

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 206 -210

How dare she shamelessly sit there still. She must be gloating now that she saw me being reduced to such a pathetic state!

At that moment, Ashley was filled with rage. Taking a look at the glass of red wine in her hand, she spilled it viciously in Vivian's direction.

Meanwhile, Vivian was still in a daze and didn't notice Ashley approaching.

Ashley is pregnant with Fabian's child!

While her mind was still digesting what she had just overheard, she didn't realize Ashley was standing right in front of her.

"Vivian, you b*tch!" Ashley shrieked as she splashed the wine at her.

When Vivian saw the wine spilling towards her, she was petrified. She quickly shut her eyes and cringed in reflex.

By the time she opened her eyes, she realized that there wasn't any red wine on her. What happened?

At the critical moment, someone had shielded her from the wine.

When Vivian turned to look, she saw a man in a wheelchair with a cold expression.

Finnick! The red wine had spilled all over Finnick's arm and body.

Just a moment ago, Finnick was worried that Vivian would feel bored and lonely. Hence, he wheeled himself in her direction. Little did he expect to see Ashley appear from around the corner.

Having a hunch that something untoward was going to happen, he accelerated in their direction. True to his expectations, he saw Ashley's vicious expression as she raised the wineglass in her hand.

Finnick glared coldly at Ashley who was gawping in shock.

In her panic, she quickly threw the wine glass in her hand away.

As the glass shattered on the ground, it caught everyone's attention causing the whole restaurant to fall into silence.

Vivian, who was standing beside Finnick, asked worriedly, "Finnick, are you hurt? Here, let me take a look."

"I'm fine."

Just then, Xavier walked over and quickly understood what just happened. He turned towards the crowd and declared, "Oh, it's nothing. Someone just spilled a glass of wine by accident. Please carry on."

When the crowd saw that there wasn't much of a dispute, they went back to what they were doing and the restaurant's atmosphere returned to what it was before.

Xavier offered his own silk scarf to Finnick so that the latter could wipe his arm.

He then said, "Oh my! What happened? How did you spill the wine all over yourself? Haha, I must have a word with the restaurant manager and instruct them not to serve this particular wine anymore. What a party pooper."

Accepting the scarf, Finnick wiped the wine off himself.

When Xavier saw his movements, his eyes suddenly lit up as if he had an epiphany.

Realizing that she had gone overboard, Ashley quickly apologized, "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, Mr. Norton. I-I wasn't aiming to spill the wine at you. Erm, no... actually, I didn't do it on purpose."

At that moment, Vivian realized that Ashley was aiming at her.

Just then, Fabian, who had drunk a lot, hurried towards them.

Grabbing Vivian's hand, he asked anxiously, "Vivian, are you hurt?"

At the sight of Fabian, Vivian pulled back her hand at once and replied with her eyes lowered, "I'm fine."

Staring at Vivian, Fabian was lost in thought.

When Ashley saw how Fabian was humiliating her again, she stomped her feet in a jealous fit of rage.

Meanwhile, the crowd looked on at the few of them, those that were in the know started gossiping.

Among them, one said, "Did you see that? The Norton family's uncle and nephew are having a feud."

"The nephew seems to care a lot about his aunt. Have you forgotten that he had joined the bidding war for the amulet?"

A look of displeasure spread across Finnick's face when he saw Fabian standing in close proximity to Vivian.

He seethed and warned Fabian in a frosty voice, "Fabian, you'd better keep your fiancée's behavior in check."

Finnick's outright admonishment shocked Fabian.

By reprimanding him and Ashley in public, Finnick showed that he didn't care about the Norton family's reputation. Finnick was like a tiger who had just awoken and was ready to pounce.

Despite his consternation, Fabian didn't show it in his reply, "I will ensure that she behaves, Uncle."

At the same time, he turned towards Vivian. "I'm sorry. I apologize on behalf of my fiancée."

Being too used to acting with impunity, Ashley was upset. "Fabian, why are you apologizing? I-I just lost my balance, it's not like I did it on purpose."

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Fabian glared at Ashley and asked her to shut up.

Not on purpose? Do you think Finnick and I are blind? If not for the gathering crowd, Fabian would have taught Ashley a lesson in front of Vivian.

Fearing that the matter would escalate and cause all of them to be disgraced, Vivian took the initiative to defuse the situation. "Since no one is hurt, let's just forget it. There's nothing to apologize for. It's all just a misunderstanding. Am I right? Finnick?"

Finnick quickly understood her intentions when he saw Vivian trying to brush off the matter.

However, he was reluctant to let Ashley off the hook without teaching her a lesson. After all, she had made numerous attempts at sabotaging Vivian. Furthermore, he found it strange that the diamond necklace they donated to the auction suddenly turned into the amulet Rachel gave Vivian. There were only a few suspects and Ashley was the biggest one.

As Finnick stared at Ashley, she didn't dare to make eye contact and pretended to be into the distance out of guilt.

Finnick slowly circled Ashley in his wheelchair while scrutinizing her. While he was doing so, Ashley was so afraid that sweat started to bead on her face.

Finnick sneered, "Ms. Miller, your sister is here, and yet you have not greeted her?"

Greet her? I hate her! Why the hell would I greet that b*tch? Ashley simply ignored Finnick's words.

Tugging at Finnick's sleeve, Vivian whispered, "Finnick, just let it go."

However, there was no way Finnick would allow Ashley off the hook that easily.

He told Xavier, "Mr. Jackson, I need a favor from you. Can you get the organizing committee of the charity auction to investigate how the item we donated was lost? It's a diamond necklace worth two million."

As he spoke, Finnick's gaze fell right upon Ashley.

At the exact same moment, Ashley's face went white as a sheet.

Damn it, if they find out that I was the one who switched the necklace, not only will I lose everything, but I may also end up in prison.

Ashley's reflexes were lightning quick. A smile instantly broke out on her face as she said to Vivian, "Vivian! Finnick is bullying me again. Next time let's go home and share a meal together, alright?"

Vivian could surmised what was going on.

It was now obvious to her that Ashley was the mastermind behind the amulet incident.

Although she despised what Ashley had done, Vivian's heart wavered as she knew Ashley was pregnant. Hence, she decided not to be too hard on her.

Vivian interrupted Xavier and Finnick, "Let's just drop it since all of us know each other. Finnick, I feel like going home. Is it ok if we head back first?"

When he saw how Ashley had softened her stance and how Vivian was interceding on her sister's behalf, Finnick relented and decided not to pursue the matter any further. It didn't matter to him that the diamond necklace was lost. All he cared about was Vivian's safety.

Turning his attention to Ashley, he gave her a stern warning. "Ashley, I'm warning you, do not to try my patience. Or else the whole Miller family will face the consequences of your actions."

Feeling a chill down her spine, Ashley's knees buckled causing her to lose her balance.

Fabian quickly reached out to support her. Finnick is simply too terrifying!

Right after he spoke, Finnick led Vivian out of the restaurant.

Xavier didn't move as he gawked at Finnick and Vivian leaving. Finnick was still holding on to Xavier's tailor-made scarf in his hands. Earlier, when he attempted to help Finnick wipe his arm, he felt a sense of Deja vu. But, he couldn't recall why he found it familiar.

After Finnick and Vivian left the auction, they got into the car and prepared to head home.

Given so much had happened at the charity auction, no one was sure how the media was going to spin it.

Finnick's ten million bid for the amulet would definitely be the talk of the town. It might even hit the front page of Sunshine City's news.

Inside the car, Vivian used a small handkerchief to help Finnick wipe the wine stains off him.

She murmured, "I'm sorry. It's my fault for causing you trouble again."

Causing trouble?

Finnick chuckled.

Vivian, you really are the epitome of trouble.

That being said, I don't mind being troubled by you. As long as you are by my side, I'm more than willing to go through any amount of trouble for you.

Finnick patted her and replied, "Don't worry, I like trouble."

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Vivian was extremely grateful to Finnick because she could always feel the warmth and affection he showed her.

He had done so much for her that his efforts were beyond measure.

Vivian felt that she was the luckiest woman in the world to be loved by Finnick. Growing up, she was lonely and had a tough life. Hence, she didn't know what love was. When she got to know Fabian, she thought what she had was a love where she could live happily.

It wasn't until she met Finnick that she really experience what true love was.

From the beginning, Finnick was always protective of her. The very first day they met, he had paid the restaurant bills for her to prevent her from being humiliated. After that, he wanted to marry her which indirectly resolved her registration as a city's resident. Only then did her mother recover from her sickness. Furthermore, there were innumerable occasions where he rescued her. Therefore, she knew that Finnick was someone she could rely on for life.

As she reminisce about the past, Vivian hugged Finnick by impulse.

His chest was broad and warm, making her feel comfortable in his arms.

She could feel the warmth he emitted and the beating of his heart. At that moment, all she wanted to do was to stay within his embrace and forget all her troubles.

Vivian whispered, "Finnick, thank you. It's not about the ten million. It's for loving and protecting me. Thank you."

Finnick could feel his heart race as this was the first time Vivian hugged him by her own accord. I guess she's no longer angry with me.

Caught by surprise, he wondered what had gotten into Vivian.

He asked in a gentle tone, "Are you no longer angry with me?"

"That was a long time ago," Vivian replied honestly. "Before this, I only felt that you didn't respect me enough. I didn't get how you could... treat me in such an aggressive manner. You weren't gentle at all. In fact, you were downright domineering. However, after giving it some thought, I figured it was because your anger overwhelmed you. Therefore, I can't fully blame you for it."

Finnick furrowed his eyebrows, "Is this the only thing you're angry about?"

Vivian threw the question back at him with a puzzled expression, "What else should I be angry about?"

Finnick had assumed that she was giving him the cold shoulder because she took to heart how Fabian saw her. His assumption had caused him to feel upset.

It now appeared that he was wrong.

Finnick sidestepped Vivian's question and replied with a smile, "Well, as long as you're no longer angry, all is good."

Vivian continued, "In that case, are you also no longer angry?"

Finnick had wanted to ask Vivian about the pictures where Fabian forced himself on her. However, he didn't want to remind her of that man.

At the same time, he also felt that there was no longer a need to know. Vivian sat snuggly by his side in acquiescence. When she gave him a longing look, he felt that nothing else mattered anymore.

He trusted her and it was just that simple.

Finnick answered, "Silly girl, how could I stay angry at you for long?"

"If that's the case, why did you ignore me over the last few days? Your actions almost broke my heart," Vivian asked, raising her eyebrows curiously.

Looking at how alluring Vivian was, Finnick wondered to himself how he should handle her.

"I didn't ignore you." He hugged her and whispered, "And neither was I angry."

Vivian furrowed her eyebrows.

So he wasn't angry, does that mean he wasn't jealous?

Vivian teased, "I thought you were jealous."

"I was." Finnick didn't deny it, causing Vivian's heart to sink.

He added, "But I trust you. Vivian, I have faith in you. I'm just jealous, that's all."

I trust you.

Those three simple words melted Vivian's heart.

Fabian had not believed her then. But now, Finnick trusted her wholeheartedly.

This is what makes him the right one.

What a nice feeling this is.

Both of them exchanged glances and smiled. They now understood that the reason they were giving each other the cold shoulder was because they simply cared too much.

Finnick held Vivian's hand and intertwined his fingers with hers.

Looking at how enchanting Vivian was, Finnick could feel the desire growing within him.

Meanwhile, when Vivian saw the burning passion in his eyes, she averted her gaze coyly.

The moment she did, however, Finnick caught her by the chin and lifted it up for a kiss.

Vivian's body began to relax.

Overwhelmed by his warmth, she set aside her self-restraint and kissed him back passionately.

Finnick was so moved by her reaction that his heart began to race.

As Vivian put her arms around his neck, he felt passion overwhelming him.

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Vivian felt like Finnick was trying to eat her up as he kissed her. She went with the flow and let him do whatever he wanted, enjoying his loving caress. At that moment, she was willing to dedicate everything she had to him.

As the temperature in the car rose, Finnick whispered in her ear, "Let's go home so that I can devour you."

Vivian took a deep breath, and her chest heaved as her face grew redder.

Her bashfulness made her look even more attractive and Finnick locked lips with her again.

His kiss, combined with what happened earlier that day, was like a surge of warmth flowing through her heart.

Vivian melted as if she was a glacier in the Himalayan mountains, turning into water that nourished each other's hearts.

When the car finally pulled up in front of the villa, the driver and Noah watched as the two lovebirds got off the car with a blushing face.

Realization finally dawned on Vivian that there were others in the car with her. She could not help but flush as she touched her burning hot cheeks and hurriedly straightened her clothes.

Finnick said, "Let's go home."

After getting off the car, Vivian pushed Finnick into the house. While the latter was still thinking about the ways to devour Vivian, he suddenly received a call from Xavier.

What a killjoy!

Frowning, Finnick did not want to answer it initially, but Xavier called again after the first call was ignored.

Only then did Finnick compose himself as he knew Xavier very well. Although the latter was usually frivolous, his persistent calls showed that he must have something important to say.

Finnick told Vivian, "Why don't you head on up first? I need to take this call."

Vivian nodded and went upstairs, whereas Finnick answered the phone.

Xavier could be heard panting as he said, "Finnick, I think I have an idea about the identity of the man who lost the silk scarf in the Century Hotel two years ago! I'm on my way to your house now and I'll tell you in detail in a while!"

The look on Finnick's face instantly changed.

He found the man from two years ago?

Shocked, Finnick hung up the phone and went to the room upstairs first.

The sight of Vivian getting changed sent a ripple of emotions through him, but he did not say anything and simply tell her, "It must have been a tiring day for you. You should rest early."

She squatted down and leaned on his legs, saying, "What about you? You should be more tired than I am today."

"I'm waiting for Xavier. He's coming over in a while," replied Finnick.

"Oh, I see. Don't forget to get some rest afterward." Nodding her head, Vivian went to shower.

While showering in the bathroom, she got lost in her thought.

She was overwhelmed by everything that happened at the auction earlier.

First, there was Evelyn's diamond pen, to the missing amulet, and then Finnick's ten million bid of the amulet. Afterward, Fabian and Ashley fought, and the latter was found out to be pregnant. Not to mention the incident where Finnick shielded Vivian from the red wine...

A rush of mixed feelings came over Vivian.

As she stood under the showerhead, the warm water flowed down her body, and the warmth invaded every inch of her skin from her head to her toe. Only then did the tension in her body slowly dissipate. It feels so good.

Vivian thought of Finnick.

He had bought her mother's amulet at the auction for ten million and had also stepped forward to shield her from the red wine that was poured by Ashley. Now that she thought about it, the man always showed up in the nick of time whenever she was in danger...

However, there still seemed to be many obstacles between her and Finnick, such as Fabian, Evelyn, and the truth from two years ago.

Perhaps Finnick won't be bothered by it, but what happened two years ago had always been a thorn in Vivian's flesh, which often pierced into her heart so much that it hurt.

But everyone had a past. For Finnick, the past that he could never let go of was the fire incident and Evelyn. Considering that he still pretended to be crippled, he must still have a lot of things to settle.

Meanwhile, Finnick was reading news on his phone in the living room, but he could not understand a thing as his mind was preoccupied.

The things that Xavier said on the phone left him restless.

What exactly is the truth? Can Xavier actually solve this mystery?

For a moment, Finnick was suddenly afraid to know the truth. The reason being that the truth was often horrible.

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Finnick waited anxiously for a long while before Xavier finally arrived.

Since the nanny already went back, Finnick got up from his wheelchair.

In fact, everything that he did at the auction was not tiring. The only tiring thing for him was being in the wheelchair the whole time.

Finnick poured Xavier a glass of red wine.

Xavier accepted it and muttered, "Red wine? Seriously? Do you love wine so much that you still want to drink it even after your clothes were drenched in it?"

He leaned over and took a sniff at Finnick's clothes, he then covered his nose and teased, "You reek of alcohol, dude. Haha. It seems that you're quite a good drinker."

However, Finnick paid no heed to his teasing and simply asked anxiously, "Stop joking around. Tell me now, what do you mean by what you said on the phone? Any news on the silk scarf?"

"Why are you in such a hurry when we have all the time in the world? You're no fun. Don't you feel tired wearing that stern face and acting cool all the time?" retorted Xavier with a happy look on his face.

Sitting on the sofa, Finnick urged, "Stop messing with me! Tell me about the silk scarf now. What did you recall? Spill it and stop testing my patience."

"Okay, okay." Xavier raised his hands up in surrender and added, "You have to thank someone from the charity auction. It was because of her that I recalled the things about the silk scarf."

"Who is it?" Finnick waited for Xavier's answer.

Seeing the eager look on Finnick's face, Xavier burst into laughter and made fun of him, "Look at you, getting so anxious. Haha. It's hilarious."

Finnick grabbed Xavier by the collar and growled, "Enough with your games! Come on, tell me now, who is she?"

"Let go of me! I'll say it. I'll say it, okay?"

Finnick loosened his grip, and Xavier took a step back, he said, "It's Ashley! If you hadn't shielded Vivian from the wine that was poured by Ashley and gotten yourself drenched in wine, I wouldn't have remembered it. When I was wiping your clothes with a silk scarf, it felt like Deja vu to me..."

Xavier pretended to be deep in thought, while Finnick waited for his next words without suspecting anything.

After a few moments of waiting, Finnick finally realized something was off.

Approaching Xavier, he stared into Xavier's eyes and threatened, "Xavier Jackson, can you stop keeping me in suspense? My patience is wearing thin and if you keep this up, I'll show you no mercy!"

"Geez, I just want to take it easy for once. Look at you, getting all hot and bothered."

Xavier kept grinning at Finnick as he beckoned to him and ordered, "Come on then. Serve me."

"Are you done grinning and messing around?" Finnick planned to maim Xavier if he continued to keep him guessing.

After Xavier had enough fun, he said to Finnick, "I can tell you about the silk scarf, Finnick, but on one condition."

Having figured it out, Finnick replied, "I knew it. Well, spit it out then."

"Pinky promise!" Xavier held up his little finger.

Finnick slapped Xavier's hand away and replied, "What are we, three-year-old kids?"

With the grin still plastered on his face, Xavier said, "Reopen my silk scarf factory immediately. I'm innocent, and the factory's innocent as well. Without the silk scarf factory, I have no allowance! It's all your fault, Finnick. You have no idea how many girls I've missed out on during this period!"

Finnick sat back on the sofa and asserted, "It's not difficult to reopen the silk scarf factory, but it depends on the value of the clues you'll be providing."

"Don't worry. It's definitely very valuable." Xavier sat down and continued, "Moreover, it's definitely a truth that's beyond your imagination."

Truth.

Finnick felt his heart began to pound. Who was Vivian with at Century Hotel two years ago... He didn't dare to think about it further.

Xavier suddenly asked, "Do you really want to know, Finnick?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

Finnick took a deep breath and replied, "Yes, I'm sure. I can handle it. Just tell me."

"Alright, then."

This time, Xavier sat down calmly and recounted seriously, "Do you remember that you had a fierce argument with Benedict at a dinner banquet like this two years ago? You accidentally got red wine spilled on your clothes, and I lent you my silk scarf."

Finnick gave it a hard thought before answering, "I think so."

He remembered that after the argument with Benedict that night, he had too much to drink and felt unwell, so he left before the dinner was over.