

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 126

“Errr... When we found the handkerchief, I’ve already tried contacting Mr. Jackson, but he’s currently attending a design conference overseas and his phone has been switched off. As such, we haven’t been able to reach him.”

“Then think of a way to contact him!” Finnick roared. “Ask him to come here immediately after you manage to reach him!”

“Understood, Mr. Norton,” Noah answered, his face as pale as sheet.

Finnick was no longer able to focus on the endowment model displayed on his computer screen. Instead, he proceeded to wheel himself out of the room swiftly.

Noah followed behind hurriedly as he heard his boss ask, “Has Vivian gotten back home?”

“Molly had just called to inform that Mrs. Norton is already at home.”

Only then did Finnick’s tensed expression soften. Just then, he suddenly noticed that he was still holding onto that handkerchief and threw it towards Noah with a look of disgust. “Throw this thing away. Also, acquire the factory which manufactured this handkerchief and shut it down. I don’t ever want to see a similar handkerchief appearing anywhere in this world again.”

Noah felt like he was being placed in a tough spot as he asked, “But how about Mr. Jackson...”

“Just do as I say!” Finnick yelled before Noah was able to complete his sentence.

Vivian was already asleep when Finnick reached home.

She did not sleep well last night while sharing a bed with Finnick. As such, she had been feeling exhausted the whole day and went to bed immediately after finishing dinner and washing up.

The moment Finnick entered the room, he saw Vivian curled up on the bed. She was hugging the blanket tightly and wearing the silk camisole nightgown which Molly had bought for her. Her delicate shoulders and bony back were all exposed.

Finnick couldn't help but frown at the sight.

Vivian had a sleeping habit of hugging the blanket instead of covering it over her properly. Often, the man would wake up in the middle of the night and place the blanket over her, for fear that she might catch a cold.

Why did Molly buy her such a thin nightgown? Is she not aware that it's easier to catch a cold that way?

After Finnick shut the door, he stood up from his wheelchair and walked to Vivian's bedside, wanting to cover her with the blanket. However, right when he stood by the bed, the woman turned around and the blanket slipped off her body completely.

Finnick's throat tightened right then and halted his actions.

The man finally understood why Molly had specially prepared that nightgown for Vivian.

It was a black nightgown with extremely beautiful patterns which were intricately woven together. The dress was stuck to Vivian's fair skin, which increased the woman's allure.

In the first place, the nightgown was designed to be fitting, which perfectly showcased Vivian's curves. In addition to her sleeping posture, it was really...

Finnick's deep-set gaze darkened.

Just then, Vivian woke up and rubbed her eyes.

"Finnick?" She was momentarily stunned to see the man standing beside her bed, but recovered quickly. "You're back?"

When Vivian got home, she was already worn out. As such, it did not take long for her to fall asleep. However, seeing Finnick right in front of her, the woman thought of what she heard from Jenny during the day and was instantly awake.

Finnick did not answer Vivian immediately. Instead, he picked up the blanket swiftly and covered Vivian with it. Only then did the blaze in his eyes subside. "Put on warmer clothes when you sleep next time, in case you catch a cold," the man said softly.

Vivian was stunned for a second before realizing that she was dressed in her new pajamas and blush of embarrassment spread across her cheeks. "I was only away for a day and

didn't expect Molly to throw away all my old pajamas when I came back. This is the only one left."

Vivian was suddenly regretting returning home the day before. Not only did it not benefit her in any way, but she had also even presented a window of opportunity for Molly to act.

Indeed, she was no match for those people who had been working for the rich and powerful for a long time.

"Oh, how's your wound?" Finnick suddenly remembered something and grabbed Vivian's wrist. Pulling it out from underneath the blanket, he saw the cotton gauze on her wound which was already shifted out of place. "You didn't change the dressing again? Vivian William, can you stop worrying others?" The man said with a frown.

After getting reprimanded by Finnick, Vivian recoiled a little as she was slightly fearful. "I'll change it immediately," she replied.

Just as Vivian was about to climb out of bed, Finnick pressed her back down. "Let me do it. It won't be easy using only your left hand."

The man left and returned speedily with some cotton buds and medicine, and started changing the dressing for Vivian.

Vivian had already lost count of the number of times Finnick helped to change her dressing since the day she got injured. However, whenever he did it, her cheeks never failed to heat up as she felt his warm breaths falling on her arm.

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Vivian couldn't help but turn her head towards the side. When she did that, Finnick's handsome face came into view, which startled her for a moment.

From that angle, she could clearly see how long and dense the man's eyelashes were. In addition to his obsidian-like dark eyes, Finnick's attractive features would put any girl, including Vivian, to shame.

As she observed how attentive Finnick was at treating her wound, Vivian couldn't help but ask, "Finnick, can I ask you something?"

Finnick remained focused on applying medicine for Vivian and without lifting his head, he answered, "Go ahead."

"Regarding the owner of that necklace... Is she your ex-girlfriend?" Vivian took a deep breath before asking.

Finnick froze for a moment before continuing with his actions and answered, "Yup."

To Vivian's surprise, the man did not seem to be avoiding this topic. As much as she was slightly relieved, she couldn't help but ask again, "You like her a lot, right?"

Finnick finally looked up and met Vivian's eyes.

His pitch-black eyes seemed to be bottomless and unfathomable to Vivian. She could only hear him say calmly, "Vivian, why are you asking about this?"

Vivian immediately regretted asking that question as she felt that she might have overstepped his boundaries. She replied softly, "Oh, it's nothing. I just noticed that you always have a sad expression whenever you looked at that necklace."

Finnick's eyes flickered before he quickly looked down again and continued dressing Vivian's wound.

Just as Vivian thought that Finnick did not wish to continue talking about it anymore, the man spoke.

"I have let her down."

Vivian was stunned for a few seconds before coming back to her senses. Did he mean that he had let Evelyn down?

The woman felt a shiver down her spine.

Could it be that... he had really abandoned Evelyn ten years ago? Was that why he felt like he had let her down?

No.

That's impossible.

Vivian shook her head to clear her mind and did not reply. As such, the conversation ended there.

Meanwhile, over at the Norton residence, the elder Mr. Norton had already gone to bed a while back as the elderly needed more rest.

However, Mark was still in his study with another person who stood hunched over in front of him. As that man was in the shadows, his face could not be seen clearly.

"Are you sure about this?" Mark's face darkened and looked extremely grim. "You mean, that cripple Finnick has really done it with his new wife?"

"Absolutely sure," the person in front of the study table answered seriously and added, "The elder Mr. Norton has been really concerned about this matter. I have observed very carefully and I'm certain that it's true."

"Damn it!" Mark hit his desk in fury. With his eyes burning in rage, he exclaimed, "So that means, if everything goes smoothly, that woman called Vivian could be bearing that damned cripple Finnick's child?"

"Theoretically, that's the case," the person in front of the study table answered respectfully.

"We can't let it happen!" Mark bellowed with a menacing look on his face. After analyzing the situation for a while, he said, "How about this, I'll try to delay Finnick tomorrow and you'll find a way to get rid of that woman, Vivian."

The other man frowned as he asked, "Mr. Norton, why don't we just get rid of Finnick directly?"

"Do you think I've not thought about that?" Mark sneered. "But as you know, the old man treats Finnick like a treasure. When the kidnapping accident happened ten years ago, he had combed the entire city to find him. That's why we are unable to take any action on Finnick at the moment. Vivian is not the same, she's just an outsider. Even if my dad finds out that we are the ones who did it, he wouldn't do anything to us."

“Alright, understood.”

“Oh, there’s something else.” Mark suddenly thought of something as his face darkened.
“Fabian must not know about this.”

There was a flicker in the other man’s eye before he replied, “Sure.”

“You may leave now.”

“Yes, Mr. Norton.”

The next day, Vivian received a text from Finnick shortly after she reached the magazine company. He informed her that he was going away on a business trip and reminded her to change her dressing and take good care of herself.

Vivian replied: I will. Then, she started getting busy at work.

As the deadline for the new issue of the magazine was due soon, everyone in the office was in a frantic state and worked overtime in order to meet the due date.

Vivian was among the last to leave office and it was already past midnight. Coincidentally, there was a concert going on at the stadium beside the magazine company, which resulted in bad traffic conditions and it was almost impossible to get a cab.

As such, everyone was discussing about the most efficient way to carpool. However, when Vivian’s co-workers asked for her address, she was at a loss for words.

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She couldn’t possibly tell them that she was staying at the most expensive villa housing estate in the city.

As such, the woman had no other choice but to tell the rest that her husband was already on his way to pick her up. She smiled and told them to leave first.

Everyone was envious of Vivian for having such a doting husband and left one by one. Finally, Vivian was the only one left waiting at the entrance of the magazine company.

After twenty minutes, there was still no sign of any cabs. The woman tried to call for one using a ride-hailing app but did not have any luck as well. Since Finnick wasn't at Sunshine City at that point in time, there was no one Vivian could seek help from.

As such, she could only continue waiting.

Suddenly, a red Ferrari sports car stopped in front of her.

When she saw who the driver was, Vivian's expression stiffened and she immediately turned to leave.

However, the car door was swiftly pushed open and the driver stepped out, chasing after the woman.

"Vivian, why are you walking away!"

The woman stopped in her tracks and turned around reluctantly. "Mr. Norton," she greeted.

Fabian stood in front of Vivian, looking a little helpless. But still, he opened the car door and said, "Hop in, I'll give you a lift home."

However, Vivian did not move and merely replied, "Thanks, but my husband will be coming to fetch me."

She had intentionally emphasized on the words 'my husband' but Fabian seemed to look even more helpless as he said, "Vivian, you don't have to spite me deliberately by saying that. I know that Uncle Finnick and my dad are both out of town."

Vivian did not expect that Finnick was out of town handling matters related to the Norton family and felt awkward instantly. However, she still stood firmly rooted to the ground and replied, "I'll get a cab myself."

"Look at the time now. Do you really think you'll be able to get a cab at this hour? Don't worry, my intentions are pure. Even if it were another employee, I would have done the same."

After Fabian finished speaking, he saw that Vivian was still unwilling to budge. It was then that he felt a flash of irritation. Grabbing Vivian's wrists, he dragged her into the car.

"Fabian Norton, let go of me!"

Vivian was extremely unwilling to be involved with Fabian in any sort of manner. Besides, there was already such an awkward relationship between them. Just the fact alone that Vivian could feel Fabian's lingering feelings for her was enough for her to draw a clear line between them.

However, she was no match for Fabian's strength and was being forced into his car.

Fabian shut the door immediately and manually locked Vivian's side of the door with his car key, before getting into the car and driving away at the fastest speed possible. He left no chance for Vivian to get out of the car.

Vivian was simmering with anger as she glared at Fabian. Since she was already in his car, the best option she had was to keep quiet and not say a single word.

Fabian read the situation well and did not try to start a conversation with Vivian. He simply drove her back to the villa in silence.

When they arrived at the villa, Vivian finally heaved a sigh of relief at the familiar sight. She managed to force a 'thanks' out of her mouth and was about to get out of the car.

However, just then, Fabian, who had been keeping quiet all along, suddenly grabbed her wrists and pulled her back into the seat.

Thinking that the man was going to do something crazy again, Vivian stared at him with wide eyes and asked warily, "What do you want?"

A pained look flashed across Fabian's face when he observed Vivian's defensive, yet fearful expression.

However, he recovered quickly and said softly, "Vivian, I'm sorry."

Vivian had not expected that from Fabian. She was momentarily stunned and unable to react.

"I've misunderstood you two years ago and left you when you needed me the most," Fabian said seriously while looking at the woman in the eye. "I owe you an apology. I'm really, really sorry."

Fabian was genuinely sorry and meant every single word of that.

All these while, he had been caught up with misunderstanding Vivian and taking revenge. After knowing the truth, he got busy thinking about Vivian's relationship with Finnick. However, just the night before, he suddenly remembered that he still owed her an apology.

He had to take responsibility for his past misdeeds towards her.

Vivian's eyes flickered slightly as she looked at Fabian, who had a serious face.

Her feelings at that moment was indescribable.

Frankly, she was never expecting an apology from Fabian. No amount of 'sorry' could atone for the hurt that he had caused her.

However, with Fabian looking so sincere in front of her, Vivian's ice-cold guarded heart seemed to have melted a little.

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At that instant, Vivian seemed to have recognized that flamboyant, yet warm Fabian she once knew.

Her eyes dimmed and avoided his gaze. "It's already in the past, so there's no point bringing it up now."

Indeed, what's done was already done. An apology would not make anything better.

However, on a similar note, Vivian knew that there was no use holding on to it and she should let bygones be bygones.

It was still not easy for her to pretend that it did not matter at all and tell Fabian that she had forgiven him, but she also did not intend to take any revenge against him.

After all, he was her first love whom she had once loved deeply. He was present during the most wonderful part of her youth and she did not want to ruin him nor their beautiful memories together.

“Vivian, I...” Fabian felt a stinging pain in his heart. Just when he wanted to say something in reply, Vivian had already looked up and said, “Thanks for sending me back. I have to go now. Bye.”

Not giving the man a chance to respond, Vivian struggled free immediately after she finished speaking and got off the car.

Fabian remained seated in the car as he looked at Vivian’s back, feeling dejected.

Is she not willing to give me a chance to apologize?

Fabian continued to sit absentmindedly in the car without driving off. Before he realized, two hours had already gone by and it was already the darkest of the night.

The man slapped himself awake and was about to leave when he detected a burnt smell coming from the direction of the villa.

Meanwhile, after Vivian got out of Fabian’s car, she returned to the villa and as usual, had dinner and washed up before going to bed.

It could have been just her imagination, but Vivian felt especially sleepy that night. She was feeling so light-headed that she almost lost her balance while showering and fell asleep once she hit the sack. It was a dreamless night for the woman.

Vivian wasn’t sure how long she had slept when she was woken up by a gush of smoke attacking her nostrils.

Vivian let out bouts of coughs as she struggled to open her eyes, but smoke went into her eyes and she felt a stinging pain.

The woman quickly realized something was amiss and climbed out of bed. However, she only realized when she tried to stand up that she was aching all over and barely had the strength to support herself.

What on earth is happening?

Vivian couldn't bother to analyze the situation at that moment and quickly turned on her bedside lamp.

With the room lit, she immediately saw that her entire room was filled with black smoke.

H-Has... the house caught fire?

Vivian was terrified. At the same time, her cough was worsened by the burnt stench that wafted into her nose continuously. However, she managed to calm herself down quickly and struggled to get down the bed as swiftly as she could with her aching body. After grabbing her jacket, Vivian dashed out of the bedroom.

What greeted her next was an even more horrifying sight!

The flames were burning with menace as harsh smoke spiraled towards the ceiling.

The only reason the situation back in the room was not as bad was because of the closed room door which acted as a barricade. Vivian could clearly see that the entire corridor was up in flames once she opened the door.

"Molly! Liam!" Even when her own life was in danger, Vivian was still worried about the two elderly who were in their rooms. However, after calling out their names a few times, there was still no response. Instead, more smoke got into Vivian's throat.

The woman decided that she was not in the position to worry about others and the most important thing right then was for her to get out safely.

But there was no way she could charge out of the house with the fire burning so fiercely!

Vivian forced herself to stay composed and ran back to her bedroom and locked the door. Then, she carried the blanket into the bathroom and soaked it with water, before covering herself with it and dashed out of the room once again.

With the wet blanket as protection, Vivian felt a little braver and ventured towards the corridor. She tried to stay low in order not to breathe in too much smoke.

When she finally made it to the end of the corridor and was about to go downstairs, she noticed that the situation at the stairs was even worse. A few of the steps were already burnt and crumbling, making it impossible for her to step on them!

Just as Vivian was in a complete fluster and not knowing what to do, she suddenly saw white smoke whizzing towards her in bouts.

She froze for a few seconds while staring at the white smoke when suddenly, she realized...

It's a fire extinguisher!

The next moment, a familiar tall figure emerged through the smoke and was running towards her.

"Vivian! Vivian! Where are you!"

Vivian was both shocked and elated to hear that familiar voice, as if her last lifeline had arrived. "Fabian! Ahem! Fabian I'm here!" She screamed.

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The white mist from the fire extinguisher restrained the fire on the stairs a little. At that instant, Vivian saw Fabian running towards her. In the next moment, the railing of the corridor next to her crashed down right between them and they were separated by surging flames.

"Damn it!" Vivian heard Fabian yelling while covering his mouth, "Vivian, stay there! I'll come and look for you!"

Vivian was about to nod her head but suddenly she thought of something.

Wait. Is Finnick's necklace still in the bedroom?

It should be.

Finnick treasures that necklace. He rarely takes it outside. It is always kept in the drawer at home when he goes to work or goes on duty.

The fire is so strong. After the table burns down, the crystal necklace will definitely be ruined.

Wouldn't Finnick be very sad?

She couldn't help but think about how Finnick always looked sad whenever he held that necklace. Suddenly, she felt bad.

Damn, wouldn't it be too selfish of me to disregard Finnick's most treasured necklace?

She knew that the necklace was not a living thing but that was Finnick's only object of sentimental value and she could not bear to deprive him of this last treasured memory!

Thinking of this, she took a look at the blanket covering her body. It was still quite wet. It might be able to hold it for a while as the fire had subsided a little for the time being. It would take some time for Fabian to reach her.

So, she gritted her teeth, pinched her nose and yelled, "Fabian! I'll go back and get something!"

Fabian was struggling to put out the fire. Hearing Vivian's words, he was shocked and he scolded, "Vivian, are you f***ing crazy? What can be more important than your life?"

Vivian ignored Fabian's words. Instead, she raced back to the room.

Her body felt strangely weak for some reason but she did not think twice about that. Gritting her teeth, she rushed back to the room in one breath.

She was coughing violently from inhaling too much smoke but that did not stop her. Once she got into the room, she rushed to the table.

She had not closed the door when she left, so the fire had spread into the room and the table was on fire. Vivian opened the drawer with her hand wrapped inside the blanket.

She did not realize that by now, the blanket had dried up and her hand was immediately scalded.

"Ouch!" She screamed in pain but she bore the agony and pulled out the drawer.

Immediately, she found the crystal necklace.

As quickly as she could, she took out the necklace and was thinking of taking out the photograph but it caught fire and was burnt up in no time.

She had no choice but to give it up while just grabbing the necklace carefully. Immediately, she tried to rush out of the room.

However, when she reached the doorway, the bookcase next to the door collapsed with a loud bang!

The books on the bookcase was burned into ashes and the bookcase had fallen right across the doorway. Sparks were flying everywhere and Vivian was so frightened that she took a few steps back.

What should I do...

In that moment, the door was blocked. How can I go out?

She thought of wrapping herself in the blanket and rushing out but the blanket had already started to catch fire.

At that point, she was annoyed by her impetuosity.

It seems like I might end up losing the necklace and my own life!

She wondered if she really died, would Finnick be sadder over her death or the loss of the necklace?

He would be sadder over the latter I guess...

After all, as compared to Evelyn whom he had loved so much, I am just a stranger he had befriended for only a few months.

Vivian was surprised by her thoughts. How could she, at this moment of life and death, think about these unessential things?

The fire around her was getting bigger and warmer. She could hardly see the corridor and the smoke was getting thick. Then, she started coughing with teary eyes and her vision became blurred.

Will I really lose my life here?

As she was about to break down, she wore the necklace around her neck to protect it.

If her body were discovered together with the necklace, hopefully, Finnick would understand her kind intention and for her sake, treat her mother well.