

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 16

Before Vivian could react, she heard a scream of surprise. When she raised her head, she saw Emma rushing over.

Emma was her father's wife and Ashley's mother. However, she was not Vivian's biological mother.

Her mother was still lying in the hospital, surviving on medicine and pills alone.

Emma quickly helped Ashley up from the floor. Fabian had also rushed over. When he saw her pathetic look and reddened eyes, his gaze was soon filled with fury. "Vivian, what are you doing?"

Unlike how fragile Ashley had appeared, Vivian maintained a stubborn look of defiance, despite being drenched in red wine. "She had continuously irked me with her words, so I accidentally pushed her. I'm sorry."

"Accidentally?" Emma raised her voice as she glared at Vivian resentfully. "What do you mean by it being an accident? It's evident that you've done it on purpose! You're simply jealous that Ashley is able to marry someone great, hence, you'd wanted to sabotage her before her wedding! Why does she have such a ruthless sister?"

"Emma, you're overthinking this. Why would I be jealous of Ashley?"

"You've been jealous of her since young. Don't think that I'm oblivious to it!" Emma's voice became sharper. "You refuse to admit your mistake! You and your mother are cut from the same cloth. You're just like your mother—a shameless seductress!"

Vivian was completely enraged.

"Emma!" Her tone became frosty. "I'm warning you now. Because you're older than me, I'll let it go, even if you insult me. However, if you insult my mom, I'll definitely refuse to show you any form of courtesy!"

Vivian's bloodshot eyes frightened Emma. Unable to utter a single word, she shot a pleading look at Harvey, who was beside her.

Harvey's expression was hostile too. Glaring at Vivian, he chided angrily, "Vivian! What are you saying? Apologize right now!"

Vivian's body shuddered in anger. She was about to rebuke when Fabian scorned coldly, "Mr. Miller, you should really settle your domestic affairs properly. She's all but an illegitimate daughter, yet she dares to raise her voice against the actual family? Where's the order in this house?"

Vivian froze as she glared at Fabian in disbelief.

Fabian met her gaze. However, his eyes were filled with disdain.

Initially, he thought that Vivian was unlike her mother, who was a mere mistress. Yet, they turned out to be similarly shameless!

He uttered such horrible words in response. However, it was not to stand up for Ashley. Instead, he was merely maddened by his blindness and foolishness in the past.

"I'm sorry that you have to witness this, Mr. Norton."

Only then did the dumbfounded Vivian return to her senses. Shooting a furious glare at Harvey, she rebuked, "Dad, what are you talking about? Others don't know what had happened, but you clearly do! Back then, Mom—"

Before Vivian could finish her sentence, Harvey glowered at her. He yelled, "Vivian, shut up! Remember that your last name is William, not Miller. So, don't act all high and mighty in the Miller Residence!"

Your last name is William, not Miller.

Harvey's words were like sharp daggers to Vivian, piercing her heart as it caused it to ache terribly.

All of her words of defense morphed into an utter sense of helplessness.

Suddenly, she found everything to be completely meaningless.

When she saw how the three people in front of her were warily staring at her, she scoffed mockingly.

They are a family. They love each other and they possess a common enemy.

Since the beginning, I've been nothing but an outsider to them.

Why should I stay here and humiliate myself further?

"I'm sorry," apologized Vivian indifferently. "Since I made all of you unhappy, I won't stay here anymore. I'll only serve to ruin your mood."

With that, she left the wine cellar, without sparing any of them a second glance.

When she brushed past Ashley, she spotted the gloating look on Ashley's face, as though she had won the match.

"Hey, sis." Vivian stopped in her tracks. It was rare for her to address Ashley as her sister. "My best wishes to both you and Fabian. Have a blessed engagement and I hope that you'll stay happy forever."

Upon her last sentence, she left without any hesitation.

When she left the Miller Residence, she realized that it was already nighttime.

The Miller Residence was just like Finnick's villa. There were no available cabs or bus stops in its vicinity. Hence, Vivian could only whip out her phone, to use a cab-hailing application. At that moment, her phone suddenly rang.

When she saw that the call was from Finnick, Vivian was stunned for a moment, before she finally answered it.

"Hello?"

"Hello, it's me." Finnick's mellow voice sounded out from the other end of the line. "Are you eating at your father's place?"

For some reason, when Vivian heard Finnick's voice, she felt a sudden urge to cry.

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Vivian cleared her throat and tried to sound as casual as she could. She did not want Finnick to find out about what happened. "Oh, I didn't manage to have a meal with them in the end. I caught a cold so I excused myself."

Over on the other end, Finnick did not reply immediately. He felt something was off but was contemplating if he should pursue the matter. "Where are you now?" He decided to drop the matter and give her some space in the end.

"Well, I'm at Yves Mansion. Why don't you grab something to eat first? And could you ask Molly to prepare some soup? I'll have it when I reach home."

Again, there was silence on the other side. Vivian looked at her phone and found out that it had switched off automatically because it ran out of battery.

Damn it! Now of all times?

How am I supposed to go back now?

She tried switching it back on but it just did not work. She stomped her foot in frustration and looked around desperately as she tried to recall the location of the nearest bus stop.

But it was not long before she felt a sharp pain in her ankle. Her high heels were giving her blisters and it hurt badly.

Vivian groaned and shook her head weakly. It was really an unlucky day for her.

The Yves Mansion's neighborhood was huge and she found herself wandering in the same place even after walking for a few minutes.

The night was getting colder and the frosty breeze blew right through her body. A shiver went down Vivian's spine and she pulled her cardigan tighter around her thin body as she continued walking.

Just as she was about to take a turn into another road, a glaring light shone right into her eyes.

She tilted her head aside and squinted to see if it was a cab. To her dismay, it was a private car—a black one.

Right, what was I even expecting? A cab in a posh neighborhood like this one?

Vivian frowned and took a closer look at the car as it slowed down toward her.

Wait... This car looks familiar...

It came closer and finally stopped right in front of her.

The door opened and down from the car ramp came an attractive young man in a wheelchair.

It was none other than Finnick.

The car light shone so brightly in the dark that Vivian could not see him clearly. But from the outline of his body and his chiseled jaw, Vivian could tell with just one glance it was definitely him.

He was the one who had always found her during the hardest moments in her life, even if she was not expecting him to come over this time around.

His wheelchair stopped right in front of Vivian and a smile broke out on his face as he looked up at her. She looked startled, but cute nonetheless.

“Why? Are you not happy to see me?” Finnick teased with a gentle smile.

Vivian raised her eyebrows and grinned. “Of course I’m happy to see you.”

It was true. She was happy to see him.

Finnick was there for her whenever she was stranded. He had always been the light at the end of the tunnel for her.

Seeing the contented smile on her face, Finnick beamed with pleasure. "Let's go." He beckoned.

Vivian nodded cheerfully and followed him toward the car. She had totally forgotten about the pain in her ankle as she walked toward him. But the blister burst and she halted her steps all of a sudden, trying to gulp back her tears.

"What's wrong?" Finnick realized she was jerking in pain and saw her checking out her feet.

His gaze followed hers and finally stopped at her ankle. Finnick's brows furrowed as he spotted red stains of blood.

"It's nothing. Just the heels. I just need to put on a plaster after I get home." But before Vivian could continue walking, he bent over and held her ankle with his hands.

"I'm fine, Finnick..." Vivian suddenly felt uneasy as a hot sensation spread across her pink cheeks.

His fingers brushed against her skin as he lifted her left leg to get a closer look.

Finnick checked her wound carefully and his brows drew together in a worried frown. "It's bleeding."

Vivian gasped as his touch tingled her skin. She was not sure if she was having goosebumps because of the pain or his electrifying touch.

"It's nothing, really," she mumbled. Vivian could not seem to pronounce her words clearly. Her blood was boiling and her heart was beating faster. But Finnick did not realize this at all—he was too worried about her.

He took off her heels decisively and pulled her along her waist in a strong tug. Everything happened so quickly that Vivian did not even have time to react. She let out a cry and the next thing she knew she was already in Finnick's arms, sitting on his lap.

In fact, she was so close to him she could feel the heat radiating off his body in the chilly night.

"Finnick!" She stared at him, bewildered.

Their eyes met and she quickly looked away nervously. But Finnick was unperturbed. He turned his wheelchair toward the car and said, "Let's go home."

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Go home?

Vivian stopped struggling and her eyes widened in surprise, but sadness seeped in later on.

Home?

I don't have a home anymore...

Although she had moved in with Finnick, she had never taken his villa as her real home. To her, it was just a roof over her head when she had nowhere else to go. It was never her home.

But for the first time, Vivian felt a warm feeling blossoming in her heart like the first spring after a long cold winter. Her startled eyes surveyed Finnick's face as he reciprocated her gaze quietly.

Their marriage had happened out of the blue. Yet looking at him, Vivian thought it was not a bad idea to have someone by her side after all.

Her face relaxed and she finally gave in, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Now that she caved, Finnick's eyes glimmered subtly with joy. His brows curved into a smile and he moved toward the car proudly.

Not long after they got in, the car sped off, moving further away from Yves Mansion.

As the black Bentley gradually went out of sight, a lurking shadow emerged from a dark corner along the empty road.

Under the lonely street light, Fabian stood as he watched the couple depart.

After Vivian left the Miller family, although Fabian did not run after her, he still felt uneasy. The night had fallen and he worried about her safety. So Fabian gave a random reason and excused himself not long after she left alone.

He saw her walking strenuously in the dark but he could not bring himself to send her home after everything that happened between them. So Fabian decided to just watch her from afar—until the man in the wheelchair appeared.

Although Fabian could not see the man clearly from a distance, he knew instantly it was Finnick the very moment he saw his car and his iconic wheelchair.

His fists clenched so tight red marks grew under his pale skin.

Why? Why must it be him? Vivian, you're already married, so why do you have to get involved with this man?

His anger burned within him as he bit his lip.

"Fabes?"

A soft voice echoed carefully from behind.

Fabian suddenly came around and turned toward the voice in alarm. It was Ashley.

"Ashley, you're here." He moved toward her, then held her cold hands and rubbed them against his as he tried to warm her up. "You need to put on more clothes. Let's go."

"I'm worried, so I came to check on you," Ashley said tenderly as Fabian held her in his arms.

But her shaky voice betrayed her.

Ashley had seen everything earlier on. She saw someone picked Vivian up, and she saw the hatred and fury in Fabian's eyes.

Vivian William, why can't he just get over you?

I've taken your place, but why does he still only have eyes for you?

She bit her lip and her face turned pale in bitter jealousy.

Vivian William, you'd better stay away from Fabes. Don't forget I still have some dirt on you. I can make you lose everything you have overnight!

–

By the time Vivian got home, her body was already shivering uncontrollably. She had been out in the cold for too long and it was not helping her health.

She dashed to the bathroom and took a hot shower to warm herself up. When she came out of the bathroom, Finnick was already done showering and was blow-drying his hair.

When Finnick saw her, he quickly switched off the hairdryer and ruffled his hair. "Come dry your hair," he said, waving the hairdryer at her.

"It's fine. It'll dry on its own," Vivian replied, waving her hand back dismissively. She was already tired from a long day.

Besides, she still had to wash her clothes. But just as she was about to leave, Finnick grabbed her by her wrist and pulled her back.

"You're having a cold. It'll get worse if you don't dry your hair." Without waiting for her to agree, Finnick pulled her over with a strong tug and sat her on the chair in front of the dressing table. He positioned his wheelchair behind her and switched the hairdryer back on.

Vivian sat in the chair as she stole a surprising look at Finnick from the mirror. He was rustling her hair gently as he held the hairdryer in another hand. Strands of her hair beat against her face ticklishly and Vivian sneezed.

"See, I told you. Your cold is gonna get worse. You need to stop being a kid and learn to take care of yourself."

His words brought back fond memories.

It had been a long time since someone nagged her like that.

Tears started welling in her eyes as waves of emotion overwhelmed her. Gosh, why am I crying because of those stupid people? They are not even my family. Vivian blinked her eyes hard as she looked at Finnick's sculpted and charming face while he dried her hair. "Finnick, may I ask you something?" Vivian blurted out a question before she could even stop herself.

"What is it?"

It was already too late for her to remedy the situation. She bit her lip and asked anyway, "Will you hate me if I did something shameful? I mean, hypothetically speaking."

Finnick's brows twitched a little as he heard her timid voice coming through the noise of the hairdryer. He cocked his head and looked at Vivian in the mirror.

Her complexion was pale and her eyes wandered aimlessly through the cosmetics on the dressing table. He could tell she was anxiously waiting for an answer, but she was afraid of hearing it at the same time.

Finnick knew full well what she was referring to. He already did a background check on her, but he chose not to bring it up. In fact, he would never bring it up—not until she was ready to open up to him.

His mind raced rapidly as he thought about her question and his lips curved up in a tacit smile. Does this mean she's finally opening up to me?

"It doesn't matter what you've done in the past. You're my wife, and this will never change," Finnick said slowly but surely.

It doesn't matter what you've done in the past. You're my wife, and this will never change.

Those words came out so effortlessly from his mouth. But to Vivian, they meant the world to her.

She lowered her head like a guilty child with her gaze locked on her fidgeting fingers. "Thank you, Finnick." Her voice broke as she pronounced every word.

Thank you for holding out your hand to me when there was no hope for me.

Thank you for being here when I need you the most.

Thank you for giving me a home when I had none.

Finnick's assuring words reverberated in her mind and she heaved a sigh of relief. She could finally sleep with a full heart after such a long day. After Finnick was done drying her hair, Vivian hit the hay immediately and fell into a deep sleep.

Finnick sat at the corner of the bed as he watched her sleeping sweetly.

He reflected on everything that happened thus far. Things took an unexpected turn but something had been bugging him. He could not explain the burning sensation he felt when he saw her utterly helpless and alone back at Yves Mansion. The feeling pierced through him like a thorn and it made his heart ached.

What's wrong with me?

Vivian was merely someone he married to shut his grandpa up, but Finnick felt she meant more than that to him now. Otherwise, he would not care so much about her.

Finnick drummed his fingers in an exasperated manner as he tried to make sense of how he actually felt toward Vivian. He finally reached for his phone and called Noah.

"Noah, I need you to do something. Gather everything you can about Vivian's past. I want a detailed account this time around." His commanding voice rang deep and apathetic in the quiet room.

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Morning broke and Vivian arose after a good night's rest. She was up earlier by half an hour. After washing up, she switched on her laptop and started penning a resignation letter right away.

She did not care if people would take her as a coward who was simply running away from the situation—she just could not work under Fabian anymore.

Just as she was typing away furiously on the keyboard, her phone rang and the hospital's number appeared on the screen.

"Ms. William? The patient's brain waves fluctuated this morning. She could wake up anytime soon."

Vivian widened her eyes with a huge smile on a face. "My mother may regain consciousness?"

"Yes, there is a possibility. But we don't want to be overconfident," the doctor said.

"I understand. I'll wait even if it takes years!" Vivian exclaimed, leaping to her feet.

"We will assist her in every way possible. We are giving her a different treatment now that her situation is looking good. But you will need to brace yourself for the cost of the treatment." The doctor's voice deepened.

"Don't worry, I've got her covered under health insurance. I'll pay for any expenses not covered by the insurance." After assuring the doctor that she would figure out a way to manage the medical expenses, Vivian hung up.

She sat back down and looked at her half-written resignation letter. Pursing her lips, she deleted everything in one go.

She could not afford to lose her job right now. It was not just because she had to pay for her mother's medical bill, but it would also take some time before she could find another job.

Vivian scrambled to get ready and headed for work immediately.

She would face whatever came her way.

Since Finnick had not been home since early in the morning, she finished up breakfast in a hurry and hailed a cab right after.

Her magazine company had recently landed a huge long-term project with another magazine company in Q City. The company took this deal very seriously and Fabian was even going on a business trip to the city to sort out the details of the contract.

Thinking of this, Vivian could not help but heave a sigh of relief.

She hope Fabian would leave for the trip soon, then she would not have to face him at the company.

But things did not turn out the way she expected. Not long after she arrived at the office, Lesley Jenson, the senior editor, rushed over to her. "Vivian, you need to get ready now. You're going on a business trip to Q City with the Chief Editor."

Vivian sprang up from her chair and stared at her in bewilderment. "Ms. Jenson, doesn't the Chief Editor have his own personal assistant? I shouldn't be the one going on the trip with him!"

The senior editor looked at her and shrugged her shoulders. "Well, if you have an objection, you should go talk to the Chief Editor himself. He was the one who asked you to go."

Vivian rolled her eyes and clenched her fists.

What is he trying to do?

He's about to get married soon! What does he still want with me?

Vivian strode toward Fabian's office without losing a moment. She had to talk to him.

But before she could even knock on the door, the office door opened before her and there Fabian stood right in front of her.

He was stunned at first, but he quickly composed himself and looked at her coldly. "Vivian William, what are you waiting for? We are leaving now."

Vivian glared at him and replied, "Mr. Norton, I'm not going to Q City with you."

Sensing the determination in her voice, Fabian was furious. "I'm the one who gets to decide things here. You can resign anytime you like if you disagree."

Vivian gritted her teeth, trying to swallow her anger back in.

She would have handed in her resignation letter if she could. Then she would not have to stand Fabian Norton any longer. But since the hospital called this morning, she simply could not give up at this point. She still needed the money.

Fabian scoffed as he looked at her at a loss for words. "Since you can't leave as you like, I'd advise you to start getting ready right now. The flight is at 3 o'clock. Miss the flight and you'll lose your job."

He turned and left without waiting for her to give her consent.

But it was not like Vivian had a choice. She had to do as he said. Vivian grunted as she took out her phone and called Molly to pack her luggage.

After getting her call, Molly rushed to pack Vivian's stuff. She got everything ready within an hour and even brought Vivian's luggage to her office.

"Thanks so much, Molly. Sorry for bothering you. I really didn't have time to go home and pack myself," Vivian said apologetically as she took her suitcase from Molly.

Molly smiled politely at Vivian. The servants adored their master's wife tremendously. She was always courteous, understanding, and down-to-earth when talking to the servants. "Don't mention it, Ms. William. This is what I'm supposed to do. Have you told Mr. Norton that you'll be away on a business trip?"

Vivian gasped.

It suddenly occurred to her that she had totally forgotten to inform Finnick about her business trip. She was so overwhelmed by anger because of Fabian's ridiculous demand she totally forgot to let Finnick know.

"I'll tell him," Vivian said as she waved goodbye to Molly.

She reached for her phone once she got back to her table and called Finnick. But he did not pick up.

Maybe he's at a meeting.

Since Vivian thought it was not a big deal, she decided to just text him instead of calling him again. After sending Finnick a message, she left for the airport with Fabian.

Over at Finner Group, Finnick rolled his wheelchair into the president's office as he talked to Noah.

"Regarding the Q City project, I think we should just cancel it. The other party doesn't seem to be very keen about the project."

Noah nodded and scribbled something on his notebook. "Noted. Also, Mr. Norton, Ms. William called during the meeting just now."

Finnick's hands stopped and he turned around. "Vivian called?"

He was not caught by surprise per se, but something urgent must have come up for Vivian to call him herself. Finnick took his phone from Noah and saw her WhatsApp message.

Something came up at the company and I need to go on a business trip for a few days in Q City with the Chief Editor.

Finnick was upset after reading her text. It was not because she gave him a late notice, but rather, it was because her goodbye message sounded so mechanical.

He locked his phone and let out a disappointed sigh. Noah sensed something was wrong, so he quickly handed over a pile of documents to Finnick. "Mr. Norton, this is all the information I've gathered about Ms. William."

Finnick took the thick folder from him and flipped it open. His color changed and his face hardened after reading just a few lines into the first page.

He slammed the folder closed and his eyes shone with anger. "We're going to Q City. Now!"

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By the time Finnick left for Q City, Vivian and Fabian were already on their way.

Over in the business class cabin, Vivian sat beside Fabian uneasily. The cabin crew just served an in-flight meal and it was paella. Vivian hated seafood so much she did not even touch the food.

“Still don’t fancy seafood?” Fabian asked with a smirk on his face.

“I can tell the Chief Editor’s memory is still functioning alright,” Vivian replied nastily. She had had enough of Fabian today.

“Of course. I remember everything about my first love,” Fabian said slowly after taking a sip of coffee.

Vivian closed her eyes and took deep breaths. She did not want to get into a fight with him on the plane.

But Fabian did not seem to realize her reaction. “Besides, how can I ever forget the feeling of being played for a fool by my first love?” he added.

Vivian’s face turned pale as bad memories came flooding back. “Mr. Norton, I’m not sure who’s being played for a fool here. I’m not the one who hid my real identity on purpose.”

Fabian’s expression changed slightly before he chuckled. He was not expecting her to retaliate. “Of course. I should’ve told you earlier, shouldn’t I? Then you probably wouldn’t have betrayed me and thrown yourself on a sixty-year-old saggy old man.”

Fabian was not even trying to lower his voice. Other passengers and flight attendants widened their eyes in astonishment.

“Fabian Norton, what do you think you’re doing?” Vivian finally snapped.

Fabian leaned closer and looked at her. Her face was pale with shame and anger. For a moment, he felt sorry for putting her in a tight position.

But he really could not get over what he saw yesterday night.

“Vivian William, are you afraid of people judging you after all the brazen things you’ve done?”

Vivian glared at him unreservedly. Fabian had been hurling vexing insults ever since they got on the plane. “What I do has nothing to do with you!” she shouted.

But Fabian did not raise his voice this time. He eyed her and said coldly, "You're not the one who gets the say here. I'm never going to forgive you for what you've done."

Vivian glared at him and her heart pounded intensely.

She finally understood why Fabian insisted she came with him on a business trip.

He wanted to shame her and torture her for the pain she had inflicted on him. All he wanted was revenge.

True enough, after they arrived in Q City, Fabian made Vivian attend a business meal with him, knowing full well that Vivian hated formal gatherings like this.

Since Vivian was the only lady around the table, she naturally became the center of attention. Each of the business partners took turns to toast to Vivian, but Fabian did nothing about it. Even Vivian herself lost count of how many shots she took after toasting to every man around the table.

"Mr. Norton, I didn't know you have such a cute secretary!" Mr. Hark exclaimed as he eyed Vivian from top to toe. He was in his forties and was a chief editor from another company. Vivian lowered her head awkwardly, not knowing what to do. She had always felt out of place during social gatherings like this.

"She's yours if you like," Fabian replied with an easy laugh, without even explaining that Vivian was not actually his secretary.

Upon hearing this, Vivian looked up in shock and stared at Fabian. She could not believe he would insult her publicly in front of a group of strangers.

"Come on, Mr. Norton. You must be kidding!" Mr. Hark burst into laughter.

"I'm serious. You can take her if you want. Just take this as a token of appreciation from our company!" Fabian repeated.

Vivian's face grew hot and red from the alcohol and shame. She could not believe Fabian used to be the young man she loved.

He used to be a timid young man who would shy away from strangers. But he had changed so much after two years.

Vivian even wondered if she knew the real Fabian to begin with.

Fabian looked at her from the corner of his eyes and tilted his head. "What are you waiting for? Pour Mr. Hark a drink!"

Her hands trembled when she saw Mr. Hark smiling creepily at her. She was utterly disgusted but she did as Fabian demanded nonetheless.

"Mr. Hark, here's to our successful collaboration," Vivian said coldly. Forcing a smile on her face, she stole a quick look at him as she handed him a glass of wine.

But instead of taking the glass from her, Mr. Hark grabbed and rubbed his coarse fingers against her hand. "Come on, young lady, you don't have to be this polite. We'll definitely be working together on a lot of other things in the future!" Mr. Hark grinned lewdly as he emphasized his words to make sure she understood what he actually meant.

Vivian struggled to retract her hand but Mr. Hark refused to let her go.

Beside her, Fabian's grip tightened around his glass as he saw Mr. Hark harassing Vivian. Anger suffocated his chest and he finally stood up.

"Mr. Hark! Here's to our working together!" Fabian spoke up.

Mr. Hark finally let go of Vivian reluctantly and toasted to Fabian. Realizing it was her chance to free herself, Vivian scrambled to leave for the washroom.

But she felt nauseous as she held on to the wall and made her way slowly toward the washroom. I must be drunk.

When she finally reached the washroom, she quickly turned on the tap at the sink and washed her face. Her stomach churned uncomfortably and her head was throbbing in pain.

Darn it!

Vivian really did not know what was Fabian up to. She knew he hated her all this while. But she did not know why he would channel all his fury toward her all of a sudden.

Vivian rubbed her temples, hoping it would help her feel better.

She really hated the meeting today. Fabian was being annoyingly unpredictable; Mr. Hark was checking her out like an old pervert. Vivian had a feeling things would go haywire as soon as she walked out of the washroom, so she sent Fabian a message saying that she would go back to the hotel first.

But just as she was about to turn the corner, a familiar but annoying voice rang from behind her. It was Mr. Hark.

“Ms. William! What took you so long? I’ve been waiting for you!”

She turned around nervously and saw Mr. Hark leaning against the wall. He must have been waiting for her all this while.