

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 151

Vivian raised her head with a frown, and from the mirror, she saw Ashley staring at her with a darkened face.

How hapless can I get?

Why am I running into so many people just by coming to the washroom?

She did not feel like talking to Ashley, so she quickly washed her hands and headed to the cubicle.

But Ashley held her back and shouted at her, "Vivian, stop right there!"

Vivian furrowed her brows in annoyance.

What's the matter with her again?

"What are you doing?" She stared coldly at Ashley.

"Ha! I should be the one asking that question!" Ashley seemed a little drunk as well and yelled at Vivian, "What were you saying to Fabian outside? Are you trying to seduce him again?"

Vivian frowned.

So she heard Fabian talking to me outside.

Indeed, she felt it was unfair for Fabian to treat Ashley, his fiancée, with such an ambiguous attitude.

However, it was improbable for her to have sympathy for Ashley, so she pushed her hand away detachedly and said in an indifferent tone, "Ashley, are you blaming me for your own failure in keeping your man?"

After saying that, she did not even bother to take another look at Ashley and turned around to leave even though she hadn't used the washroom.

Being pushed away by Vivian, Ashley stumbled in her high heels and almost fell, but she managed to grab onto the sink. Looking at Vivian's leaving figure, her eyes were instantly filled with jealousy.

Vivian!

How could you be so arrogant?

I will definitely take you down!

Just you wait!

At that thought, she suddenly remembered something and reached into her pocket to take out a small bottle. The glint in her eyes turned icier.

Since there's more than enough, why don't I leave some for Vivian?

Ha!

Although she's a filthy piece of trash, she's a married woman after all. If someone else sleeps with her again, regardless of how tolerant Finnick and Fabian are, they won't be able to accept it.

That thought raised a cunning curl on Ashley's rosy lips. She was no longer sad nor indignant. Instead, she raised her head high and strutted out of the washroom like an arrogant peacock.

Meanwhile, Vivian went to another washroom before returning to the private room.

Some of her colleagues had run wild as a result of being intoxicated.

Not long after Vivian sat down, the waiter came in with another round of beverages, which were all alcoholic drinks except for one glass of juice.

Everyone grabbed their drinks while Vivian took the only glass of juice and started sipping from it.

After some time, Vivian felt a little sleepy. She stood up and yelled amidst the loud music, "I still need to come up with a report tomorrow morning, so I better leave first."

Nonetheless, everyone was too occupied with having fun, so no one noticed her.

Helplessly, she shook her head and grabbed her purse before walking to Fabian's side. "Mr. Norton, thanks for the fun tonight. I shall leave first."

At that moment, Ashley was sitting right next to Fabian, watching her warily.

Fabian was probably drunk, looking all downcast and weary. Upon hearing Vivian's words, he only nodded while pressing his fingers against his temples.

Vivian left the room too quickly and missed the evil smirk on Ashley's face.

Vivian was planning to take a cab home, but before she knew it, she missed a few steps and stumbled. Fortunately, she held on to the wall of the corridor in time.

D*mn it!

What's happening to me?

I didn't take any alcohol, did I? Why am I feeling so dizzy? Why are my limbs totally drained of strength?

Other than that, she could feel an inexplicable heat burning in her. Although she was wearing a miniskirt and sitting in an air-conditioned room, she was still perspiring heavily.

She raised her head in a fright, and from the door of the private room beside her, she saw her own reflection.

Her face was oddly crimson, and her eyes bore an enticing glint.

Something's off.

Vivian could tell immediately that these unusual responses of her body were exactly like the ones she experienced two years ago!

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 152

Could it be...

Recalling that she had drunk the whole glass of juice just then, she shivered uncontrollably.

She wanted to leave the place at once, but her feet were too feeble to move at all.

Panic-stricken, she hastily took out her phone and made a call.

Very soon, it was picked up.

“Hello.”

The moment Finnick’s hoarse and deep voice sounded, Vivian felt as if she had found her savior, and she hurriedly said, “Finnick, help!”

Vivian was getting increasingly dependent on Finnick without even realizing it.

Whenever she was in danger, he would be the first person to pop up in her mind, and she would plead for help from him right away without hesitation.

At first, Finnick was overjoyed to get a call from Vivian, but to his surprise, it was a call for help.

Instantly, the expression on his face altered. Without even questioning what had happened, he asked very quickly, “Where are you?”

“The KTV club at Q Building!”

When Vivian uttered those words, she felt herself slumping down even more.

Sh*t! This drug is a bit too strong.

She felt that she would blow up any moment from the scorching heat in her body. At that moment, she could not even grip the phone properly. As a result, it slipped out of her hand and crashed to the ground.

With that, the phone hung up on its own. She tried to squat down, but she felt even dizzier and could no longer get up.

Vivian remained on the spot for some time before she finally felt a little better. When she was about to pick up her phone, a foot in a flamboyant leather shoe stepped on it.

Before she could respond, an annoying voice spoke from above her, "My dear beauty, who are you trying to tempt, squatting down in that seductive way?"

Something snapped in Vivian's mind. She quickly lifted her head, only to find a man in a floral print shirt. He squinted his eyes and stared at her lustfully, looking like a womanizer.

At that moment, Vivian could not care less about her phone and staggered to her feet in an attempt to leave.

However, the man grabbed her by her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

"Oh dear, my pretty lady, why are you running away? Your phone is still with me."

The man's touch on Vivian's body disgusted her immensely.

But her body was shivering violently and getting more and more feverish. The man was a playboy who frequented red-light districts, so he instantly recognized the substance Vivian was drugged with. His eyes were beaming with a frenzied glow as he suggested excitedly, "Ho ho, baby girl, you're drugged? How terrible it must feel. Why don't you let me help you with it?"

Just as he said that, his hand slowly moved to Vivian's waist.

Vivian had the strong urge to scream at the top of her lungs.

No!

Hell no!

There was absolutely no way she would allow that terrible incident two years ago to happen again.

Bearing that thought in mind, she struggled to push the man's hand off her, but she was no match for the strong man, so she could only watch helplessly as his hand slowly reached for her bosoms.

Smash!

When she was close to breaking down, something was thrown at them from afar.

The next second...

She heard the sound of something shattering right in front of her.

That object had broken into pieces over the man's head. The next scene Vivian saw was his perverted smile freezing all of a sudden while a stream of dark red liquid trickled down his forehead.

Everything happened so fast that Vivian was totally caught off guard. She could only watch as the man in front of her slumped to the ground with broken pieces of a vase covered with blood beside him.

Vivian looked up edgily and saw a slender figure standing at the end of the corridor with his hand reaching out, looking like he had just thrown something.

With just one look, Vivian recognized the figure. In an instant, her sight was blurred by tears welling up in her eyes.

It's Finnick...

Finnick has come to my rescue.

Before she came back to her senses, Finnick had dashed to her.

Instead of being pushed in his wheelchair, he was actually walking toward her in this karaoke club crowded with people from all walks of life.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 153

Soon, Finnick was standing in front of Vivian with a slightly pale face. As he took Vivian into his arms, he stared at her tear-stained face. In a soft tone, he asked, "Vivian, are you okay?"

It was only then that Vivian realized something was amiss. Looking at Finnick who was standing in front of her, she asked anxiously in a hushed voice, "Finnick, why are you standing? Where's your wheelchair?"

This is a karaoke club! There

're so many people watching. If someone recognizes Finnick and informs Mark, his efforts in hiding this secret all these years would be in vain!

Having said that, she looked up to find Noah running anxiously from the end of the corridor while pushing a wheelchair. Clearly, Finnick had been running too fast that he failed to keep up.

In contrast to Vivian's panic, Finnick could not care less about that. When he saw the crimson hue on Vivian's cheeks and felt the unusual heat in his arms, he came to a sudden realization. "Vivian, have you been drugged?"

Vivian had been so worried about Finnick that she forgot about her own discomfort momentarily. It was only when Finnick asked her the question that she realized her body temperature had risen even higher as he held her in his arms. It was as if a fire was spreading within her.

Before she could say anything, a soft moan escaped her lips, and she was shocked at the allure in her voice.

Just then, Noah was huffing and puffing as he pushed the wheelchair near Finnick and glanced around restlessly, making sure that no one had noticed Finnick. Then, he lowered his voice and said, "Mr. Norton, please sit down quickly."

But it seemed like Finnick did not hear him as he bent down abruptly to scoop Vivian into his arms.

"Mr. Norton, you..."

Overwhelmed with shock, Noah asked hurriedly but Finnick had already carried Vivian in his arms and sprinted out, instructing, "Get me a room in the hotel next door immediately!"

Finnick carried Vivian as quick as he could to a hotel suite, totally ignoring the passersby who pointed fingers at him on the way.

Upon reaching the suite, he carried Vivian to the bathtub without any hesitation and turned on the cold water faucet. The water gushed out on Vivian while Finnick spoke sternly, "Vivian, stay sober!"

The cold water extinguished the fire on Vivian's skin, but not the one within her.

In fact, the contrast between the external cold and the internal heat made her extremely uncomfortable.

She curled up in the bathtub in agony and struggled to speak, "I feel... terrible... It hurts..."

Looking at how tormented Vivian was, Finnick felt like he had been stabbed in his heart.

Meanwhile, he realized that the few wounds on Vivian's body hadn't recovered, and soaking them underwater detached the gauze.

Other than that, Finnick noticed very soon that the substance Vivian consumed was very strong. No matter how much cold water he poured over Vivian, the red hue on her face would not fade. As time passed, the effect became even stronger, causing her face to turn sickly red and her body to coil in anguish.

D*mn it!

Who the hell did this!

Using such a strong drug on her!

Finnick could not bear to see her suffer any longer, so he carried her from the bathtub and took off her soaked clothes. Then, he dried her up quickly with the towels and carried her to the bed.

But even after he adjusted the air conditioner setting to the lowest temperature, Vivian was still exceedingly feverish.

The agony she felt became increasingly unbearable like numerous ants were biting at her bones.

In her tormenting trance, the slender figure of Finnick looked like a ray of hope to her.

Unable to think straight, she reached out her hand to grab his arm and pleaded softly, "Finnick, please help me... It's so uncomfortable..."

Vivian had the least idea how her voice sounded like to Finnick. Husky yet sugary, it was definitely testing Finnick's limits.

To make matters worse, the sight of her smooth bare body lying underneath the blanket and her damp hair spreading out on her rosy cheeks was driving Finnick to the edge of his wit.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 154

Damn it!

Seeing how Vivian's body was writhing in misery, Finnick made a decision at that moment as he lowered his head to fix his brooding eyes on her.

"Vivian," he called out her name in a barely audible voice. In the meantime, he slowly removed his tie and unbuttoned his shirt. "Don't blame me for doing this because it's what you're asking for."

There was no way Vivian could pay any attention to what he was saying because she was about to lose her mind as her entire body was on fire. In an agonized tone, she mumbled, "H-Help me..."

Instantly, Finnick's eyes darkened with desire in response. His throat was parched as he rested his entire weight on Vivian's body which was burning with heat.

In a swift motion, he pressed his lips to hers and grazed it against the softness of her lips. It forced her to swallow back all her complaints.

Before long, Finnick could feel the flame that was burning in Vivian's body spreading to him.

However, he preferred to take it slow because it was their first time.

Although doing it with her when she was drugged was not exactly the ideal scenario he had in mind, he did not feel like holding himself back this time.

In fact, he had desired her since a long time ago.

Even though Vivian was drugged, he knew that she still had enough awareness to remember what happened that night. Therefore, he wanted to make it the best experience for her.

With that thought in mind, he moved in on her with much gentleness. He nuzzled his lips against her earlobes and whispered endearingly to her, "Vivian, are you scared?"

She could sense his weight on top of her and the heat from his body. Because of the sensation, her mind couldn't help but wander back to the miserable experience she had suffered two years ago...

Her body started cowering in fear in response.

Finnick, who detected her terror and repulsion, decided not to back off this time. Instead, he grabbed both of her wrists and pressed them against the pillow on top of her head. At the same time, his lips edged closer to her ears so that she could feel the warm breath that came out from his mouth while he was talking to her.

"Don't be scared." His deep voice sounded slightly husky. "I know you're traumatized. This time, let me be the one to free you from the shackle that's holding you back."

It was as though his words carried magic that made Vivian fall under his spell. Surprisingly, the muscles in her body, which had tensed up in fear, started to relax at that moment.

Although the drug was tormenting her and leaving her with little sanity, she knew what was about to take place next.

She found it more acceptable because the person was Finnick...

Sensing her relaxation, a trace of delight flickered in his eyes. Finally, he let go of the last bit of resistance in him as he started claiming and owning every part of her body...

It was a long and sleepless night for the two of them.

After only God knew how long, the fear and jitters in her started to wear off as she slowly arched her body to match his movement.

In fact, she had been having a hard time moving on from her traumatic experience two years ago.

Therefore, it never occurred to her that she could finally forget that ordeal for once and enjoy life as a normal woman.

It was only after a long while that her body heat started to subside. In the end, she fell into a deep slumber, feeling weak and worn out.

The next morning, she woke up freezing in the room.

It was because Finnick had adjusted the air conditioner to its lowest temperature last night.

Shuddering, she opened her eyes and was immediately greeted by Finnick's beautiful face next to her. Under the gentle sunlight that filtered through the window, his facial features looked as exquisite as sculptures.

She was so absorbed in admiring his looks that she was stuck in a trance-like state.

Her gaze remained fixed on his face until Finnick, whose eyes were still shut, spoke in a deep voice, "Are you done staring at me?"

Only then did her mind snap back to reality. Feeling embarrassed that Finnick was aware of her stare, she quickly tried to turn her back to him.

But before she could do that, he seized her shoulder and from there, she was drawn into his embrace at once.

Her face bumped against his well-toned chest, causing her heart to start pounding at a frenzied rate.

Meanwhile, he landed a peck on her forehead and asked her in an undertone, "Are you satisfied with my performance last night?"

Dumbfounded by his question, her face and ears flushed with embarrassment.

"What're you talking about?" she snapped in an annoyed tone, "How dare you ask me that question when you clearly took advantage of me last night!"

“Did I?” Unfazed by her exasperation, Finnick chuckled. “Why do I see myself as the hero who saved you, the damsel in distress, last night?”

Vivian cursed through gritted teeth, “You’re so shameless.”

“I am shameless?” Finnick chortled. “Will you give me more chances to be shameless again?”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 155

Vivian was so overwhelmed with embarrassment that she could not utter a word in response.

She just realized that Finnick was definitely a wolf in sheep’s clothing. While he might look like a gentleman, he was actually a jerk who couldn’t wait to devour her at the first opportunity!

Feeling too embarrassed to answer his question, she decided to keep her mouth shut.

However, Finnick was not about to let her go that easily. Lifting her chin to force her to look right into his eyes, he urged in a low voice, “Answer me, Vivian.”

Two crimson patches emerged on her cheeks instantly. She averted her eyes away from him and snorted, “It depends on my mood.”

Finnick was stunned.

Although she did not answer him in the affirmative, that was probably the second-best answer he could get from her, considering how shy and reserved a girl she was.

Elated, he pulled her in for a tighter hug and made a promise in a low voice, “Very well, I hereby offer you a guarantee of satisfactory service from now on!”

Vivian’s face reddened immediately again.

But at the same time, she felt a surge of sweetness seizing her heart.

Finally...

She was able to move on from the traumatic experience which happened to her two years ago.

There was a time before this that she thought she would not be able to get married and have a child like other women. Never could she imagine that she would finally meet a guy who could help her overcome her trauma.

Although she had no idea who was the douchebag who had drugged her last night, she actually felt rather grateful for him.

Feeling the warmth of Finnick's body and his powerful heartbeat, she couldn't help but wrap her arms around his slender waist. In a soft voice, she confessed, "Finnick, I think I've fallen in love with you."

In fact, she had realized her feelings for him way before this.

However, she decided to keep her feelings to herself at that time, thinking that it was unlikely to be reciprocated.

After they had gone through many ups and downs together, she finally started to notice his feelings for her.

That was the reason why she decided to give both of them a chance.

Finnick was taken aback by the sudden revelation of her feelings. He froze for a second before pulling her into an embrace so tight that it was as though he was trying to blend her body with his.

"Me too." His tone was so soft that it did not sound like his usual voice at all. "On top of that, I'm sure I fell in love with you long before you fell in love with me."

She was stunned to hear that. Before she could figure out what he meant, he suddenly lowered his head and claimed her lips to stop her from dwelling on her doubts.

After a passionate kiss, he let go of her with a faint smile on his face. "Vivian, how about we do another round without the effect of the drug?"

Before she knew it, his lips were pressing hard on hers again.

Just like that, the question in her mind was answered by his action.

In the days that followed, Vivian would always blame herself for succumbing to Finnick's trickery so easily every time she woke up feeling sore all over her body.

In another room at the same hotel, Fabian struggled to open his eyes as his head felt extremely heavy. Slowly, the images of what took place last night started replaying in his mind.

He remembered having a great time at the club last night, where he overindulged himself in alcohol. Unlike his usual self, his alcohol tolerance was abnormally low that night. On top of that, it was bizarre that he had been feeling so hot as though his whole body was on fire.

Through his blurry vision, he could see Vivian staggering her way out of the club. As he was worried about her safety, he tried hard to stand up before following her out. Halfway along the journey, he felt someone holding him still to prevent him from falling. That was the last he saw of Vivian.

Just as he was trying to recall what exactly happened the previous night as he lay in bed, a woman extended her arm and caressed his hair gently.

Frightened by her sudden action, he whirled around and spotted Ashley. The naked woman was gazing at him endearingly and coquettishly.

Fabian immediately understood what exactly took place last night, judging from her condition as well as their clothes that were strewn all over the floor.

A wave of despair washed over him at that instant.

How could this happen? I've pledged not to have anything to do with Ashley ever again. Why did something like this happen again...

At the same time, Ashley started twining her limbs around his body like a snake. Resting her weight on him, she locked eyes with him in a lusty and sensual manner.

To be honest, she was second to none when it came to seducing men. As her touches slowly set his body on fire, Fabian almost succumbed to the temptation as he was still slightly intoxicated.