

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 81

After hearing Finnick's reassurances, Vivian managed to calm her nerves. She then followed the butler to the study on the second floor.

The elder Mr. Norton's study was decorated with a lot of antiques. The moment she entered, she could smell the scent of lighted sandalwood and felt as if she had stepped into another world.

He was sitting at his desk dressed in a long robe. From the very first second she entered, his gaze was fixated upon her.

Vivian tried her best to keep her nerves together and walked towards the front of the desk. She greeted politely, "Mr. Norton."

"What did you just call me?" He questioned her sternly.

Stunned, Vivian was uncertain as to what was going on.

"Since you are now married to Finnick, you should address me as Grandpa, just like how Finnick," the elder Mr. Norton explained patiently when he realized that she was clueless. Moreover, he didn't forget to sneer, "You and your sister, Ashley, are two polarizing extremes. One just can't wait to address me as Great Grandpa while the other doesn't do so when she should."

Vivian turned pale when she realized the elder Mr. Norton knew that Ashley and she were sisters.

After giving it some thought, she realized it wasn't unexpected. After all, she had been married to Finnick for quite a while now so he would definitely have done a background check on her.

Anyway, since the elder Mr. Norton allowed her to address him as Grandpa, it meant that he acknowledged her as his granddaughter-in-law. Realizing that, Vivian heaved a sigh of relief and greeted softly, "Grandpa."

Only then did he give her a satisfied nod and motioned her by thrusting his chin forward. "Have a seat."

After settling down obediently, Vivian heard him question her sternly, "What do you think I call you in here for?"

"I think it's because of the pictures that were screened at the dinner just now." Gathering her courage, Vivian raised her head as she wanted to seize upon the opportunity to explain. "Grandpa, those pictures are actually..."

Before she could begin to explain, the elder Mr. Norton raised his hand to cut her off.

"You don't have to explain." His tone was impatient. "Don't you think I would have investigated the matter thoroughly? After all, you have been married to Finnick for a long time."

He chose his words carefully. By using the words 'investigated thoroughly', he had conveyed his inner thoughts.

Not only had he checked what happened two years ago, but he also found out the truth and knew that Vivian was set up.

That was when Vivian understood why he wasn't surprised when he saw the pictures. In fact, he didn't even blame her for them.

So he was aware of the incident.

Feeling relieved, Vivian replied sincerely, "Thank you, Grandpa."

"You don't have to thank me," The elder Mr. Norton snorted. "I hope you are not under the impression that I didn't mind just because you're innocent?"

Vivian was stunned again.

She couldn't deny Finnick's words when he mentioned that his grandfather was an eccentric. Indeed, the way he spoke was just like a roller coaster, full of twists and turns.

"For a family like ours, we would typically not allow someone with a scandal like yours to be one of us. It doesn't matter if it was your fault," he explained indifferently.

The thought had crossed Vivian's mind before as her face turned pale. "In that case Grandpa, why did you accept me?"

“I didn’t, it was Finnick.” The elder Mr. Norton’s expression was suddenly filled with regret. “Since Evelyn’s death ten years ago, I thought Finnick would not love another woman again, let alone get married.”

Vivian was shocked.

Evelyn? Who is she? Is she someone Finnick had loved before?

Despite the questions whirling in her head, Vivian didn’t dare to ask him about it.

“However, I didn’t expect him to marry you.” He stared at Vivian with sharp eyes. “In the beginning, I thought that you were just some puppet wife that he was using to defy me. But, after the last meeting and tonight’s party, I realize that his feelings for you are real.”

Finnick has feelings for me?

His words caused Vivian’s heart to skip a beat.

However, she remained unconvinced.

Despite how well Finnick treated her, Vivian simply felt that he was too exceptional compared to her and that they were worlds apart. She couldn’t fathom how someone like him would even have romantic feelings for her.

Nevertheless, she didn’t disagree with the elder Mr. Norton outright but continued to listen quietly.

“That’s the reason why I am able to accept you.” He continued with a tone that reflected the resignation he felt. “That’s because I will acknowledge whoever he loves.”

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Looking at the elderly Mr. Norton in front of her, Vivian suddenly realized he was no longer the ruthless and powerful head of the Norton family. Instead, he seemed to be an ordinary old man who just wanted his grandson to be happy.

“But,” He added abruptly in a serious tone. “Don’t forget what your greatest responsibility is.”

By now, Vivian was lost and could hardly follow his train of thought. "What responsibility?"

"Help him continue his legacy, of course." the old man glared at Vivian with his eyes widened as if he was angry at her ignorance. "Look, Mark's children are already so big but Finnick has yet to have any despite his age."

Vivian almost choked on her own saliva.

After beating around the bush, he just wants to remind me about having children with Finnick?

Although Finnick and Mark were brothers, their age gap was quite big. Mark was almost fifty while Finnick hadn't even reached thirty yet.

Nevertheless, it was common in reputable families to marry early and have many children by the time they were thirty.

Vivian felt so awkward that she was lost for words. However, the elder Mr. Norton squinted his eyes and murmured, "Girl, don't think I'm not aware of the fact that you and Finnick have not consummated your marriage."

By now, Vivian felt utterly embarrassed.

How did he even find out about this?

"Girl, tell me the truth." His eyes suddenly flashed as he asked hesitantly. "Finnick... does he have trouble getting it up?"

Vivian had not recovered from the earlier shock. After hearing the elder Mr. Norton's question, her face blushed like a tomato.

Wh-what? What kind of a grandfather is this? Isn't he being too intrusive?

When Vivian didn't respond, he became more desperate and probed further, "I'm sure you are aware of what happened ten years ago, which caused Finnick to lose control of his legs. Since then, I have always been worried about the state of his 'vitality' in that aspect. All this while, I wanted to get a doctor to help him but he has always refused me. That's why I'm so concerned."

When Vivian saw how worried he was, her heart couldn't help but soften.

It appeared that Finnick had even hidden the truth about his legs from his grandfather. That's why he was so frustrated.

As Vivian couldn't bear to see him worry, she gritted her teeth and thickened her skin, "I-I think Finnick d-doesn't have any problems with that."

Mr. Norton was surprised. "How do you know?"

"That? Although we have yet to consummate our marriage, we do live together." By now, Vivian just wanted the ground to open up and swallow her whole. "There are times when... you know. I can... erm... see his 'reaction'?"

Vivian could feel her cheeks burning.

Anyway, she was telling the truth as she was absolutely sure there was nothing wrong with Finnick.

Putting aside the sightings of his morning wood, there were a few other occasions when she 'personally' felt his 'vitality'. Once was when they had a close call and another time was when she walked out of the bathroom.

Ahem, to be honest, it was more than doing just alright. In fact, it looks to be really 'powerful'?

The elder Mr. Norton was puzzled for a brief moment before quickly getting what Vivian was hinting at. His face lit up in joy. "Really? Haha, that's wonderful news. Really wonderful!"

He was so excited that he jumped up from his chair and waved his walking stick in the air. "Since he is doing fine, what else are you people waiting for?"

Vivian was dumbfounded. All she could manage to say was, "Erm, we don't really know each other well enough yet since we just met."

"What f***ing nonsense is that?" he swore as he became worked up. "My wife and I were part of an arranged marriage and yet we slept with each other the very first night of the wedding. Aren't you younger ones supposed to be more liberal? Why are you being more rigid than us?"

By now, Vivian was blushing like a tomato. In the meantime, the old man wielded his walking stick in the air and ordered, "Ms. William, I am not someone that's unreasonable. I know what you have been through wasn't your fault and I don't blame you for it. However, I now need you to give your best. Time waits for no man. So, both of you will consummate your marriage in the villa tonight!"

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Vivian was dumbfounded.

Consummate our marriage tonight?

Before she could recover from her shock, Mr. Norton barked, "Mr. Zane!"

The study's door opened and an elderly butler hurried in.

"Mr. Zane, bring Ms. William and Finnick to the bedroom at once." Mr. Norton couldn't contain his laughter. "I have specially prepared that bedroom for you!"

What? There's even a specially prepared bedroom?

Before she could even ask what sort of room it was, Vivian was led out of the study by Mr. Zane. Right after they left, they could still hear the elder Mr. Norton's hearty laughter from the corridor.

Mr. Zane brought her to a bedroom on the third floor. Upon entering, Mr. Zane softly reassured her, "Both of you have the whole floor to yourselves. Hence, you can do whatever you please and not have to worry that someone can hear you or even disturb you."

When Vivian understood what Mr. Zane was trying to say, her face flushed red. Before she could even reply, Mr. Zane had pushed her into the room.

By the time she managed to collect herself, the butler had closed the door.

Ka-chak!

She could hear it being locked from outside.

Given a fright, Vivian banged on the door, "Mr. Zane, why did you lock the door?"

No one answered from outside.

Vivian grew anxious and tried to pry it open. But, it was locked tightly from the outside and wouldn't budge.

'You can stop banging on the door. They did it on purpose.' Just when Vivian began to worry, she heard a cold voice emanate from behind her.

Caught by surprise, she turned around and saw Finnick sitting behind her.

Under the dim yellow light, Finnick was sitting in his wheelchair. He had taken off his jacket and only had his white shirt on. The top two buttons were already loose, exposing his sexy collarbone.

"Finnick?" Vivian regained her senses and scanned the room. When her gaze fell upon the bed in the center, her eyes widened in shock. "Is this the room we will be spending the night in? Isn't the bed too small?"

The bed in front of her looked just like a super single bed. It could barely fit two people and even then, both people would have stick closely together.

"Mmm." It was obvious to Finnick from the beginning. "They must be part of their plan."

Vivian finally understood what the elder Mr. Norton meant when he said 'specially prepared'. Just thinking about it caused her to blush.

Vivian and Finnick did sleep together at home. But, given the bed was big enough, they seldom made physical contact. However, the bed in front of them was so different.

"Just now," Finnick asked out of a sudden as he turned towards Vivian, "what did Grandpa talk to you about?"

When Vivian recalled the topic that the elder Mr. Norton and her discussed, her cheeks burned with greater intensity.

“Erm, n-nothing much.” Vivian was too embarrassed to recount what they discussed. But, as she wasn’t accustomed to lying, her words came out extremely stiff.

Raising his eyebrow curiously, Finnick stood up and approached Vivian. “Even if you don’t tell me, I can easily guess what Grandpa spoke to you about.”

Vivian’s cheeks felt like a raging inferno now. “R-really?”

Finnick was standing right in front of Vivian now. When he saw how bashful she was, he simply found her extremely adorable. At that very moment, he couldn’t help but tease her.

“Of course I do.” Finnick had lowered his voice on purpose to make it sound more alluring. Furthermore, he even put his hands on the door beside Vivian’s cheek before leaning in to bring himself closer. “I suppose he wants you to have children with me?”

Vivian lowered her gaze as she could no longer feel her cheeks. “That’s right. Erm, they’re our elders after all. It’s normal for them to worry about you, isn’t it?”

Vivian’s voice gradually softened as Finnick was lowering his face towards her. They were now so close to each other that their cheeks were about to touch.

When she felt his masculine breath envelope her whole body, she got all nervous that her heart began to race.

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Originally, Finnick had just wanted to joke around with Vivian. However, as he approached her, he caught a whiff of her faint fragrance. Right at that moment, he could feel his heart started to pound.

For some reason, Vivian was especially attractive that day. Her tight skirt outlined her graceful figure in full view. From his height, he could clearly see her soft curvature and snow-white skin.

Her small, pretty, up-close face was rosy red. It resembled an apple, cute and round, tender and juicy, tempting everyone to approach and take a bite.

Finnick entertained that thought for a while. Her attractiveness was soon too much for him to bear, thus he gave in to the temptation.

Bending down, he leaned close and gently nipped Vivian's blushing cheek, startling her in the process. She was taken aback and could only whisper a syllable, "Ah?"

The tiny yelp made his heart flutter like a feather, instantly igniting the passion within him.

Throwing caution to the wind, he suddenly raised his hands and grasped Vivian's waist. Lifting her up with a hug, their two bodies touched in a sweet embrace.

Feeling the warmth of his body flowing onto her, Vivian became flustered and managed only to stammer, "F-Finnick? You..."

She did not realize that every word she said only made him felt more aroused.

He could barely hold onto his last thread of reason. The temptation was just too strong. Lowering his head, he gently caressed her reddening earlobe with his lips as he whispered in a low voice, "Dear Vivian, why don't we carry out what grandpa wants? Let's get on with it, shall we?"

The warm and sensual touch to her earlobe sent currents of electrifying sensation through her body. It was so pleasantly numb that she could not help but shudder with pleasure.

Truth be told, she was mentally prepared for this. After all, they were already married. Finnick would only have to ask, and as his wife, she would gladly offer herself to him without refusing.

Moreover, when elder Mr. Norton had said those things to her just now, she had thought in her heart about consummating their marriage.

She was surprised that she was not resisting the idea.

As such, upon hearing Finnick's request, she nodded shyly as she felt her ears burning up and her face getting hotter.

Feeling the coy consent of the lady currently in his arms, the flame of passion within Finnick burned brighter, and he instantly let go of his last thread of restraint which was holding him back.

Abruptly, he bowed his head and instantly locked his lips with Vivian's. The soft and sweet scent filled his senses. His tongue, tasting the intoxicating sweetness of the kiss, was instantly addicted as he craved for her more and more.

Such a sensation...

Have I been drugged by this woman? Just a mere kiss is enough to make me lose all my self-control and awakened the carnal instinct within me.

Finnick pinned Vivian to the door. He slid his hand down her smooth curvy back, before finally arriving at the edge of her skirt.

The gown that she was dressed in was very cumbersome to undress. Finnick found himself groping in search of the zipper. But as his lust burned hotter, he lost his patience and decided to rip the dress off her.

Rip!

The gown was quickly torn apart and slid off Vivian's milky white shoulders.

Under the dim light, with Vivian's full figure in front of him in plain sight, Finnick felt his throat tightened in excitement.

With his status and wealth, there was never a shortage of women willing to offer themselves to him. In fact, there had been countless ladies who had tried to seduce him, to arouse him, and to get him into their beds. Yet he managed to resist them all and remained calm and composed through it all. However, that also led elder Mr. Norton and Mark to question whether the kidnapping case ten years ago had affected him physically and mentally.

Nonetheless, with him facing Vivian currently, he felt that his body was no longer his own. His primitive, carnal instinct was taking over, making the flame of lust burned wildly within him, tempting him to just pounce and possess her outright.

Since Vivian had already given her consent, Finnick threw caution to the wind and unleash his inner desire to the fullest this time. Immediately, his hot lips left Vivian's and started traveling down, first stopping on her neck before moving closer to his intended destination.

But at that moment...

“No!”

Vivian gave a sudden squeal and shoved Finnick away.

He did not expect her to resist him in such a way. Caught off-guard, he staggered a few steps backward.

Looking at her in surprise, he saw her red face and watery eyes, exhibiting a look of unease.

That instant, he felt as if a bucket of icy water was dumped over him, extinguishing the flaming fire of carnal passion burning inside him.

A look of guilt was plastered all over Vivian’s face as she realized that she might have gone overboard. Cautiously approaching Finnick, she stammered apologetically, “I-I’m sorry... I-It’s just... I-I just suddenly remembered something from two years ago...”

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The incident that happened two years ago still haunted Vivian to this day. It was her worst nightmare.

Not because she had lost her most precious possession overnight. But rather, in that one night, her reputation was ruined.

For a long time after that, she could not even bear to be in close proximity to a man, much less communicating with one. Even shaking hands with a member of the opposite sex would trigger her fear.

Now that she had recovered, she had thought that she could accept being with Finnick.

Unexpectedly, her body still instinctively rejected any form of intimacy with a man.

Seeing how disappointed Finnick had become, she was filled with a pang of unspoken guilt.

What if Finnick thinks that I'm playing hard to get on purpose? Or that I'm being pretentious? After all, they were married. Besides, she had also given her consent. So, for her to reject him at the eleventh hour in such an abrupt way when the going was getting good...

No man would be able to bear such a humiliating rejection.

With that thought in mind, she gritted her teeth and cautiously approached Finnick. Putting her arms around his neck, she made the move to kiss him, wanting to reignite the lust within him.

Just as sudden as she was, Finnick picked her up gently and laid her on the bed.

Thinking that he was going to continue where he had left off, Vivian tensed her body in preparation. This time, she wanted to make sure her body would obey and not instinctively push him away again.

She waited in anticipation of what was coming. However, Finnick did not make any sensual move. On the contrary, he took the blanket next to him and covered her body.

Stunned, Vivian braced herself to ask, "Are you angry with me?"

As Finnick sat down on the side of the bed, he looked at her with a pair of calm, soothing eyes and replied, "No."

"Then why..."

"Why don't I continue?" Cutting her off by finishing her question, he brushed her cheeks tenderly with his fingers before whispering softly to her, "Because I hope you will enjoy it too, instead of merely putting up with me."

Truthfully, he was aroused by her body. As a matter of fact, he wanted her there and then.

If he had not cared for her in the first place, he would have persisted or even forced himself on her. After all, as a man, holding oneself back after one's carnal desire had been awakened was a difficult feat to pull off.

However, he cherished Vivian too much to give in to his selfish desire.

And because he cared, he did not want their first time to turn into a dreadful memory for her.

If he had been selfish, how different would it be between him and the man who had hurt her two years ago?

Vivian did not expect such tender admission from Finnick. At that moment, she felt her heart was deeply touched by his sincerity. The feeling of love blossomed in her.

Men and women are different. For a woman, caring for a person meant giving herself to him. For a man, caring for a person meant being patient for her.

Her eyes flickered as she curled up under the soft blanket, her uptight body finally relaxing. "Thank you, Finnick."

He chuckled, stood up, and walked to the chair next to the table before sitting down. "Today, you'll be the one sleeping on the bed."

Feeling aghast, she asked with concern, "Then what about you? Don't you have to sleep?"

"The bed is too small, and there's only one set of blanket anyway. Forget it."

Vivian frowned and reasoned, "Although the bed is small, it is wide enough to accommodate the two of us. Come, squeeze in. You should sleep with me tonight."

Finnick suddenly gave her a knowing look, "Vivian, are you challenging my self-control?"

She froze immediately.

She almost forgot that she had tempted Finnick to his limit today. Maybe even past that. Yet she had not given herself to him. He must have been holding his carnal desire back earnestly, and for me to even ask him to sleep with me...

She was too disregardful of his needs.

Not daring to speak anymore, Vivian obediently covered herself with the blanket tightly and laid still.

...

Meanwhile, in the study, elder Mr. Norton was busily pacing back and forth anxiously.

Just as Mr. Zane walked in, elder Mr. Norton hurried over and nervously asked, "How is it? How's the two of them?"

"They've retreated into their room. As for what happened next, I don't know exactly," answered Mr. Zane honestly. After all, he did not dare to eavesdrop.

Nodding, elder Mr. Norton sighed, "How I wish those two would be more considerate of this geezer here and just bear me a great-grandchild sooner."

"Don't worry too much about that, sir," consoled Mr. Zane with a look of concern on his face.

"I nearly forgot," exclaimed elder Mr. Norton as a thought suddenly hit him. His face turned cold right at that moment as he requested, "Have you managed to find out more about that photo today?"