

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 666 - 670

Her colleagues had always been a persistent bunch. If she made her way downstairs, they would definitely get to the bottom of her departure. Perhaps they would soon figure out Finnick had reserved a honeymoon suite for her. If that was the case, she wouldn't be able to face them anymore.

Finnick is such a jerk! I can't believe he manages to put me in such a tight spot!

"Vivian, don't worry! I'll spend the night on the couch and stay away from you!" Finnick was on cloud nine because Vivian hesitated and stopped insisting on leaving.

In the end, she gave in and brought her luggage back to the room. She was afraid of the gossipmongers from her team. Since it was merely a few days, it wouldn't be much of a big deal either.

Following Vivian to the room, Finnick asked with a grin, "Vivian, we—"

She interrupted him and declared, "Finnick, I'll consider myself unlucky for once! Indeed, I'm afraid of the gossipmongers! Therefore, I'll let you off the hook for once!"

Halfway through her orated speech, she pointed in the direction of the entrance and deadpanned, "Please honor your promise and spend the night on the couch! I don't want you anywhere near the room without my permission! Also, please leave me alone because I need to unpack my stuff!"

When he caught her raging eyes, he knew she was frustrated at the thought of being deceived by him.

"W-When it's about time to head out, I'll knock on the door to get you again." Finnick rushed out of the room at top speed once he finished his sentence. The moment he walked out of the room, he heard a click. The door was locked the very second he left.

Staring at the door, his heart ached. He couldn't help but wonder when they would get to patch things up. He had been longing for her to open up to him once again.

On the other hand, Vivian slouched on the bed because she was completely worn out. Her mind was all over the place because of the series of things she had to go through.

The built-up fatigue came flooding in since she was on a comfortable bed. After a few hours of traveling, she was in desperate need of some sleep.

Knock! Knock! Knock! A faint knock on the door roused her from the deep slumber. When she forced herself to open her eyes, she noticed she was in a pitch-black environment because it was already evening.

"Vivian?" Finnick's voice could be heard.

"What do you want?" Vivian asked in a hoarse voice because she had just roused from her sleep.

"Have you woken up yet?" Finnick asked and explained, "We're going to meet the others in the lobby in about thirty minutes and head out for a meal. You need to get yourself ready."

Once she touched up on her disheveled look, she opened the door. She was startled by the man that was outside of the room.

Finnick seemed to have just taken his bath because his hair was slightly drenched. Instead of his usual formal suit, he had a white top and a pair of black track bottoms. Others would have a hard time believing he was a thirty-year-old adult because he seemed so afresh. It felt as though he was a fresh graduate in his mid-twenties.

Vivian had always known Finnick as a mature man. She was startled because she rarely had the chance to see him in such a casual set of outfits back when they were married.

A few seconds later, she regained her composure and replied indifferently, "Thanks for informing, but you should head over ahead of me. I'll join the rest once I'm ready."

She walked in the direction of the bathroom to get herself ready. Initially, he wanted to get her to join him, but judging by her response, he knew she wouldn't want others to see them together.

Since he had achieved the seemingly impossible goal of staying in the same room with her, he decided to stop pushing his luck over such a trivial matter. It wouldn't be wise to rush

things through because it would take a long time to get everything back to the way it used to be.

By the time Vivian dolled herself up and walked out of the bathroom, Finnick was not around anymore. She heaved a sigh of relief deep down. I guess he's not an idiot, huh? He knows others will talk about us behind our back if we show up in the lobby side by side.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 667

By the time Vivian showed up at the lobby, others had long gathered around. They marched in the direction of the car to the eatery.

On their way to the eatery, Vivian noticed a few of her female colleagues couldn't move their eyes away from Finnick. They flushed while whispering something amongst themselves.

Needless to say, Vivian knew it had something to do with them adoring and worshipping Finnick.

Noah seemed to have reached in the afternoon. He was seated right next to Finnick's, talking about something serious. Vivian scowled at the fact Finnick's serious expression could grab the attention of the innocent little girls.

They soon reached the outdoor eatery that was set up by the beach that was nearby.

They could see the fire pit that was intensely burning. Through the faint illumination of moonlight, they caught a shade of turquoise from the sea and a whiff of the salty ocean breeze.

They couldn't suppress their excitement any longer when they saw the heartwarming and romantic scene. Yelling, they catapulted in the direction of the beach to have some fun.

Sarah dragged Vivian along with her to have the best time of their lives.

Finnick gazed at the overjoyed Vivian from afar and smiled because he was glad she could enjoy herself. Vivian's happiness was the only thing he cared about.

The confused Noah asked, "Mr. Norton, it's such a rare opportunity. Aren't you going to join Mrs. Norton?" Why isn't he trying to patch things up with her since she's in such a great mood?

"I don't want to ruin her mood." He turned down his assistant's suggestion with his eyes flickering in disappointment. Truth be told, he was afraid she would run away from him again. It had been a long time since he last saw her having fun. Therefore, he decided to stay away from her.

When everyone had enough fun, they returned to the dining table and savored the dishes that were served.

"It's awesome! It tastes nothing like those we have back in our country!"

"Wow! All of you have to give this a try! Vivian, you need to try this!" Sarah served Vivian one of the foods she had retrieved.

"Thanks!" Vivian expressed her gratitude with a bright grin. Her eyes gleamed when she savored the dishes Sarah handed her. "It's awesome!"

"See!" Sarah was equally excited and behaved as though she found her long-lost friend.

"You need to watch out for the bones." All of a sudden, a familiar man's voice could be heard. Vivian felt someone taking a seat by her side and found out it was Finnick when she turned around.

She couldn't possibly yell at him in front of others. Thus, she forced a smile and said, "Hey, Mr. Norton!"

He responded with a nod and said, "Since it's so delicious, mind sharing some with me?"

Duh? Can't you go get it yourself? Is your hand broken or what? Albeit reluctantly, she shared some of the food she had with him and instructed, "Mr. Norton, please watch out for the bones."

"Thanks!" Finnick replied, smiling heartily.

Staring at the duo's interaction, the onlookers started speculating their relationship again. The Chief Editor has been addressing him as Mr. Norton. It doesn't seem like she's going to open up to him just yet. Does that mean she's not going to patch things up with him?

When everyone had their attention on the suspicious duo, wondering how things would turn out at the end of the day, they heard a bunch of people cheering as they rushed over in excitement with basins and pails.

What are they doing? When they looked at the bunch with confused looks, Finnick explained, "It's about time for Pillere Island's annual Water-Sprinkling Festival. I think they're—"

Before he could share the details, the excited bunch had approached them, sprinkling water to get them wet.

The rest of the party thought they must have gotten lucky when they realized they were on time for the annual festival. Since they had figured out the customs behind the festival, they decided to join in the fun. Soon, they gathered all sorts of weapons for retaliation.

All of a sudden, a bunch of people swarmed in their direction when they heard the commotion. Everyone seemed to have forgotten they were of different nationalities as they indulged themselves and delivered their blessings for others according to the nation's customs.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 668

Vivian was completely drenched as well, but the merciless bunch couldn't be bothered at all. When Finnick heard Vivian screaming while running away from the persistent bunch, he got in front of her to protect her.

"Vivian, if you don't want to join the rest, why don't you take cover at the side?" He was at the top of his lungs due to the intensity of the session.

When Vivian saw Finnick in front of her, stretching his arms to protect her from the thunderous bunch, she felt as though they had traveled through time and they were merely there as a lovely pair.

Sarah couldn't take it anymore. When she heard Finnick's instruction, she dragged the astonished Vivian away with her and said, "Thanks, Mr. Norton!"

After they ensured they were pretty far away from the crowd, they stopped and burst into laughter when they noticed the other one was completely drenched.

“This is my first time taking part in the Water-Sprinkling Festival! It’s crazy! I’m completely drenched within a few minutes!” Sarah was slightly taken aback by the session they had just gone through.

As water wouldn’t stop dripping from their shirts, Vivian responded with a self-deprecating smile. “Duh? Do you think I’m better than you?” She hoped they wouldn’t catch a cold when they were back.

“I guess we’re as pathetic as we can possibly get, huh?” Sarah laughed heartily.

Vivian burst into laughter in a similar manner.

The duo went for a stroll along the beach. Sarah couldn’t suppress her curiosity anymore. She asked, “Vivian, is Finnick here with us because of you?”

Vivian fell silent, acknowledging Sarah’s speculation was spot on.

“Although I’m not aware of the reason behind your divorce, I think he has been trying his best to take care of you since the beginning of this trip. It seems like he’s serious about you. Are you sure you’re not going to change your mind?”

Sarah enunciated her statement in a sincere manner because she desperately wanted Vivian to live a blissful life.

After all, they used to be such a lovely pair. He had sacrificed a lot for the woman by her side. She couldn’t help but feel doleful when she heard about the duo’s divorce. She had a hunch that Vivian shared a similar affection and wanted to reciprocate Finnick’s love.

Vivian responded with a wistful smile because of Sarah’s genuine advice for her sake.

“Sarah, thanks for your concern and advice, but things will not work out between us anymore.”

Sarah knew something might be going on behind the scenes between the duo. Therefore, she decided to stop poking her nose into their business.

After half an hour, Vivian and Sarah returned to the rest of the party when the festival came to an end.

Slouching against the seat of the car, the completely drenched and worn-out bunch instructed the driver to send them back as soon as possible because they needed to get changed.

Cough! Cough! Cough! A violent cough caught everyone's attention. They thought someone must have caught a cold after the intense session in the evening.

Cough! Cough! Cough! As the man coughed again, everyone turned around and noticed the one coughing was none other than their boss.

"Mr. Norton, are you okay? Have you caught a cold?"

"How do you feel, Mr. Norton? If it's a fever, it's going to be a big deal!"

"I have some pills for such emergencies with me! You should take some of those once we reach the hotel!"

Everyone expressed their concerns over Finnick's wellbeing.

"Mr. Norton, are you not feeling well?" Noah behaved like a cat on hot bricks because Finnick had been overly occupied over the past few days. He was afraid the man in front of him had fallen ill due to overworking.

"Thanks for the concerns, but it's nothing more than a sore throat. I'll be fine after a good night's sleep," Finnick asserted with a smile.

Vivian noticed his face had turned pale and haggard. She felt guilty and wondered if he had fallen ill after taking the countless blows on her behalf.

Once they reached the hotel, they boarded the elevator.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 669

The person next to the elevator panel asked, "Mr. Norton, where's your room?"

Finnick replied with a smile, "It's on the twelfth floor."

After the person pressed on the twelfth floor, he asked Vivian, "Ms. Morrison, what about you?"

Vivian stuttered, "I'll be heading off on the twelfth floor as well." Fortunately, her colleagues paid no heed to her words because they thought there were two rooms on the highest floor.

Cough! Cough! Cough! When they were the only ones left behind in the elevator, Finnick couldn't hold back the urge to cough anymore.

He covered his mouth with his hand and started coughing vigorously to the extent his eyes started brimming with tears.

"Are you okay?" Vivian asked concernedly because Finnick showed no signs of stopping at all.

He beamed and assured her, "I-I'm fine..."

Seriously? Is he telling me he's fine when it seems like he's coughing his lungs out at any moment? Why is he trying to act tough? Vivian was fueled by rage when she saw Finnick's smile.

Once they returned to the room, she dragged him into the bathroom and demanded, "Take a hot shower and get yourself changed immediately! I'm pretty sure you have caught a cold!"

He grasped her hand in return and felt a heartwarming sensation. Although he was relatively weak, he was overjoyed. "Vivian, you're worried about me, aren't you? You still care about me, right?"

When she heard him, she flushed and shrugged his hand away. "I'm just afraid of being infected! Hurry up and get going already!"

She turned around and returned to the bedroom, ignoring the man after she made herself clear.

I-Is she shy? Judging by her response, I must have hit the bullseye, huh?

When he thought about it, he was all smiles as he made his way into the bathroom to take a shower. He knew it was the right decision to tag along with her, yet he didn't expect his plan would work so soon.

Meanwhile, Vivian, who had returned to her room, buried her face in the pillow and blamed herself for being a busybody. He knows he needs to take a hot shower! You should have stayed out of his way if you don't want him to misunderstand you!

After being frustrated for some time, she suddenly recalled she had a first-aid kit Benedict packed and insisted on having her bringing it along.

Where is the first-aid kit? It's a blue color bag, but where have I stuffed it again?

She unpacked the luggage she brought along with her, but after searching high and low for five minutes, she couldn't find it. Ugh! I guess I have accidentally left it behind! Let's forget about it and hope he's going to be fine after the hot shower!

Knock! Knock! Knock! After a few knocks, Finnick's voice could be heard. "Vivian, I'm done. You should head over and take a shower as well. I don't want you to catch a cold either."

"Okay!" Vivian retrieved her set of clothes and opened the door. She looked elsewhere, avoiding the man's gaze while sprinting her way to the bathroom.

He found the helpless woman's response hilarious and shook his head while chuckling. "H-Ha..."

Suddenly, he felt lightheaded and supported himself with the sofa arm. He could feel himself trembling in cold and thought he must have caught a cold.

When Vivian walked out of the bathroom after her shower, on her way back to the room, she saw Finnick sleeping on the couch without a blanket.

She wanted to get him something to keep himself warm after she reached her room, but she changed her mind when she recalled the things he said.

In the end, she switched off the light and decided to call it a day. I should leave him alone and stop being a busybody. Otherwise, he's going to misunderstand me again.

Tossing and turning on the bed, she couldn't bring herself to sleep at all. The image of Finnick protecting her from the aggressive bunch repetitively flashed back in her mind.

She sat upright and reached for the blanket she had aside before unlocking the door, making her way to the living room. I'm just returning the favor because I can't afford to have him catching a cold for real!

When she switched on the light, she noticed Finnick had curled up on the couch. By the time she reached his side and tucked him in, she was surprised because his hair was still wet while his cheeks were flushed in an unnatural pink.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 670

Albeit reluctantly, she placed her hand on Finnick's forehead and was shocked by the scorching sensation she felt.

She panicked when she found out he had caught a fever. Judging by the scorching sensation she felt, it was a high fever. His life might be at stake should she fail to get him the medicine to keep the fever under control.

She reached for the man's phone and wanted to call Noah to see if he had the pills for cold or fever with him. Unfortunately, Finnick's phone was locked with a password.

In an attempt to unlock his phone, she entered his date of birth, yet the attempt failed. Elder Mr. Norton's date of birth wasn't the right combination as well.

Argh! Why the heck is the phone locked for no apparent reasons? Does he have something he's ashamed of in his phone?

Vivian felt a strong urge to smash his phone, but she forced herself to calm down. She decided to give her date of birth a try. To her surprise, it was the right combination.

She was slightly touched because she didn't expect he could remember her date of birth, but she didn't have time for the useless sentimental.

As soon as she found Noah's phone in the contact log, she made the call. Noah instantly picked up the call and asked, "Mr. Norton, do you need anything from me?"

The anxious woman gasped out her question, "Noah! It's me! Vivian! Finnick is having a high fever! Do you have anything for cold or fever with you?"

"Mrs. Norton, I'll bring them over at once! Please wait for me!" Noah's voice quivered. He seemed to be equally anxious.

"Alright! Please hurry up! I'm afraid he has caught a high fever!"

Immediately after she hung up the call, she retrieved a towel from the bathroom with a towel and dried his hair on his behalf.

How can he head over to sleep with his hair wet when he's sick? Has he any idea of the potential consequences of his recklessness? Vivian secretly cursed in her mind as she dried Finnick's hair.

After she dried his hair with the towel, she heard someone knocking on the door when she was about to retrieve the hairdryer. "Mrs. Norton! It's me! Noah! Please open the door!"

She sprinted over to open the door and saw the man with a pack of medicine. "Come on in!"

After Noah got into the suite and saw the man on the couch, he asked concernedly, "Mrs. Norton, is Ms. Norton fine?"

"I believe it's the aftermath of the session in the evening. If the fever doesn't subside within the next few hours after the medicine, we need to rush him to the hospital." After she took over the medicine, she started reading the booklet for the proper dosage.

Noah said, "Mr. Norton had been pulling an all-nighter over the past few days. He rushed over to join the trip without taking a break. Please take care of him. If his situation persists until the morning, please give me a call. I'll rush him to the hospital."

When Vivian found out Finnick had gone through quite a few hectic days, she felt slightly heartbroken. "Alright. He's in good hands with me."

"Thanks, Mrs. Norton." Noah turned around and walked out of the suite.

On the other hand, Vivian returned to retrieve the hairdryer because she wanted to dry his hair before waking him up for the medicine.

She ensured the temperature of the hairdryer was optimum before drying his hair. Running her fingers through his hair, she recalled he used to dry her hair as well.

In fact, he promised he would dry her hair for the rest of his life. It was evident it was easier said than done because the promise was supposed to last for a lifetime.

She was slightly overwhelmed and accidentally woke him up because she forgot to restrain her strength. When he opened his eyes, she panicked. It took her a few seconds to regain her composure.

Meanwhile, Finnick was touched because he noticed Vivian was drying his hair for him. He grasped her hand and said, "Vivian—"

She shrugged him off and replied callously, "It's nothing much. I can't possibly leave you when you're sick."

"T-Thanks..."

She stopped engaging in a conversation with him and continued drying his hair. In contrast to her indifferent voice, she dried his hair gently.

By the time Finnick's hair was completely dried, she put the hairdryer aside. After she returned with a glass of water, she handed it over to him along with the pills.