

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 66

"H-How did you..." Vivian William stammered as her lips trembled. Before she could finish her sentence, Fabian Norton stomped up to her and held her by her shoulders.

"It's not important at all how I found out about it!" Fabian was even more incensed as Vivian did not deny her marriage to Finnick, which meant that it was not fake news. "Why didn't you tell me about it? What will you get from hiding your marriage from me?"

Fabian recalled the time he brought Vivian to meet Finnick and introduced Vivian to his uncle. Fabian figured they must have had a good laugh about his ignorance about their current relationship.

Vivian couldn't stand the crushing grip of Fabian on her shoulders anymore. She howled, "Fabian Norton! Please chill the hell down! I didn't intend to hide my marriage from you. It's you who have never asked me about it in the first place!"

Fabian noticed the grimace on Vivian's face and realized he was hurting her. Immediately, his steam died down.

He let go of Vivian in an instant and staggered as he fell onto the sofa. He dug his fingers into his hair and hugged his head while he muttered, "Why did you marry Finnick? Why did you cheat on me two years ago?"

Vivian could feel her heart ache seeing Fabian in that wretched state.

Until now, she could still remember the young man in a white T-shirt who would deliver breakfast to her doorsteps every day with a big grin and two shallow dimples on his cheeks. In front of her dorm, the boy would shout out loud, "Good morning, Vivian William!"

Vivian wondered how did her relationship with that cheerful boy came to this.

Vivian bit her lips as she tried to hold back her tears.

She thought her hatred for Fabian was deep-rooted, but seeing his misery now, she could not bring herself to loathe him anymore.

Fabian did not live an easy life. Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he suffered from a lot of humiliation and heartache. He had a lot of inner demons to deal with.

At that moment, Vivian wanted to console Fabian and tell him the truth about how she didn't cheat on him. However, what Fabian said next shattered that kind intention of hers.

"Vivian William!" Fabian raised his head and revealed his bloodshot eyes. "Why do you love money so f**king much! For money, you are willing to marry Finnick even though he's crippled?"

The color on Vivian's face faded away. She stared at Fabian in disbelief and responded with a shaky voice, "W-What are you talking about?"

"Is there anything you won't do for money?" Fabian rose from the sofa and walked closer to Vivian with a threatening aura. "You cheated on me because of money, right? You did whatever you could to hook yourself up with my uncle because of his fortune, right? How impressive, Vivian!"

Vivian looked daggers at the man in front of her as if she had never seen him before.

"Say something, Vivian!" Fabian edged in closer to Vivian as she remained silent. "If you knew I am also from the Norton family, would you have married me too?"

For some reason, Fabian could feel an unquenchable ball of fire churning in him every time the thought of Vivian marrying Finnick struck him.

"Do you regret it now that you know I am also from the Norton family? I'm physically fine, unlike that crippled uncle of mine." The rage in Fabian took control of his mind and made him insult his uncle. "Also, my Dad said, after Finnick got into the accident, not only was his legs crippled, but he has also lost what made him a man. Vivian, I am truly impressed by how determined you are to get your hands on his money! So you're willing to live a life without sex as long as you have..."

"Fabian shut the f**k up!" Vivian screamed at the top of her lungs. It was the last straw.

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She could not understand her calm reaction when Fabian hurled insults at her. In contrast, she was furious when Fabian insulted Finnick.

Whenever Vivian thought of Finnick, the perfect man, sitting in a wheelchair and how his eyes revealed the sense of loneliness subconsciously; she could not help herself but loathe Fabian.

Finnick was forced to hide his talents and pretended to be disabled for ten years because of his terrible family.

Fabian was stunned as he did not expect Vivian to react this way.

Vivian no longer wanted to spare him another glance when he paused.

"Fabian, I know this is weird for you because you thought Finnick and I had a forbidden relationship. But the truth is, we're a lawfully wedded couple, and I'd know better if he's able to perform behind closed doors, so mind your business," she spoke coldly.

With that, she slammed Fabian's office door heavily as she left without looking at him once more.

Fabian was alone in office when she left. He stood there blankly as if his soul left his body.

He was only brought back to reality when his cellphone rang.

He picked up the phone and saw the caller ID; it was Ashley. A sense of irritation slowly crept to him unknowingly.

"Hello, what is it?" he asked impatiently.

"Fabian, are you busy right now?" Ashley responded sweetly.

"No, I'm fine. What's up?"

"Oh, it's nothing important. I just realized that our wedding has been decided, yet I haven't met your grandfather... Don't you think I should meet him since he is the head of the Norton family?"

Fabian was impatient and intended to reply "Some other time, okay?", but his eyes shone at a sudden thought.

"You're right. Not only my grandfather, but you should also meet my aunt, my uncle, and the rest of the Norton family members," he replied in a calmer manner.

"Really? When?" Ashley asked joyfully.

"Soon, I guess. I'll arrange a family dinner and invite everyone, and I'll formally introduce you to them," he replied as the corners of his mouth rose into an icy arc.

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Once the clock struck six, Vivian could not wait to leave the office.

As she stood up, she noticed many people whispering among themselves while glancing at her with a look of disdain.

Vivian was irritated by Fabian and the people who loved to gossip.

She wondered if it was time for her to switch job as her mother's condition had stabilized.

Vivian was lost in her thoughts the entire way home. When she arrived, she realized Finnick was already home. He was not seated in the wheelchair, instead, he was standing in the living room.

"You're home?" Finnick asked plainly.

Vivian looked around the house while taking off her shoes and asked, "Where's Molly and Liam?"

"Oh, I gave them a break."

"I see. Let me prepare dinner for you. What would you like to have?" Vivian asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"Anything,"

Vivian was exhausted after a day at work. She would have made a simple meal if it were just for herself. However, Vivian remembered her promise to pay off her debt with Finnick by cooking, so she dared not neglect him. Hence, she opted for a fancy dish of beef stew as her dinner menu.

Her mind drifted to the annoying matters in the magazine company while she was chopping vegetables. She lost focus for a split second, and suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her fingers.

“Ahhh...”

She yelped as she retrieved her hand and noticed that she had accidentally cut her finger.

“What happened?” Finnick’s voice rang behind her. Vivian turned and saw Finnick entered the kitchen.

“It’s nothing. I have accidentally cut my finger. I’ll be fine once I put on a band-aid,” Vivian squeezed a smile.

It was a small and shallow cut; hence there was not much blood.

“Let me see.” Finnick ignored Vivian’s words as he grabbed her hand and began to examine her finger. She was slightly embarrassed to see Finnick with a stern look on his face.

“I’m fine. It’s just a small cut, I can handle it myself... Ahh, Finnick. What’re you doing?” she asked softly.

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Finnick ignored Vivian as he quickly sucked on her finger.

Vivian instantly felt a wave of electric current ran through her finger as a warm and moist sensation hit her. A tingling sensation had also spread all over her body within seconds.

She could feel her cheeks heating up, yet she could not bring herself to look at Finnick's handsome face. She was flustered and shifted her gaze before saying, "Finnick, it's- it's okay..."

She was so nervous that she stammered upon her words. Then, Finnick let go of her hands and lowered his gaze to see her face as red as an apple.

"Give me a second. I'll go grab a band-aid." He laughed lightly and left the kitchen.

When Finnick left, Vivian felt that she could breathe again and quickly took a few deep breaths.

Soon enough, Finnick returned with a band-aid in hand. He tore open the band-aid and carefully wrapped it around Vivian's finger. His eyes shone brightly like obsidian stones that were filled with seriousness. It seemed like he was looking at some precious item instead of a wounded finger.

When he had carefully put on the band-aid, he eyed the kitchen and frowned. "There you go. Maybe we should save cooking for another time. Why don't we order some takeout tonight?"

Vivian could not think straight as she was filled with embarrassment. Hence, she agreed with everything Finnick had said.

The couple entered the living room as Finnick began scrolling through the takeout website. He furrowed his eyebrows and asked, "What would you like to have?"

"Anything will do."

Finnick nodded as he typed away on his laptop.

At this moment, Finnick's cellphone rang on the coffee table.

Finnick did not lift his head, but asked casually, "Who is it?"

Vivian glanced at the caller ID and answered, "It's Noah."

"Could you please turn on the speaker?"

Vivian did as she was told, and moments later, Noah's voice rang from the phone.

"Mr. Norton," Noah called. For some reason, he sounded a little excited.

"Speak,"

"I found a lead about the little girl from the past!"

Vivian was stunned. The little girl from the past?

Finnick's expression changed slightly when he heard Noah's words. He quickly asked, "What lead?"

"It's a photo that was taken around the place where the accident happened. Shall I send it to you?"

"Yes, please."

After Noah hung up, Finnick resumed ordering the takeout. Vivian could not resist but asked with curiosity, "Err...who is the little girl Noah mentioned?"

Finnick glanced sideways at Vivian.

He disliked others asking him questions about his personal matters and would have felt annoyed if it was someone else. However, he was a little happy as it was Vivian who asked.

It seemed that this woman is curious about my matters?

"I was saved by a little girl during the kidnap incident back in the days. Hence, I've been searching for her to repay her," Finnick answered truthfully.

The kidnap case? Vivian paused as she thought to herself.

Was it the kidnap case that the public thought had led to Finnick's disability?

Vivian was a little curious, yet she could also guess how the kidnap case had affected Finnick. It was just like the incident that happened to her two years ago; it was a nightmare. Therefore, she did not ask further.

The doorbell rang thirty minutes after Finnick had ordered the takeout.

Vivian opened the door and saw a delivery boy standing nervously by the door and asked, "Hi, did you order pizza?"

Vivian hesitated as she glanced at the box in his hands.

"Someone ordered pizza?"

"Yes," The delivery boy answered nervously. It was clear that he had not made deliveries to the upper-class residential area before. Vivian quickly took the pizza, signed and said, "Thank you."

Vivian walked into the room with the pizza. She could not help but asked, "Finnick, do you like pizza?"

Finnick paused when he saw the box in her hands, "That restaurant is a pizza place?"

"Yea. Why do you think it was?"

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Finnick's brow knitted as he turned his laptop towards Vivian. "This restaurant is called Flavors of Italy. I expected the entire set of dishes to be Italian cuisine.

Vivian was instantly embarrassed.

He was indeed the son of a wealthy family. Who would take restaurant names and dishes seriously nowadays? She thought to herself.

"Most Italian restaurants that offer takeout would serve pizza like this," Vivian said as she placed the pizza on the table, "Have you ever had pizza?"

"Yes, I've tried charcoal grilled pizza when I traveled to Europe." Finnick lowered his gaze and added, "But I haven't tried pizzas served in a takeaway paper box like this."

"Well, there's always the first time to anything right." Vivian grinned while she tore a piece of pizza and handed it to Finnick.

Finnick stretched out his hand to take the pizza. He took a bite and frowned slightly. "It doesn't taste like the ones I've tried in the past."

"Haha, it's not that bad to eat something like this occasionally," Vivian replied in amusement.

She tore a piece of pizza as she talked and began eating.

In comparison to the exquisite dishes Molly prepared every day, she preferred simple food that suited her taste.

She recalled her university days when she would buy junk food like this at the snack street behind Z College with Fabian. Although those food were unhealthy, they enjoyed them.

Finnick was dazed as he watched the woman before him devouring pizza with a big grin on her face.

He suddenly realized, perhaps he didn't know Vivian that well.

Noah arrived while the couple was eating pizza.

As he entered the room, his eyes widened in surprise when his gaze fell onto the pizza placed on the coffee table.

As his personal assistant, Noah knew how particular Finnick was with his diet. Yet, he was eating pizza?

He tried to mask his shocked expression and handed the envelope to Finnick. "Mr. Norton, these are the photos that I've found," he reported respectfully.

Vivian had pizza in her mouth and was thinking if she should leave the room. However, Finnick did not seem to mind her presence as he opened the envelope right away and took out the photos.

Finnick frowned when he looked at the photos. "They are so blur."

Indeed, the photo was simply taken by a tourist. The picture had willows tree by the lake, and a girl in a red dress stood in the corner. Unfortunately, her face was muddled.

“Excuse me, Mr. Norton. The picture was taken by someone who was at the location of the incident coincidentally. But the time and the girl’s outfit matched your description. Hence, she should be the girl you’re looking for.”

Finnick picked up the photo as he drifted into his thoughts. Vivian looked at the photo out of curiosity.

Even though the girl’s appearance was blurry, she could tell that the girl was approximately fifteen years old. The clothes she wore were the clearest in the picture. She wore a red tutu dress that had a unique design.

Vivian furrowed her eyebrow and blurted, “This skirt...”

Finnick raised his eyebrows, “You recognized this skirt?”

“It does look familiar,” Vivian bit her lip, thinking. “Oh, this dress! A heroine wore this dress in a cartoon I watched back in junior high school. It was a Disney limited edition. At that time, every girl dreamed of having one.”

Noah suddenly thought of something and said, “Oh yes, speaking of which, the girl that you’re looking for is of similar age as you, Mrs. Norton?”

Finnick’s kidnap incident happened ten years ago. Coincidentally, Vivian was indeed fifteen years old ten years ago.

“Do you have this dress too?” Finnick rose his eyebrows.

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Vivian smiled bitterly, “This dress is limited-edition which costs a few thousand. I couldn’t afford that.”

Finnick nodded as he placed the photos back into the envelope and said to Noah, “Considering it was a limited-edition dress, it shouldn’t be hard to find the authentic ones.”

Noah nodded and left.

Finnick and Vivian continued eating pizza.

Vivian was unsure if she was overthinking, but she felt that Finnick had lost his appetite ever since Noah left. She glanced at him inadvertently a few times and noticed a blank expression on his face.

Was he....thinking about the kidnap incident ten years ago?

The media did not disclose many details as the Norton family intervened in the kidnapping case. It must have been a horrifying experience; if not, his legs would not have been severely injured.

Vivian was staring at Finnick's handsome side profile. Suddenly, she heard Finnick asked, "Do you like what you see?"

Vivian was taken aback for a moment, only to realize that Finnick was referring to how she was staring at him. She quickly lowered her head as her face became hot. "I'm sorry,"

Finnick let out a small laugh and did not say anything. They finished the pizza and Vivian went to take a shower.

Vivian exited the bathroom while drying her hair after a relaxing shower. Yet, when she walked into the bedroom, she did not see Finnick. Instead, he stood by the balcony of the master bedroom, staring into something in a daze.

Vivian paused slightly before she took a few steps forward. She noticed Finnick was staring at a pendant.

The pendant was a very delicate crystal necklace. Vivian could instantly tell that the beautiful necklace was designed for women.

Vivian was surprised.

Finnick...was staring at another woman's necklace?

Who was the owner of this necklace? Was it the woman that Finnick liked?

For some reason, Vivian felt uneasy at the idea of Finnick liking another woman.

She quickly shook her head and shrugged the weird feeling in her heart.

Vivian, remember who you are and don't cross the line. You know why Finnick married you, it was only for the title of a lawfully wedded couple. What else do you expect?

Never desire the things that aren't yours. As an illegitimate daughter, haven't you learned this lesson since you were young?

Vivian was pulled back into reality and laughed dryly before proceeding to dry her hair obediently.

Finnick walked to her; the necklace he had in his hands earlier was kept away. "Fabian is organizing a party to introduce his fiancée to the family. Get yourself ready to attend the party with me," he said calmly.

Vivian's hand froze as she stared at Finnick, who stood behind her from the mirror. She asked hesitantly, "Do I have to go?"

She caught sight of Finnick's expression that went cold; she quickly responded, "Okay, I got it. I'll go."

I can hide once, but I can't hide all my life. It's impossible for me to avoid Fabian and Ashley forever.

Finnick's expression softened and he nodded, "Don't be nervous. I've hired someone to make a dress for you, so please remember to visit the boutique for a fitting tomorrow."

Vivian knew it was a big party with many guests. Although Ashley would be the star of the party, it was her first appearance as Finnick's wife in public. It was vital for her to be cautious and create a good impression. Therefore, she nodded in agreement.

The next day, Vivian ended her interview early and went to the boutique Finnick told her for her fitting.

Vivian was a little wary as she had never stepped foot into such a place. Fortunately, Finnick sent Noah to accompany her as he was busy.

"Mrs. Norton," Noah called out. He waited by the entrance of the boutique beforehand. When he saw Vivian, he opened the door for her and said, "This way, please."

Vivian followed Noah into the boutique that was filled with exquisite decorations. There were many sales assistants and a few customers in the boutique.

Vivian proceeded to the second floor, and a couple of pretty girls approached her to take her measurements. She raised her hands awkwardly and hoped all of this would end quickly. Suddenly, she heard a voice full of surprise...

“Vivian?”