

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 186

Finnick planned to finish work earlier so that he could keep her company at night.

He enjoyed the feeling of seeing Vivian when he went home. Even if she were only sitting there, reading her book, he would feel a sense of peace wash over him when he looked at her.

Noah entered the office and informed him that a woman was insistent in meeting him.

At the start, Finnick thought it was Yasmin, so he rejected the meeting. However, Noah shook his head. He told him it was another woman.

Finnick froze. Who else can it be? Is it Vivian?

Finnick then asked Noah to invite the woman into the office.

Indeed, the woman who entered was not Yasmin. However, it was not Vivian either; it was Vivian's younger sister, Ashley.

Finnick never had a good impression of her. He was only polite to her because she was Vivian's sister.

Finnick motioned to her to take a seat.

It was then Finnick realized Ashley had an odd look on her face as she stared at him. He thought, Something must have happened for her to come to me.

I have to be wary. She's here with malicious intents.

Right then, Ashley voiced, "Mr. Norton, I have something to show you today. Don't get angry when you see it."

Finnick did not reply to her. He only slightly knitted his brows.

What is she trying to do?

By now, Ashley had taken out a photo from her purse and placed it on top of Finnick's desk.

Instead of looking at the photo, Finnick glanced at Ashley.

A photo again? Is this ever going to end?

Ashley really shares a hobby with her fiancé, Fabian.

Ashley muttered, "What's wrong, Mr. Norton? Are you afraid to look at the photo? Are you scared of seeing someone you don't want to see? For example, a photo of my sister with another man?"

Finnick sat quietly in his wheelchair as he observed her.

She looks a lot like Vivian. She's definitely her sister, but why is she trying to set her sister up all the time? She always see Vivian as her enemy. Is it because of Fabian?

Finnick's expression darkened as he said, "I know what kind of person Vivian is."

"Ha. Mr. Norton, well, aren't you confident? But I'm afraid you won't be able to repeat those words after you look at this photo," Ashley chuckled. It was a wicked grin she had on her face as she gestured for Finnick to take a look at the photo.

Finnick hesitated for a second before he took the photo.

It was a blurry shot, but he could see the faces and the actions of the two in it.

Yes. That's Fabian and Vivian in the photo.

Moreover, Fabian was grabbing Vivian and kissing her.

Immediately, Finnick tightened his grip on the photo and wrinkled it.

Molten anger exploded in his chest.

Raising his hand and looking at Ashley, he gritted out, "What are you trying to do by coming to me with this photo?"

Finnick's abrupt fury frightened Ashley; she had not expected him to be as angry as this.

She answered, "Finnick, are you blind? Do you not see the affair Vivian is having with Fabian? The Vivian you love doesn't love you. My fiancé, Fabian, is the one she loves. I just want to show you the true nature of this woman. Don't be fooled by her soft appearance. I'm just showing you this out of goodwill."

"Goodwill?" Finnick sneered. His tone was frigid. "I don't need it. If you will please, get lost."

The color drained from Ashley's face.

Why did it turn out like this?

This isn't the outcome I was hoping for. Why is Finnick losing his temper at me instead?

Ashley had shown him the photo, hoping to infuriate him into leaving Vivian. She wanted to torment her and destroy her. Why did Finnick threaten me instead?

What a love-sick idiot he is for Vivian. He can't tell right from wrong!

Ashley raised her voice. "You're asking me to get lost? Vivian's making you a cuckold. Don't you care about that? Are you a man?"

She paused before continuing, "Finnick, I know you must be angry. I was too when I saw the photo. I wanted to chop her up into pieces at that time. She's married to you, but she's seducing someone else's man. What is this? This is betrayal!"

Finnick stared at Ashley as the last bits of his patience faded away from his eyes.

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It was true that he was furious.

However, that did not mean Ashley had the right to tell him what to do.

If Ashley had not been a woman and Vivian's sister, he would not have been as nice as this to her; he would not have let her curse away in front of him.

Not wanting to waste his time on her, he muttered in a spiteful tone, "Ashley, you have no right to comment on my relationship with Vivian. This will be my last warning to you. If you target her again, I'll make you regret it."

Unexpectedly, Ashley huffed, "I'm protecting my marriage and my fiancé! If Vivian seduces him again, I'll haunt her even after my death!"

After the words left her mouth, Ashley finally felt a trace of fear when she saw the cold fury in Finnick's eyes. She quickly added, "Forget it, Finnick. I've said my piece. I hope the two of you will be happy. Goodbye."

Realizing that her plan did not go as well as she thought it would, Ashley turned to leave.

However, right before she walked out of the office, she stopped in her tracks. Quietly, she mumbled, "Do you think Vivian really loves you, Finnick?"

She then stepped out of office, leaving Finnick to wallow in his emotions.

He pushed himself to the window and stared out at the streets. Outside the window was a busy scene. People were walking around, hurrying along in their lives. It was fate to meet someone in life. Moreover, he was not the only one she had encountered in life; there were others too.

Do you think Vivian really loves you?

Finnick ruminated on Ashley's words for a long while.

He realized he could not give a definite nor confident reply to that question.

Finnick had never been unsure about anything in his life. Yet Vivian was the one who made him feel unconfident.

At night, when Finnick went home, he saw Vivian tidying up the wardrobe.

She was putting all of her clothes on the bed and arranging them into categories.

When she saw him, she muttered, "You're back?"

Finnick realized Vivian seemed to have many things in her mind. She sounded like she was in a daze, and a smile was not present on her face.

Finnick's heart sank.

Meanwhile, Vivian did have many things in her mind.

The trauma of being forcefully kissed by Fabian last night had yet to fade away. She was trying to relieve herself from the overwhelming anxiety in her heart by tidying up her wardrobe.

She thought, Should I tell Finnick about Fabian forcefully kissing me? What if he gets angry about it and leaves me? What then?

It was already somewhat taboo to mention Fabian around Finnick. Men were petty creatures. He had not forgiven her for days after the fire incident. This time, Fabian had forcefully kissed her. Will he really let me off this? Vivian did not like Finnick being angry. She wanted him to smile happily all the time.

As Vivian was lost in her thoughts, she did not realize how dark Finnick's expression was.

Right then, Finnick slowly stood up from the wheelchair and walked over to her. He suddenly held Vivian down and questioned, "Vivian, is there anything you'd like to tell me?"

"N-No..." Vivian panicked even more. Has he found out about it? That's impossible. Did Fabian tell him?

Furrowing his brows, Finnick stared into her eyes and inquired, "Really?"

“No... Y-Yes.” Vivian hesitated. “Yes. But don’t you already know something?”

Finnick’s throat tightened. For a moment, he was at a loss for how to reply to her.

He could not form the words.

Vivian felt that she should be honest with Finnick since he had asked. Regardless of whether or not he knew about it, the two were living together, and they trusted each other. Therefore, she should tell Finnick the truth—she should tell him that Fabian had forcefully kissed her before she managed to escape from him.

Vivian took in a deep breath and steeled herself before confessing, “Finnick, I have something to tell you. Last night, at the company...”

Before Vivian could finish her words, Finnick pressed his lips against her and stopped them from leaving her lips.

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It was a tyrannical kiss.

The moment Vivian spoke, Finnick realized he did not want to hear Fabian’s name in her voice.

He did not want to hear Fabian’s name ever; he wanted to erase Fabian from Vivian’s heart.

Finnick did not want to let any man other than him appear in her heart.

As Finnick attacked her with the kiss, Vivian’s heart melted.

She lay on the bed, pleasantly numb, as Finnick kissed her lovingly. Her body relaxed, and she felt as if she would enter heaven at any time.

It was a strong kiss, as though it was trying to root itself in her heart. Vivian was lost in it. She loved how he kissed her lips. It was like his heart was thumping against hers and sending sparks flying in her heart.

The two kissed each other passionately. Vivian could feel Finnick's heart thumping faster and faster. She was prepared for him. He tugged her shirt up and revealed the fair skin under.

Right when the two were about to lose themselves in their instincts, Vivian's phone rang.

Her phone was on the table above Vivian's head. Finnick raised his head to glance at it. It was from Fabian.

It's already so late, but Fabian is calling Vivian.

Damn it.

Finnick became more displeased.

Vivian queried, "Who's calling me this late at night?"

Finnick coldly replied, "It's Fabian."

Like a child who had done something wrong, Vivian panicked. She wanted to take the call, but Finnick stopped her.

Without hesitation, he accepted Fabian's call.

Vivian's eyes widened.

Fabian did not know Finnick was right beside her. He just kept apologizing.

"Vivian, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I'm an animal. How can I hurt you like this? Don't be angry with me. I was drunk. But I was sincere with my words. Vivian, do you hear me? Vivian?"

Hearing Fabian's voice, Vivian wanted to ask him to shut up. However, Finnick was swift in sealing her lips with his; she could not speak.

Finnick continued pressing down on her lips as he slowly unbuttoned her clothes. One, two, three... Eventually, her bra was exposed to the air. His hand wandered on her body as he continued kissing her passionately.

Vivian smacked Finnick, wanting him to stop. However, he ignored her slaps; he continued to kiss her fervently as he pressed his body onto hers.

Fabian knew nothing of what was going on at the other end of the line. He thought Vivian was silent because she was angry. All he could do was continue begging. "Vivian, I know you're angry. You don't talk and you sulk when you're angry. I was foolish to have done that that night. It's my fault. Don't punish yourself for that..."

Vivian remained silent, but odd sounds came from the other end of the line.

Finnick took off all of Vivian's clothes and threw them onto the floor, leaving them scattered.

His two hands held down Vivian's, making her unable to break free of him.

He stared at her with such intensity as though he wanted to swallow her whole. A bright fire was burning in his eyes.

The more Vivian wriggled, the more force Finnick used. The angrier Finnick became, the more he wanted to torment Fabian.

Fabian leaned closer to the phone and asked, puzzled, "Vivian, are you listening? Have you told Finnick about this? It's best if you don't. This is our secret that only we know. We'll deal with this ourselves, okay? Vivian, can you give me another chance?"

Finnick did not care what Fabian was saying in the call. All he knew was that he could do anything he wanted as long as Vivian was by his side. She was his wife. Give up and get lost, you jerk!

Afraid that Fabian would hear her, Vivian whispered, "Finnick, aren't you crossing the line? You can't do this."

Finnick's gaze was fixed on Vivian's body. Doesn't she know what I'm doing? Finnick wanted her to know who was her husband, and who was the one meant to be with her.

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He wanted Vivian to react to his teasing. It was even better if she could not help but let the sounds escape her. He was going to do everything he could to make Vivian submit to him.

Vivian turned her head to the side, but Finnick's lips followed hers. Like a magnet, his lips touched hers again, and his tongue wandered in. She could feel him acutely, and her entire body shuddered. She quietly clenched her jaw and tried to suppress the urge to cry out.

Fabian seemed to have sensed something, but he could barely believe what he had heard. He anxiously yelled, "Vivian, what's wrong? Vivian!"

Vivian was embarrassed to let a third party hear her while Finnick and her were engaged in an act like this. What the hell is this?

She gritted her teeth, not wanting herself to make those sounds. She was angry, but she could not stop Finnick's invasion. Instead of stopping, Finnick continued with even more vigor.

Finnick's action was a disregard of her feelings. Vivian felt humiliated. She trusted Finnick, but he was doing this to her. She could not accept it.

"Finnick, stop. Y-You're being mean to me..."

Vivian wondered if Finnick thought of her as an easy woman because of her incident two years ago. She wondered if he thought of her body as uncleaned and therefore her dignity no longer existed. At that moment, he was no different from that horrible man.

The only difference was that Finnick was someone she loved while that man from two years ago was not. Regardless, this was not a good reason for Finnick to do this to her without her consent.

"Finnick, do you have to be like this? I beg you. Please don't..." Vivian pleaded.

However, Finnick was unmoved by her words. He only uttered, "Vivian, this is your punishment."

It seemed like Finnick had found out about Fabian forcefully kissing her. Vivian could understand his anger and jealousy.

However, that did not mean that he could punish her in this awful way.

Her husband who protected and loved her like a guardian angel had turned into a demon that night.

With that thought in her mind, Vivian could not stop the tears from escaping her eyes.

Fabian was in a panic and shouting on the other end of the line. "Finnick, you ass*le! Let Vivian go! Come at me! I'm waiting for you! What kind of man are you to hurt Vivian instead? F*cking talk, Finnick!"

Finnick wanted Fabian to remember to not lay a finger on his woman for the rest of his life.

How dare he kiss Vivian forcefully? Who does he think he is? He's just Vivian's ex-boyfriend. Finnick wanted to remind Fabian that he was Vivian's husband.

Fabian bellowed, "Vivian! Finnick, how dare you! How dare you!"

Vivian tried her best not to make overly loud sounds, but Fabian could still hear the quiet moans and Finnick's deep voice. Fabian was quivering with rage.

He could not bear to listen anymore; his heart was already in pieces.

Fabian threw his phone onto the ground and starting crying.

The woman he loved was currently sleeping with another man. The other man had all of her. That was meant to be Fabian's right, yet he could do nothing now.

The call finally ended.

At the same time, Finnick stopped attacking her.

Vivian shoved Finnick away from her as she hurriedly put on her clothes. Her face was tear-stricken.

He had achieved his aim. But why don't I feel happy about it? Finnick asked himself.

Standing up, Vivian looked at the man on the bed and roared, "Finnick, you've gone overboard!"

With that said, she ran off.

Vivian spent the night in the guest room while Finnick lay awake until the sun came up.

The next day, Vivian left the house early. The two never encountered.

At night, when Finnick came back, Vivian was already at home. After dinner, she retreated to the bedroom.

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Finnick, too, did not wish to speak; he remained silent.

Vivian lay on the bed nearing the edge, leaving a large space for Finnick.

Her eyes were shut, and it seemed like she was already asleep.

After Finnick entered the room and glanced at her, he sighed. He took the blanket and pillow and placed them on his lap before he pushed himself to the study room to sleep; he left Vivian to sleep in the bedroom.

In the morning, when the two were having their breakfast, both were equally indifferent to each other. The usual chat and intimacy they had were no longer present. It was as if they had become strangers overnight.

The two gave each other the cold shoulder. Even the servants at home had noticed it. They thought, They're such a perfect pair. Why did they have a falling out? Shouldn't married couples make up quickly? It's been days, but they're still giving each other the cold shoulder. How worrisome.

However, the servants did not dare to utter a word about the matter. Therefore, the house was quieter than it usually was.

Neither wanted to speak with each other; the two of them were angry.

Finnick thought Vivian was angry because she was embarrassed by how he had made Fabian hear the sounds she made when he was teasing her. Maybe she's concerned about what Fabian thinks of her.

The thought of it infuriated Finnick further.

Unbeknownst to him, Vivian was furious because he had not shown respect to her. An act like that was meant to be consensual, but Finnick had made it horrible.

One day, Vivian was on her way to work when Finnick's car sped past her. He did not slow down nor come to a stop beside her as if she did not exist in his world.

In the past, Finnick would always stop by at the junction to wait for her. Then, he would send her to the entrance of the subway before he left.

With a hung head, Vivian eventually reached her office.

Fabian looked out of his office window and saw her when she arrived. He realized she looked pallid recently, and she seemed tired. However, he dared not ask her about it.

Ever since that night, he had been avoiding her, fearing she would be angry or awkward with him.

All he could do was feel anxious quietly.

Everyone in the office was cheering, seemingly celebrating something.

Sarah rushed forward to give Vivian a bear hug.

Her smile was so wide that her eyes were crescents. She said, "Vivian, do you know this? The news we had about Mr. Norton and Yasmin not only increased the sales of that issue, but it also became the highest monthly sales! Vivian, we won!"

Everyone clapped for Vivian's team and said that they had to learn from them.

Just then, Lesley walked over. "Another great news for all of you. The company has decided to reward us for our outstanding performance! Since it's almost time for our company trip, we can bring our family along this time!"

"Wow!" "That's amazing!" "We're so lucky!" "Ms. Jenson's the best!" Everyone was cheering.

Affected by the merry atmosphere, a smile finally broke out on Vivian's face.

Sarah muttered to Jenny, "I don't need to ask. I know you're definitely bringing your husband along. I'm a goner. I don't know which boyfriend to bring. I'm scared whoever gets left behind will feel jealous. Ms. Jenson, can I bring both? Haha!"

Amused by Sarah, Lesley replied, "You silly girl!"

Jenny knew Sarah well. She said, "Forget it. It's already a miracle for you to bring one along. Stop your nonsense! You're single despite your age. We're all anxious for you."

Sarah giggled.

Shannon suddenly stood up from her chair. With ill intentions, she inquired, "Vivian, I wonder which one you're bringing. Will you bring the husband you married so abruptly or some other men?"

The noisy office fell silent right after the staff members heard Shannon's loud question.

Everyone was curious about Vivian's husband. What does he look like? Who is he?

It was then Sarah recalled the reason behind the news' success. It was because Vivian's husband worked at Finnor Group. Without her husband's information, they could never lay their hands on a photo of Finnick and Yasmin.

Sarah muttered, "Shut up, Shannon. I won't let you say things like that to Vivian. If not for her husband providing her the information, how can our company be as glorious as it is now? Vivian, am I right?"