

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 1

Arriving at the Civil Affairs Bureau, Vivian William was utterly dismayed to discover that the man whom she was supposed to get her marriage certificate with had yet to arrive.

It was already more than half an hour past their agreed-upon time. Just as she was about to contact him, he called her instead.

As soon as she picked up, his furious voice blared out through the phone, "Vivian William, you liar! Have you forgotten about the sort of shameful things you'd done back in university? How dare you even think about marrying me now? Let me tell you something. That will only ever happen in your dreams! It has become rather clear to me now, seeing as you were quick to bring up marriage despite us only knowing each other for three days! If it weren't for my ex-girlfriend having studied in the same university as you, I would've gotten tricked by you! You shameless woman!"

With that, he hung up.

Vivian did not even get a chance to explain herself.

The fingers clenching her phone were turning white while her lips moved soundlessly.

The man had not bother to tone down his voice at all, which meant that a lot of people had overheard her phone call. The gazes that everyone else had shot her were ones filled with scorn and disgust, stabbing into her like thousands of needles.

It was exactly like that nightmarish night two years ago.

She felt as though she was being swallowed in the darkness. No matter how hard she tried, there was simply no escape...

Beads of sweat formed upon her forehead as she paled dramatically. Without realizing, her whole body had begun to tremble uncontrollably.

Off to the side, a pair of dark, fathomless eyes watched the shivering woman thoughtfully while his slender fingers tapped on the armrests of his wheelchair.

“Mr. Norton.” At that moment, a young man hurried over to Finnick Norton’s side. Leaning down, he whispered, “Ms. Lopez has informed me that she’s still stuck in traffic. She has said that it might take her at least an hour to get here.”

“You can tell her to go back home. Tell her not to bother to come anymore.” Finnick did not even bother to turn his head. His sharp gaze was fixated on Vivian as he added placidly, “I don’t like pretentious women.”

“But...” The young man, his assistant had an upset look upon his face. “Your grandfather is pushing really hard for you to get married...”

As though he had not heard his assistant’s words, Finnick pushed the button on his wheelchair to move towards Vivian.

“Excuse me, miss? Would you please marry me?”

A crisp voice rang out, dragging Vivian out of the darkness that was threatening to swallow her whole.

Raising her head, she was slightly surprised at what had met her eyes.

She did not know when it happened, but a wheelchair-bound man seemed to come to a stop in front of her.

His features were so perfect that they would take anyone’s breath away. Sharply defined brows that rested on a chiseled face, it looked as though his face was sculpted out of marble. He emerged resembling flawless masterpiece.

Despite the simplicity of his white dress shirt, the design accentuated his lean, yet powerful build.

Being seated in a wheelchair did not take anything away from his noble and proud air at all. On the contrary, it only seemed to make him appear more aloof and unapproachable.

It was not until the man repeated his question that Vivian snapped out of the daze that she had fallen into.

“What?”

"I could not help but overhear your conversation earlier. You're in a hurry to get married, aren't you?"

Her breath was stuck in her lungs at his words, as humiliation and distress swept through her.

Not waiting for her to reply, the man continued in an indifferent tone. "What a coincidence. I'm in the same boat. Since our goals are alike, why don't we lend each other a hand?" The way he said it made it sound as though he was talking about a business deal, not one of the most important events of life itself.

At this point, Vivian finally understood that this man was being serious about them getting married. Nonetheless, we've only just met! Getting married right off the bat is far too outrageous!

"Mister, we don't even know each other! Don't you think that you're being a little too hasty and impulsive?"

"You didn't know those men whom you went on blind dates with either."

His reply was calm and straightforward, catching Vivian off guard, leaving her speechless.

"Oh, I get it now. You're looking down on me because I'm a cripple, aren't you?"

"Of course not!" – was her automatic response. When she caught sight of the small glimmer of amusement in his dark orbs, she realized that she was doing exactly what he had wanted her to.

"Miss." He folded his hands on his lap neatly before he fixed her a burning gaze. "I'm pretty certain that you need this marriage very badly. If you miss out on this chance now, what makes you think that you'll get another?"

She had to admit that he was very convincing. He's right. I desperately need this marriage. Truthfully, it's probably more accurate to say that I need to be registered in a household account here in this city. Only then will I be eligible to apply for health insurance here, to pay for Mom's expensive medical bills.

Seconds ticked by as she stared at the man for a very long while. At long last, she squeezed out, "Are you a permanent resident here, in Sunshine City?"

His lips curled up into a small smirk. "Yes."

Once again, Vivian fell silent. Her fingers tightened on her household register.

Although he was crippled, the man before her possessed the mannerism and looks that were certainly leagues ahead of those horrible men that she had been blind dating recently. Oh Vivian, hasn't your sole aim for the past three months been to get married to a local resident as fast as you can? Now, the opportunity to do so is practically leaping into your arms! Why are you still hesitating?

Conflicting emotions swirled within her. In the end, she bit her lip and firmed her resolve. The woman nodded in agreement. "Alright, I agree."

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 2

One hour later, Vivian walked out of the Civil Affairs Bureau with the red marriage certificate clutched in her hands. She felt as though she was floating on air as if everything had been nothing but a dream.

Never had she ever thought that she would one day suddenly marry a man that she had only met by chance. Perhaps this is fate?

Lowering her eyes, she gazed at the photo of them sitting side by side. The man's expression was blank, while hers evidently displayed her unease and reservations.

Beneath that photo were both of their names. How absurd is it that I've only just come to learn of my new husband's name? From a marriage certificate, of all things! Finnick Norton. A simple but fitting name for a man like him.

"Vivian William?"

The man- Finnick, was also staring at his marriage certificate. He pronounced her name slowly, the low timbre of his voice causing it to roll off his tongue smoothly. The way he uttered it sent shivers running down her spine.

She was still reeling from her change in marital status when a hand suddenly appeared right before her. A card was pinched between its two fingers.

“Ms. William, I’m aware that having a wedding and getting a wedding ring are some of the most anticipated events for a woman. Unfortunately, I’m sorry to say that I don’t have the time to deal with all that. If you’d really like a ring, you can choose one yourself.”

Tilting her head backwards, Vivian met Finnick’s unreadable gaze.

“There’s no need for that.” She hurriedly waved her hands in refusal at him. “I don’t care for such formalities.”

She was long past the age where she would care for such romantic gestures. More importantly, she did not want to feel like she had owed him anything, even though he was lawfully her husband.

“At the very least, get a ring.” With that said, he grabbed her wrist, as he stuffed his card into her hand.

The moment their hands brushed against each other, the slight difference in their temperature sent a jolt, rushing through Vivian. She was rather surprised by his warmth.

“Fine then.” Since they were newlyweds, so to speak, she did not want to get into an argument with him over his good intentions. Hence, she accepted the card and kept it aside in her bag.

“I have a meeting in the afternoon, so I’ll be leaving first. You’ll have to find your own transport.” His tone of voice was as neutral as ever.

“Okay.” She had not held any hope that he would actually treat her like a real wife, someone who he would love and spoil. That was why she was not disappointed at all that he was leaving her there.

Abruptly remembering something, he spoke up again, “By the way, I’ll send you my home address later today. Just move in when it’s convenient for you.”

They had exchanged their phone numbers earlier when they were getting their marriage certificates.

"I'm not in any hurry!" she quickly responded.

Although it made sense that they would need to stay together after marrying, the truth was that she was simply not prepared to live under the same roof as a stranger just yet.

Perhaps the rejection in her tone was too obvious, as Finnick soon lifted his head to glance at her. Vivian flushed a little, in embarrassment.

However, he did not respond to that. All he did was push a button on his wheelchair to turn it in another direction. "If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now."

"Alright."

She waited for him to get into a black car before she soon took to depart as well.

After that, she immediately called her company's Human Resource Department. She told them that she was going to be registered in Sunshine City very soon.

She heaved a deep sigh of relief once it was confirmed that they would apply for the local health insurance for both her and her family.

While getting married today was quite a rash decision on her part, at the very least, she had finally managed to resolve the matter that had been plaguing her with worry for a while now. At last, she would not need to agonize over her mother's medical bills.

Upon arriving at Glamour Magazine, her workplace, Vivian found that the time for their afternoon interview had yet to arrive.

Using her remaining free time, she headed over to the shopping mall next door, to buy a pair of wedding rings with the card that Finnick had given her.

Thereafter, she returned to her desk and sat down, planning on going through the information on this afternoon's interview one last time. Just then, Sarah slid her office chair over. Her eyes were gleaming as she asked, "Vivian, what's up with the ring?"

"Quite the observant one, aren't you?" Vivian had no intention of hiding anything. After all, the Human Resource Department already knew that she had transferred her household register. Everyone in the company would soon come to know of her change in marital status. "I've recently gotten married."

“Congratulations, Vivian!” Sarah scrutinized the ring, commenting, “Did your husband gift you this? It’s not a very big diamond, is it? How much did it cost?”

“A little over one thousand.”

Vivian did not know anything about Finnick’s financial background so she had chosen a pair of the cheapest and simplest rings that she could find.

Sarah’s brows furrowed and she stated with a solemn expression on her face, “Vivian, that simply won’t do at all! A wedding ring is a symbol of your marriage. How dependable can a man be, if he won’t even buy you a better ring?”

“It’s fine. He’s just doing the best that he can,” Vivian answered. Noting the sympathetic look in the other woman’s eyes, she realized that Sarah probably thought that her new husband was not very well-off.

“That’s enough. Let’s not talk about this anymore.” She swiftly changed the subject, unwilling to linger on it any longer. “Are you ready for the interview later?”

“Hahaha, most definitely!” Vivian’s distraction tactic had been successful, as Sarah soon gestured towards her attire. “Vivian, what do you think? Am I beautiful?”

It was only then Vivian noticed that her colleague was dressed in a pink and white skirt dress set. Her hair had also been styled carefully.

“You look amazing!” Vivian complimented.

Tickled pink by her words of praise, Sarah’s eyes soon lit up in delight. “Then, do you suppose that I’ll have a chance with the wealthy, bachelor president of Finnor Group?”

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 3

Vivian blinked in surprise, as an understanding dawned upon her as to why Sarah had gone through so much trouble to doll herself up. The person that they would be interviewing later this afternoon was the president of Finnor Group.

In Sunshine City, Finnor Group was akin to that of a legend.

Three years ago, the company suddenly popped up out of nowhere. Rapidly, it managed to make a name for itself in the finance industry, using extremely aggressive methods.

Within the next three years, it managed to become one of the financial magnates of Sunshine City, as it was on par with the top three families in the city.

Yet, what had caught everyone's attention more, was the president of the company.

Even now, nobody knew what his name was, or how he looked like. His entire identity was a mystery, a fact that only added more to his allure.

There was no better example to use, than Sarah, who specifically took time to dress up, when she found out they were going to interview the elusive president.

Amusement glinted in Vivian's eyes as she teased, "Sarah, are you sure that you'd want to leave such a good impression on him? Aren't you worried that the president might be a bald, old man?"

"Pfft! I don't believe that!" Sarah stomped her foot in annoyance. "Rumor has it that he's supposed to be really young!"

In contrast to Sarah's hopeful expression, Jenny was entirely serious as she stated, "This interview is a once in a lifetime opportunity, so we need to be fully prepared for it. This is the first time that the president actually accepted a media interview. Our sales will definitely reach an all-time high if we managed to get a photo of him."

Vivian nodded in understanding.

It was true that the president of Finnor Group had never once accepted an interview before. When Glamour Magazine first sent an invite over, he had initially refused, as per usual. Inexplicably, a call came in yesterday, saying that he had agreed to it.

Needless to say, the sudden good news had shocked the chief editors.

Upon running through the contents of the interview one last time, Vivian, Sarah, and Jenny headed over to Finnor Group with a photographer.



Finnor Group was located in the financial district of Sunshine City. They greeted the receptionist on the first floor, stating the reason for their visit. Then, they took the elevator all the way up to the top floor.

“Are you from Glamour Magazine?” The secretary came over to welcome them the moment they stepped out of the elevator. “Mr. Norton is already waiting inside for you.”

With that said, she led them into the president’s office.

Vivian paused slightly when she heard the secretary’s words.

Mr. Norton? Who would have thought that the president of Finnor Group would share the same surname as my new husband?

Right before they entered, the nervous Sarah tugged on Vivian’s sleeve, whispering, “Is my hair alright? Is it messy? Oh, it better not be messed up...”

Snickering softly, Vivian murmured in return, “You’re fine. Not a single hair is out of place. It’s-”

At that moment, she happened to glance into the office as she spoke. Upon spotting the figure by the windows, she stiffened in surprise and trailed off. All thoughts about reassuring Sarah soon vanished.

Just then, Sarah’s gaze landed on the man as well. Soon enough, she forgot all about her appearance. The shock was evident in her voice as she muttered, “Oh my god, the president of Finnor Group... He’s actually sitting in a wheelchair?”

Before Vivian could say anything, the wheelchair slowly whirled around to face them.

Sarah gasped. “Woah! H-he’s so handsome! He’s more handsome than a celebrity!”

The fact that he was sitting in a wheelchair was completely overshadowed by his attractiveness. Hence, Sarah could not contain her awed whispers.

Vivian did not hear a single word that she had uttered.

Her attention was focused on the man too, but for entirely different reasons than her colleague. At that moment, her brain felt as though it had stopped working, as she stared at him, utterly dumbfounded.

The rays of light pouring in from the window had cast the sharp angles of his face in the shadows, while his dark orbs were as cold as ever.

It was Finnick.

The president of Finner Group is Finnick?

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 4

The revelation stunned Vivian. Before she could react, Finnick shot them a small smile. "You are from Glamour Magazine, right? Please take a seat."

"Vivian, what are you still standing around for?"

The reminder from Sarah snapped Vivian out of her daze, as she soon followed them to the couch.

Finnick glided over and stopped in front of them. Sarah's face was full of excitement as she asked, "Mr. Norton, may we begin?"

"Sure." Finnick's expression was rather placid. Up till now, he had not even given Vivian a second glance. It was almost like they were complete strangers.

His distant attitude had even caused Vivian to wonder if this man was just a random person who had a striking resemblance to her new husband.

"Well... Mr. Norton, since you've been very mysterious so far, everyone is dying to know what your full name is." Blushing a bright red, Sarah began the interview. "Do you mind telling us your name?"

"Finnick Norton," he replied succinctly. The moment the words left his thin lips, Vivian's hopes were dashed.

Finnick Norton. He really is my new husband!

“Finnick Norton. What a pleasant name!” Jenny flattered with a smile. “Next, we would like to ask you a series of questions.”

With that, Jenny turned to shoot Vivian a pointed look. Upon noticing that Vivian was still staring at Finnick stupidly, she surreptitiously pinched the daydreaming woman.

“Ouch!” Vivian exclaimed in pain as she returned to her senses.

Before coming here, they had all agreed that Vivian would do the interview, while Sarah and Jenny jotted down the notes.

Faced with Jenny’s reproving glare, Vivian quickly calmed her raging emotions as she put on a professional air. “Mr. Norton, are you a local of Sunshine City?”

“I guess you could say that I’m half a local.” In stark contrast to Vivian’s earlier panic, Finnick was as cool as a cucumber. “I was born here but I’d left for A Nation when I was really young.”

At his words, Vivian suddenly felt like she had wanted to burst out in laughter. The man sitting across from her was supposed to be her husband, yet she knew absolutely nothing about him.

However, she was working now, so she pushed aside her random thoughts. She continued the interview, going down the list of questions that they had prepared beforehand.

The interview went on smoothly after that. Finnick was rather cooperative, albeit a little cold. Still, he was nothing like the unreasonable and unkind man that the rumors said he was.

Getting into the flow of things, Vivian temporarily forgot that she was actually interviewing her husband. However, when her eyes landed on the next question, her words got stuck in her throat. An awkward silence descended upon the office.

“Vivian, what are you doing?” Sarah nudged her.

She plastered an apologetic smile on her face. “My apologies, Mr. Norton. This next question is rather personal and I’m sure that a lot of our female readers will be interested in

your answer.” Squashing aside the strange feeling that was burning in her chest, Vivian forced herself to ask, “Are you single, Mr. Norton?”

Vivian could have bitten off her tongue at the stupid question that had escaped her lips.

Ugh, if only Sarah and Jenny weren’t here right now. I wouldn’t have to ask this question that I already know the answer to!

Nervous, she raised her head to glance into Finnick’s eyes. She could have sworn that she had glimpsed a slight hint of amusement, flashing through his emotionless orbs.

However, it was gone as fast as it had come, leaving her to wonder if she had merely imagined it.

He opened his mouth and drawled, “Well... what do you think, miss?”

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 5

Vivian’s heart skipped a beat at his response.

What do I think? I don’t even need to think about it!

Despite her inner thoughts, she still managed to quirk her lips up in a small grin. “Let me guess... A man with such outstanding achievements as yourself, I’m certain that you’re already married. Am I right, Mr. Norton?”

Thereafter, she avoided his gaze, as guilt crept up on her. In the next instant, she berated herself for feeling so.

Why should I feel guilty? He’s the one who had concealed his real identity from me! He kept pretending that he didn’t know me! I’m not in the wrong here!

Across from her, Finnick took note of the minor changes in her expressions, as her conflicting emotions played out, all over her face.

Almost imperceptibly, his lips twitched upwards.

Even before this interview, he already knew that she would be the one who would be interviewing him. In all actuality, it was probably more accurate to say that he had only agreed to it because he found out that she worked at Glamour Magazine.

She thought that today was the first time that they had met. In truth, he had seen her three days ago when she was on a blind date.

At that time, he was quite certain that he had never seen her before. Yet, somehow, she seemed incredibly familiar to him. Thus, he instructed his men to investigate her.

It was pure coincidence that he had met her again, this morning, at the Civil Affairs Bureau. The man whom she was supposed to marry had not shown up. He had even called to humiliate her.

Recalling the information that his men had found out, he had approached her and suggested that they marry each other instead.

He had tossed the earlier question to her to answer because he wanted to tease her. He had not expected that she would be so nervous and shy about it. It did not match what he had known of her past at all.

The serene look on his face was unchanging as he uttered, "Yes, I'm already married. It only happened in the past few days actually."

As he said that, his eyes flicked over to Vivian, causing her heart to pound faster.

Before she could respond, Sarah let out an exaggerated cry of dismay.

"Mr. Norton, you're already married? Aww, all our female readers are going to be heartbroken!" Sarah sighed mournfully before she perked up and prodded, "I wonder what sort of woman Mr. Norton's wife is? Is she a daughter from one of the influential families?"

"Sarah!" Vivian tugged at the nosy woman's arm. That's certainly not on the list of questions that we had prepared. It's way too personal and it's rather rude too!

Thankfully, Finnick did not get upset. He smiled blandly as he chose to remain silent.

“Alright, that’s enough of asking Mr. Norton about his private life. Let’s move on to the questions related to the company.” Not wanting to linger on the topic of marriage for too long, Vivian hurriedly brought the interview back on track.

The next few questions were straight to the point, as they were entirely focused on his job. At long last, the interview ended on a safe note.

“I’m very happy to have received this interview from Glamour Magazine.” Finnick shook each of their hands after the session had ended. When it was Vivian’s turn, he paused for a second, his gaze fixed on the ring that she was wearing. His lips curled up into a smirk. “What a beautiful ring.”

Vivian’s cheeks felt warm, as a blush bloomed upon her face. She snatched her hand back and followed the others out of the office.

The tension running through her only diminished, once they had exited.

Beside her, Sarah shrieked in joy, “Oh my god! I actually shook hands with the president of Finnor Group! I’m not going to wash my hand for a week!”

Exasperated, Vivian was about to chastise the other woman, when she saw Finnick’s secretary walking towards them. There were several small but intricate boxes in her hands.

“Hello, this is a small token of appreciation from our president to each of you. Please accept it.”

Accepting one of the boxes, Sarah was increasingly ecstatic. “Oh wow, we’d even received a gift too! How thoughtful of Mr. Norton!”

She eagerly opened the box, revealing a Chanel silk scarf inside.

“Damn, it’s not surprising that he’s the president! His generosity is really something!” she gushed. “Look, we each have a different color too! Vivian, hurry up and open yours. I want to see what color yours is.”

Vivian did not wish to open the box, but Sarah continued to wheedle her relentlessly. Unable to bear it any longer, she lifted the lid.

Upon catching a glimpse of what was inside, her face fell. She quickly slammed the lid shut, before the others could see what it was.