

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 46

Finnick kept his composure; even when he laid eyes on Vivian, there was not a shred of emotion on his face.

“Ok, let’s begin now.” Fabian smiled demurely and gestured at Vivian to lay down on the sofa. Finnick pushed his wheelchair and moved toward them, completely avoiding Vivian’s gaze.

“Thank you, Uncle Finnick, for the visit last time.” Fabian feigned ignorance as if there was no pressing tension in the room. He uttered, “We are very grateful for that interview as it greatly increased the sales of our magazines.”

“You are welcome,” replied Finnick.

“The purpose of this interview is to find out more about your recent Youth Award,” said Fabian. “How did you feel when you received this award?”

“It felt like an affirmation of my efforts,” responded Finnick.

The pair of uncle-nephew carried on their conversation composedly. This starkly contrasted to the turbulent feelings that Vivian who was sitting at the side was experiencing.

She was too well versed with Fabian’s character. The fact that the Chief Editor personally conducted this interview demonstrated that there must be some underlying motive.

Could it be? Vivian suddenly recalled the photographs that she glanced through yesterday and her face immediately turned pale.

Does Fabian want to expose those pictures to Finnick?

Little did Vivian know that Fabian had already shown Finnick all the photographs. The interview today was conducted solely because Fabian felt anguished.

He was vexed by the fact that Vivian was completely unmoved by his actions. Hence, when the magazine company decided to re-interview Finnick, he decided to bring Vivian along personally.

After a few uncontroversial questions, Fabian's eyes lit up and he inquired, "Was the Internet abuzz with news about your wife after the award ceremony?"

Finnick lowered his gaze and nodded his head. "Yes, it was."

"If you don't mind, could you please share more about your wife?" Fabian smiled politely and remarked, "As you should know, the female readers love gossiping about this."

"What about my wife? She is just a simple lady," replied Finnick with a small smile.

"Can you describe her a little more?" Fabian queried as his gaze swept over Vivian who sat next to him. "She must be a special and kind lady. Do you share a great relationship with her?"

After listening to Fabian's question, Vivian instantly understood why he brought her to conduct the interview.

Fabian wanted Finnick to reveal his deep love for his wife in order to force Vivian to back down and feel guilt for her actions.

Vivian suddenly found this hilarious.

Could it be that Fabian wants me to be jealous of myself?

It would be comical should he subsequently find out that I'm Finnick's wife all along.

At the thought of that, Vivian involuntarily shivered.

Never mind, that realization won't be happening right now anyway.

On the other side, Finnick also came to the realization of the purpose of Fabian's line of questioning.

His eyes lit up as he gazed at Vivian, who could not mask her grin.

Involuntarily, the corner of Finnick's lips curved up.

She must be enjoying this right? Since Vivian found this interesting, Finnick was happy to continue the facade.

“Indeed, my wife is naive and good-natured.” Finnick slowly continued, “She is very bashful. Even after our marriage, she blushes easily and her behavior is extremely endearing.”

Vivian was stunned by his words. She gazed at Finnick, who caught her gaze and smiled back at her.

Vivian’s face instantly turned bright red.

Finnick was clearly describing her.

After all, he wasn’t that close to her. Every time they had any kind of intimate interaction, an internal furnace would burn through her face.

After hearing what Finnick described, Fabian instantly glanced arrogantly at Vivian who was sitting next to him.

He thought that Vivian would feel ashamed after hearing Finnick’s description of his wife. However, her face only tinged with slight redness as she awkwardly recorded down what Finnick recounted.

Fabian furrowed his brows and continued his line of enquiry, “So, you like ladies who are kind-hearted and pure?”

Finnick cracked a small smile and remained silent.

Fabian was not satisfied with Finnick’s answer and queried, “I suppose so, right? Who wouldn’t like someone who is innocent and endearing? We should be wary of those gold-digger women instead.”

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Vivian was initially self-conscious when she heard Finnick’s reply. However, after hearing Fabian’s snark remarks, she furrowed her brows.

Fabian’s intent to ridicule and shame her was too obvious.

Although he had kept making such snide remarks about her ever since they met up again, she suddenly felt a burst of anger when he did that in front of Finnick.

“What do you mean by that, Fabian?” asked Vivian, who could no longer stand Fabian’s disparaging comments.

Fabian coldly smiled and rebuffed, “What’s wrong, Vivian? Have you finally realized your mistake?”

In all honesty, Vivian could not comprehend why she suddenly felt so exasperated.

Perhaps she just did not want Finnick to be misguided. She did not want him to presuppose that she was a money-loving gold digger.

“I just think that you should be responsible for the words you are uttering,” replied Vivian icily.

“Be responsible?” Fabian smirked and let out an icy laugh. At that moment, he no longer felt like concealing his true emotions. “Do you really think you could continue putting up your facade in front of my uncle? Let me say to you right now that I’ve shown all your unsightly photographs to my uncle. Do you still think that—”

“Enough!” Finnick abruptly raised his voice and cut off Fabian.

Vivian’s face immediately turned ghostly white.

What?

Finnick has already seen those photos?

While Fabian felt sorry for Vivian upon seeing her face turn pale, he felt more satisfied.

“Did you really think that you can continue with your disgusting facade in front of my uncle?” he continued to ask with a cruel smile etched on his face. “Surely you must have told him you’re married—”

“Fabian, I said that’s enough,” warned Finnick again. It was then that Fabian’s expression changed slightly as he turned to stare at Finnick.

However, the latter's eyes were trained on Vivian, whose face was blanched.

"Uncle Finnick, I—" Fabian tried to say something as he was dissatisfied. However, at that moment, Finnick abruptly pivoted around and cast a menacing gaze on Fabian which sent chills down the latter's spine.

"Fabian Norton," Finnick uttered slowly with a threatening tone, "Do not go overboard."

The color drained from Fabian's face. However, he refused to reveal the fear that rushed through his heart. "Uncle Finnick, we're family. Vivian is just an outsider—"

"Fabian!" Finnick threateningly cut off Fabian again. "You'd better stop breaking my boundaries time and time again. In the Norton family, we are all enemies."

Fabian was stunned at the direct manner Finnick spoke. He shuddered and broke out in cold sweat when he met Finnick's sinister glare.

Father was right. Even when Uncle Finnick is bound to a wheelchair, he's still someone not to be easily reckoned with.

Although Fabian was extremely dissatisfied with the overprotectiveness that Finnick showed for Vivian, he was powerless. He lowered his head and muttered, "Sorry for my rudeness."

"Today's interview is over," stated Finnick indifferently. "Go home, Fabian. I will send Vivian home myself."

Vivian?

The intimate way Finnick addressed her was like a sharp dagger that pierced Fabian's heart.

He's even going to send her home?

Isn't he being too forward? Is he not worried that Vivian's husband will see them together?

However, Fabian didn't dare say anything more. He bit his lip, turned around and retreated from Finnick's office.

A deadly silence filled up the office as Finnick and Vivian stood there.

"Vivian." Fabian narrowed his brows and walked toward her, uttering softly, "Are you alright?"

Vivian snapped out of her trance and shifted her gaze toward Finnick. "Did you really see those photographs?"

She finally realized why Finnick was acting so weird yesterday. He had forced her to change her job and then kissed her all because of those photographs.

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As she thought about those photos, Vivian felt nothing but shame and could not even face Finnick. She averted her gaze stubbornly.

However, the moment she turned her head, Finnick grabbed her roughly and forced her to look into his eyes.

"Vivian." His voice was stern. "Don't you dare look away."

He paused, and then said, "I did see those photos. Someone probably installed a pinhole camera in the hotel room where that incident happened two years ago."

Vivian thought the same. She nodded, kept quiet for a moment, and said while biting her lips, "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Finnick growled.

"For how those photos might have made you feel," Vivian whispered with her head low.

Her face was white as a sheet, and tears welled up in her eyes. Finnick's heart ached.

Damn it. What is this feeling?

He had never felt this way about Vivian, be it now or ten years ago.

He forcefully lifted her face again and locked gazes with her.

“Remember this, Vivian.” he stared straight at her. “Never apologize for something you did not do.”

Finnick’s firm gaze had her momentarily dazed. She nodded.

“Alright then,” Finnick said, more light-heartedly this time, “It’s getting late. Let’s go home.”

In the elevator, Vivian asked after much hesitation, “Finnick, when you saw those photos, did you not doubt that they weren’t from the incident two years ago?”

Just like how Fabian immediately assumed that those had been recent photos of her with other men.

“Why would I think of it that way?” Finnick said calmly, “What had happened two years ago was the only time you did it, wasn’t it?”

Vivian did not expect him to say that. She said with her face flushed, “How did you know?”

“I had a hunch,” he said.

Vivian was stumped momentarily and then realized that he was talking about that night when things had gotten wild and steamy between them.

Her face burned bright red in embarrassment. From the corner of her eyes, she could feel Finnick smirking at her.

Her flush deepened. She clenched her teeth and said, “What? So you’re really experienced, huh? Then tell me how many times you have done it.”

Finnick did not expect the shy Vivian to snap back at him like that. He was at a loss for words.

At that very moment, the elevator arrived on the first floor. Finnick jolted and coughed awkwardly into his hand. “Let’s get in the car.”

He got out of the elevator first, pushing his wheelchair out.

Upon seeing Finnick's reaction to her question, Vivian became even more curious. She quickly caught up with him and asked, "Finnick, you haven't answered me. How many times have you done it?"

Vivian was a stubborn person who would try to get to the bottom of everything she set her mind on. Even in the car, she continued to bombard him with questions.

"Finnick, tell me. Are you keeping quiet because you have done it many times? Did you do it with one woman or multiple women?" she asked.

Finnick felt his head throb in pain.

I regret this so much. Why did I even bring that up? He would never have expected Vivian to have such a talkative side to her even in his wildest dreams.

But it is pretty cute, I guess.

Vivian leaned on his wheelchair as she pressed on with her questioning. Upon seeing her sparkly eyes and her cheeks puffed up in discontent, he could not help but kiss her on the forehead.

The sudden kiss made Vivian a little flustered. The touch of his lips felt like a burning fire that spread to her entire face. She hastily got up before sitting down back on her seat.

Amused at her reaction, Finnick snickered, "So that's what makes you quieten down."

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Scowling, Vivian stopped bugging him.

After that episode, Vivian's mood lightened up and she fell asleep leaning on the car window.

Upon seeing that, Noah spoke softly from the front seat, "Mr. Norton, I have concluded my investigations on that incident from two years ago."

Finnick turned around, his face cold and emotionless. "Have you found him?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"He has been arrested as per your request. Mr. Norton, what do you want us to do with him? Shall I get my men to teach him a lesson?" Noah replied.

"Teach him a lesson?" Finnick pursed his lips. "That's way too light of a punishment. I will deal with him personally after sending Vivian back."

"Yes sir," Noah said.

Vivian woke up as just as they arrived at the Norton residence. "Vivian, I have some matters to deal with at the moment. You should rest."

She was a little taken aback but nodded. "Alright then. Come back early, okay?"

After sending off Finnick, Vivian could not help but wonder what he was going off to do that late.

Finnick isn't seeing some other woman, is he? I mean he's a good kisser and good in bed too. He must be with many women. Vivian felt somewhat bitter about it.

At the same time, she was shocked at her own inner turmoil. Why am I so bothered now? Why should I care if Finnick is dating someone else?

Vivian's heart throbbed. She realized that something had changed within her.

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Meanwhile, in the suburbs of the west district.

In an abandoned factory, an old man was tied to a chair. He seemed to have been tortured till he passed out. As the gates of the warehouse opened, he struggled to raise his head.

The old man was momentarily stunned when he saw the wheelchair that moved toward him. When he came to his senses, he pleaded desperately, "Mr. Norton! It's Mr. Norton, isn't it? I have no idea what I've done to deserve this! Please spare me!"

All Finnick felt was anger as he studied the wrinkly, dirty old man before him.

Damn it! How dare such a dirty old man lay a finger on Vivian! He cursed in his head.

Finnick could feel his blood pressure rise as he thought about how Vivian got assaulted by the old man. He went even closer, then grabbed the old man by his neck, choking him.

"Tell me," Finnick snarled, his voice cold as ice. "Did you assault a girl two years ago at the Century Hotel?"

Two years ago? Century Hotel? The old man trembled with fear as he recalled the past.

He shivered violently as the incident in question came to mind. "Mr. Norton, y-you are very much mistaken! Two years ago, I-I did not get my way with her in the end! I wasn't able to do a thing!"

Wasn't able to do a thing? Finnick slowly relaxed his grip around the old man's neck. "What do you mean?"

The old man felt as if he were about to pee his pants. He hurriedly confessed everything about the incident from two years ago.

"T-Two years ago, there was a middleman who did this kind of business. I was told that they found me a virgin girl, b-but before I could do anything, I was dragged out of the hotel room by some masked men!" he explained.

"Masked men?" Finnick narrowed his eyes.

"Yes, yes! I don't know who they were either. All I know is that they needed a woman urgently. They probably worked for some important figure, so I didn't want to provoke them."

Finnick clenched his fists, and stared coldly at the old man. "Are you sure?"

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"Of course I'm telling the truth! I swear to God I didn't touch that woman. I don't even know how she looks like!"

Only then did Finnick release him, as he thought the old man would not dare to lie to himself either.

"Bring him down," Finnick said coldly. "Find out whether what he said is true, and interrogate him on who introduced him to Vivian."

"Yes," Noah replied immediately, and only after signaling his subordinates to bring the old man down did he whisper to Finnick, "Finnick, that disgusting old man wasn't the one who assaulted Mrs. Norton."

On the contrary, Finnick did not seem the least bit happy and only gave Noah a cold look. "So, is it a good thing that she got assaulted by another man?"

Noah's face turned white. "Mr. Norton, that's not what I meant," he said.

Finnick did not feel like dealing with Noah anymore, so he turned his wheelchair around and left the warehouse.

When he got home, Vivian had just gotten out of the shower and was wrapped in a towel. Never would she have thought that she would immediately run into Finnick.

"Ah," Vivian cried out softly and tried to go back into the bathroom.

However, Finnick said indifferently, "You don't need to hide. I've already seen it all anyway."

Vivian froze.

Indeed- a few nights ago, while nothing happened, Finnick did in fact see everything.

Vivian's face burned red, but she could not continue her pretense. All she could do was walk out awkwardly, hurriedly put a nightgown over her towel, and yank the towel out from under.

Finnick looked at Vivian, who was still a little wet with water droplets sliding down her pretty neck and a slight blush on her cheeks from the steam. She looked like a juicy peach.

He cleared his throat and averted his eyes.

Even if he knew something happened between Vivian and another man, his body still reacted primitively every time he laid eyes upon her body.

Damn, I used to be obsessed with purity, virginity and all that stuff.

But it's as if Vivian is some kind of strange exception.

After Vivian changed into her nightgown at lightning speeds, she hurriedly got into bed and asked Finnick, "Aren't you going to shower?"

Only then did Finnick come to his senses. He nodded his head and walked to the bathroom.

Vivian now understood why there was no one around to take care of Finnick. The reason was that, in the first place, he had no need for that. If there was such a person, they would be more of a bother instead of a comfort to him.

Finnick got into the bathroom quickly and the sound of the shower came slowly. Vivian was just about to go on social media when the sound suddenly stopped. Then, she heard Finnick's voice.

"Vivian?"

His voice was pleasant- it was low and slightly hoarse. Her heart skipped a beat every time he called her name.

"What's wrong?" She hurriedly got up from the bed.

"I forgot to get my underwear." Finnick's voice sounded from the bathroom. "Could you get it for me?"

Vivian froze and her face turned red immediately.

Get his underwear?

Something that private?

"Is it inconvenient for you?" Having not heard a reply, Finnick's voice rang out again, "Should I go out and get it myself then?"

Vivian tried imagining the alluring sight of Finnick getting out of the shower. She hurriedly jumped out of bed and said, "No need, I-I'll just get it for you. Where is it?"

Finnick was standing at the door in the bathroom with the corners of his mouth slightly curved up. "It's in the drawer at the bottom of the closet," he said.

Vivian opened the drawer and saw that it was filled with designer underwear. She haphazardly grabbed a pair with her eyes shut tight, then knocked on the bathroom door.

Originally, she thought that Finnick would crack open the door just enough for her to hand the underwear over. Instead, he opened the door to its full width.

The steam from the shower seeped out as the riveting sight of Finnick, who was in the middle of his shower, appeared before Vivian's eyes.

Although they had been intimate before, this was the first time Vivian had properly looked at Finnick's body.

Her eyes lingered on his broad shoulders, his sturdy chest, his angular abs like white marble, and his two distinct v-cut abs, all the way down to his private area that was hidden under a towel...

Bang!

Vivian felt like smoke was coming out of her head!

In stark contrast to Vivian's fluster, Finnick was as calm as he always was. "Thanks." He took his underwear from her hands and raised an eyebrow. "I didn't know you like such tight-fitting cuts."