

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 91

Still glaring at Finnick, Vivian had no choice but to change into her clothes.

When she arrived last night, Molly had prepared some clothes for her to wear upon leaving.

Upon marrying Finnick, he had actually commanded his servants to prepare her lots of clothes, but as those outfits were too expensive, she dared not wear them too much for fear of appearing too high-profiled.

The clothes that Molly had prepared to go out were one of them. A seemingly ordinary spaghetti strap dress, it was actually made out of finely tailored exquisite materials, adorning its wearer with impeccable elegance when worn.

The only flaw with the dress was that since it was a strap-type, the hickey on her neck was in plain sight.

Since Vivian had not brought any makeup concealer, she made do with just some dabbing of her foundation to cover it. After doing all that she could, she forced herself to go downstairs with Finnick.

In the dining room, elder Mr. Norton was flanked on both sides by Mark and Fabian, as well as Ashley. All those present were in the midst of chowing down on their breakfast.

Seeing Finnick arrived late, Mark stared sternly and said, "Finnick, you're late. How could you let your grandpa wait for you?"

Finnick retorted sarcastically, "Isn't grandpa eating now?" As his wheelchair slowly slid to the table side, he continued coyly, "I was a little busy last night, hence I went to bed late."

Hearing the phrase "a bit busy last night", everyone on the table seemed to get the same idea. Almost simultaneously, they turned towards Vivian who was beside him.

From his angle on the side of his table, elder Mr. Norton saw the distinctive mark on Vivian's neck. His eyes lit up immediately as he elatedly commanded Mr. Zane who was next to him, "Mr. Zane, help me get the bird's nest that I brought back from overseas a while ago. brew it well and give Ms. William a bowl of it."

Feeling flattered, Vivian quickly replied, "Thank you, grandpa."

Seeing how elder Mr. Norton cared so much for Vivian, Mark showed a slight dissatisfaction. Perhaps the most obvious one would be Ashley. Jealousy was evident in her eyes as the flame of envy was burning brightly within her.

Fabian could not help but stare at Vivian as well. He too saw the obvious red mark on her neck.

That instant, his hands under the table were involuntarily squeezed tightly and his body tensed up.

Although he had long suspected that something must have happened between Finnick and Vivian, seeing both of them with his own eyes now made him feel unsettled. It was as if there was a monster within him that was roaring with rage.

Not only that, when he looked at Vivian's blushing face and her content look, he could not stop himself from imagining what she could be doing with Finnick last night.

With that, the mealtime was spent surrounded by an awkward atmosphere.

Fabian was in a bad mood throughout. He and Ashley left the table right after eating.

Vivian obediently drank the specially-prepared bird's nest soup before taking her leave alongside Finnick.

Elder Mr. Norton was in a jovial mood and announced that he would like to take a walk after the meal. As such, he accompanied them both to the main door.

Finnick's wheelchair slid into the car. Turning to follow, Vivian suddenly felt a hand grabbing her shoulder.

"Ms. William." Elder Mr. Norton had a mysterious look on his face as he hinted, "You did well yesterday. However, as an experienced person, allow me to point out that merely doing it once doesn't amount to much. The chances are just too small. When you both get back, remember to work hard."

Initially, Vivian was confused as to what elder Mr. Norton was referring to. As realization struck, her face turned beetroot red immediately.

Seriously! Both the grandfather and the grandson are so thick-skinned! Both are of the same Norton mold indeed!

Mumbling something incoherent, Vivian hurriedly got into the car.

The grand party hosted by the Norton family was finally over without a further hitch.

In the following days, with the printing deadline for the new issue of the magazine fast approaching, Vivian found herself incredibly busy working closely together with the entire office staff of her magazine company.

Even Fabian did not have the time to mind Vivian anymore, as he was too caught up with his work.

Since the failure of the previous cooperation with Q City, the magazine company had found itself short on capital to keep up. This was regarded as the biggest crisis since its establishment. Fortunately, the featured and much-anticipated second interview with Finnick helped boost its sales. In fact, that particular issue was selling like hotcakes, even setting a new sales record, thus bringing a much-needed relief to the staff.

That being said, the magazine company can't very well keep relying on Finnick to boost their magazine's sales. As such, the short-lasting relief was soon replaced with a headache about the content for the next publication.

Just when everybody was racking their tired brain, a blaze of hope came in the form of Shannon. Her motivation led her to personally interview and investigate an illegal food processing factory, leading to tons of secret photos and insider stories unknown to the public.

It just so happened that recently, the domestic issue of food safety had attracted much public attention. Everyone in the office agreed that this was a worthwhile scoop that would sensationally shake the journalism world. Therefore, everyone was united and rushed to work overnight to leave no stones unturned about the illegal food factory. They were hell-bent on producing the best exposé ever written.

Even Vivian, who was not in charge of the report, was also working overtime.

As the clock struck twelve midnight, Vivian was still in the office typesetting. Shannon suddenly appeared out of nowhere and with an air of arrogance, chucked a file of

documents on Vivian's desk and said, "This is a list of workers in the illegal factory that I've recorded. Many of them did not even possess legal qualifications nor proper documentations. I want you to organize the details in the file."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 92

Vivian was already busy with typesetting. Seeing Shannon's file, she frowned and remarked, "Shannon, I'm really busy right now. I've been trying to catch up with my work. Can't you do it on your own?"

"What did you just say?" Shannon widened her eyes in disbelief as if she had just heard a blatantly bad joke. "Do you know how busy I am? For your information, I did this investigative interview all by myself! I still have to sort out all the interview transcripts. Yet you expect me to do these chores by myself?"

Vivian frowned deeper, "But I'm really busy here as well. Why don't you..."

Before she could finish her words, Shannon interrupted impatiently, "Vivian, I know you're just a back-line staff. You're not as busy as us front-liners. Cut down some of your arrogance, will you? Or do you plan to ask the Chief Editor to help you with your job so you can sit back, do nothing, and get paid?"

Shannon's voice was sharp, for she had deliberately raised her tone as she spoke. That sudden outburst caught the attention of most people in the magazine company.

Feeling tired of the drama, Vivian's face turned cold and unflinching.

She took a deep breath, nonchalantly grabbed the documents Shannon had put on her desk, and said indifferently, "Okay, I'll help you organize it."

A smug expression of victory appeared on Shannon's face. Just as she was about to come up with a witty retort, Vivian spoke again coolly.

"However, please do not think of yourself as the benefactor of this magazine company after just one successful interview. Get off from your high horse and realize that this is the first time, after being in this company for two whole years, that you are responsible for your first-ever manuscript."

Although Vivian's words sounded mean and hurtful, they were also the truth.

She had joined the magazine company with Shannon at the same time. She was promoted to personally take charge of a separate magazine section starting just last year, whereas Shannon had been stuck with the same chores such as proofreading.

"You..." Shannon had not anticipated Vivian to turn against her suddenly. Her face turned pale as she also overheard many chuckles from colleagues around her. Reeling with anger, she swiftly gritted her teeth and clenched her fists. She then turned to leave, helpless to retaliate.

After Shannon stormed off, Sarah slid her chair over and gave Vivian a thumbs-up. "Vivian, well done! What a splendid display to knock that pompous lady down a few pegs! I've been annoyed with Shannon these few days. It was just an interview, and yet she was already putting on airs and acting in such a high-and-mighty way."

Vivian smiled silently, refusing to comment further. She started to sort out the documents left by Shannon on her desk.

Scrutinizing the documents in her hand, she could not help but frown deeply.

The factory mentioned was really evil-hearted. The employees hired were all from the countryside. They were merely simple people who did not know much, tricked into becoming obedient work slaves to the factory.

Looking at the documents, she hesitated and could not help but mumbled, "If the factory was exposed, what would happen to those poor workers?"

"All of them would be unemployed," chipped in Sarah as she shrugged, "I'm responsible for investigating the capital flow of this factory. Recently, they've received a lot of large orders. However, they were unable to keep up financially. Seems like the worker wages had been in arrears for a long time. If we go ahead and expose this factory, all its assets would be frozen. Needless to say, the workers would definitely be affected."

Vivian could not bear to hear such cruel reality. Nonetheless, she knew that action must be taken. After all, to continue allowing the food produced by such an irresponsible factory to circulate in the market would burden the consumers as well. It may be a tough topic to side with, but all she could do now was to continue organizing the information on hand.

As the clock struck eleven o'clock in the morning, Vivian felt a slight cramp in her stomach.

She rubbed and massaged her tummy with a frown on her face.

She had a weak stomach, and it would start to hurt the moment she felt even a little hungry. To prepare for overtime, she had munched on a few biscuits beforehand. But time seemed to fly by without her realizing it, and now she could not hold it anymore.

Realizing that the shop downstairs must have closed at this point, she had no choice but to walk to the pantry to see what was in the refrigerator.

Since there were too many people working overtime, the snacks in the fridge had long been gone. Left with no choice, Vivian decided to warm up some milk to fill her tummy.

Just as she was sipping her hot piping milk, she heard footsteps approaching behind her suddenly.

She turned her head in time to see someone she had no intention of ever meeting nor hoped to bump into.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 93

Fabian took his lunchbox to the pantry to heat it up. However, he did not expect to bump right into Vivian and was stumped.

Vivian's face turned impassive. She turned around to leave but Fabian called out to her.

"Vivian!"

Vivian did not stop in her tracks and continued to head outside. She felt Fabian clutching her wrist, and she had to halt her steps. Vivian turned around and was greeted by Fabian's exasperated look.

"Vivian." Fabian's face sank. "I was calling you. Didn't you hear me?"

"I did." Her tone was cold. "I just didn't want to answer you."

Vivian's indifference pained Fabian. He unconsciously tightened his grip on her.

"Are you still mad about the thing that happened at the party?" Fabian tried to suppress his frustration. "I'm really sorry about that. I really have no idea about the photos. You have to trust me. I won't resort to such despicable acts."

Vivian did not want to take heed of him. However, when she heard him say "you have to trust me," derision flitted across her face. "Trust you? Trust you how? Trust that you will destroy my reputation? Or trust that you will stop at nothing to torment me?"

Fabian paled at her lashing out at him. Furious, he demanded, "Vivian, don't you know what kind of person I am, given that we've known each other for so long? I wouldn't resort to such deplorable acts even if I hate you!"

Fabian's words made her snicker.

Her mocking smile had a hint of helplessness. "Fabian, you asked me to trust you. But have you ever trusted me?"

Fabian was stumped. He did not expect her to say that.

"We've known each other for such a long time. And we've been together for three whole years. Don't you know what kind of person I am?" Vivian was parroting his words back at him. Her eyes went red as she continued, "In spite of it all, you chose to forget who I am with just a few photos and some baseless rumors back then. You have always chosen to trust others."

Fabian was shook.

What is she saying?

Is she accusing me of not trusting her back then?

"These are two unrelated matters!" Fabian got inexplicably irritated. "Fine, let's assume that I've misunderstood you in the past. Then would you mind explaining how you—a menial reporter—married my uncle? Isn't that the best evidence that you would stop at nothing to marry into a rich family? Besides, I've seen how you're all meek in front of Mr. Hark the other day. I just didn't want to mention this to uncle. I'm afraid that he has no idea what kind of woman you are out there!"

Vivian came to a startling realization when she looked at Fabian. I just wasted my time and energy talking to this jerk.

I am a slut in his eyes. Why should I bother discussing trust with him?

Hah. I'm an idiot.

Fabian thought Vivian had lost her words when she kept mum. He glanced at the red marks still apparent on her neck. The monster in him awakened at the sight.

"You say that I should have known better, but I don't think that I've seen the true Vivian over the three years that we've been together!" Fabian growled at her, "The Vivian William that I knew would blush even when I'm holding her hands, but what about the true Vivian William? You could still parade around with those red marks on your neck. Have you no shame, Vivian?"

Fabian knew his words were harsh. Going back to a few years back, he wouldn't have believed that he could utter words that cut so deep.

However, he felt himself going mad in the face of Vivian. He did not feel like himself anymore.

Vivian was oddly calm when Fabian threw insults at her. She did not even feel the urge to refute him. Her gaze went icy cold.

"Fabian Norton," Vivian muttered softly, her tone impassive. "One day, when you realize that all these are just your assumptions, I will never forgive you even if you come begging at me."

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 94

Vivian shrugged Fabian off after she was done talking. She did not cast a second glance at him and turned around to leave.

She only realized that she was gasping for air after she was out of the pantry.

Her phone rang at this moment.

She was stumped for a moment when she saw the caller ID. The next moment, she answered the call right away, as if her life depended on it.

“Finnick...” She spoke first.

Finnick’s deep voice could be heard on the other end. “Vivian, where are you?”

“I’m at the office.” Vivian tried her best to reply calmly. “I’m doing overtime, and I’ve sent you a text telling you to have dinner without me.”

“I know.” Finnick’s voice was placid as usual. Having said that, Vivian held on to it like it was a tranquilizer. “Come down.”

“Down? Where?” Vivian was puzzled.

“Downstairs. I’m at your office.”

Vivian regained her composure and ran toward the elevator despite having heels on.

Her heart was thumping in the elevator. She was counting down the numbers along with the display in the elevator to herself.

Faster, faster...

This was the first time that she wished she could see Finnick as soon as possible.

Ding.

The elevator stopped at the first floor, and Vivian hurriedly stepped outside.

She ran toward the entrance, and there was the familiar black Bentley.

Vivian straightened out her slightly disoriented clothes before heading toward the entrance. At this moment, she was not afraid of being seen by the others in the office anymore.

In the car, Finnick took in her every move through the window. A flicker of smile fled across his deep-set eyes. The door was open for Vivian to enter.

She climbed into the car straight away.

“Why are you here?” She looked at the man before her. He was dressed in an emerald, green knitted top, complementing his handsome features.

“To bring food to you,” Finnick replied impassively as he passed the lunch box in his hand to her.

Vivian was taken aback. She opened the lunch box, and it was full of Molly’s thoughtfully prepared dishes.

Vivian lifted her head and stared at Finnick blankly. “You came all the way just to bring me some food?”

Finnick averted his gaze, uncomfortable at Vivian’s puzzled expression. He coughed slightly. “No, I’m heading for a meeting at the office, and so I thought I’d pop over to hand you lunch on the way.”

Vivian chuckled.

As smart as Finnick is, he still makes mistakes...

Her office was at the west, their house was at the east. Finnick’s office was right at the center. How is this “on the way?”

However, Vivian knew he was too full of pride to admit it. Hence, she let it slide. Taking over the lunch box, she muttered, “Thank you, Finnick.”

Finnick had only glanced at her then. His deep-set gaze glimmered in the dimly lit car.

“You’re most welcome,” he said in a low voice. There was a hint of tenderness which even himself did not expect when he spoke. “You may eat it upstairs. I don’t suppose you could be away for a long period of time during overtime hours?”

Vivian nodded and was about to leave the car.

She suddenly hoped that she could pause the time.

Vivian turned around to look at Finnick.

Noticing her hesitation to get off the car, Finnick frowned. "What's the matter?"

Looking at the picturesque man before her, Vivian felt herself going weak. She whispered, without an inkling of thought, "Finnick, can I hug you?"

Finnick was stumped. It was the last thing that he would expect her to say.

Silence stretched between the two. Vivian realized that she had gone over the line. She blushed crimson red as her lips curved into a thin smile. "I was just joking. I'll get going then."

She hurriedly got off the car.

Her wrist was grabbed by Finnick before she could leave.

The next moment, she was pulled into a warm embrace.

There was a light hint of cigar emanating from Finnick. His masculinity enveloped her, making her feel safe and sound in his embrace.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 95

"Thank you," Vivian said softly. Her eyes gleamed with delight as she lifted her head to see Finnick in the eyes. "I'll go back to work now."

Finnick's lips curved into a smile as he felt her relaxing in his arms. "Okay, I'll wait for you at home."

Vivian nodded and got off the car.

She did not rush back upstairs after getting off the car. Instead, she saw them off before going back upstairs.

Vivian clutched the lunch box close to her body, its warmth spread from her clothes, and into her heart.

Just like... Finnick's hug.

She could still detect Finnick's scent from the hug just now, and her cheeks went red.

Okay, I should stop.

Vivian tapped on her cheeks and went back upstairs.

Her bad mood caused by Fabian earlier had disappeared into thin air because of Finnick.

After working overtime for the whole day, the final draft of the magazine was finally sent on time to the printing company.

When Vivian got home that day, she was utterly exhausted that she spent two nights in bed. The magazine had already been published when she woke up.

She had to admit that their effort was well worth it. They exposed a sweatshop factory and managed to garner a lot of attention from the public. Even though the sales did not break Finnick's previous record, the publicity had managed to attract a number of advertisers.

The magazine company could finally overcome its crisis this time.

Vivian was glad that the magazine company could make it through. She had formed a certain emotional attachment to the company, especially since she had been working here for two years.

There was only one downside to all of this. They would have to suffer Shannon's obnoxious attitude.

In spite of it all, they were still overjoyed. Even Fabian, who was usually standoffish, announced that he would treat everyone to a meal that day.

They cheered at the announcement and vowed to eat to their heart's content.

Sarah approached Vivian excitedly. "Vivian, you're going too, right?"

Vivian shook her head as she glanced at Fabian amongst the crowd. "No, I have to rush home. Have fun!"

Disappointment was apparent in Sarah's eyes. However, she knew things were kind of awkward between Vivian and Fabian. So, she nodded in response.

Vivian followed them all to the lobby. When they were discussing where to head for dinner tonight, Vivian announced, "Mr. Norton, I won't be joining you guys because I have some things to settle at home. So, I'll get going first."

Fabian's eyes flickered at her announcement. However, he merely nodded in response.

All eyes were on Fabian and Vivian's interaction. However, they kept quiet since Fabian was still here.

Vivian ignored their curious glances and turned around to leave.

When she was about to exit the entrance, Vivian bumped into someone.

"Ouch." She retracted a few steps back. She lifted her head and saw that she bumped into a dirty man in his thirties. His skin was rough and dark.

Vivian was taken aback.

He did not seem like a staff working in her building. Not only that, her instincts as a told her that this man had his guards up and was acting nervously. He did not stop to apologize even after bumping into her and rushed to leave instead.

Vivian felt a premonition looming and turned around to trace the man. She noticed that the man fished out a shiny object.

Her face paled at the sight of the shiny object.

It's a knife!

Vivian wanted to call the security right away. However, she noticed the man was approaching Fabian amongst the crowd.

She unconsciously rushed toward the man and shouted, "Fabian, watch out!"

Everything happened in an instance, and she subconsciously called his name.

Fabian was stumped to hear Vivian and turned around. Then, he noticed a gruesome-looking man rushing toward him with a knife in his hands.

“Ah!”