

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 96

The others from the magazine company had also noticed the man and shrieked as they dispersed.

The man was clearly aiming for Fabian. He accelerated as the crowd dispersed in fear. The man uttered, "Fabian Norton! You bastard! You caused me to lose my job! Die!"

Fabian was born with a silver spoon, and he had never experienced anything like this before. He was frozen on the ground, completely stunned as the knife was edging closer to him.

Vivian rushed over to the man without hesitation.

She clutched at the man's arm in an attempt to stop him from harming Fabian.

The man did not expect that he was going to be stopped by Vivian, and retracted a few steps back. He turned around to face Vivian as he grimaced. "B*tch! How dare you stop me? I'm going to kill you first!"

Then, he aimed his knife at Vivian.

Vivian was grabbing on the man's arm. As he turned around, she fell a few steps back. Before she could steady herself, the knife was already aiming for her.

All colors drained from her face, and there was no time for her to escape.

Fabian finally regained composure after seeing that the man went for Vivian instead.

"Vivian!" He shouted as he rushed to her side.

However, it was too late.

The knife had stabbed right into Vivian's arms.

"Ah..."

A searing pain coursed through her body. She shivered from the pain and fell to the ground.

At the same time, Fabian rushed toward the man and punched him in the face.

His grandfather, Mr. Norton, was an ex-army. Hence, he had high regard for his offspring in this matter. Fabian had learned the art of self-defense and karate from a young age. He was just stunned from the man's sudden attack. However, this time, he sent the man rolling on the floor with just a punch.

"Vivian!" Fabian did not give a damn about the man on the floor. He rushed toward Vivian and helped her up.

His heart sank at the sight of her pale face, and her bloodstained shirt.

The next moment, he growled at the befuddled crowd. "What are you guys waiting for? Call the ambulance!"

They finally snapped out of it and hurriedly called for an ambulance.

Vivian was uncomfortable from him getting so close to her and said in a soft voice, "Don't worry. It's just my arms. Let me go. Everyone is watching."

Fabian was oblivious to her words and gripped tightly on her bleeding wound. He scowled at her, with a somehow shaky voice, "Vivian William! Are you an idiot? Did you know how dangerous it was just now? Why did you rush to my side?"

He seemed to have forgotten that people from the magazine company were watching them and had forgotten the fact that he was detesting Vivian just a few days ago. Fabian also threw Vivian's betrayal two years ago to the back of his mind.

Vivian's pale face and bleeding wound were all that he could see.

He kept replaying Vivian calling out to him just now in his mind.

Vivian's mind went blank as she looked at Fabian.

She felt as if Fabian was again the Fabian whom she used to know.

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Vivian felt like she had gone back in time. Before her was not the Fabian in suits, nor the Fabian who mocked her. It was the Fabian who was in a white T-shirt and jeans; the Fabian who rode around the campus and smiled like a boy at her.

Fabian did not notice the slight change in her gaze. He was still scowling at her, "Vivian, you're a girl. Why are you pretending like you're a hero?"

Vivian was stumped for a moment. Then, she burst into a chuckle.

Her lips curved into a bittersweet smile.

She still remembered that this was the very line that Fabian used to say to her when they were studying together.

He would say this to her whenever she was pulling all-nighters for her scholarship; whenever she spoke up for fellow female classmates; whenever she would register for a marathon when she was on her period...

He would hold her in his embrace and sulk. "Vivian, have you forgotten that you're a girl?"

Then, the sirens of the ambulance could be heard. Fabian picked her up and took no heed of the crowd's curious glances. He rushed toward the ambulance.

Vivian was in a turmoil of emotions as she laid in Fabian's arms. It felt so familiar, yet so distant.

She took a trail down the memory lane again. Three years ago, she had registered for run even though she was on her period. She fainted from the pain at the finish line. Fabian also picked her up and dashed toward the clinic...

She was afraid of reliving those moments again.

The past is a nice place to visit, but not the right place to stay.

Vivian reached the hospital in no time. She wanted to leave right after tending to her wounds. However, Fabian made a mountain out of a molehill and used his identity to secure her a private ward. Vivian's protests fell to deaf ears.

Vivian laid on the hospital bed while Fabian headed out to settle the bill. When she was coming up with an escape plan, her phone rang.

She shivered at the sight of the caller ID.

It was Finnick.

She did not dare to tell him about herself getting hurt. However, it was not an option to ignore his call too. So, she could only begrudgingly answer the call.

"Hello..."

"Vivian, where are you?" Finnick asked.

"I..." Her voice went weak. "I'm at the hospital."

"The hospital? What are you doing at the hospital?" Finnick's voice sank.

"I-I hurt myself earlier." Vivian did not want to lie to him, and the bandage would be a dead giveaway anyway. So, she could only tell him the truth.

"You're hurt?" There was a hint of anxiety in his voice. "Which hospital are you at?"

"First Hospital."

Finnick's wheelchair appeared at Vivian's ward just ten minutes after their phone call. He must have rushed here. Vivian was even worried that he might have run all the way here instead.

Finnick's face sank when he saw the bandage wrapped around Vivian's arms.

He hurriedly wheeled to her side and said coolly, "Vivian, you consider this minor?"

She recoiled a little and looked at him warily. "Are you mad at me?"

Finnick was angry.

He was angry at this woman for not taking good care of herself!

However, he felt for her when he saw her petite pale face.

“Forget it.” Finnick’s tone warmed up. “How did you get hurt?”

Vivian tensed up. She was at a loss for words.

It’s not like I could say that I took the knife for Fabian, right?

I think he’s going to explode if I tell him the truth.

When she was coming up with a viable explanation, the ward’s door was pushed open and Fabian entered. It was obvious that he was still worried about Vivian, so he did not notice Finnick at the side and said, “Vivian, I’ve done all the hospitalization paperwork for you. The man who attacked me has been remanded by the police. You should...”

Halfway through, he finally noticed Finnick at the side. Stumped, he bit his tongue.

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The atmosphere in the room suddenly became tense.

“Fabian?” Finnick arched his brows at the sight of him. “What are you doing here?”

Fabian was not as skilled as Finnick in concealing his feelings. When he saw Finnick, he flinched and replied, “A thug tried to attack me at the magazine company. Vivian was hurt because she tried to protect me. So I sent her here.”

Vivian’s heart sank.

Is he doing it on purpose? Why did he have to detail everything out? Isn’t he afraid of Finnick misunderstanding things?

Vivian cast a nervous glance at Finnick as she tried to observe his reaction. However, Finnick's deep-set gaze did not give anything away. Her attempt to read him was in vain.

Vivian...

Tried to protect me...

Finnick's breathing became rapid as he replayed Fabian's words in his head.

Fabian seemed like he was showing off. Usually, Finnick paid no heed to such provocation. However, even Finnick had to admit that Fabian's words had hit the bull's eye.

The wound on Vivian's arms seemed especially jarring at this moment. He took in a few deep breaths to suppress his anger.

"Is it?" When he spoke again, his tone was already calm and composed. "Vivian is your aunt after all. It's only normal that she saved you."

Fabian paled at Finnick's remark.

"However," Finnick parted his lips to speak again, glancing at Vivian who was all jittery. "I hope that she would not be so rash again in the future."

Vivian fidgeted under his scrutinizing gaze. She did not contemplate the meaning behind his words and nodded right away.

Fabian's face sank further.

"Okay." Finnick broke the silence stretching between the three of them. "Fabian, thank you for sending Vivian to the hospital. I will ask Noah to settle the bills with you."

Fabian gritted his teeth. "Uncle Finnick, there's no need to pay me back."

"This won't do. Our Vivian here does not like to feel indebted to outsiders."

Our Vivian...

Outsiders...

Fabian felt the monster in him bellowing at Finnick's words.

However, he held himself in because of Vivian. She's still looking very weak.

On the other hand, Vivian was visibly relaxed after hearing Finnick.

Actually, she had been in a dilemma just now when Fabian went to settle the hospital bill. Fabian was the last person that she would want to be indebted to.

She would much rather for Finnick to help her settle the hospital bill. After all, she was already indebted to Finnick.

"Very well." Fabian took in a deep breath. "Then I shall not disturb Uncle Finnick and Aunt Vivian further."

Finnick was pleased with Fabian's sense. He nodded and saw Fabian off.

Vivian breathed a sigh of relief after Fabian left.

However, Finnick turned around to face her in no time with a cold, hard face. He said in a low voice, "Vivian William, do you think you owe me an explanation?"

Vivian felt goosebumps on her back.

"I... My arm hurts..." Vivian just did not have the courage to face him so she resorted to such a terrible excuse. She complemented her acting with a pitiful face.

Initially, Vivian thought Finnick would see right through her. However, he furrowed his brows and wheeled closer to her. He reached out to lightly touch the bandage around her arms and asked softly, "Does your wound hurt? Is it infected? Do you want me to call the doctor to have a look?"

Finnick's voice was still calm and composed. However, he was obviously concerned.

Vivian did not expect him to take her so seriously and was contrite over her acting. She chuckled nervously. "Actually, I'm fine... It's hurting a little. I guess this is quite normal."

Finnick lifted his head. The two of them were in close proximity when Finnick was inspecting her wound. Vivian could even see her flustered face reflected in his deep-set gaze.

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Deafening silence ensued. Finnick parted his lips, and Vivian thought he was about to question her again. She was fumbling for an explanation in her head. However, he merely said, "Take a good rest. I'll ask Molly to send over some chicken soup."

Vivian was stumped. She lifted her head to look at Finnick. Just when she was perplexed about Finnick letting her off the hook, he covered her eyes with his palms.

"Sleep. We'll talk when you wake up."

Finnick's voice was deep, and it brushed past her ears like a feather.

Vivian just took some painkillers, and it made her feel quite drowsy. She nodded and dozed off into sleep.

Strangely, she found that it was much easier to fall asleep with Finnick by her side.

When Vivian was about to fall asleep, she felt a soft touch on her forehead.

Then, she heard a low sigh.

"Vivian William, what am I going to do with you?"

...

Noah reached the hospital after Vivian had fallen asleep. He brought along Molly's chicken soup as well.

"Mr. Norton, this is..." Noah spoke as he entered the ward and was shushed by Finnick.

Clueless, he turned around and noticed that Vivian was fast asleep. He shut his mouth instantly and followed Finnick out of the ward.

“Okay, speak,” Finnick spoke after they were in the corridor. “Have you investigated how Vivian got hurt?”

“Yes, I’ve asked the security guard. A lot of people saw it too.”

“So, what happened?”

“Their magazine company just did a piece to expose a food processing factory. The factory went bankrupt and did not pay the wages of their workers. A derailed worker sought revenge from Fabian. And then...” Noah paused, unsure whether if he should continue.

Finnick’s gaze darkened. “Continue.”

“The man was actually going after Fabian, but Mrs. Norton dashed over to protect Fabian. The derailed worker was enraged and stabbed Mrs. Norton.”

Noah was carefully observing Finnick’s every expression when he was reporting.

However, Finnick seemed quite calm.

Noah was stymied.

He thought Mr. Norton cared a lot about Mrs. Norton. Am I mistaken about it?

“What else?” Finnick said.

“Um... Onlookers mentioned that Fabian was especially nervous about Mrs. Norton getting hurt,” Noah added. “He hugged Mrs. Norton all the way here to the hospital...”

Finnick’s deep-set gaze darkened further.

“Okay, you may go,” Finnick seemed unfazed by Noah’s report.

Noah wiped his nervous sweat. He nodded and prepared to leave. He accidentally caught a glance at Finnick's wheelchair handle.

Finnick was clutching on his wheelchair handle previously, and now he had relaxed his grip. To Noah's surprise, the rubber grip had actually sunken in from Finnick's tight grip.

When Vivian woke up, Finnick was still staying by her side. He poured some chicken soup from the thermal flask beside the hospital bed. "Drink this."

Vivian supported herself with one hand and got up. Her right hand was hurt. So, she tried to take the chicken soup with her left hand. She was quite clumsy since she was right-handed. Finnick noticed it and furrowed his brows slightly. Then, he took over the spoon in her hands. "Allow me to help."

He took a spoonful and lightly blew on it to cool it down before edging it close to her mouth.

Vivian was taken aback.

Is he feeding me?

She did not expect that she would be able to enjoy this kind of treatment. However, she parted her lips and drank it meekly.

She was inexplicably nervous as she stole glances at Finnick.

It was hard to read Finnick since he always seemed impassive. She was not sure if he was still mad at her.

When she was contemplating whether to talk about how she got hurt, Finnick broke the silence. "Do you have something you want to tell me?"

Vivian smiled awkwardly.

I can't hide anything from this man.

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"I was just thinking if you were unhappy," Vivian replied honestly.

"Unhappy about what?"

She hesitated for a moment. "Unhappy because I got hurt from saving Fabian."

Vivian deliberately replied in a soft voice. It was akin to a fluttering feather on his heart.

"Yes, I am mad." Finnick's deep-set gaze warmed up at her admission of guilt.

Vivian did not expect Finnick to be so straightforward. She lifted her head and met his gaze.

He tilted his brows slightly at the woman's adorably puzzled expression. "Aren't you going to ask why I'm mad?"

"I-I think I know why you're mad," Vivian stuttered.

"Enlighten me."

"Because I'm your wife." Vivian blinked her eyes. "I don't think any man could bear with the fact that his wife got hurt because of an ex-boyfriend..."

The dim in Finnick's gaze was undetectable to unheeding eyes.

He did not know whether to feel angry or helpless at her reply.

Does this stupid woman still think that I'm only feeling possessive over her?

How obtuse could she get?

"Finnick?" Vivian broke the silence when she noticed that he wasn't answering her. "I'm sorry. I was inconsiderate of your feelings this time. I will be extra careful next time."

Finnick put down the chicken soup in his hand. The sound of the spoon touching the bowl was crisp amidst the pin-drop silence between them. Vivian was taken aback by the sudden move.

“Vivian, so this is why you think I’m mad?” Finnick looked at her in the eyes. She nodded in response blankly. In return, his gaze darkened further. “What if I say I’m mad not only because you’re my wife?”

Vivian was stumped.

Not only because I’m his wife?

What else could it be? Our marriage is contractual after all.

Is he... jealous of Fabian?

The thought fled across her mind for only a fraction of a second before she dismissed it. A bitter smile crept her face as she shook her head to clear her head.

That’s impossible. Finnick is no ordinary man. If I were not his wife, he wouldn’t have bothered himself with me. It’s ridiculous to think that he’s jealous.

I’m being delusional.

“I don’t know.” She looked at Fabian helplessly. Baffled, she asked, “Why are you mad then?”

Finnick’s eyes flashed with fury at her question.

The next moment, he grabbed her chin and brought her face close to his own. He said in a low voice, almost like a threat, “Vivian, are you really unaware of it? Or are you playing games with me?”

She was a little shocked, especially because he inched himself close to her.

The hint of fear in her eyes did not go unnoticed.

It prompted him to be cool-headed right then and there.

He let go of the woman when he noticed that she was getting frightened.

“I’m sorry for losing my cool,” Finnick said as he set his back straight on his wheelchair.

"It's alright." Vivian felt like something was off with Finnick today. However, she did not divulge further since he was still mad at her.

Finnick's gaze darkened as he regarded Vivian.

When is this stupid woman going to realize that my feelings toward her are not just the possessiveness of a contractual husband toward his wife?

Finnick did not have much experience in this matter. Besides, women were always flocking to him. He had not actually pursued a woman before. Hence, he did not know how to express his feelings.

He suppressed the boiling anger and frustration inside himself after looking at her pale face and the wound on her arm. He was back to his usual calm self. "Vivian, why did you save Fabian?"

Even though the woman did not understand his feelings, he still felt the need to make certain things clear.