

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 41

“What’s it about?” Finnick was extremely calm. Not curious about what was in the envelope, he merely threw a question at Fabian.

Not knowing how to explain, Fabian only gave a vague answer. “I heard that you have a woman now?”

He intended to say it in a light-hearted manner. In reality, when he first heard about it, he was shocked.

He knew that Finnick never displayed any interest in women. His father, Mark, even suspected that the car accident ten years ago had not only robbed him of his legs, but also of his ability in bed.

It was only until Finnick’s marriage that they realized otherwise. What shocked Fabian more was that Finnick was actually involved with Vivian!

When Finnick heard what Fabian said, he raised his eyebrows. “You’re very knowledgeable about my matters, huh?”

Although it was just a casual statement, Finnick’s voice lowered considerably. Feeling pressured, Fabian broke out into a cold sweat.

“It’s a coincidence.” Fabian forced himself to smile. “Previously, my business partner, Mr. Hark, offended your woman. He told me about it afterwards.”

When Fabian mentioned what happened at Q City, a cold glint flashed across Finnick’s eyes. “So?”

Finnick already deduced that Fabian met him today to talk about Vivian.

Although Finnick never deliberately concealed his relationship from Fabian, he seemed to have misunderstood that Vivian was Finnick’s mistress.

"Well..." Fabian was breaking out in cold sweat. However, he steeled himself and pressed on, "That woman is working in my magazine company. Coincidentally, I got my hands on some information on her which I think you ought to know."

As he spoke, his gaze landed on the envelope on the table.

So the envelope contains something related to Vivian.

After a moment of contemplation, Finnick raised his hand and opened the envelope.

However, when he saw what was inside the envelope, a murderous glint flashed across Finnick's eyes.

Fabian had been observing Finnick's face and he was not surprised when he captured that slight change in Finnick's expression.

Although she's just Finnick's mistress, it's obvious that she's important to him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have dealt with Mr. Hark like that.

Speaking of which, Vivian is such an impressive woman, huh? She made me fall heads over heels for her back then. Now, she can even fool Uncle Finnick, who had no interest in women before.

But, after I reveal her true colors today, she won't be able to pretend anymore!

Fabian was filled with a desire for revenge. However, he was reluctant to admit that actually, he just did not want to see Vivian and Finnick being entangled in a relationship.

Slam!

After seeing what was in the envelope, Finnick slammed it onto the table, whirled around and said to the waiter, "Do have a lighter?"

Fabian was stunned.

A lighter?

But Uncle Finnick doesn't smoke at all.

The waiter quickly passed him a lighter. Before Fabian could react, Finnick flicked the lighter and burned the envelope.

“Uncle Finnick, what are you doing?” Shocked, Fabian tried to stop him. When he raised his head, his eyes met Finnick’s cold gaze.

Instantly, he felt shivers run down his spine.

What a petrifying gaze.

“Why? Don’t you just want me to take a look at it?” A cold smirk played on Finnick’s lips, while his tone was as frosty as his expression. “Now that I’ve looked at it, there’s no problem if I burn it, right?”

What a joke.

Although the photo didn’t capture any sensitive body parts, she’s still my woman. No one can just look at her like that.

Staring at Finnick, Fabian could not help but swallow his saliva and lower his head. “Nope.”

With the photo enclosed inside, the envelope burnt into ashes.

Finnick tossed the lighter aside and leaned against his wheelchair. His cold gaze landed on Fabian as he interrogated, “Tell me, who gave you this photo?”

Fabian raised his head in surprise. Staring at Finnick, he could barely believe what he just heard. “Uncle Finnick, don’t you want to know who she took the photo with and why such a photo exists?”

Shooting Fabian a brooding look, Finnick replied in a deep voice, “Why must I ask? I know very well what kind of person my woman is.”

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 42

Fabian’s body froze.

He never expected Finnick to react like this after seeing those pictures.

Considering Finnick's personality, Fabian thought that he would definitely fly into a rage and cut off all connections with Vivian.

However, he looked completely unbothered.

Or rather, he had complete faith in Vivian's morals.

When this thought flashed across Fabian's mind, he felt very frustrated.

Why?

Why does Finnick trust Vivian so much? Isn't their relationship supposed to be a superficial and brief one?

Even though I shared such an intimate relationship with Vivian two years ago, I believed that Vivian is a promiscuous woman after seeing those photos.

Is it because I don't trust her enough?

This query emerged in Fabian's mind but he tried desperately to suppress his frustration.

No.

The photos are already there! What kind of misunderstanding can there be?

The only explanation is that Finnick doesn't even care about Vivian. That's why he's unconcerned about what kind of person she is.

"Fabian, you seem very interested in my woman," Finnick said, interrupting Fabian's thoughts.

Fabian's body stiffened.

When he raised his head, he saw Finnick's cold and calm expression. Fabian suddenly felt like a complete fool for bringing the photos to Finnick.

Although Finnick was sitting on a wheelchair, he exuded an innately dignified and elegant aura. His presence was so great that no one could tear their eyes away from him.

Suddenly, Fabian recalled his father's occasional remarks about his uncle. Even his father, who was a particularly choosy man, said that if Finnick was not crippled, he would not even stand a chance against Finnick.

Suddenly, Fabian felt very upset.

In the past, he always thought of himself as an exceptional man. Only now did he realize how unworthy he was in comparison to Finnick.

Although he did not understand why he compared himself to Finnick, this sudden discovery filled him with frustration.

Seized with a sudden impulse, he smirked. "Yeah. You might not know this, but we used to be in a relationship when she was still studying."

Fabian said it in a light-hearted manner, as if he was deliberately trying to anger Finnick.

Admittedly, his words fulfilled their purpose.

Finnick silently tightened his grip on the wheelchair handles. However, soon afterward, he scoffed coldly. "Oh, really?"

Those two words were simple, yet intensely cold. The fury in his voice could send chills down one's spine.

Fabian realized that he had gone overboard. With his face turning pale, he said in a gentler tone, "Uncle Finnick, don't be so bothered by it. She's just a mere woman. I'm asking all these questions because I'm worried that my aunt might feel upset after knowing about it."

Finnick's wife was also very mysterious.

Accordingly, Fabian's grandpa wanted to find Finnick a wife from a wealthy family. Fabian's father, Mark, was initially worried that such a marriage might accord Finnick with some power. Unexpectedly, Finnick suddenly announced that he got married to an ordinary girl with an average family background.

Despite having returned for a period of time, Fabian still had not seen the rumored wife of Finnick.

Finnick merely eyed Fabian, not responding to him at all.

Realizing that he was being too nosy, an awkward expression crossed his face. In the end, he answered the first question Finnick raised, "I got the photo from an anonymous email."

"Anonymous?" repeated Finnick, his tone unreadable.

Fabian nodded. Still reluctant to give up, he could not help but add, "Uncle Finnick, don't blame me for being nosy. But Vivian's an indecent woman. She has a bad reputation in the office too. So you should..."

"Fabian." Before Fabian could finish his sentence, Finnick interrupted him. A hint of irritation had already crept into his voice. "Aren't you sticking your nose too much in my business?"

Only then did Fabian realize that he talked too much. Hence, he glanced down and apologized, "Sorry, Uncle Finnick."

"Alright, Fabian. If there's nothing else, I'll head back first." Finnick adjusted his tie and added calmly, "My wife is still waiting for me at home."

With that, he left the café without sparing Fabian a second glance.

Finnick returned to the car. Noah, who was sitting beside the driver's seat, felt that the car was much colder than usual.

"Noah." Finnick suddenly called out, "I asked you to look into that matter the other day, right? How's it going?"

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 43

Noah was stunned for a while before returning to his senses. "Are you talking about what happened to Ms. William two years ago?"

“Yes.”

“Because quite some time has passed since the incident, so it’s taking a while to investigate.”

“Start the investigation from Fabian. He recently received an email that’s related to the incident.”

“Okay, got it.”

Finnick tapped his slender fingers on the wheelchair handle as a thoughtful gaze appeared in his eyes.

I’ll definitely not spare anyone who dares to mess with my woman.

Also...

When Finnick’s gaze landed on Fabian, who was walking out of the café, a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

From what he heard previously, Fabian had already given up on Vivian and was going to get married soon.

However, it seemed like Fabian was excessively concerned about his relationship with Vivian.

Finnick smiled coldly.

I can’t believe that a day would come when I’d compete with my own nephew.

Even Vivian did not know how she managed to sluggishly get through this day.

With much difficulty, she survived until dismissal time before she eagerly left the office.

When she returned home, she was surprised to see Finnick waiting in the living room. The man would usually reach home quite late.

"Where's Molly and Liam?" Vivian tried her best to conceal her emotions from Finnick. As she took off her shoes, she walked into the living room.

"I gave them a day off today." As there was no one else in the house, Finnick directly stood up from his wheelchair and took the dishes out from the kitchen. "But dinner's ready, so let's eat."

Rubbing her slightly reddened eyes, Vivian nodded and shuffled to the dining room.

Throughout dinner, Vivian and Finnick were immersed in their own thoughts. Hence, they did not speak much.

Finnick finished his meal first. After mulling over it for a while, he asked, "Vivian, have you considered changing a job?"

Not expecting Finnick to mention this, Vivian was stunned. "Why should I change my job?"

Finnick gazed at Vivian. "Your workplace is too far from home and the employee benefits are average. You can find a better job."

Actually, Vivian knew that regardless of which profession it was, her salary would rise if she jumped ship to another company. If it were not for her Mom, she might have already done that.

As her Mom's medical bills were quite high each month, she could not afford to change a job.

However, as she could not tell that to Finnick, she merely pursed her lips and said, "Never mind. I'm enjoying my work a lot and I can't bear to leave."

Finnick gripped his spoon tighter.

"You can't bear to leave?" He looked at Vivian with an unreadable expression.

When Fabian showed him those photos earlier, he looked indifferent on the outside. In reality, however, he was furious.

Extremely furious.

It was evident that the photos were taken by a hidden camera. If he was not wrong, they were taken two years ago.

He knew some details about what happened two years ago and had heard Vivian explain it to him. As he understood that it was not Vivian's fault, he did not blame her. However, Vivian's alluring look in the photos enraged him.

When he thought about how another man had shared such a passionate night with Vivian two years ago, he was overwhelmed with such fury that he had an urge to kill someone.

To be exact, if it were not for the immense self-control he developed over these few years, he might not even be able to calmly eat dinner with Vivian right now.

Fabian was also the source for his anger.

Finnick did not know if Fabian was trying to take revenge for Vivian's betrayal two years ago or break up his relationship with Vivian.

Regardless of which one it was, it was still inappropriate for Vivian to work for Fabian anymore. There was a chance a similar incident at Q City might happen again.

Hence, he suggested for Vivian to change a job. Unexpectedly, she refused without hesitation.

Finnick could not think of any reason why Vivian could not bear to leave the job.

Is she reluctant to part with Fabian?

When that possibility crossed his mind, Finnick felt that he was being unbelievably immature. Yet, that thought made his fury rise even further.

When Finnick remembered those photos, his expression turned frosty. Placing his fork down, he asked, "Are you reluctant to leave Fabian?"

Vivian's face paled, not expecting Finnick to say that.

Does he think that I'm still longing for Fabian, and will cheat on him?

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 44

Although her marriage with Finnick started off on a weird note, Vivian still respected their marriage and would not do anything to betray Finnick.

However, Finnick sounded like he was suspecting Vivian. This made her feel extremely hurt.

“What do you mean, Finnick?” Her tone turned cold. “Are you suspecting that there’s something going on between Fabian and I?”

Vivian had to admit that she was being a little too sensitive now.

However, she really could not stand it anymore. Fabian’s recent mockery and insults, in addition to the photos from today, was pushing her to the verge of a break down.

Initially, she thought that Finnick trusted her. Yet, he was treating her like a flirty woman now!

Finnick did not expect Vivian to react so emotionally. He frowned slightly and reassured her, “That’s not what I meant. Let’s eat.”

Finnick was trying to end the conversation, but Vivian placed her cutlery down and muttered, “I’m full.”

With that, she prepared to stand up and leave the dining table.

However, before she could stand up, Finnick abruptly rose to his feet. He propped his arms on the handles of her chair, trapping her there.

“You! What are you doing?” When Vivian raised her head in a fluster, she saw the man’s handsome face barely inches away from her.

Finnick’s eyes were dark, his emotions unreadable. As he watched Vivian’s panicked expression, he asked in a deep voice, “Vivian, is there nothing that you want to tell me?”

He understood his nephew, Fabian's personality. Fabian was an impulsive man. Hence, after receiving those photos, he would definitely seek Vivian out.

In addition to how Vivian seemed so distracted throughout the day, Finnick guessed that she had probably seen those photos.

Yet, she did not say anything about it.

This infuriated Finnick further.

Why didn't she tell me? I'm her husband. Yet, even though she had been wronged, she did not say a single word. She even wants to continue working in that accursed magazine company!

Finnick did not know why exactly he was so furious. When he gazed at Vivian's fair face and watery eyes, he just could not suppress his anger.

"Vivian, I'm asking you a question!" When he saw that Vivian remained silent, Finnick's anger increased. He pinched her chin and forced her to look into his eyes.

Finnick's grip was starting to hurt her. Despite trying to hold her tears back, they still gushed out from her eyes. Glaring at Finnick, she yelled, "Are you crazy, Finnick?"

Even Finnick thought that he must be going mad.

Gazing at Vivian's face, which was flushed in anger, and her teary eyes, he actually found her extremely alluring!

Yet, when he remembered those photos and Fabian's words, he realized that not a trace of rationality was left within him.

He abruptly lowered his head and pressed his lips against Vivian's pale lips, causing her exclamations to fall silent.

Initially, Finnick just wanted to kiss her as a warning. Yet, when his lips touched Vivian's, his mouth was filled with her sweet fragrance. He was stunned.

Is this how Vivian tastes like?

As if he had been possessed by the devil, he could not help but pry her lips open, greedily deepening the kiss.

On the other side, Vivian widened her eyes in shock.

This was Finnick's second time kissing her. Compared to the punishment kiss the previous time, this kiss was obviously more passionate.

Initially, Vivian wanted to resist and shove Finnick away. However, despite punching his muscular chest, he did not budge.

After a while, Vivian felt breathless from the kiss. Her face was completely red. Unable to resist anymore, she merely slumped in his arms.

After a long time, Finnick noticed that Vivian's face was flushed. Only then did he reluctantly release her and stand up.

The kiss just now allowed him to vent some of the jealousy that was burning within him.

Gazing at Vivian's lips, which were swollen from the kiss, his heart ached. His fingers grazed across her lips as he apologized softly, "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

Biting her lips, Vivian remained silent.

"What?" Finnick's tone turned cold when he noticed Vivian's distant attitude. "Do you hate it so much when I touch you?"

Remembering her resistance to him on the bed, a dangerous glint flashed across Finnick's eyes.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 45

Vivian did not know how to reply him. All she could feel was an overwhelming sense of exhaustion. Slapping Finnick's hand away, she got up and left the dining room.

Watching her back, Finnick did not chase after her.

For the entire night, Finnick did not return to the master bedroom. Vivian was left alone in the room, sleepless for the entire night.

Finnick left the house early the next morning. He was gone when Vivian woke up.

After eating breakfast alone, she went to the office. However, she just sat down at her desk when she saw Fabian walking out of his office.

Frowning, Vivian stood up, planning to hide at the toilet and avoid a direct confrontation with him. She did not want Fabian to scold her in front of everyone.

"Vivian, you're free in the afternoon, right? Follow me to Finnor Group for an interview."

Finnor Group?

Vivian's body froze. When she turned around, she saw Fabian staring at her expressionlessly.

"Mr. Norton." She tried her best to seem calm. "I don't feel too well today. Can you take another person?"

"No." Fabian's tone was formal. "This is the second interview with Finnor Group's CEO. You interviewed him the previous time, so at least you're acquainted. It's better if you accompany me there."

Vivian frowned.

Interview Finnick with Fabian?

I'd be mad if I did that!

"But I really don't feel well, so I'm afraid that I'll affect the interview. Sarah and the rest were present at the previous interview too. It's the same if you ask them to tag along."

"Vivian." Losing his patience, Fabian's tone became frosty. "Do you want to get fired?"

In the magazine company, other than the Chief Editor's office, everyone else worked in open cubicles. Hence, all the employees sat together.

When they overheard Fabian's conversation with Vivian, they fell silent. They timidly watched on, sensing the strange atmosphere surrounding them.

Glaring at Fabian, Vivian had no choice but to relent. "Okay, Mr. Norton."

"Then don't delay anymore. We'll leave now," ordered Fabian expressionlessly and left, while Vivian coldly trailed behind.

After Vivian and Fabian left, the magazine company erupted into a ruckus.

"Oh my God! What's going on? Vivian's relationship with Mr. Norton seems quite bad. I initially thought that he quite liked Vivian."

"Are you stupid? You must be blind to think that Mr. Norton doesn't like Vivian. If he doesn't like her, why would he ask her to tag along for such a major interview?"

"Huh? But they looked like they were about to start an argument."

"They're not arguing! It's obvious that Vivian is throwing a tantrum at Mr. Norton."

Most of the employees in the magazine company were women, who loved to gossip. Vivian had just joined the magazine company two years ago, but her performance had been consistently good. In fact, she was much better than the other experienced journalists who had worked there for three to four years. Part of the reason was that Vivian dared to accept any news projects, regardless of how tiring they were.

However, not everyone thought so.

Previously, someone spread a rumor in the company about how Vivian managed to get involved with a wealthy big-shot. Now that her relationship with the Chief Editor was so vague, everyone was even more convinced now.

However, Vivian did not realize that she had become the subject of everyone's gossip. She merely sat on Fabian's car solemnly and headed to Finnor Group.

"Fabian." There was only the two of them in the car. Unable to bear it anymore, she asked, "What are you trying to do?"

“What? Are you scared?” scoffed Fabian coldly. “Isn’t he just your sugar daddy? If this already scares you, how did you find the courage to be a mistress who breaks up someone else’s family?”

Vivian found Fabian utterly unreasonable. Not wanting to converse with him anymore, she looked outside the window.

The car finally arrived at the Finner Group’s building. Vivian followed Fabian up the building. Then, the secretary led them to Finnick’s office.

The office was decorated in a modern style. The man was sitting on a wheelchair in front of the massive French windows. His body was enveloped by a golden shimmer of sunlight, causing him to look dazzling.

“Uncle Finnick,” greeted Fabian as he walked forward with Vivian. “Excuse me for the sudden interview. I didn’t disturb your work, right?”

Finnick turned around slowly with a calm expression on his handsome face. “It’s fine. It’s just a mere interview.”