

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 251

Sarah sighed. "Finnick and Fabian... As long as one of these two men is in love with me, I would be willing to take the rap just like Vivian."

Amused, she shook her head and went back to work.

Fabian walked up to the entrance of the washroom and waited for Vivian to come out.

While he was waiting for her, he suddenly remembered the time when they were in university.

Back then, Vivian was innocent and simple, like a dazzling flower.

He still remembered the time when she participated in a long-distance run at a sports event. But she had accidentally twisted her ankle during the run. Worried about her, he urged her to quit the race. However, she was stubborn and insisted on finishing it.

With that, he stayed by her side and accompanied her to complete the race.

The moment she crossed the finishing line, she collapsed to the ground. Fabian quickly carried her and rushed to the infirmary.

At that time, Vivian was so docile in his arms. She could only cling on to him helplessly.

Fabian couldn't help but sigh at that thought. No matter how happy they were, those days were gone, and there was no turning back.

Goodbye, my youth.

And what about Vivian? Are our good times gone forever too?

Fabian had waited outside the washroom for quite some time when Vivian finally walked out with reddened and swollen eyes.

Seeing her disheveled state, he quickly stepped forward to comfort her. As he carefully supported her, he could feel how cold her body was.

"Vivian, I'm sorry."

Looking up at Fabian, Vivian noticed that his eyes were filled with adoration.

Vivian answered, "There's nothing to be sorry about."

Actually, Fabian was apologizing on behalf of Ashley, but he couldn't tell her that the person who orchestrated the horrible incident two years ago was her own sister. He was afraid that she would take things too hard.

Had Ashley not started the scandal by drugging her and getting someone to assault her sexually, Vivian would have stood with pride as the wife of a president.

Fabian said, "I'm sorry that I have not protected you well enough. I don't deserve your love, Vivian."

"It has nothing to do with you," Vivian replied weakly. "Do you need anything? Why are you here?"

Fabian came here to comfort Vivian but realized that she had been crying. The scandal must have taken a huge toll on her.

He said, "Oh, are you going to W hotel to give an interview for the opening ceremony? If it's inconvenient for you, I can arrange for someone else to go. Why don't you take the day off today?"

So he's here to comfort me. Vivian knew Fabian so well that she could see through his every move and expression. Her face was filled with gratitude as she looked at him.

Vivian said, "Thank you, but I think I can handle it. It's better for me to go because it's already been arranged. Besides, I don't want there to be any more gossiping in the office."

"Vivian..."

Vivian lowered her head and walked away slowly.

Fabian wanted to pull her into his arms to make her feel better. But he knew that such a move would only cause further speculations from the people in the office. Gossips and

rumors would only traumatize her even more. Hence, he had no choice but to watch her walk away from him.

Upon returning to the office, Vivian applied some make-up to conceal her red-rimmed eyes. Then, she left the office together with Sarah and the others.

Her phone rang, and it was an incoming call from Finnick. After giving it some thought, she chose to ignore the call.

At that moment, she did not know how to face Finnick, and her mind was all over the place.

Everyone was silent throughout the entire journey to the hotel.

Soon, they arrived at the opening ceremony of the W Hotel.

The press and many celebrities were in attendance. Most of them recognized Vivian and gave her dirty looks.

Sarah said, "Ignore them, Vivian. They're just busybodies."

Unable to put up any longer, Ken said, "Smile, Vivian. Your smile will drive them mad. You didn't do anything wrong, so you don't have to be afraid of them. Who knows? They're probably the ones with dirty secrets. Hmph!"

Sarah was afraid that Ken's words would provoke Vivian, so she quickly snapped at him, "Ken, that's enough. Get on with your work."

When Ken saw Vivian's pale face, he quickly kept his mouth shut.

In a listless manner, Vivian walked to the main hall.

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Along the way, she heard many people mocking and jeering her. They deliberately uttered biting remarks within her earshot.

“How dare she show up here? Has she no shame? She’s a disgrace to the Norton family.”

“Oh, look, here comes the infamous Vivian. But she’s famous for the wrong reasons. For sleeping around, that is. She’s so thick-skinned. If I were her, I would have dug a hole and hidden in it.”

“She’s Finnick’s wife. V.M. Fund, haha, what a joke! I wonder how many times has she cuckolded him?”

“Her figure is just average, but it doesn’t stop her from selling her body. Her mother is just as bad, a mistress who seduces men.”

“I heard that she slept around with countless men. What a slut.”

The disdainful looks she received were like daggers stabbing at her heart.

Her feet felt heavy as she walked around the room. Those hurtful words she heard were like whips lashing on her body.

At this point, she felt so useless for putting her mother through all the insults and jeers along with her.

After enduring endless verbal abuse and mockery, the opening ceremony began. In an instant, the hall turned lively as firecrackers exploded and a band started performing.

The sound of joyous music and peals of laughter shot through Vivian’s aching heart. She moved away from the crowd to be alone. As she leaned against the wall in a corner, she looked up at the blue sky and wished she could fly away and disappear like a bird.

Tears rolled down her cheeks once again.

At that moment, she missed Finnick so much and longed for him to be by her side.

She quickly completed her part of the interview and then waited for Sarah and the others to finish taking photographs.

As she stood quietly at the corner, she felt that she had hit rock bottom.

She was wondering if Finnick had heard about the scandalous rumors yet. Would he be angry? Would he ignore me or kick me out of the house? What about Grandpa? If Grandpa knew about the rumors...

While Vivian was lost in her thoughts, something was happening at Finner Group.

When Finnick arrived at the company early in the morning, a group of reporters suddenly rushed out in front of him. It was as though they had been waiting there for him, desperately wanting to get a few words from him.

Very quickly, there was a crowd at the entrance of Finner Group.

Finnick did not know what was going on. But based on his intuition, he knew it was not a good thing.

Reporter A asked, "Mr. Norton, what do you think about your wife, Vivian?"

Reporter B asked, "Mr. Norton, do you have any explanations for your wife's bad reputation? Are you going to continue with V.M. Fund?"

Reporter C asked, "Is Vivian really an illegitimate child? Her days in university... Oh, Mr. Norton, don't go!"

Seeing that the reporters were all mentioning Vivian, Finnick instantly knew what this was about.

At that moment, Noah leaned closer to Finnick and whispered in his ear. With a grim expression, he informed Finnick about the scandal that was widely shared on the internet.

Immediately, Finnick's face turned hard and cold.

He was well aware of Vivian's past. If someone fabricated lies about it and spread them on the Internet, it would be damage Vivian's reputation immensely.

Furthermore, he had just disclosed Vivian's identity in such a high-profile manner, and people were able to recognize her. Coupled with the scandal that was going around, it had undoubtedly thrown Vivian into a difficult situation.

The last tinge of warmth in Finnick's eyes faded away.

Noah turned to deal with the reporters and said, "Please don't make up false reports. Vivian is Mr. Norton's wife, and they love each other very much. Please ignore the rumors that are circulating. Thank you for your cooperation."

Reporter C asked, "Mr. Norton, it's been reported that Vivian is a sleazy woman. Her mother also has a bad reputation. What do you think about that? Have you been deceived by them?"

Finnick was shocked to realize that there was slanderous news about Vivian. No wonder the reporters had made a mad dash over here just to interview him.

Reporter A asked, "Mr. Norton, what are your thoughts on the matter? Are the things that were posted on the Internet about Vivian true? Is she an illegitimate child? Did she live a fast life in university?"

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Before the reporter could finish, Finnick turned his wheelchair and stared him down like a ravenous beast.

The reporter promptly zipped his mouth.

Everyone was stunned by the intensity of Finnick's reaction. The flames of his fury were fulminating, and it showed in his eyes. It was absolutely terrifying.

As everyone held their breath, the entire room went silent in his intimidating presence.

The minute he prepared to exit, they exploded again into a flurry of activity as they fired one question after another.

Finnick clenched his teeth and growled, "Enough! Shut up!"

The room fell silent once more as his anger shot through the roof.

Finnick was expressionless as he asserted in an irrefutable tone, "I know Vivian William better than anyone else."

He was extremely worried about her. Ignoring the barrage of questions bombarding him, he reversed the wheelchair into the private elevator while the press clogged outside.

He had to find out what had happened and who dragged Vivian back into the media's crosshair. Could it be Ashley? There must be more to this incident than meets the eye.

Noah, who stood beside him, inquired, "Mr. Norton, would you like me to look into this?"

"Yes, but come with me to the office first."

Finnick made a call to Vivian the moment he stepped into his office. As no one picked up, Finnick's anxiety heightened.

Revelations about Vivian's past and the tragedy from two years ago surfaced after a quick search, and commentary on it was rife, mostly scathing ones against Vivian and Rachel.

Vivian was raised by a whore!

The appearance of Mrs. Norton belies the slut underneath. I never did like her.

Like mother, like daughter. What a pair of skanks. One is a prostitute and the other an adulteress. I won't let them off easily if I run into them!

She's a trashy peasant to begin with, unfit for Mr. Norton. Best to divorce her posthaste!

Finnick's face tightened as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead.

Noah was taken aback as he had never seen Finnick this worked up before.

After some consideration, Finnick said, "I want all of these Twitter accounts that have been spreading rumors about Vivian to be shut down!"

"Yes, Mr. Norton!"

He added, "Also see to it that all related negative reports are erased or blocked by news outlets. Those who refuse to comply will be denied access to Finnor Group from here on out."

"Understood! I'll be right on it!" Noah nodded profusely.

"Hold up." Finnick was determined not to let the plotters get away. "Look into Vivian's drugging incident two years ago. Make this your immediate priority!"

Upon receiving his orders, Noah set off without a moment's delay.

Meanwhile, at W Hotel.

Vivian was not sure how she got through the interview at the opening ceremony, but she did.

Many attendees were still hanging around, and they cast strange looks at her.

Overwhelmed with sorrow and rage, she let out a sneer.

These people are heinous and detestable! I would love to tear off their masks to see if they are indeed purer than I am.

The darkness of the human soul is more grotesque than its ugly hide.

At that thought, Vivian was repulsed to the point of nausea, and her chest hurt.

Sarah and Ken felt helpless as they didn't know how to comfort her.

After some hesitation, Sarah said, "Screw them, Vivian. You know we believe you."

Ken chimed in, "News on the internet is totally unreliable. Who knows if clarifications would be made tomorrow. Let's employ human flesh search to suss out the perpetrator and sue him!"

Vivian forced a smile and said, "Thanks, guys. I'll be fine."

When they returned to the magazine company, Vivian spaced out as she leaned against her desk. She did not want to get on the computer as she could not handle any more of the mud slung at her mother and her.

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Suddenly, Sarah dashed over to her, looking ecstatic. "Vivian, your husband is too cool! He's awesome!"

Finnick?

Vivian wondered what Finnick did which had Sarah so bowled over.

Sarah was still hyped as she exclaimed, "Come look at this interview clip of Finnick. It's all over the internet!" She went on to flash Vivian a big thumbs up.

Pulling out her cellphone, Vivian realized that she had eleven missed calls; three from Fabian and eight from Finnick.

She did not need to hear from Finnick to know why he was anxious to reach her. Vivian felt very touched. Still, she did not know how to face him as she felt guilty for putting him through so much trouble.

The video featured an interview that was specifically filmed to address the rumors that revolved around Vivian. The scene was quite rowdy and chaotic.

Vivian saw microphones pressed up against Finnick while Noah desperately tried to hold the reporters back and maintain order. The members of the press were in hot pursuit of Finnick's response to her news.

Finnick was in the eye of the storm as he sat as still as a statue in his wheelchair. Though he was silent, he projected a powerful presence as he looked unwaveringly into the camera.

One of the reporters was finally able to break through the perimeters of the human barricade and get close enough to direct a question his way. "Mr. Norton, tell us your thoughts!"

Finnick turned slightly and fixated his gaze on that reporter.

The jerky camera work captured his piercing gaze.

Vivian could tell that Finnick was fuming with rage.

Although he did not raise his voice and his expression did not change, that look in his eyes was sufficient to shush the riotous crowd.

Amidst the stillness of silence, Finnick started to speak.

"I know Vivian William better than anyone else."

His words were simple but weighty. That concise statement had those present holding their breath.

Even Vivian and the others, who were watching the interview on the screen, felt the gravity of his words.

He kept the faith and stood with Vivian even if the entire world turned its back on her.

Vivian felt tears well up in her eyes.

What had she done to deserve this?

All the anger and sorrow she had to endure throughout the day evaporated when she heard what he said.

At that moment, Vivian felt invigorated. With Finnick by her side, she felt like she would be able to weather any storm.

A huge burden had been lifted from her chest, and her heart was filled with warmth.

After a round of finger-pointing, the magazine company called it a day. Vivian briefly sorted out her stuff before she left the office.

She did not want to be subjected to unfair and baseless criticism, but as some things were difficult to explain in short order, she decided to let it go.

My conscience is clear. I have nothing to prove.

When she stepped out of the building, she spotted Finnick's black Bentley parked by the intersection.

He had come to pick her up.

Was he here because he was concerned that I might be recognized on the subway?

Shackled by a bundle of mixed emotions, Vivian stood rooted to the spot. She was undecided on how to face Finnick.

Right then, he lowered the car window and asked in a deep voice, "You're not getting in?"

Instantly, Vivian came running to meet his smile with hers before she got in beside him.

Finnick started the moment she hit the cushioned seat. "I'm sorry about what happened at the press conference earlier. I didn't think through the whole process thoroughly before making the announcement about you."

Vivian quickly shook her head. "It's okay since I'm already used to it, but I feel bad for dragging you and the Finner Group down. I was worried that you would be upset with me and not want anything to do with me anymore."

"I am upset," Finnick stated.

That led Vivian to look at him tentatively.

"I'm upset that I wasn't able to protect you from all this."

Oh...

She shrugged in relief. "You shouldn't blame yourself."

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"I've already started looking into what happened two years ago."

Vivian was taken aback but came around when she understood his intentions.

Uncovering the truth would allow them to put the rumors to rest.

She had often thought long and hard about the incident. But she just could not figure out how it happened.

Vivian was contemplative. "I kept thinking whether it was because I offended someone or I was simply a victim by happenstance. Why else would anyone want to target an unworldly college girl? I had considered the possibility of someone gunning for Fabian, but I don't think that was the case because we had already parted ways before that."

Finnick initially shared the same thoughts as Vivian until the perpetrator actively sought to destroy evidence pertaining to the incident. That was when he knew that Vivian was not an unfortunate victim of random criminal violence. Whoever was behind it must have been someone close to either Fabian or her.

Vivian too had once cast her suspicions on Ashley and Emma. But she did not feel like they needed to resort to such extremities as they already lorded over her.

Moreover, she hardly crossed paths with Ashley when she was in college and had no quarrel with her then. There was no probable cause for Ashley to hate her enough to do what she might have done.

As a draft blew chillingly into the vehicle, Vivian drew her body closer to Finnick's.

It was a difficult day fraught with emotions, but she felt better now that he was with her.

The corner of her lips finally curled up into a smile. Her fortunes were intertwined with that of this man's, making them inseparable.

Vivian nestled her head onto his shoulders like a kitten and soon fell asleep soundly.

The atmosphere inside the car was peaceful. The tension built up over the course of the day dissipated from the moment Finnick laid eyes on Vivian.

As he lowered his gaze upon the woman's restful face, he felt something tug at his heartstrings. More significantly, he felt a tenderness overcome him.

Some time passed before a call came through to Noah's earpiece.

He hung up after a brief exchange and appeared delighted.

In a barely audible voice, Noah said to Finnick, "We have received a very important lead, Mr. Norton. I believe it would be of tremendous benefit to Mrs. Norton's case."

Finnick's eyes lit up. "Have you discovered who was behind everything?"

"We don't know who the culprit is yet, but we have found someone who was directly involved in the incident two years ago. He was sent overseas, but we've managed to bring him back. Our guys have locked him up in the basement to await interrogation," Noah replied.

Finnick's lips formed a slight smile.

Excellent news. And timely as well.

The moment has arrived for some payback.

Finnick smirked at that thought.

He wanted everyone who hurt Vivian to beg on their knees for her forgiveness and pay with their lives.

Seeing that the sleeping Vivian was breathing steadily, Finnick decided not to disturb her.

Noah then said, "We are nearly home, Mr. Norton. Shall we wake the missus?"

"That won't be necessary. I'll take her. Just help me get the wheelchair inside. Nobody is going to see me in my own garage anyway."

"Will do."

Finnick picked Vivian up and carried her into the house.

Meanwhile, Noah pushed the unoccupied wheelchair in tow.

Vivian was then brought up to the bedroom to rest.

As she looked particularly fatigued, Finnick thought that the events of the day must have left her physically and emotionally drained.

He caressed her forehead affectionately and tucked her in before he made his way out.

Soon, Finnick arrived in the basement in the company of Noah.

The culprit from two years ago was bound hand and feet in a squatting position on the floor. The shifty-eyed man did not come across to him as the decent sort.

Finnick wheeled himself over and stopped in front of the man. "What did you do two years ago? Spill it."

Shifty Eye turned to Finnick and replied gingerly, "You look like you're the boss. Who'd remember stuff from such a long time ago? Besides, I didn't do anything..."