

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 51

Vivian felt her face getting hot instantly.

"You? Showering?" Vivian dared not even look at him and quickly pushed the bathroom door close.

Finnick lowered his head and glanced at her flushed face. All he could think of was how cute she looked as he allowed her to close the door.

Vivian returned to the bed and still felt as though her cheeks were extremely hot. She picked up her phone and browsed through Twitter to calm herself down.

After a short moment, Finnick stepped out of the bathroom. Vivian still did not have the courage to make eye contact with him and continued scrolling her phone.

"Let's head to bed," Finnick said in a low voice. He switched off the lights after seeing Vivian nod.

That night, her embarrassing, sleepless thoughts engulfed her mind. She could not sleep at all.

Whenever she shut her eyes, she would imagine Finnick's buff figure and the slight smile on his face. She prayed silently for her heart to stop beating so fast.

Unbeknownst to her, Finnick's sleep was also disturbed by her tossing and turning. It was a sleepless night for him too.

He heard the woman muttering to herself in the dark, and for a moment, he wanted to have her there and then. Nonetheless, he resisted the temptation after giving it thought.

She's a delicacy. I have to control myself, and ravish her slowly after.

The next morning, Vivian was awoken by her phone's ringtone.

Finnick was missing from the bed when she woke up. She picked up the phone from the bedside table and immediately took the call as it was from the hospital.

"Ms. William, we are calling regarding the outstanding ten thousand hospital bill. May I know when you would be able to pay the outstanding sum?"

Vivian instantly felt a headache as she heard this.

She almost forgot about this outstanding amount. Fabian previously declined to advance my salary. Where am I going to get the money?

After repeated assurances that she would pay up within the next three days, Vivian hung up and went downstairs, looking very depressed.

Meanwhile, Finnick was having breakfast in the dining room. Noah stood beside him as he reported the findings of his investigation.

"According to our investigation, the old man is not lying. Someone did try to pull some strings for him, but he didn't manage to connect with the other party. It seems like a third-party stepped in."

"Who is it?"

"We couldn't find anything about them." Noah cringed as he said this.

"Nothing?" Finnick raised a brow at his response.

He knew Noah was a competent man. The third party must be extraordinarily powerful if he could not find anything on them.

"Continue with the investigation." He said, "Also, who was the person who tried to pull strings for the old man?"

"We have some leads on that. I believe this person was bribed. It should be easy to find out who he is."

Noah nodded. Suddenly, he thought of something and said to Finnick hesitantly, "Mr. Norton, I forgot to mention something. We also found out that Ms. William's mother fell very sick two years ago during our investigations. She's still in a coma."

Finnick's heart skipped a beat as he heard this. A dark expression loomed over his face.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Noah felt wronged.

Well, boss, you didn't ask us to investigate this, did you?

"What about the hospital bills?" Finnick suddenly realized this. "I suppose the bills are quite high if her mother is in a long-term hospitalization."

"Yes. After Ms. William married you, she got her citizenship in Sunshine City and medical insurance too. However, while the insurance is of some help, she still has to pay quite a sum on her own."

Right, so she was in a rush to get married because of the insurance payout.

Finnick instantly understood. He looked up to see Vivian coming down the stairs and immediately waved his hand to signal Noah to stop. "Oh? You're awake?"

Vivian glanced at Noah suspiciously. "What were you guys talking about?"

"Nothing much," Finnick calmly replied as he scooped a bowl of soup for her. "Come and have breakfast."

She did not think much of it and sat down in the dining room. Nonetheless, her thoughts were still distracted by the outstanding hospital bills throughout breakfast.

On the other hand, Finnick would steal glances in her direction from time to time. This time, he knew what she was worried about.

He picked up a piece of sausage and placed it on her plate. With a low voice, he said to her, "Vivian, when we are both free, let's visit your mother."

Vivian was taken aback. She looked at him anxiously, only to realize that he was staring back at her in an assertive manner.

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"It's alright..." She quickly avoided his gaze. "My mom isn't feeling very well... She needs time alone to rest..."

Vivian kept her words vague and did not mention her mother's illness. Nor did she bring up the outstanding hospital bills.

Finnick's eyes darkened.

As an experienced businessman, he had definitely met girls who were fake or promiscuous. Those who came from prominent families always acted coquettishly and only knew how to rely on men on every trivial issue. They were always asking for his money or for his help.

However, Vivian was different from the rest of them.

Even though they were newlyweds, she never once asked for anything from him. To be specific, she intentionally avoided doing so.

Her distant and cold demeanor somehow irked Finnick.

"Really?" The coldness in his voice revealed his unhappiness. "Well, I hope she gets well soon then."

Vivian furrowed her brows slightly.

Did I say anything wrong? Why does Finnick look upset?

However, she did not continue the conversation and finished breakfast. Finnick then drove her to the Subway station, and she took the train to work.

After arriving at the building, she headed to the Department of Finance instead of her office in an attempt to get a month's advance on her salary.

However, she already got an advance previously. If they approved her request once more, it would be an advance for the month after.

"Vivian, it's not that we don't want to help you. We understand your difficulties, but we are not authorized to approve your request." Zoe from the Department of Finance looked at Vivian in a helpless manner.

Vivian's eyes darkened slightly. She was about to speak, but suddenly, a cold voice echoed from behind.

"Vivian, don't you know it's office hours? Why are you here at the Department of Finance? You should be preparing for this afternoon's interview!"

Her heart skipped a beat as she heard the voice. Reluctantly, she turned her head to see Fabian standing behind her with a cold glare.

"I have some matters to attend to." She did not want to speak to Fabian at all. Hence, she stepped out of the office quickly without elaborating further.

However, just as she turned the corner, Fabian caught up with her and grabbed onto her wrist before pinning her to the wall.

"Fabian, what are you doing!" Vivian lowered her voice and hissed as she was afraid that Zoe and the rest from the Department of Finance would overhear them.

"Nothing." He still had that smirk on his face as he stared at her arrogantly. "I'm just showing concern to my fiancée's sister. Now, this is not your first time asking for an advance. What is going on, huh?"

At that moment, Vivian knew that Fabian had overheard her conversation with Zoe earlier. She rubbed the sore spot on her wrists and replied casually, "Mr. Norton, didn't I tell you this before? I want to buy a bag."

"Vivian, do you take me for a fool?" Fabian chuckled.

He did not believe that Finnick would not buy a bag for her if she really wanted it, considering how well he treated her.

There was definitely something else going on. It must be an emergency since she's so desperate and probably a matter that she can't tell Finnick about.

Upon these thoughts, the evil smirk on his face got wider. Suddenly, he pinned her to the wall once again with both hands and restrained her.

"Finnick, let go! What are you doing!" Vivian panicked.

"Vivian, it seems like you really need money, hmm?" He bent forward slightly and whispered into her ear, "A month's salary... Let me guess, that's about ten thousand, right?"

"It's none of your business." She furrowed her brows and struggled to escape.

However, his next words made her entire body freeze.

"How about this? I'll give you ten thousand for you to have a one-night stand with me. What do you think?"

She glared at him in disbelief, only to see him staring right at her with a mocking expression.

"So?" He lowered his head and locked his eyes onto her pale face. Deep down, he was annoyed. His blood slowly boiled as his mind flashed back to the scene where Finnick and she flirted. "Ten thousand for a night is way above market price. You only stand to gain here."

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As Fabian spoke, he thought of something once more and his face got smugger. "Oh wait, I forgot that you were already priced like that two years ago. But that was your first time, wasn't it? Now, you are just a piece of trash that has been toyed with by dozens of men. You should be contented that--"

Slap!

Before he could finish, Vivian unleashed her anger and sent her palms across his cheeks. She could no longer tolerate his attitude.

The slap was unexpected for Fabian. He was instantly dumbstruck as he held onto his red cheek and looked at the woman in shock and surprise.

Her previously pale face was now flushed red with fury. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she refused to let them roll down her cheeks and bit hard on her lips.

Fabian felt a knife stab through his heart.

Even though he intended to hurt Vivian, his heart ached when he saw her in that state. There was not a tinge of satisfaction he felt.

She continued to glare at him and controlled her tears. Gritting her teeth, she spat, "Fabian, I f\*\*king regret falling in love with you."

Then, she pushed him away and walked down the corridor without turning back.

Fabian was still glued to his spot, looking as though he lost his soul. After what seemed like an eternity, Zoe walked out of the Department of Finance to head to the restroom and saw him standing there like a statue.

"M-Mr. Norton?" Zoe jumped in surprise.

Fabian finally recovered his senses and looked at her. "Zoe, do you know why Vivian wants an advance on her salary?"

Zoe was in a dilemma. However, Fabian was the Chief Editor and it would not be wise to lie to him. She blurted, "Vivian's mom is very sick and the treatment is very costly, which is why she asked for an advance. Mr. Norton, please don't be angry with her."

Very sick? Hospital bills?

Fabian did not expect such a response and was stunned.

On the other hand, Vivian knew that she was too angry and upset to work. Hence, she swapped her duty with Jenny and took the rest of the day off.

She hailed a cab and headed back to the Norton family's villa. After she arrived, she walked to the entrance and removed her shoes. However, she was too tired to step in and sat at the door instead, lost in her own thoughts.

Fabian, Fabian... You are just too good.

Whenever I thought you couldn't hurt me deeper, you always find a more ruthless way to torment me.

Previously, you presented me to another man like a gift! Now, you choose to humiliate with money?

Just as the tears were about to roll down her cheeks, she was lifted into the air. When she recollected herself, she realized that someone was carrying her.

“Ah!” Vivian exclaimed in surprise. From her peripheral, she could make out Finnick’s handsome and distinct features. “Finnick? W-Why are you at home?”

It’s only in the afternoon. Shouldn’t he be at the office?

“I came back to take some stuff,” Finnick stated. He noticed her reddened eyes and turned gloomy. “What about you? Why are you home so early?”

“I don’t have any interviews today. So I came home early...” Vivian tried to smooth over. All of a sudden, she realized that Finnick was standing up and carrying her. Her cheeks turned hot instantly. “Why don’t you put me down... It wouldn’t be nice if other people saw us...”

“There’s no one else at home,” he replied nonchalantly as he walked into the house with her in his arms. “It’s cold outside. Don’t sit at the door next time.”

He placed her on the sofa in the living room and asked her, “Have you eaten?”

Vivian remembered that she was too upset to eat earlier. Shaking her head, she returned the question, “What about you?”

“Not yet.”

“Let me make lunch then.” Since Molly was not around, it was obviously Vivian’s job as the wife to prepare lunch. However, just as she stood up, she realized something and said hesitantly, “I’ll just make spaghetti and meatballs, alright?”

She knew that Finnick was picky when it came to food. For normal meals, Molly’s dishes were always intricately prepared even though they were not exotic delicacies. Furthermore, she would always make a full spread, and Vivian was not confident of replicating that.

Finnick noticed her slightly anxious expression and thought it was rather cute. He pursed his lips and replied, “Sure.”

Upon his words, Vivian breathed a sigh of relief. She placed her purse and phone on the coffee table and stepped into the kitchen.

Just as she got busy, a notification popped up on her phone. It was a message sent to her mobile.

She was occupied with cooking and could not step out of the kitchen. Nonetheless, she was worried that it might be something important from work. Hence, she called out from the kitchen, "Finnick, could you take a look and tell me whose message is it?"

Finnick was reading The Business Times when he heard her. He lowered his head and looked at her phone.

It was possible to see the sender and the contents of the message on her phone without unlocking it. Finnick immediately spotted the name which irked him the most – Fabian.

What upset him even more was the message itself.

The message wrote: Vivian, I'll lend you the money if you really need it to pay your mom's hospital bills.

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His grip around the newspaper tightened immediately.

Vivian?

Huh.

How affectionate.

Also, how does he know that Vivian needs to pay her mom's hospital bills?

Did Vivian tell him herself?

Finnick somehow felt his blood boil as the thought flashed past his mind.

She didn't tell me about it, and yet she told Fabian?

Meanwhile, Vivian was done with the spaghetti. She brought the dish out of the kitchen and announced, "Time for lunch."

She did not notice the unhappiness on Finnick's face as she attempted to take off her apron. However, she struggled to do so as the knots were all tangled up behind her back.

Finnick looked up and saw her struggling. He slowly got up from the sofa, walked towards her, and held onto her hands. "Let me do it."

His presence was unmistakable. As he spoke, the hot air from his mouth blew past her neck and made her cheeks go red. She quickly retracted her hand and thanked him.

Finnick kept quiet as he helped her untie the apron. Unfortunately, Vivian's attempt earlier turned it into a dead knot.

"Ah..." Vivian became nervous as the man stood close to her. She had to distract herself by speaking. "Who was it earlier?"

Finnick's hand froze for a moment, but he quickly responded, "It was Fabian."

It was Vivian's turn to freeze.

"Aren't you going to ask me what he sent you?" Fabian continued, seeing that Vivian remained silent.

She gulped down and chuckled sarcastically. "Probably something to humiliate me."

"No." Finnick finally undid the knot and took the apron off for her. "He said he could lend you the money you need to pay your mom's hospital bills."

Vivian's eyes widened as she spun around. "How did he know..."

She wanted to ask how Fabian knew about her mother's hospitalization but she was met with Finnick's cold stare when she turned.

Vivian paused for a brief moment.

"Finnick..." Based on his reaction, Vivian realized something. With a trembling voice, she asked him, "So you know about my mom too?"

He lowered his head and looked at her.

She worked hard in the kitchen. Beads of sweat were trickling down her forehead, and her bangs fell slightly. Finnick raised his hand, pushed the loose strands of hair behind her ear, and replied casually, "Yes, I know about her."

Vivian trembled.

She should have expected this. Finnick was an incredible man who kept tabs on everything, including her.

"Are you angry?" Finnick frowned when he noticed that Vivian was still silent.

"No." She shook her head, looking lethargic. "I expected you to be wary of those around you since you come from a prominent family."

It's just like how Fabian intentionally hid his identity back then. It is not out of the ordinary that Finnick would investigate me.

Finnick was rather hurt by her tone.

He never thought of guarding himself against her. In fact, he never looked into her apart from checking her background before their marriage. This time, the information coincidentally surfaced when he was looking into the incident from two years ago.

"Vivian." Finnick was unreasonably bothered. He was about to continue when her phone rang.

"Let me get that." Vivian did not want to continue the conversation with him. The phone call was her saving grace, so she quickly moved away from him and ran to the living room.

Upon seeing the caller ID, Vivian's heart immediately skipped a beat and she picked up the call. "Hello? Dr. Jones? Well... About the hospital bills... I'm going to pay for it soon. Could you please—"

Before she could continue, the doctor's panicked voice could be heard on the other end of the call. "Ms. William, your mom's condition worsened suddenly. She needs an operation immediately! Could you please come over and sign the papers, as well as pay for the operation? That way we can move her into the operating theatre as soon as possible!"

Vivian felt her world collapse, and the color drained from her face.

The next second, she turned into a madwoman and dashed out of the villa.

“Vivian!” Finnick rushed up to her and held onto her arms. “What’s going on?”

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As he turned her around forcefully, he was astonished to see tears streaming down her cheeks.

Vivian yelled at the top of her voice, “Let go of me! My mom needs surgery! Let go!”

Finnick’s eyes darkened, but he did not let go of her. Instead, he pulled her into a tight embrace and commanded, “Vivian, calm down! You won’t make it in time even if you go now. Let me call Noah and get him to the hospital.”

“No...” Vivian instinctively rejected his offer to help. However, she saw the flashing anger in his eyes the moment she spoke.

“Vivian! How long more are you going to keep this up? Do you want your mother to recover?” he bellowed. The next moment, he noticed the slight wariness in her eyes and softened his tone. “Did you forget that I’m your husband? Please, let me help you during times like this.”

Please, let me help you during times like this.

Vivian’s aggression subsided upon hearing this as she looked at him in a daze.

She did not expect an arrogant man like him to speak like this.

He wants to help. He even said “please”.

Seeing that Vivian is calmer, Finnick fished out his phone and called Noah. “Hello? Noah, go to the hospital now and arrange for Vivian’s mom to go for surgery. Yes, it’s an emergency. Also, pay for the hospital bills.”

He kept his eyes on Vivian as he spoke.

Meanwhile, Vivian lowered her head like a child who committed wrong. At last, she chose to let him help.

After the call, Finnick took her hand and said, "Let's go. I'll drive you to the hospital."

He led her out of the house as he spoke.

When they reached the entrance, Vivian remembered something and quickly stopped.  
"Finnick, your wheelchair..."

Xavier told her that Finnick faked being a cripple to guard himself against his brother. There might be uninvited trouble if someone saw him standing.

Finnick paused in his tracks and glanced sideways at her. With what seemed like a smile, he asked, "Are you afraid that people will find out?"

She nodded and rushed to take the wheelchair beside the entrance. "Let me push you out."

He sat down in the wheelchair and let her push him out of the house. At that moment, his anger subsided and his mood got better.

Seems like Vivian still cares about me.

The driver sped to the hospital after they got in the car.

While it was not a long journey, Vivian still felt like it was an eternity. She kept fidgeting in her seat on their way there.

All of a sudden, she felt warmth on her hands.

Blinking her eyes in surprise, she turned to see Finnick holding her hands.

Her hands were ice-cold as she was nervous. In contrast, the warmth from his hands made her feel much more at ease. Gradually, she became less anxious and calmed down slightly.

The car finally arrived at the hospital. Right after it parked itself at the entrance, Vivian jumped down from the vehicle and forgot about her husband.

When she rushed to the entrance of the operating theatre, Noah immediately stood up and greeted her. "Mrs. Norton."

Just then, a nurse rushed out from the operating theatre. Instantly, Vivian approached her and asked, "Miss, how is my mom?"

The nurse kept her reply simple. "As this was a sudden decision, the risks are much higher as compared to normal surgeries. In any case, I would need you to wait here."

Then, she rushed off somewhere.

Vivian collapsed onto the ground upon hearing this.

She always knew that her mom needed the surgery to live on. Unfortunately, the operation had little chance of success because her mom was always in a weak condition. This was why Vivian let the doctors treat her mom using medication first, as she thought it would be a wiser choice to let her get better before heading for an operation.

She never thought they would have to rush into surgery due to a worsening of her mother's condition. The chances of success would be even lower now.

The more she thought about it, the more afraid she got. She recoiled in fear on the ground and trembled uncontrollably.

If something happens to Mom... W-What am I going to do?

"Vivian, it's cold on the ground. Don't sit there."