

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 331

Vivian sensed her reluctance to elaborate further. Nevertheless, she offered her reassurance. "You're an amazing lady. I believe that your partner still loves you deeply."

"I hope so. You're so lucky, Ms. William. I believe many other ladies, myself included, are really envious of what you have."

Vivian chuckled at her seemingly playful tease. "Everyone will meet their Mr. Right one day. Trust the workings of fate."

Elaine sighed, "Everyone may be able to meet their Mr. Right one day, but not everyone can go on to have a blissful relationship afterward. Unlike you, Ms. William."

"But I believe that what's yours will be yours. Everyone will get their deserved happiness eventually."

Vivian smiled amusedly at the statement. "I sure hope so."

When the interview officially ended that day, Elaine gifted Vivian an exquisite bottle of perfume as a note of thanks. It had no label on it, but Vivian could tell that it was likely very expensive.

There was no way she could take such a costly gift.

"It's too much, Elaine! I can't accept it."

The designer patted her shoulder. "Treat it as me showing affection for a newfound friend. Unless you don't want to be acquainted with me?"

"Of course I do!" Then, after some hesitation, she continued, "If that's the case, I'll take the gift. Thank you very much for your generosity."

"It's more like I'm glad that you're willing to be my friend," replied Elaine.

"No, it's my pleasure instead."

Elaine laughed. "Alright, this conversation would never end if we continue like this. By the way, do you mind if we exchange numbers?"

"Of course! And please call me Vivian."

And thus, Vivian headed home that day with a new number saved in her phone.

When she was home, she took out the bottle of perfume and looked at it more closely, but there was nothing more she understood about it besides the fact that it probably cost a kidney.

Though, after tentatively spraying it on herself, she immediately fell in love with the alluring yet mild scent. Truly the infallible taste of a talented designer.

In the evening, Finnick returned home to a busy Vivian working in the kitchen, trying to cook up a big feast.

"Welcome back," she greeted from the kitchen as she prepared the last dish on the menu.

Finnick admired the apron-clad lady from afar as a surge of happiness warmed him from within. To return home to someone who would be there for you, to take care of you, was a luxury that Finnick cherished greatly.

Spurred by his sudden joy, he strode into the kitchen, wrapped his arms around Vivian's waist, and buried his head into the crook of her neck like a child.

But all of sudden, Finnick jolted and pushed the lady away.

"Hey! What are you doing?" Vivian was bewildered by the response.

"Why do you smell like that?"

Vivian frowned apprehensively. "Like what? I simply wore some perfume."

Finnick asked in an even more serious tone, "Why the sudden perfume? I thought you didn't indulge in such things?"

"The perfume is a gift from an interviewee today. I thought it seemed pretty nice, so I tried it on. What's wrong?"

Finnick asked another question instead, "What brand is the perfume?"

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"I don't know... I'm not an expert on this," Vivian said, cocking her head to the side and glancing at Finnick with a pout.

"Alright," Finnick began, forcing himself to stay calm for Vivian's sake. "I don't really like this smell. Can you wash it off?"

Vivian could tell that something was off with him, but she decided not to point it out.

When she disappeared into the bathroom, Finnick raised a hand to pinch his brows together before looking into the distance with a sigh.

Meanwhile, Vivian freshened herself up with a shower and stepped out to look at herself in the mirror. The sight of Finnick pushing her away replayed in her mind, and she was beyond disappointed.

What's up with him today? He's never been so cold towards me...

Is there something wrong with the perfume that Elaine gave me? Why is he reacting like that?

She took a deep breath to calm herself down as the questions poured into her head like a tsunami. Should I ask him about it? What if he doesn't want to tell me?

She splashed some cold water onto her face to clear her thoughts. Maybe I shouldn't... it'll only sour our relationship. I'll find out the truth soon enough.

She walked out of the bathroom to put on a set of pajamas and noticed that Finnick was no longer standing in the living room.

"Finnick? Finnick!" she called, only to receive no reply.

Panicking a little, she rushed to the balcony and found him standing there while staring into the distance.

He stood with his back facing Vivian and his hands in his pockets, looking completely lost in his own world.

Vivian's uneasiness only grew at the sight of him acting like that. Is something bad going to happen?

After a moment of hesitation, she walked up to face him and held his ice-cold hands to warm them up. "What's wrong? It's cold out here. You should go in before you catch a cold."

Finnick blinked in surprise and met her eyes. "It's fine. I'm just worried about the company."

Vivian could tell that he was lying. Since when did he ever face any difficulties at work?

"Can you tell me what happened today? You seem... "

"I'm fine, Vivian," Finnick said, cutting her off. "It's time for dinner. Let's see if your cooking skills have gotten any better!"

Vivian grimaced, but she decided not to probe any further.

As the days passed after that, Vivian's life returned to normal. She was not a celebrity, and most people forgot about her as quickly as the rumors came.

However, she could not help but wonder where Ashley had gone after that encounter with her at the restaurant.

That's strange... she should have gone to the magazine company to find Fabian and throw a temper tantrum by now! Whatever. Nothing's better than having a peaceful life.

That afternoon, Vivian noticed a man staring at her as she waited for a cab by the roadside.

The man looked away hurriedly when she noticed him, and shuffled into a nearby coffee shop as quickly as he could.

Vivian raised an eyebrow. I don't think it was an accident. Is he stalking me?

She shook her head vehemently. No... stop thinking so much, Vivian! You don't even know him! Why would he follow you out of nowhere? It must have been a coincidence...

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Vivian looked away when her cab came and decided not to think of it any further.

The next day, she woke up to Finnick putting on his tie in front of the mirror, already awake and freshened up.

"You're up early today," she said with a hint of bewilderment. Usually, Finnick would wake up at the same time as her and take her to work in his car.

He walked over to the bedside and sat down. "I need to go to the office early today for some urgent matters. Can you go to work by yourself?"

"Sure. Go ahead," she said.

Finnick smiled and planted a light kiss on her forehead. "Sweet dreams," he said before walking out of the door.

Vivian managed to get another hour of shut-eye before she got up to go to work.

Much to her surprise, a cab was already waiting for her outside the gates when she exited the neighborhood.

Cabs were a rare sight in the high-end neighborhood, and she could not help but smile at how lucky she was.

She raised an arm to signal to the driver that she wanted to get on. "Subway station, please."

After a while of cruising along the road, Vivian began to notice that something was wrong.

"Sir, this isn't the way to the subway station..." she said, only to receive no reply from the driver.

She gasped. I'm in danger!

"Sir! Let me out! Stop the car!" she screamed, but the driver ignored her completely.

She tried to pry open the door, but the driver had locked it before they even set off.

"Hey! Let me out!" she screamed, reaching forward and grabbing the steering wheel in a desperate attempt to escape.

However, the driver simply sighed in exasperation and whacked her head with a stick. A white-hot streak of pain coursed through her veins just before she passed out.

Vivian woke up after what seemed like ages to her muscles screaming in pain. The wound on her head seemed to have scabbed over, but it was still immensely painful whenever she moved. Not only that, her hands and feet were bound tightly, making it impossible for her to stand up.

She looked around frantically, trying to make sense of her situation. The place she was in seemed like an abandoned building's rooftop, which confused her.

Vivian tried to break free of her restraints. I need to escape... something bad might happen to me here if I don't!

Suddenly, the door to the rooftop opened, and she froze the moment she caught sight of the person who walked in.

"You again? What do you want?" she snapped at the person.

"What do I want? What do you think I want after you ruined my life? I just want revenge! I want you to suffer, my dear sister!"

The person who came in was none other than Ashley, and she was the one who sent the cab to bring Vivian here.

Ashley had turned into a disheveled mess since their last meeting, and Vivian wondered if she had even bothered to shower over the past few days. Her face was a ghastly white, and she had since lost the elegance she used to have.

Vivian blinked to stay calm as she stared into Ashley's dim eyes. "Let me go. You'll never hear the end of this from Finnick if you don't."

However, Ashley simply threw her head back and burst into laughter the moment she heard her words.

After a while, her laughter died down, and she lowered her head to glare at Vivian. "Tell him to come at me, Vivian! I'm not scared of him! You're the one who ruined my life and took everything away from me! If not for you, Mom would still be safe at home, Dad's company wouldn't have gone bankrupt, and I would still be the renowned young mistress of the Miller family! Fabian would still love me!"

"That's irrelevant. I've already broken up with Fabian," Vivian blurted instinctively.

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"It's not! It's your fault Fabian is so head-over-heels in love with you! Why else would he abandon me?" Ashley screamed. "Everyone I love is gone! What's the point of living anymore?"

With that, she stumbled onto the railing, much to Vivian's horror. "What are you doing? Stop that right now!" she shouted.

Ashley had been immensely mean to her over the years, but they were half-sisters after all. The last thing Vivian wanted was to watch her sister fall to her death.

Ashley stopped for a moment upon hearing Vivian's voice, and she turned around to glare at her with much hatred in her eyes. "Oh, how could I have forgotten about you? You're the reason for all my suffering! I'm dragging you down to hell too!"

With that, Ashley strode over like a predator, and Vivian began to struggle against her restraints to no avail.

In the end, Ashley scooped up Vivian in her arms and walked back to the railings. "We're going down together, Vivian!" she shrieked maniacally.

Her voice attracted the attention of passers-by on the streets below. A man looked up and pointed them out to his friend. "Hey! What are those two people doing up there?"

"Huh? Why would there be people on the roof?" his friend scoffed before he looked up and gasped. "Wait... what are they doing there? Could they be..."

"Call the police!" the man shouted as he whipped out his phone. "Hello, is this the police? Someone's about to jump off a building here. Please hurry!"

As he barked into the phone, more people began to gather under the building where Ashley and Vivian were at.

"They look pretty young. What happened to them? Young people nowadays are so weak-minded..."

"Wait... the girl on the left looks like she's dragging the other girl along!"

"What? Is she trying to murder her? Where's the police?"

"She looks pretty familiar."

Suddenly, a girl in the crowd screamed in shock. "Isn't that Vivian William, the wife of Finnick Norton? Is it really her?"

The crowd gasped in unison.

"Finnick Norton? The one from Finner Group? That's his wife?"

"It sure does look like her..."

"Someone contact the news station! This is urgent!"

Within minutes, journalists and cameramen from various news stations have arrived at the scene and were pushing and shoving to get to the front of the crowd.

Netizens were shocked by the news as well, and people began to speculate Ashley's motive behind Vivian's kidnapping. Some said that she was Finnick's mistress who wanted to overthrow Vivian, while others insisted that she just wanted to extort money from Finnick.

Meanwhile, Noah rushed into Finnick's office looking panicked. "Mr. Norton! Mrs. Norton is in danger!"

"What?" Finnick yelled. He stood up abruptly from his chair, making the documents in his lap spill onto the floor.

He brisk walked to Noah's side and grabbed his shoulders. "What happened to Vivian? Tell me now!"

"Mrs. Norton was kidnapped by Ashley Miller this morning, and she's threatening to jump off a building with her," Noah reported.

Finnick was already walking out of the door before he could finish his sentence, and Noah had to grab his hand to stop him before he could walk out without his wheelchair. "Mr. Norton! You mustn't let anyone find out that your legs aren't injured!"

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"Whatever," Finnick spat as he broke free of Noah's grasp.

"Mr. Norton!" Noah yelled after him, but Finnick was already entering the lift. He could only sigh and chase after him with the wheelchair in tow.

Finnick clenched his fists tightly. Ashley... how dare you hurt her! You're going to pay for this!

Meanwhile, the police have arrived at the scene.

"Listen to me, girl. Can you come here? It's dangerous over there," a policewoman said tactfully. "Think about your family. They would want you to be home safe, wouldn't they? Be a good girl and come here."

However, her calming words seemed to have the opposite effect on Ashley. "My family? What family? I'm the only one left! No one cares about me anymore!"

She gripped Vivian's waist tightly and started to drag her over to the railing. "You're the one who took everything away from me! You're going down with me!"

"H-Hey! I've never taken anything from you before," Vivian protested weakly. "Dad and your mother loved you, and you've got all the pretty clothes and toys that I don't. I'm jealous of you, don't you know that? Anyway, I can ask Finnick to help you and Miller Group rise from the ashes again. You can get everything back!"

She peered over the railing at the hundred-meter drop to the ground and shivered violently. Even so, she tried her best to calm Ashley down so that neither of them would end up falling to their deaths.

"That's right. I had everything that you didn't, but what about now?" Ashley yelled. "You've become the wife of Finnor Group's president, while I've lost everything! How could you?"

With that, she shoved Vivian onto the railing, leaving half her body dangling from the side of the roof dangerously. Screams could be heard from down below as Vivian tried her best to keep her balance.

That was the first thing Finnick witnessed when he rushed onto the roof, and he could feel his heart clench in fear. Noah followed him closely while lugging the wheelchair along, and he finally managed to grab Finnick just before he could emerge from the stairwell.

"Mr. Norton! You can't let others see you like this! Think about how far you've come!" Noah said desperately.

Finnick hesitated before he relented and sat down on the wheelchair.

As Noah wheeled him onto the roof, Finnick gasped in shock at just how perilous Vivian's situation was.

Her entire upper body was hanging off the railing, and she was holding on to a metal ring protruding from it for dear life.

However, it was rather obvious that she could not hang on for much longer.

Finnick could feel his throat tighten and face paling from fear.

He had never been so scared for someone else's life before, and he could not fathom how he was going to live without Vivian around.

It reminded him how desperate he had been when he could not find Evelyn in the fire a decade ago, but the fear in his heart as he watched Vivian grapple for her life was much, much stronger.

I can't lose her! I can't let her leave me like this!

He pushed himself forward and yelled at Ashley, "Calm down! I'll do anything for you as long as you let her go!"

Ashley whirled around upon hearing his voice. "You! I hate you! You took everything away from me!" she shrieked.