

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 671

"Noah has brought you your medicine just now. Now, take your medicine and go to bed. I will sleep on the couch in the living room tonight."

"I'm fine." Finnick took the medicine from Vivian. "You sleep in the bedroom. I can sleep on the couch tonight."

"Don't you know you're sick right now? Can't you take care of your body?" Vivian's anger spiked. "If you didn't catch a fever because of me, I wouldn't even bother to be here, taking care of you. Now, take your medicine and go to bed!"

This was the first time Finnick heard her talking to him in such a demanding tone. Although she sounded harsh, he could sense her care for him.

Knowing that she was worried about him, Finnick eventually gave in. "Alright. Don't be angry. I will do as you said."

Vivian hurried him to go to bed after seeing him taking his medicine. Then, she snuggled up on the couch. Hopefully, his fever will be gone by tomorrow morning.

Vivian was considered tall in height, yet there was ample space on the couch for a woman with a slim figure like her. Thus, it was not at all uncomfortable to sleep on the couch.

The night passed, and a new day had come.

Vivian woke up feeling refreshed. She suffered insomnia since she went to A Nation five years ago. It was hard for her to fall asleep at night. Even if she happened to fall asleep, the slightest sound could wake her up.

Surprisingly, she had a good night's sleep the other night. Instead of waking up with a headache, she felt energetic and full of vigor.

With a pleasant smile on her face, she slowly opened her eyes. Instantly, her pupils constricted upon seeing Finnick's sleeping face that was inches apart from her face. Why is he here?

“Arghh—”

Finnick subconsciously furrowed his brows, awoken by Vivian’s scream. He opened his eyes to see the young lady looking at him with panic written all over her face.

“Good morning, Vivian,” he greeted. Curling his lips into a smile, he tightened his arms around her waist.

Vivian felt the pressure on her waist. That was when she realized that their current position was a bit too intimate.

There was more than enough space for her on the couch, yet it was too small to fit two adults. Thus, they were so close to each other that their bodies were pressed together.

At this moment, Vivian could clearly see the mirth in Finnick’s eyes. She watched as the man lowered his head, his nose tip stroking hers. His breath was tickling her lips, and she felt electricity coursed through her body.

Instantly, she sat up and pushed him down the couch. “Why are you here? What do you think you’re doing?”

Standing on the floor barefooted, Finnick could feel coldness creeping up from his feet.

“Vivian, I’m worried about you sleeping alone on the couch. I wanted to carry you to bed, but it seemed like I’ve lost my strength because of the fever. I... I couldn’t pick you up.”

He let out a chuckle when he recalled her grumbling, like a child being disturbed in her sleep, when he tried to carry her the other night. Her cute reaction melted his heart. Afraid of waking her up, he had no choice but to put her down.

Finnick went on by saying, “So, I decided to sleep on the couch beside you.”

Vivian’s face flushed. “I told you yesterday to sleep in the bed!” So he was sleeping next to me, holding me in his arms the entire night? How could I not notice it? Oh, I shouldn’t be so dead asleep!

Afraid she might think of him as someone trying to take advantage of her, Finnick hurriedly explained, “You were soaked wet as well yesterday. I was afraid you might catch a cold like me if you sleep on the couch, so that’s why I...”

Vivian scoffed, "Hmph! Mind your own business!" Then, she ran toward the washroom.

Finnick wanted to stop her and explain himself when all of a sudden, he felt lightheaded and couldn't lift his leaden legs.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 672

Finnick closed his eyes and clasped his forehead. With his brows knitted, he waited for the dizziness to go away. Vivian was no longer in sight when he finally opened his eyes.

Looking at the washroom's closed door, he felt his temple throbbing. It looks like I can only explain to her when she comes out.

Meanwhile, Vivian could feel her cheeks burning as she sat on the toilet seat cover. Her heart was thumping wildly in her chest.

Cupping her face, she started to suspect if she had a fever. Or else, why would her body feel so hot to the touch?

Nevertheless, she didn't feel sick or uncomfortable at all.

Vivian placed her hand on her chest and felt her racing heartbeat. The feeling of it was surprisingly familiar to her.

She remembered it being the same feeling she experienced whenever Finnick move closer to her when they were still friends. Could it be that I have once again fallen for him?

Vivian was shocked when the thought hit her. She shook her head, trying to cast the thought away. I can't fall for him again. We're over!

"Remember, you're no longer Vivian William. You're now Vivian Morrison! You should've learned your lesson five years ago. You can't fall for him again, never!"

Vivian was brainwashing herself when suddenly, she was interrupted by the sound of her phone ringing. A smile appeared on her face when she saw it was Larry calling. She quickly answered the call.

"Mommy, it's me!" Larry sounded excited over the phone.

"I know, it's my little pumpkin. Are you alright at home?" Vivian lowered her voice so that Finnick couldn't hear their conversation.

Larry answered loudly, "Yes! Mommy, I skied with Uncle Benedict today. It's super fun!"

Vivian let out a chuckle. "Is it? Did you fall?"

"Um... I only fell several times," Larry mumbled as he was embarrassed to admit it. Then, he loudly added, "But I managed to learn skiing in a short time. The coach has complimented me, saying that I'm a fast learner."

"Oh, little pumpkin, you're amazing!" Vivian exclaimed in an exaggerating tone.

"Ha! That's for sure!" The little guy was puffed up with pride. "But Uncle Benedict could ski much better than me! A lot of the pretty ladies were looking at him when he was skiing."

"Really?" Vivian was amused. "Then you need to train harder so that one day, you can become as skillful as your Uncle Benedict."

"I will!" the boy said seriously. Then, he asked, "Mommy, did you have fun there?"

"Yes. I have a nice time here. Thank you for asking."

"I'm glad to hear that. Uncle Benedict told me that you are too tired and that you need to relax. Mommy, I wished you can have fun. You don't need to come back early because of me. I can take care of myself and Uncle Benedict." Larry sounded mature like a little adult as he reassured his mother.

Vivian couldn't help feeling amused. At the same time, she was touched by her son's words. "Thank you, little pumpkin." It was God's blessing to have such a considerate and thoughtful son.

"I'll end the call now. Have fun!" said Larry in a cheerful tone. After a short pause, he added, "I just called you to tell you that Uncle Benedict and I are fine. You don't need to worry about us."

"I got it. Little pumpkin, you're the best." Vivian's eyes became watery.

"I'm really going to end the call this time. Goodbye, Mommy!"

"Bye!"

Vivian couldn't help curling her lips into a heartfelt smile. She felt all her sacrifices and sufferings had paid off to have Larry as her son. In fact, Larry was so important to her that she couldn't even imagine how was she going to live if she lost him.

At that moment, the memory of Finnick forcing her to have an abortion came flashing back. It was her worst nightmare, and it was the very reason why she could never forgive that man.

Oh, Vivian, have you not learned your lesson? Have you forgotten how ruthless a man he was? How could you fall for him again after what happened five years ago?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 673

Vivian patted her face to calm herself down. Apart from a superior-subordinate relationship, there would be nothing more between them. She shouldn't have any feelings for him.

She wouldn't want to relive the feeling of hopelessness and despair she experienced five years ago. Finnick, this time, I will not give you the chance to hurt me!

A determined glint flashed across her eyes while a cold expression appeared on her face. Vivian put her phone into her pocket and then splashed her face with cold water.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she once again reminded herself that she should never forgive Finnick.

She steeled herself before leaving the washroom. As soon as she opened the door, she heard the sound of violent coughing.

Vivian cast her eyes over and saw Finnick sitting on the couch. Right in front of him was his laptop on the coffee table.

How could he still work when he is sick? Does he really think he's a man of steel?

Without any hesitation, Vivian made her way toward the man and slammed his laptop shut. "Don't you know you have a fever? I told you you should take care of your body!"

"Vivian, there's an emergency in the office. I need to attend to some urgent matters," Finnick explained as he tried in vain to re-open his laptop.

Vivian was pressing hard on his laptop. She couldn't help feeling angry with him. "Nothing is more important than your health. You had a high fever yesterday, and you're only starting to feel better now. What if your condition worsened? Do you want to be admitted to the hospital?"

Finnick gave in when he saw her worried eyes. "Vivian, are you worried about me?"

Vivian was reluctant to admit it. "I'm just afraid that you would infect me if your condition worsened."

Although she had warned herself to stay away from Finnick, still, she couldn't bring herself to see that man working when sick. Her anger got the better of her, and those caring words emerged before she even realized it.

As for Finnick, he smiled at her unconvincing denial. He could tell that Vivian cared about him though she was reluctant to admit it. If she was worried about being infected, she wouldn't have helped him dry his hair yesterday.

"Vivian, thank you for caring about me. I will take good care of my body," Finnick promised, his eyes bore straight into hers.

Ugh! What's the matter with him? I told him I'm not worried about him! Vivian could feel her cheeks burning. She turned around to avoid his eyes and walked toward the bedroom. "I'm going to get changed."

“Wait!” Finnick called out. Then, he made his way toward her. “Vivian, your birthday is around the corner. I wanted to celebrate it with you. Is there anything you want as a birthday gift?”

His words reminded Vivian when she unlocked his phone yesterday. His password was her birthday! At that instant, she felt a little moved.

Vivian, you shouldn't fall for him! Don't go soft just because the man set your birthday as his password! Vivian reminded herself internally, and her heart hardened.

With a cold expression on her face, she rejected, “I'm not celebrating my birthday. Also, if I need anything, I can buy it myself. There is no need for you to spend money on this.” With that, she walked past Finnick into the bedroom.

Finnick was confused as to why Vivian returned to her icy self. She was still very caring toward me yesterday, but why does her attitude suddenly change?

As his eyes followed Vivian entering the bedroom, he suddenly felt distant from her. Back then, he was the one who knew Vivian best. However, now it was hard for him to see through her, and the thoughts running in her mind were no longer fathomable to him.

A moment earlier, he could feel her care for him; the next moment, all that was left was her anger and resentment for him. In her heart, who am I to her?

Just as Finnick was racking his brain, he received a message from the tour guide, informing him that they would be camping at a small island that afternoon and that they were required to gather in front of the hotel at nine.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 674

Finnick called out when he saw Vivian coming out of the bedroom, “Vivian, do you know we are going to the small island?”

“Yes. I saw the message.” With that, Vivian made her way toward the door without sparing another glance at Finnick. She was determined to control her feelings for that man.

"Let's go together." Finnick quickly followed suit.

Vivian turned around to face Finnick. She hesitated and eventually advised, "You are still on a fever. You'd better rest in the hotel and avoid traveling on the sea."

"I'm fine." Her caring words dispelled his gloominess and brought a smile to his face. "I feel much better now after sleeping."

"But..." she trailed off. Since she had decided to stay away from Finnick, she shouldn't worry about him.

"Do as you like." With that, she briskly walked out of the room, heading to the gathering spot.

Finnick quickly washed up and prepared himself before he went after Vivian. Everyone was waiting for him on the bus by the time he arrived.

Finnick noticed that the seat next to Vivian was empty. Before he even walked toward her, the latter had gotten up from her seat to sit with another girl.

Is she avoiding me?

Downhearted, Finnick randomly chose a seat. He couldn't seem to figure out why Vivian blew hot and cold recently.

Meanwhile, the intern sitting next to Vivian asked, "Ms. Morrison, could I ask you a question?" The intern was Charlotte, a fresh graduate who just joined the magazine company. She was a beautiful young lady, with a Greek nose and a pair of big eyes.

"Of course. What is it?" Vivian turned to face Charlotte. When she first came across the young lady's resume, she knew the latter would be an excellent employee. As it turned out, she was right.

Although the twenty-two-year-old Charlotte was still young, she was competent in her job and was able to come up with her own opinion. All she needed was a little more training and experience to become a wonderful journalist.

"Is Mr. Norton chasing after you? Are you going to get back together with him?" asked Charlotte, nervously waiting for Vivian's answer.

"No. We're over. Nothing is going to happen between us," Vivian answered without any hesitation. At the same time, she couldn't help feeling mad at Finnick. If Finnick didn't insist on coming with her, the others wouldn't have misunderstood them. Now, everyone must be gossiping about her.

Charlotte was elated to hear Vivian's denial. "Ms. Morrison, are you really not going to get back together with Mr. Norton?"

"Um... Yes." Vivian hesitatingly nodded, not knowing why Charlotte looked so happy.

"Then can I chase after Mr. Norton?" Charlotte asked in a low voice, her eyes shining with excitement.

"What?" Vivian couldn't believe her ears. Did she say she wanted to chase after Finnick?

"No?" Charlotte's eyes dimmed with disappointment upon seeing Vivian's reaction. "Is it because you still like Mr. Norton? If that's so, then I..."

Vivian immediately denied, "Of course not! I was just surprised that you like Finnick. After all, the two of you have quite a large age gap."

Hearing that, Charlotte couldn't contain herself. "What's the problem with that? I've always liked a more mature man. Besides, Mr. Norton is damn handsome. He looks no different from a man in his late twenties."

"Is it?" Inexplicably, Vivian felt like her heart was being tied into a knot.

In the end, she cast the blame on Finnick. Hmph! I was right! This man sure knows how to lure young girls. He really is a wolf in sheep's clothing. On the surface, that man looks like a gentleman, but he's heartless and cruel.