he had purchased from the old man that night. He couldn't recall the woman's features, but there was something about her that was similar to Vivian—her body, her skin, and the fragrance of her hair.

Xavier looked at Finnick, breaking the latter's reverie as he interrupted, "Hey, bro. Should I congratulate you?" Finnick's heart skipped a beat, feeling somewhat relieved that Vivian didn't give her first time to that old man, nor any other loser but him.

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Looks like Finnick has remembered all of it. I was right! I can finally clear my name now! "This sure is fate, bro! It turns out that you and Vivian took the shortcut! How bold!" Xavier said.

Finnick shot him a dirty look. "Don't you say that about Vivian."

"I'm talking about you! You've untangled the knot in your heart. I've accomplished the task you gave me with honor, bro! So, uh... Can my factory start running again? You can't go back on your word!" Xavier said.

"Tomorrow it is. You can leave now," Finnick said. Xavier had wanted to get wasted with him, but little did he expect Finnick to chase him away.

Hmph, hoes before bros! Oh well, at least we got the truth now.

Vivian was sleeping soundly when Finnick returned to the room. He wondered what she was dreaming, as there was a ghost of a smile on her face. Finnick couldn't help but stroke her fair skin, which was exposed to the air. But afraid of waking her up, he adjusted the quilt by pulling it over her shoulders.

At that moment, he was reminded again of that night two years ago.

In fact, he did remember that night. But as it was so sudden, he couldn't remember which hotel it was and didn't expect such a coincidence. That night had been a pleasant one. He had rejected many women in the past, but not the stranger that night. Now that he thought about it, it wasn't the drug that made him lose control, but because the stranger was Vivian.

Finnick couldn't help thinking that it was fate that brought them together, allowing them to reunite, get married, and fall in love with each other after two years. Or perhaps he had already fallen in love with her since that night. How else could it explain his lust and greed for her body?

When he had woken up the next day to find the little red blotches on the sheet, he had told Noah to leave twenty thousand behind as compensation.

After all, a woman's first time was priceless, and he didn't want to treat her shabbily. As it was late at night, the room was dark, and the woman was lying with her back to him so he couldn't get a good look at the woman's face. Therefore, when Vivian appeared before him two years later, he couldn't recognize her either, because his memory of that night was hazy.

If it weren't for Xavier's reminder, he probably wouldn't have remembered so many details.

Finnick was lost in thoughts when Vivian rolled over and opened her eyes to see the man gawking at her. She reckoned that Xavier had come and gone. Vivian lay on her back, rubbing her eyes groggily as she asked, "What's wrong? Are you okay?"

Finnick patted her head and breathed, "Nothing. I was just thinking how nice it is that I've met you."

Vivian couldn't make head or tail of Finnick's behavior. She asked, "Why are you staring at me? Did something happen again?" "No, everything's fine."

Finnick leaned in for a kiss.

Yes, that's how it felt at that time. How stupid am I? If I had known that it was her from two years ago, I'd have loved her even more. Hey, stranger, we're back together again. Although you don't know that person is me yet... I'll tell you when the time is right.

Tantalized by Finnick's kiss, Vivian stretched out to stroke his firm back. She had fallen in love with his body. It was warm and comfortable, so much so that it felt as if she was lying on a bed of clouds. Finnick gently removed her pajamas and trailed his fingers across her fair skin, losing himself in the moment as he committed every part of her body to memory.

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The next day, Finnick arrived at the office looking as cheery as ever. He called Noah into his office and said, "You don't have to look into what happened two years ago. I already know who was the man who touched Vivian that night."

Noah looked at his boss in shock.

Is this what they call a plot twist?

"Are you sure it was Century Hotel that you sent me to two years ago?" Finnick asked, wanting to confirm with Noah again.

"Yes, I'm sure. You asked me on the phone last night... Century Hotel! Oh, God! Mr. Norton!" Finally understanding Finnick's words, Noah exclaimed, "Was Mrs. Norton the woman you slept with that night?" Finnick nodded, and Noah was happy for him.

This sure is God's divine intervention! I can't believe we've actually saved Mrs. Norton from falling into an evildoer's trap by accident! More so, Mr. and Mrs. Norton had even gotten married two years later after their one-night stand without knowing it.

Noah asked Finnick excitedly, "Does Mrs. Norton know about this, Mr. Norton?"

"I don't plan to tell her so soon," Finnick answered.

Noah couldn't wrap his head around it.

Wouldn't it be a happy ending if he tells Mrs. Norton about it? Why didn't he tell her?

Finnick didn't explain why but only instructed Noah to do one thing.

Meanwhile, upon returning to the magazine company in the afternoon after an interview, Vivian felt a terrible headache when she saw her colleagues huddled together, gossiping. "What's with the commotion? What are you guys looking at?" she asked.

Sarah pulled Vivian by the hand and said, "There's this interesting photo circulating on the Internet regarding Finnor Group's president, Finnick Norton, and his wife. Come, look!"

Vivian had a nasty shock at Sarah's words. This is bad. We got caught on camera! Things are about to get exposed! I don't want them to find out so soon that I'm Mrs. Norton, lest they criticize me behind my back.

"No, no, no. I don't wanna see!" Vivian panicked. What should I do if they recognize me? How should I explain? Will they ostracize me just because I'm Mrs. Norton?

"What are you afraid of? An ugly daughter-in-law will have to face her parents-in-law sooner or later! Come, quick!" An ugly daughter-in-law will have to face her parents-in-law sooner or later? Are they calling me ugly? Have they already... Damned photos! Damned stalker! Damn it! Damn it! Am I busted? What should I do? Should I make a run for it?

"God! Just who in the world is this photographer?" Ken, the photographer, shrieked. "Can he be any more unprofessional? This photo is too blurry!"

"What a pity! It was a rare shot! But this man sure is Mr. Norton. His noble and handsome temperament had sold him out," Sarah said.

"Yeah. In the photo, he's still in a wheelchair. I supposed Mr. Norton is the only big shot in the industry who uses a wheelchair," someone chimed in.

"Why? Are you men jealous too?" Sarah said.

What? The photo is blurry? Thank God! But they could still tell that Finnick was the man in the picture. What about me? Perhaps they didn't recognize me. Vivian rejoiced in her heart. How could I be so lucky?

Stepping forward, Vivian saw that it was indeed a photo of her and Finnick at the charity auction.

This picture sure is blurry. Besides, they've never seen me in an evening dress, so how could they recognize me from the photo?

Only then did Vivian feel relieved. Soon it was time to clock out. Everyone was still studying the photo, trying to dig up articles about the charity auction but to no results. The articles written for the auction were very official, with little substance, unlike the photo of Finnick and his wife posted by an anonymous person.

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Vivian was the first to walk out of the office. She didn't want to stay there any longer, feeling as though her heart was going to leap out of his throat from the tension. "Leaving so soon, Vivian?" Ken spoke in a loud voice. "We've made plans to have dinner together. Come join us."

Vivian looked back at Ken. "Maybe next time. You guys have fun. I'm going home first."

Finnick's probably at home, waiting for me to have dinner together. And after dinner, we can probably catch a movie together like any other ordinary couple. Vivian's departing back suddenly gave Ken an idea as he started comparing her to the woman in the blurry photo. He patted Sarah's shoulders and said, "Is it just me, or does Vivian look like the woman in the photo?"

"No way. Vivian never dresses up like that. How could she be the woman in the picture? It's impossible that she's Mrs. Norton," Sarah said in disbelief, thinking that Ken must have gone mad from staring too long at the picture.

However, as a photographer, Ken had a keen eye for detail. Upon hearing Ken's word, everyone inspected the picture again and thought that Vivian indeed looked similar to the mysterious Mrs. Norton. To love someone is to think of them all the time. Vivian couldn't seem to get rid of the thought of Finnick as she wondered what he was up to at this moment.

In the car, Vivian was swiping through Twitter, and the first article that caught her attention was the news of Finnor Group, which had garnered many retweets and comments. Finnick's company was about to launch a new fund.

It had great significance, as it would be the largest fund in the history of Sunshine City. The netizens were talking enthusiastically about Finnick online, mostly with words of praise for him.

"Wow! As expected of Finnor Group!"

"I'm so proud to call myself an employee of Finnor Group!"

"Oh, God! I fell in love with Finnick Norton all over again!"

"I want to get a kiss from him. His wife is so blessed to kiss him every day."

Deep down, Vivian was very proud of her husband. Finnick was a perfect man. Although he appeared to be cold and aloof on the outside, he was kind and gentle on the inside.

Along the way, Vivian bought a cake at a dessert shop to congratulate Finnick. By the time she reached home with the cake, Finnick was already sitting at the dining table. The housemaid, on the other hand, had already clocked out after making dinner. "What's the occasion that you bought a cake?" Finnick asked.

"I was scrolling through Twitter and it was flooded with discussions about Finnor Group's new fund. I was happy for you, so I bought a cake on the way back to celebrate. Do you like this flavor?"

Finnick opened the cake box to see that it was a tiramisu cake. Based on Vivian's observation, Finnick disliked sweet things, so a tiramisu cake with a light bitter taster was just right. "I like whatever you buy," Finnick said.

Feeling shy, Vivian changed the topic, "Your company's fund will be launching soon, isn't it?"

“Our company is indeed preparing to launch a new fund. Once everything’s settled, I’ll take you to the press conference and I’ll get Glamour Magazine to do the interview,” Finnick said.

Vivian’s eyes immediately brightened at that. She stood up, bowed to him, and said, “Thank you for giving Glamour Magazine this opportunity.”

Finnick feigned a haughty look as he pointed at the dishes on the table and said, “I want to eat this. Feed me!”

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Vivian deliberately picked up a piece of meat with a fork and put it to the side of Finnick's mouth.

Finnick shook his head. "Feed me with your mouth."

Vivian was about to snap when Finnick cocked an eyebrow and added, "Do you still want to interview us at the press conference?"

Bullying me, aren't you? You jerk!

But for the sake of the magazine company, Vivian obediently put the piece of meat in her mouth and moved closer to Finnick. With a stretch of his hand, Vivian fell on his lap as he caught the meat with his mouth, thereafter mashing his lips against hers.

Over the next few days, Finnick was so busy with the new fund that he would only return home late at night. Vivian's heart ached for him. No matter how late it was, she would stay up to wait for him just so she could give him a massage and allow him to do her and caress her however he pleased.

Although Finnick was the one moving all the time, he needed it to relax his mind. This day, a few people from Glamour Magazine had gathered to discuss the theme and content for the magazine's next issue. None of the recent events was newsworthy besides the launching of Finnor Group's new fund. However, not every media outlet was eligible to attend the press conference. If other magazines were to steal the limelight with such an exclusive story, their magazine sales this time would most definitely hit rock bottom. Just as everyone was racking their brains for ideas, Vivian piped up, "Perhaps we can attend the press conference."

Lesley, the senior editor, suddenly saw hope.

Wasn't it Vivian who took the credit for the picture of Finnick and Yasmin previously? "You have an idea?" Everyone spoke in unison.

As Mrs. Norton, Vivian suddenly piped down, feeling a tad guilty. "Come on, Vivian. Tell us. What is it?" Sarah prodded, nudging her.

Vivian mustered her courage and said, "Um, my husband told me a few days ago that Glamour Magazine is also on the list of outlets media to be invited by Finnor Group. I guess they didn't get to inform us yet."

Damn! Vivian's husband sure is impressive! Glamour Magazine is going to prosper this year! With this piece of information, we can start preparing now and catch our competitors off guard!

"Your husband sure is amazing, Vivian. I admire him so much! It's like he always there to seal the deal when it comes to matter with Finnor Group. Your husband is definitely not an ordinary employee," Sarah said.

"Nah, he's not that great... Maybe it's just a coincidence," Vivian said sheepishly.

"Whatever it is, you've saved us again, Vivian. You've saved the entire company. We should treat you to dinner tonight. What do you guys think?" Jenny asked.

"Yes, yes. Vivian is the lucky star of our company. Ask your husband to come with you," someone chimed in.

"No, no, no. It's okay. You guys don't have to stand on ceremony. Besides, my husband is busy," Vivian said in a fluster.

"Hey, Vivian. What exactly does your husband work as at Finnor Group? If he's that capable and all-knowing, could he be a janitor who can run around from office to office?" Shannon, the black-hearted and jealous woman and the killjoy of the company, gave a spiteful remark, earning herself a glare from Sarah and Jenny. Sarah couldn't help but gossip again as she asked, "Vivian, tell us, quick. What does your husband do? I'm sure he's not a janitor. Someone is just jealous and has a foul mouth!"

"Who the hell are you talking about, Sarah?" Shannon exploded.

"Who am I talking about?" Sarah looked askance at her. "Who do you think so?"

"Hmph!" Shannon grabbed her notebook and left the office in a fit of rage. Faced with everyone's incessant questions and curious eyes, Vivian said helplessly, "I'm sorry. I just remembered that I have an interview later and I'll have to leave soon. We'll talk again next time."