

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 341

“Why did you fake your disability then, Mr. Norton?” a journalist asked out of curiosity.

“We would like to know why too!”

“Has it got something to do with the fire ten years ago?”

The journalists could tell that there was a reason behind Finnick’s fake disability, and they were dying to know it.

Usually, no journalist would dare to take the initiative to speak during press conferences with Finnor Group, but the journalist who spoke first gave other journalists the courage to speak up as well.

Finnick seemed rather calm despite the onslaught of questions. “Yes, I am indeed healthy, but I have my own reasons for faking my disability. I do not wish to discuss this in public, and I hope you understand.”

The journalists nodded in acceptance, but as experienced reporters and writers, they knew perfectly well what the possible reasons were.

However, they also knew that they did not have the right to get themselves involved in the business of prominent families.

Finnick cleared his throat and continued his speech. “There’s another thing I would like to talk about. Those rumors from two years ago are all baseless, malicious claims. Ashley Miller was the one who made them up to ruin my wife’s reputation, and I’ve submitted the relevant evidence to the police. I’m sure justice will be served soon.”

He chuckled as something popped into his mind. “By the way, we’re doing well as husband and wife. The pregnancy rumors were untrue, but we’ve been trying nonetheless. Thank you for your concern and your presence today.”

With that, he stood up and bowed to the journalists before leaving without another word.

Meanwhile, Vivian was going to combust from the second-hand embarrassment.

“Oh, what did he say? ‘We’ve been trying nonetheless?’” Jenny teased as Vivian buried herself in her sheets.

“Jenny!” Vivian shouted, tossing a pillow at Jenny.

“We’re all adults anyway. What’s there to be embarrassed about?” someone said as the crowd chuckled in unison.

After the press conference, netizens began to flood the Internet with awestruck comments all over again.

Wow, he’s so protective of his wife!

I was going to lose hope in men, but he proved me wrong! Vivian William is so lucky!

I wish I could be his wife!

By the time Finnick returned to Vivian’s hospital room, she had already finished dinner and was getting ready to go to sleep.

Instead of sleeping on the cot beside her bed, Finnick decided to share a bed with her.

Vivian chuckled as she thought about his closing statement during the press conference. “Is Mark going to explode from anger because of what you said? Now everyone thinks he’s getting you into trouble just to get the inheritance. I heard from my colleagues that his company’s stocks plummeted after the press conference!”

“Of course,” Finnick said gently, though his eyes had a sharp glint in them. “Serves him right, though.”

“Do you really hate him that much?” Vivian asked out of curiosity. “He’s your brother, after all.”

“Of course I do. I’ll never forgive him for what he did to me a decade ago and for what he did to you.”

“What?” Vivian exclaimed. “What did he do to you a decade ago?”

Was he responsible for that fire ten years ago?

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"I never figured out their motive behind the kidnapping ten years ago," Finnick said with a frown. "They could have taken their leave after getting the money, but they chose to commit arson instead. What makes them think setting me on fire and letting the whole world know of the kidnapping would do them any good?"

He paused and looked at the ceiling. "I've been doing my own investigations over the years, and I can confirm that Mark was the mastermind behind all this. Those burglars were after my life rather than my money, and the ransom was just another one of Mark's smoke screens. What he didn't expect was to hear of my escape from the inferno."

He clenched his fists in anger. Memories of his escape had plagued his mind for years, and he was determined to take revenge.

Vivian sighed as she racked her brains to think of a suitable response.

Even though it had been a decade since the fire, Finnick was still having trouble moving on from it. That in itself was an indication of just how severe the trauma was.

She pried open his fists and held on to his clammy hands in the hopes of helping him calm down.

Noticing her concern, Finnick took a few deep breaths to calm himself down. "Don't worry, it's all in the past. They won't be able to hurt me now."

Vivian grimaced. How could they?

How could you, Mark? You may not be on good terms with Finnick, but how dare you hurt him?

“So why did Mark...” she began, only to cut herself off as the answer to her question popped into her head. It’s for the money, of course. Why else would he do such a thing?

Finnick’s grandfather, Samuel doted on him, and Vivian could tell that he had intended for Finnick to be the heir to the Norton family’s assets. As for Mark, jealousy had gotten the better of him, and getting rid of Finnick was the sure-fire way to secure himself the position as head of the Norton family.

“Did you fake your disability to defend yourself against Mark?” Vivian asked.

“Yeah. I was too young and weak to do anything against him back then, so I had no choice but to resort to that,” Finnick answered. “Faking a disability made him drop lower his guard against me, and I used the disability as an excuse to go to A Nation and gather my forces. That’s the only way for me to find out about the truth and make him pay for it. Now that I’m strong enough to go against him, I figured that it’s time to reveal the truth. I won’t let him hurt me or my loved ones ever again.”

Vivian listened as he talked about his lonely struggles over the years, which was something that he never discussed openly, even when she asked about it.

He’s finally opening up to me, isn’t he?

After a while, both of them fell asleep, exhausted from their conversation.

Even though the hospital bed was way too small for both of them, they still managed to sleep through the night without incident.

The next day, Finnick left for work early in the morning while Vivian decided to give Rachel a call, since she did not get the chance to do so earlier.

She must be worried sick about me!

Rachel’s anxious voice came through the moment she picked up. “Are you alright, Vivian? Are you hurt? Why didn’t you call earlier? I was so worried for you!”

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To Vivian's surprise, Rachel started to sob before she could even say anything to console her.

"Mom, don't cry! I'm fine! I'm not hurt! Don't worry!" she said frantically.

"Stop lying! You almost fell from a building, for goodness' sake! How are you now?" Rachel asked, still sniffing.

"I'm fine, Mom... "

It took a while, but Rachel finally calmed down enough to talk. "Take care of yourself and don't get hurt!" she said before hanging up.

Vivian put her phone away and looked up with a start when someone knocked on the door.

She got off the bed and opened the door, only to be shocked by the person standing behind it. Why is she here?

"How are you doing, Vivian?" Elaine asked with a worried expression.

"I'm fine. Why are you here?" Vivian asked, gesturing to the chair beside her bed.

She had not expected Elaine to visit her of all people, since they have only met once at the interview.

"I was so worried for you after reading the news! I'm just glad to see that you're doing well, that's all," Elaine said as he handed Vivian a bouquet of flowers.

"Thank you. It's beautiful," Vivian said. However, she could not help but wonder why Elaine picked a bouquet of Blue Enchantresses.

Don't people usually bring simpler flowers like lilies and daisies when visiting patients in a hospital? Why did she give me Blue Enchantresses?

Vivian shrugged. Maybe it's just a personal preference?

"Where's your husband, Vivian? Why are you alone?" Elaine asked.

"He's busy right now," Vivian replied with a smile.

"Don't you know how lucky you are? You have such a handsome and capable husband, so you should take good care of him before someone snatches him away."

"Huh? No way! We're on really good terms, and I trust him wholeheartedly," Vivian said, a little surprised.

"Oh, really?" Elaine asked, and Vivian could tell that there was another side to her words.

"Yeah," she answered, nodding. "By the way, where did you get your dress from? It's really pretty."

She changed the subject to avoid talking about Finnick. After a while more bantering, Elaine stood up to take her leave. "I'll come back and visit you when I have the time," she said before walking out of the door.

That night, Finnick caught sight of the Blue Enchantresses on the bedside table when he returned to the hospital room, and his expression turned grim almost immediately.

"What's wrong?" Vivian asked.

"Nothing. Who gave you those flowers?" Finnick asked.

"Elaine did. Do you remember her? The designer that I interviewed a few days back? She came to see me this morning, and..."

"Throw the flowers away."

"Huh?"

"I don't like it," Finnick said before turning around and disappearing into the bathroom.

Vivian stared at him in confusion. Did he just tell me to throw them away? What's wrong with him? Did something happen back in the office?

"Maybe he won't be mad if I hid it..." she muttered to herself as she concealed the flowers behind the water dispenser. "It's such a waste to throw them away!"

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After Finnick left for work the next day, yet another unexpected guest appeared in Vivian's room.

He looked like he had not slept in days, and his clothes and hair were in a mess.

"Here. This is for you," Fabian said, handing her a bouquet of lilies. He knew how much Vivian loved lilies.

"Thank you," Vivian said as she set the flower down on the bedside table. "How's Ashley's funeral going?"

"We're preparing for her wake as of now," Fabian answered.

With her parents out of the picture and no close friends to help out, Fabian had to plan her wake and her funeral all by himself.

"Please give it your all, Fabian," Vivian pleaded. "I may not like her, but she's my sister after all. I can't bear to see her leave this world without a proper funeral..."

She paused and sighed. "She really loved you."

"I know. I would have done it anyway," Fabian said. "By the way, Vivian, I'm here to tell you that..."

He hesitated and looked away.

"What's wrong?" Vivian asked.

"Vivian, I just want to give you and Finnick my blessings," Fabian said as he met her eyes again with much determination. "I used to think that the two of you chose each other out of necessity, and I used to believe that I was the one for you. However, when I saw how

Finnick volunteered to take your place when you got kidnapped, I realized just how much he loved you. I asked myself if I would do the same, but I was too cowardly to say yes.”

He lowered his head shyly. “Vivian, I realized that I’ll never compare to Finnick. He’s the one you deserve, so I wish you all the best.”

With that, he looked into her eyes again and waited for her reply.

“Yeah, you too,” Vivian said quietly.

Finnick almost cried upon hearing those words. Even if Finnick was the one she deserved, she used to love Fabian with all her heart, and Fabian was delighted to hear her well wishes.

“Can I hug you?” Fabian asked before looking away sheepishly. “Actually, never mind... I just... “

Before he could finish his sentence, Vivian leaned forward and gave him a quick hug. “Promise me, Fabian. Take care of yourself and be happy.”

Fabian nodded with a smile. “I’ll take my leave now. I still have plenty of things to settle regarding the wake.”

“Alright, I’ll see you off,” Vivian said as he got up from his seat.

After Fabian left, Vivian returned to her room and got herself a cup of water from the dispenser beside her bed. She glanced at the bouquet of Blue Enchantresses she hid behind the dispenser the previous night, and she could not help but stroke the petals gently.

“Aren’t they beautiful? Why doesn’t he like them?” Vivian muttered to herself as she took out an empty vase and put the flowers in carefully.

Just as she set the vase down on her bedside table, someone knocked on the door.

Since when did I become so popular? Vivian wondered as she opened the door, only to freeze in shock at the sight of her visitor.

Why do I have so many unexpected guests these days?

The person standing outside the door was Benedict Morrison, Evelyn Morrison’s brother.

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"Why are you here?" she asked.

Benedict answered smilingly, "Well, of course, I'm here to visit the patient."

Noticing the confusion on Vivian's face, he explained, "When I visited Ms. Rachel yesterday, I heard from her that you're injured and were admitted to the hospital. She was very worried about you, but she can't visit you in her current health condition. So, she asked me to come and check if you're alright."

"Is my mom alright?" Vivian couldn't help feeling worried when Benedict mentioned Rachel's health condition.

Benedict reassured her, "Yes, she's fine. There's no need to worry." Then, he asked, "Are you alright?"

"Yes, thanks to Finnick," replied Vivian.

Yet, Benedict's face darkened upon the mention of Finnick.

"Huh," he snorted, "I thought Finnick had lost both of his legs ten years ago, but it turns out he escaped unscathed. Evelyn was the only one who died in the fire."

Hearing his sarcastic words, Vivian furrowed her brows. "Benedict, none of us know what happened at that time. I don't believe Finnick would leave Evelyn for dead. I hope you won't say things like this again before we even find out about the truth."

Benedict paid no heed to Vivian's words. To him, Vivian was only trying to defend Finnick.

Suddenly, he froze on the spot when something caught his attention.

Noticing his abnormality, Vivian followed his gaze and saw the Blue Enchantress, a gift from Elaine, on the nightstand.

Shifting her eyes back to Benedict, she asked in confusion, "What's wrong?"

"That's Evelyn's favorite flower," Benedict answered sorrowfully, fixing his eyes on the Blue Enchantress.

What? Blue Enchantress is Evelyn's favorite flower?

Hearing that, Vivian recalled when Finnick seemed to be lost in his thoughts while staring at the flower yesterday. At that instant, conflicted emotions overwhelmed her heart. At that time, did the flowers remind him of Evelyn? Is it because of Evelyn that he asked me to throw away the flowers? Because he was afraid that it might bring back sad memories?

As for Benedict, he was disdainful of Finnick for pretending to be disabled. Now that he saw his sister's most favorite flower, he couldn't help feeling a little moody. Since he was not in the mood to stay any longer, he soon left the hospital after having a little chat with Vivian.

Vivian felt a little tired after dealing with both Fabian and Benedict. She was now lying in bed, trying to get some rest. Yet, she was bothered by the thought that Finnick was acting strangely yesterday because of Evelyn. She was perturbed, and couldn't seem to sleep.

After much tossing and turning in bed, being overwhelmed by fatigue, Vivian eventually fell asleep.

It was past three in the afternoon when she woke up. While making her bed, she heard hurried footsteps coming from outside the ward. Then, a resounding voice rang out, "Which ward is it? Are we not there yet?"

It's Grandpa! Vivian recognized it was Samuel upon hearing his familiar voice.

She quickly put on her coat and then opened the door to see Samuel standing outside in the corridor with a group of doctors behind him.

"Grandpa, I'm here," she called out.

Upon seeing Vivian, Samuel admonished, "Stay there! Don't move! Didn't they say you're injured? Why aren't you resting? You should rest in bed!"

Vivian shook her head in amusement at Samuel's overreaction. "Oh, Grandpa, they're exaggerating it. I'm fine," Vivian reassured Samuel while helping him into the ward to sit on the couch.

"Really?" Samuel asked as he couldn't seem to cast his worries away.

Vivian answered helplessly, "Really. As you can see, I'm fine." What did they say about my injury? Why is everyone visiting me all of a sudden?

Benedict scrutinized her from head to toe, making sure she was alright before he could put his mind at ease.

"I think it's better you do a full-body check-up in case there's any sequela. You might as well ask the doctor to check your fertility. Oh, I can't wait to meet my grandchild."