

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 141

Finnick always had a suit on but what Vivian touched was smooth and felt loose. It was clear that Finnick was wearing his usual silk pajamas.

Why didn't he go home? Why is he here in his pajamas?

The more Vivian thought about it, the more confused she got. She started feeling around Finnick's body.

What she felt stumped her. Huh. Even though I've seen his body with my own eyes, this feels really different from what I thought.

She often heard that eight-packs felt like ice cubes but she always waved them off as exaggerations. That was, until now.

Moreover, the lines and grooves of his V-cut is very apparent...

Vivian was in over her head as her hands slipped further below and touched...

At that moment, a grunt interrupted her followed by Finnick's voice. "Vivian William. Are you tempting me?"

Vivian came back to her senses. Realizing what she touched, she quickly retracted her hands.

However, her hands were caught by Finnick and held in front of his chest.

"Fin-Finnick." Vivian's mind was all over the place, but she was able to confirm that Finnick was in his pajamas lying beside her. "Why are you here? Why didn't you go home?"

"To accompany you." Finnick lowered his voice.

"Accompany me?" Vivian was thoroughly in shock.

In the dark, Finnick could see Vivian's astonishment even with her blindfold on. He pursed his lips.

Something in him melted. Initially, he had a lot of anger pent up from all the worrying. But at that instance, he felt at peace.

Finnick could not help his hand from wrapping around her slim waist, pulling her into his embrace.

He buried his face into Vivian's silk-like hair and a faint fragrance wafted into his nose. Taking a deep breath, he spoke. "I'm sorry."

Vivian was already slow to react because of the blindfold. Hearing Finnick's sudden apology made her even more so. "What are you sorry for?"

"I overreacted today." Finnick thought back to how he roared at Vivian and even smashed the necklace. It was all actions he regretted.

Since when did my control over my emotions got so bad?

Finnick had thought that after the incident ten years ago, he would have the presence of mind to face anything. He never would have thought that Vivian would come along and stir him up again.

Vivian recalled what happened that morning and her lashes fluttered under the blindfold.

Finnick... So you really do regret breaking the necklace?

She did not know how to react to his words. In the end, she settled for a smile. "That's right. You were too reckless to smash that precious necklace of yours just like that."

Even in the dark, Finnick could see that Vivian's smile was forced.

He frowned as he pulled Vivian closer to him.

"What I regretted was not about smashing the necklace," he said softly at her ear.

Confused, Vivian rebutted, "Impossible. That necklace was your ex-girlfriend's..."

She immediately regretted the words that left her mouth.

Oh no. Why did I have to mention Evelyn?

Regardless, Vivian did not know how she should approach talking about Finnick's past relationship. Not to mention, the girl had passed away, making the topic even harder to broach. But one thing that Vivian knew for sure was that what happened to Evelyn definitely left a scar in Finnick's heart and she really did not want to pry.

However, Finnick was only slightly startled. "You actually know quite a lot huh?"

Vivian felt a little awkward since she could not determine how Finnick was feeling at the moment through his tone. Thus, she kept quiet.

Compared to Vivian's tensed-up body, Finnick was more relaxed. He was enjoying the scent of Vivian in his arms as he played around with her hair.

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"The necklace was definitely special to me." To Vivian's surprise, Finnick straight-up admitted to it. Her eyes darkened under the blindfold. "But," Finnick continued. "If you're ever dumb enough to put yourself in danger for the necklace again, I'd rather break it into pieces."

Vivian was shocked.

Finnick did say something similar in the morning, but she thought it was all on impulse and did not dwell on it.

She never expected Finnick to repeat those same words to her again and in a serious tone. His words got her heart racing.

"So," Finnick went on, his voice lower than before. "From now on, no matter what it is, don't go throwing yourself in danger for it. If you care about me, keep yourself safe. Because you're all that matters to me right now."

Because you're all that matters to me right now.

Hearing those words, Vivian felt as if her heart had stopped pumping blood into her system for a moment before sending all of it rushing to her head, making her feel as though her head was about to explode.

She was suddenly relieved that she had a blindfold on and that it was dark, so Finnick would not be able to see her panicking gaze as well as her bright red face.

Her relieve was short-lived, however, when she felt an unexpected coldness on her cheeks.

She was surprised at first but immediately recognized that it was Finnick's hand.

"You're burning up." Vivian heard Finnick teasing her.

Indeed, in contrast with Vivian's burning hot cheeks, Finnick's fingers felt like ice cubes.

At that moment, Vivian wished with all her heart that the blindfold would meld itself to her face so that she would never have to face Finnick with the embarrassment that she felt.

Vivian tried to calm herself down. Stop embarrassing yourself! But the blush on her face refused to subside. "Vivian." Finnick spoke.

Finnick's voice was deep and hoarse and gave off a mystical vibe.

Vivian instinctively raised her head. Before she could say anything, something soft touched her lips.

As Vivian was blindfolded, everything was pitch black to her and she stiffened upon the unfamiliar sensation.

What... What's this? She was confused.

In the next second, the answer was reveal to her.

The chilly sensation began to explore her lips. At first, it was gentle, but then it became more forceful until finally, it invaded every inch of her lips. It was as though he was robbing away all the air she had in her.

This was not the first kiss that Finnick and Vivian shared. But every time they kiss, Vivian would feel nervous and her whole body would tense up. This time was no exception.

Because of her blindfold, Vivian lost her sense of sight making her even more sensitive to everything around her. It made the passionate caress of Finnick's lips feel intensified to the degree where her body actually started to tremble.

After what felt like an eternity, Finnick noticed that the woman in his arms was panting out of breath from his loving kiss. Thus, he relaxed his arms.

Looking at Vivian with her blindfold and the flushed face under it, a sense of regret started to well up in Finnick. I shouldn't have given her the blindfold.

He wanted to see Vivian's eyes.

She's definitely embarrassed right now. But does she feel the joy and excitement that I feel?

He could feel the warmth from Vivian's body and smell the fragrance coming from her. Finnick felt like his self-control was being challenged once again.

Through sheer determination, he was able to hold it in.

Finnick knew full well that it was not the time for that, seeing that Vivian was hurt and the fact that she was recuperating. Not to mention, her trauma from two years ago was still a big hurdle that they hadn't crossed.

As Vivian lay weakly in Finnick's arms, she was oblivious to the man's thoughts. She had no idea that she just barely escaped the big bad wolf.

That was, until Finnick hugged her and held her earlobes between his lips. "One day. I'm going to eat you up," he muttered.

Vivian was confused for a few seconds before she realized what he meant. Her already blushed face instantly felt like it was about to burst once more.

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Finnick could feel Vivian's body temperature rising again in his arms and he grinned. He decided not to tease her any further and covered her with the blanket. "Just go to sleep."

Vivian leaned against Finnick's chest and she could hear his heartbeat. Oddly enough, the rhythm of his beating heart calmed her down and her drowsiness kicked in soon after.

This is really amazing.

Being with Finnick could make her heart run wild, but he could also calm her down to the point where she felt safe and peaceful.

That night, she slept soundly.

Surprisingly, Finnick was always in the ward with Vivian for the following days. Sometimes, there would be people in the ward to discuss company affairs with him. No matter what business it was, it was clear that he had no intention of leaving.

Every night, Finnick would squeeze into her bed.

That did not bother Vivian whatsoever. The only thing she was worried about was how it would affect Finnick's company. For that reason, she coaxed and pestered Finnick to get her discharged on the fifth day.

While they were going through the procedures, Vivian secretly asked the nurse about Fabian. She was able to find out that he recovered rather quickly and was discharged a few days prior to her and was now back with the Norton family, currently under the care of a personal doctor.

Thank God he's not hurt.

Vivian was not very worried about Fabian, but the fact that she was the reason that he got hospitalized was undeniable. Thus, she would not be able to forgive herself if anything bad were to happen to him.

Back at home, Vivian saw that Liam and Molly were gone. A new housemaid took their place. She was about Molly's age and was good at cooking. The only difference was that she was quieter.

Vivian did not probe any further regarding Liam and Molly's disappearance.

On the day of the fire, she already had a hunch that the fire was started internally. Finnick did not seem to have a lot of servants, but Vivian knew that they had ample bodyguards outside. Moreover, the number of security guards around the neighborhood was not small and the villa itself had a state-of-the-art security system in place.

The only conclusion she could draw was that it was done by one of the internal staff.

When she associated it with how she was unusually woozy that night, it was clear that Liam and Molly had something to do with it.

Their disappearance now only confirmed her suspicion.

As for the motive, Vivian knew they were definitely under orders.

She initially thought that Liam and Molly were following orders from the elder Mr. Norton but he should not have any reasons to harm her. Could it be... Mark?

All that thinking gave Vivian a headache. These big families and their nuances are so complicated. It seemed that I was too relaxed in the past. Now that I am Finnick's wife, I am considered one of the Nortons. I have to be more careful from now on.

...

Meanwhile, at the Nortons' old villa.

Mark had a nasty scowl on his face as he sat in the study. He looked worn out as he just got back from the airport.

In front of him stood Fabian. His face was pale with bandages all over his body but his expression was as nasty as his father.

"Dad." Fabian took the initiative and spoke in a cold tone. "You're the one responsible for the fire at Finnick's house, right?"

Even though Fabian was an impulsive man, he was not stupid. He grew up in the Norton family, after all. The schemes and backstabs were all too common for him. During his stay at the hospital, he was able to figure out everything.

"Yes. So what?" Mark answered. There was no reason for him to hide anything from his son.

Fabian's expression distorted. "Dad! Why are you targeting Vivian? She's just an innocent woman! Why do you need to hurt her?"

At the mention of Vivian's name, Mark's expression darkened even further. He slammed his palm on the desk and stood up in rage.

"Fabian! Is this how you're supposed to talk to your father?" Mark roared. "You're going against me for a woman?"

When Mark was in A Nation, he was notified of the plan's failure. And the reason for the failure was none other than his precious son who risked his life to save the woman. Mark was so infuriated by the report that he smashed quite a few flower vases in the process.

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That stupid unfilial son!

"Dad, I'm not trying to go against you!" Fabian exclaimed as his face turned pale. "Vivian didn't do anything wrong. There's no need to involve her if you want to punish Finnick!"

"You're a fool if that's what you think!" Mark roared. "Finnick hasn't had any women in his life for the last few years, and people are saying he is infertile. He will not be a threat to us if he remains unattached. But now that he is involved with Vivian, we might have a big problem if she bears him a child!"

Fabian was stunned. "How is that possible? Finnick is just a cripple."

"So what if he's a cripple? That doesn't mean he cannot start a family. The market value and annual profits of Finnor Group are way beyond that of the Norton family's business. That's basically telling the world that I am not as good even as a disabled person!" Mark yelled grouchily.

Fabian's face turned as white as a ghost.

He didn't expect Finnick to be capable to this extent.

Mark's face sank as he looked at Fabian, then he said coldly, "Fabian, I know why you're trying so hard to protect Vivian. You still have feelings for her, don't you?"

Fabian glanced at Mark in utter disbelief.

How does Dad know about me and Vivian?

He was in shock, but he managed to calm down quickly and let out a snort.

Dad might act like he does not care about me because I was a rebel back then. But I'm his only son. How could he not care about me?

Every move I made during my four years in college was closely monitored by him.

"You knew about us?" Fabian asked in an icy tone.

"Of course," Mark answered nonchalantly. "It was during Finnick's wedding that I realized his wife is your ex-girlfriend. Nevertheless, I couldn't be bothered. She's just an average woman after all, no different from any other woman. But I definitely will not let Finnick's partner go."

Fabian's expression changed drastically when he heard Mark's vicious remarks. He charged towards the desk and roared at his father, "Dad, I won't allow you to lay a finger on Vivian!"

Mark was not angered by Fabian at all. Instead, he snickered, "Alright, I promise you that I won't take the woman's life."

Fabian was stunned as he didn't expect Mark to agree to his demands so easily.

He looked at Mark suspiciously and said, "Are you serious?"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?" Mark replied calmly. "Besides, I just thought of a better way to deal with Finnick."

Although Fabian remained skeptical, he nodded and said, "Okay. As long as Vivian is left unharmed, you can deal with Finnick however you want to."

Mark nodded. "You can leave now."

As soon as Fabian stepped out of the room, Harry walked up to Mark with a gloomy face.

"Mr. Norton, do you really plan on letting Vivian go?" he asked in a low voice.

“Who said I was going to let the woman go?” Mark responded with a cold look on his face.

“But you just said...” Harry murmured.

“I only said I won’t take her life. That doesn’t mean I will let her go completely,” said Mark as a cunning look flashed across his face. “It’s rare for Finnick to fall in love, isn’t it a pity if I just kill the person he loves in one strike? Where’s the fun in that?”

Mark had initially planned to kill Vivian. But when he was in M Nation, he was surprised to see how Finnick rushed to take the next flight home to attend to Vivian’s accident.

It was then that he realized how special Vivian was to Finnick. She wasn’t the usual short-term fling that he expected her to be.

Finnick actually cared about her deeply.

This realization thrilled Mark as he finally found a way to hurt Finnick.

Since he was young, he had hated Finnick’s guts. Finnick was a lot younger than Mark, but he had always outperformed Mark in every aspect. Because of this, Mark developed a strong sense of jealousy over the years.

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When Finnick lost both his legs during the kidnapping incident ten years ago, Mark thought that his younger brother would no longer be a threat to him.

However, when Finnick returned from M Nation on a wheelchair many years later, he turned out to be an even bigger threat to Mark.

Ever since Finnick established Finner Group years ago, his capabilities slowly made him a threat to Mark.

Mark had tried countless ways to get rid of his brother, but Finnick seemed to be made of steel. For many years, he had not managed to find any of Finnick’s weaknesses, until Vivian came along.

Finnick's love and care for Vivian was his Achilles's heel.

What a good opportunity this is, Mark thought to himself. I definitely won't kill her so easily.

A sinister smile appeared on his face as he thought about his plan.

For the following few days, Vivian remained cooped up in the house. She managed to persuade Finnick to return to work in his office, but he would get off work early to have dinner with her every day.

Although Vivian did not explicitly express her appreciation, she was well aware of how much he cared for her.

When they were having dinner together during the weekend, Finnick suddenly asked her, "What are you up to tomorrow?"

Vivian blinked and said, "Do I look like I have much to do lately?"

"Okay. Can you go somewhere with me tomorrow then?" he replied.

Vivian was tired of being cooped up at home for the last few days, so when she heard Finnick's words, she agreed without asking any further questions.

Finnick chuckled, "Great. Make sure you rest well tonight. We'll leave tomorrow morning."

The next day, Vivian was woken up by Finnick early in the morning. When she opened her eyes, she saw that Finnick was dressed formally in a black suit and ready to leave.

She was stunned. Who could he be meeting today?

"Come on now, get yourself out of the bed and get dressed," he said. Vivian felt that Finnick wasn't his usual self that day as he seemed a bit absent-minded. He even prepared a dress and put it on the bed for her.

The little black dress was elegant yet modest.

Without thinking any further, Vivian freshened up and got dressed. After she had breakfast with him, the two of them left in his car.

Along the way, Finnick was particularly quiet, and Vivian noticed there was a bouquet of lilies on the car seat.

She was curious where they were heading towards, but she didn't dare to question Finnick, so she sat next to him quietly.

One hour later, they arrived in the suburbs outside the city.

Vivian, who had fallen asleep leaning on Finnick's shoulder, suddenly opened her eyes when she felt the car stop. She was startled to see the scenery outside the window.

"Where are we?" she looked at Finnick in surprise.

With a hint of sadness in his voice, he replied softly, "Come with me. I'll take you to meet her."

Vivian was rendered speechless.

Just then, Noah got out of the car and helped Finnick onto his wheelchair, prompting Vivian to follow them immediately.

Upon getting out of the car, her expression turned somber as she stared at the landscape before her eyes.

Finnick had brought her to a cemetery.

She finally understood why he was behaving rather strangely that day.

Finnick held her hand and led her to a grave in the middle of the cemetery.

On the snow-white tombstone were several finely engraved words: Here lies Evelyn Morrison.

There was also a black and white photograph of a girl on the tombstone. The girl's smile was beaming, and her beauty was unrivaled.

While Vivian was still mentally processing the tombstone in front of her, Finnick suddenly said with a deep voice, "I'm sorry. Are you upset that I brought you here without your prior consent?"

Vivian was taken aback by his words, but she quickly shook her head.

She wasn't upset at all. On the contrary, she felt rather pleased.