



Joyread

A Touch of
Sweetness

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?”

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."

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.”

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 Finner Group?”

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 Finner Group.

In Sunshine City, Finner 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 Finner 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?

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 reproofing 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?”

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.

Chapter 6

“I-It’s nothing,” Vivian stammered out. Hiding the box behind her back, she added, “It’s the same color as yours. Err... I’m having a terrible stomachache. I need to rush to the bathroom!”

She did not wait for a response as she fled for the nearest bathroom.

As soon as she was in the privacy of the cubicle, she perched on the toilet seat lid and carefully lifted the lid of the box once again.

Unlike Sarah and the others’ silk scarves, there was a bunch of keys in her box instead.

She was still staring at it in dumbfounded shock when she received a message. Finnick had sent her his home address, which revealed that he was living in the most expensive villa neighborhood in Sunshine City.

His address and a bunch of keys. He was serious about me moving in to live with him? I guess it's not wrong of him to think as such; after all, we are lawfully wedded to one another. It's normal for us to live together...

Soon after that, she left the bathroom and headed back to the magazine company with Sarah and the rest.

They had managed to get several good shots of Finnick during this interview.

However, they did not dare to publish his photo without his consent.

Hence, the chief editor called to ask Finnick if they were allowed to do so.

The chief editor had only done this because he had wanted to try his luck. He did not really expect a positive response. After all, the president of Finner Group had always been hiding in the shadows. Agreeing to an interview was already a huge surprise on his end.

To the utter amazement of everyone, Finnick had actually agreed! Immediately, the entire magazine company was buzzing with chatter.

“Damn! The president of Finner Group is allowing us to publish his photo? Looks like we're going to be famous!”

“Quick, quick! Show us his photo! Is he really as handsome as Sarah claims?”

Previously, Vivian and the others had not dared to show Finnick's photos without his consent. Now that he had given them permission to use his photos, they took them out for public viewing.

All the women in the magazine company squealed and shrieked when they saw his photos.

“Hot damn! He's so gorgeous! Sarah, the way that you'd described him doesn't do him justice at all!”

“Yeah! None of the celebrities can compare to him! None at all!”

“Hey, why is Mr. Norton’s chair so weird? It kinda looks like... a wheelchair?”

Someone had finally noticed the wheelchair that Finnick was sitting in, as a hush soon descended upon them.

Sarah spoke up loudly, “Yeah, Mr. Norton is wheelchair-bound. But so what? He’s handsome and filthy rich. To me, that still makes him Prince Charming!”

All the other women fervently agreed, which sent jealousy shooting through their male colleagues. The men scoffed and made disparaging comments. “Who cares if he’s rich and handsome? Do you know that nearly eighty percent of men in wheelchairs can’t ‘perform’ anymore?”

“That’s right! Didn’t you say that he was already married? His poor wife is probably going to have to remain celibate for the rest of her life.”

Cough, cough, cough!

Vivian, who had been quietly listening to their chatter while drinking water, very nearly spat the liquid out. As it was, she choked and started to cough violently.

One of her colleagues moved over to pat her back. “Vivian, what’s wrong with you? It seems as though Mr. Norton’s charm is just too much for our perpetually calm Vivian too, huh?”

“Yeah, exactly!” Sarah piped up, “You guys should have seen her just now at the interview. She was so nervous!”

Grimacing slightly, Vivian protested, “Hey, don’t speak of such lies! I wasn’t the one swooning over him like a fangirl.”

“How could I not?” Sarah cradled her cheeks while admiration shone in her eyes.

“He’s simply too perfect! If it weren’t for his crippled legs, he would be the stereotypical president male lead, like in all those romance novels!”

It was clear that the women were completely ignoring their male colleagues’ scornful remarks.

For the next few days, the magazine company was busy, working on the article about Finnick. Everyone seemed to be in high spirits as they threw themselves into their work with newfound gusto.

At long last, it was the weekend. Vivian was completely burned out from the hectic week. Nonetheless, she was still unable to rest, to her utter misfortune. First, she took the time to visit her mother in the hospital. After that, she went back home to pack her belongings, in preparation for moving into Finnick's house. She was worried about dragging this on any longer. She did not want him to think she was being insincere in the 'relationship' of theirs.

As she had expected, Finnick's villa was massive, with a slight hint of a mid-century design in its architecture. He did not have a lot of servants in his villa, only an old couple named Liam and Molly.

Liam helped Vivian in carrying her luggage to the master bedroom on the second floor. The interior was a simplistic but modern design. Opening the closet, she noted that half of it was filled with men's clothing, while the other half was empty. Understanding dawned upon her. She would be sleeping in the same room as Finnick.

Not finding anything wrong with that, she put her own belongings in, neatly filling up the closet.

By the time she had finished unpacking, it was already nighttime. Finnick was still not yet home though.

Her dinner was a plate of spaghetti, cooked by Molly. When she was done, she returned to the master bedroom to take a shower.

Done with her shower, she reached out for a towel to dry herself, only to realize that she had forgotten to bring one in with her.

Cursing herself for being so careless, she warred with herself for several long moments. In the end, she carefully cracked open the bathroom door and peeked out.

Seeing that there was no one in the room, Vivian stepped outside fully and sprinted for the closet. Water dripped down her wet body, landing on the floor.

Just as she was rummaging through the closet for a towel, she heard a loud click from behind her.

She jumped a little in shock, as she whirled around to see Finnick entering the room in his wheelchair.

The man was visibly astounded to see her as well, evidently not expecting his new wife to be so bold as to welcome him home in such a... provoking manner.

Vivian froze to the spot, as her mind went blank. When her brain kicked into gear again, she let out a shrill scream as she dashed towards the bathroom.

Unfortunately for her, the floor was slippery from the water that she had shed, on her trek across the room. Her feet slid out from beneath her and she fell forward. "Watch out!"

Finnick's expression scrunched up, as he swiftly moved his wheelchair over to catch her. Thankfully, he got there in time, so she tumbled right into his lap.

As his fingers brushed against her soft and wet body, he stilled in surprise.

Bowing his head, he took in the two spots of bright red on her cheeks.

Although Vivian was not a typical world-class beauty, her features were delicate and fine. She was the sort of woman that would appear increasingly beautiful, the more one had looked at her.

This moment was one that was as such. Her face was free of all makeup, while her damp hair was tucked behind her ears. Beads of water trickled down her silky strands, trailing down, past her prominent collarbones and along the curves of her

petite figure.

Finnick swallowed, his throat suddenly feeling as dry as parchment, as his eyes darkened considerably.

Finally righting herself, Vivian lifted her head and met the man's heated gaze.

She was no innocent child. She knew what the look in his eyes had meant.

Oh no!

"S-sorry..." She instantly tried to get back on her feet. While scrambling to stand, her hands landed on Finnick's legs as she paused briefly.

Chapter 7

However, there was no time to think over what she had felt. Not daring to look Finnick in the eyes again, she rushed for the bathroom.

Slamming the door shut, she leaned back against it, with her heart thumping in her chest rapidly.

That was too close! Just a little bit more and...

Just the thought of what could have happened scared her. At the same time, she was a little puzzled.

We're officially married, so technically us doing 'that' is normal and within reason. Is it mean of me to run off like that?

Even as she wondered this, the dangerous look in his eyes flashed past her mind again. She could not help the shiver that had run down her spine.

This was only the third time that she and Finnick had seen each other. She could not accept them having sexual relations, after only knowing each other for such a short period of time.

Nevertheless, taking into account his earlier reaction, did that mean that her male colleagues had been wrong? Finnick had been affected, just like any other normal

man. So, did that mean that he was not affected at all in ‘that’ way, despite being crippled?

Realizing where her thoughts were heading, she mentally slapped herself.

Vivian William, what are you thinking! Why do you care about whether those functions of his are normal? The only reason that you’d married him was to get in the household register of Sunshine City! Stop thinking about all this other nonsense!

Though, there was one thing that was very strange.

When she had fallen into Finnick’s lap earlier, she had accidentally touched his legs.

She had always thought that wheelchair-bound people would have thin, weak legs, from not being able to use their muscles. Oddly enough, his legs were actually quite firm. They were nothing at all like how a crippled man’s legs should be...

Knock, knock.

The sudden rapping on the bathroom door had cut through her chaotic thought processes.

Nearly jumping out of her skin, Vivian lifted her head to stare at the door. “What?” “Open the door.” Finnick’s deep voice called out from the other side.

Her heart leaped to her throat as it threatened to crawl out of her mouth.

Open the door? Why?

Recalling the lustful look in his eyes earlier, her fingers gripped the countertop harder, as her imagination ran wild.

Since Finnick did not get a reply from her, he spoke up again, “You’d dropped something.”

At such words, her thoughts screeched to a halt, as she soon hesitated. Several moments later, she approached the door and opened it up a tiny sliver.

A fine-boned hand appeared, with a fluffy white towel.

Vivian was taken aback.

“You were looking for this earlier, weren’t you? That’s why you had come out.”

There was a barely noticeable note of laughter in his tone, causing her to blush brightly.

“Thank you,” she murmured while accepting the towel. She hastily closed the door after that.

When she was done drying and dressing, she exited the bathroom to see Finnick already dressed in navy blue silk pajamas. He was sitting on the bed, with his laptop on his legs. His fingers flew across his keyboard rapidly, as he seemed engrossed with whatever he was doing. This scene had Vivian’s curiosity rearing its head again.

She had thought that with him having difficulties getting around, he would have had a lot more servants to care for him. Yet, there were only Molly and Liam in this entire house to look after his needs. It is strange that he does not have a personal caretaker.

How did he get on the bed himself? Doesn’t he have to shower?

Unable to restrain herself anymore, she asked, “Hey... Do you need to take a shower?”

“I’ve already showered,” was his simple reply.

And here I was, worried that he would have trouble cleaning himself. Yet he’s already showered? Wait a minute, he has bathed somewhere else, other than here?

Does that mean that he has another woman on the side?

The random, ridiculous thought had her scoffing at herself mentally. Truthfully enough, she would not have minded it if he really did have someone else.

She made her way towards the desk, planning on packing the things that she would need for work tomorrow. A glint caught her eye and she saw that it was the ring that she had taken off before she had gone into the bathroom.

She paused, having forgotten about the pair of rings that she had bought earlier today.

Back then, she had not known that her husband was a billionaire and president of such a powerful company. Hence, she had bought the most simple design that she had been able to find.

Now, it would seem as though the ring was absolutely unbecoming of a man of his stature.

With this thought in mind, she snuck a glance at the man on the bed. Satisfied that he was focused on his work, she quickly stuffed her own ring into her bag. She then dug out the ring that was meant for him and stuffed it into one of the dressing table's drawers.

Only after that did she crawl into bed.

To her immense relief, the bed was rather spacious, with two sets of bedding and pillows. Sitting on her side of the bed, there was still half a meter between them.

"You're done?" Finnick questioned when he sensed her settling down. He did not even look away from his screen.

"Yeah." She eyed his screen inquisitively.

She knew that his company had mainly dealt with financial bonds. The red and green graphs dominating the screen made absolutely no sense to her, so she gave up trying to understand.

"Shall we sleep?" The man's head abruptly tilted slightly, so that he could glance at her from the corner of his eyes.

"Sure."

Less than a minute later, Finnick shut down his laptop and turned off the bedside lamps.

As darkness encompassed the room, Vivian grew nervous.

Even now, she had no idea why he had wanted to marry her. Thus, she did not know if he would be engaging in sexual relations with her.

She continued to lie there stiffly, as the minutes ticked by. Eventually, Finnick's breathing evened out and she could finally relax. Within seconds, she had fallen into a deep slumber.

The next morning.

Vivian's phone alarm rang on time and she woke up. Finnick was already gone, the space beside her empty and cold.

It did not take her long to go through her morning routine. Putting on a light layer of makeup, she headed downstairs.

She was only at the staircase when she smelled the delicious aroma of breakfast.

Molly was bustling around the kitchen when she noticed Vivian. A warm smile bloomed on her face as she greeted, "Mrs. Norton, you're awake! Come, come, have some breakfast!"

"Okay, thank you."

Finnick was already seated at the dining table. One hand held up a newspaper while the other lifted up his mug to take a sip.

When Vivian's gaze landed on his slender fingers, her eyes brightened in shock.

Chapter 8

There, on his ring finger, was a simple and plain ring.

It was the one that she had bought yesterday.

Utterly stunned by the revelation, she temporarily forgot to sit down at the table. In the end, Finnick raised his head to glance at her.

"What's wrong?" His eyes moved to glance at her empty finger before his brow rose up in question. "Where's your ring?"

Embarrassment coursed through Vivian.

She had felt like the rings that she had bought were not worthy of his status. Hence, she had not worn her own. What I had not expected was for him to find the ring and actually put it on!

Left with no other choice, Vivian fished her ring out from her bag and slipped it onto her finger. She murmured lowly, “Sorry, I picked this design at random.”

Finnick’s lips curled upward. “It’s fine. It looks very nice.”

Not sure what to say to that, the woman soon sat down and focused on eating her breakfast.

After they were done, Finnick set his newspaper aside and stated, “I’ll take you to work.”

“There’s no need for that,” Vivian answered swiftly. “I can hail a taxi or take the subway.”

Heck no! If anyone at the magazine company recognizes you, the women are going to tear me to pieces!

“There aren’t any subway stations near here and you won’t be able to catch a taxi either.” His brows furrowed slightly.

It was true. On her way here yesterday, Vivian had noticed that this was a neighborhood for the filthy rich. All the residents here had their own cars.

Naturally, there would not be any taxis or subway stations around.

She checked the time only to see that it was getting a bit late. Resigned, she uttered, “Then I’ll have to trouble you. Could you drop me off at a subway station on the way to your company?”

He leveled her with a blank gaze for several long moments, causing her to panic internally. At long last, he gave her a nod.

By the time they exited the villa, a black Bentley was already waiting for them.

A young man was standing beside the car. He introduced himself as Noah Lotte, Finnick’s personal assistant.

Noah opened the car door but made no move to help Finnick. Just as Vivian was wondering how he would get in, a ramp descended from the vehicle. Soon, his wheelchair rolled up smoothly.

She entered the car, whereupon she discovered that the interior had been modified as well. There was a specific area for Finnick's wheelchair.

Sitting down on a seat, the car soon started up and they were off to the nearest subway station.

The car rolled to a stop before the subway station. Through the windows, Finnick took in the crowded place with a small frown. "It's rather inconvenient for you to go to work like this. If you don't want me to take you to work, I can get you a car." Astonished at his words, she instantly refused, "There's really no need for that." Of course, she knew that buying a car was nothing to him. However, she still did not feel comfortable spending his money.

Her immediate rejection of his offer had Finnick's eyes darkening as he rumbled, "I'm not always at the villa. How will you get to work then?"

That was something that she had been pondering, ever since she had gotten into the car. She took out her phone and waved it at him, replying, "It's really easy and convenient to hail a taxi now. I'll have to wake up a little earlier to book one.

Erm... I'm going to be late soon, so I have to go. Bye."

She did not wait for his response as she practically fled from the car.

From his position inside the vehicle, Finnick stared at the rapidly retreating back, with an indecipherable look in his eyes.

Noah had noticed where his boss's attention was placed and he could not help but comment, "Mr. Norton, is it just me, or is Mrs. Norton rather different from what our investigation has suggested?"

Finnick's tone was thoughtful as he murmured, "She really is quite different."

He had honestly never expected that she would so swiftly and thoroughly reject his offer of buying her a car.

Based on what Noah had managed to find out of her past, she was a shallow woman, who would do anything just for a bit of money.

That was the exact reason why he had chosen her. A woman who could be satisfied with a small amount of money was infinitely safer and easier to control, as compared to the young daughters from influential families. After all, they only ever had one thing in mind- obtaining all of his fortunes.

There was another reason for his choice. He could admit that she did not irk him as much as the other women.

Nonetheless, she was acting on the contrary, to his expectations. It was almost as if she had not cared for his wealth at all.

Or maybe she was a lot smarter than he had thought and was merely playing hard to get? Perhaps she had some other long-term plan?

Eyes darkening, he finally turned his gaze away from the direction that she had left.

“Drive.”

...

At the financial district of Sunshine City, on the top floor of Finnor Group.

Finnick was sitting at his desk, his fingers darting across his keyboard. In response to his actions, the images and data on his screen changed.

Ring, ring.

Suddenly, his phone rang and he reached out to answer it.

Noah’s voice came through the other end of the line, “Mr. Norton, Mr. Lawson is here.”

“Let him in.”

A few seconds later, his office door swung open and a man in a flamboyant, pink dress shirt flounced inside.

“Finnick, why are you still working?” The other man cried out in an exaggerated manner, “You’ve finally married someone! Even if you refuse to have a wedding ceremony, the least you could do is go on a honeymoon or something!”

Finnick’s eyes never left his screen as he retorted shortly, “I’ve got no time for that.”

The other man sat down in front of his desk, not at all angry at Finnick’s cold attitude. His eyes crinkled in a smile as he chortled, “Your poor wife! How could she have married such a boring man, like yourself?”

At long last, Finnick lifted his head to pin the other man down with a blank stare. “Stiles, just what are you trying to imply?”

“I’m just feeling kind of bored. I want to meet your wife.” The grin stretching Stiles’ lips widened.

“Forget it,” Finnick did not even hesitate in refusing. “You know why I’ve married her.”

“Yes, I do.” Stiles pouted before the amusement left him and he continued seriously, “Whatever the case, you have a family now. It’s about time that you let go of what had happened in the past.”

His last sentence had Finnick’s fingers tensing imperceptibly.

He was silent for a while before he uttered, “There’s no such thing as letting go when it comes to this. Dead people don’t come back to life.”

Stiles’ mouth opened and he seemed like he had wanted to say something.

However, the words got stuck in his throat, as they refused to leave his mouth. In the end, he swallowed them back down.

After a few seconds, he queried, “What about the little girl from all those years ago? Have you found anything yet?”

Chapter 9

“We’ve found some clues,” Finnick stated simply.

“That’s great!” Another grin appeared on Stiles’ face. “And here I was, wondering how you were going to repay her for what she had done. I had hoped that you would offer yourself up to her, but it turns out that you’ve already given yourself to another woman.”

Finnick completely ignored his friend’s shameless teasing.

Stiles pouted a little, seeing as he was unable to get a rise out of the other man.

Then, his gaze shifted to Finnick’s wheelchair as his eyes gleamed. “Finnick, have you told your wife about your legs yet?”

Finnick, who had been scrolling through the finance department reports, stopped moving his mouse.

A few beats later, he muttered, “No.”

Stiles furrowed his brows. “Finnick, it’s not that I want to be a nag, but it really doesn’t matter what reason you’ve married her for. Since you’re already husband and wife, are you sure that you still want to keep the truth from her? Maybe...”

Here he paused for several seconds, debating on whether or not he should continue.

At long last, he gritted his teeth and forged on, “Maybe you should try to accept your new wife. You can’t always live in the shadows of the past.”

He was all too familiar with Finnick’s personality. Although Finnick had insisted that the only reason that he had married the woman was to deal with his grandfather, there was no way that he would accept marriage and living together with her, unless he had truly liked her.

Finnick did not speak. A short while later, he was done reading through the reports. Only then did he respond in a soft voice.

“I can’t forget about her.”

Stiles was rather stunned.

He took a closer look at Finnick's face, noticing the calm indifference on it. Pity flashed in his eyes.

The car accident that had happened ten years ago was a nightmare for everyone.

Everybody thought that Finnick had lost the use of his legs in that car crash.

It turned out that they were all wrong.

What Finnick had lost in that car crash was not his legs. Rather, it was his heart.

...

When Vivian returned home after work, Molly and Liam came into the living room with their luggage.

"Molly, Liam, what are you..."

"Mrs. Norton, our son is getting married tomorrow, so we're going to his wedding!" Liam clarified with a delighted grin.

"Really? Congratulations! How many days will you be gone for?"

"The wedding will take place here in Sunshine City, so we'll be back tomorrow night." Molly smiled pleasantly. However, a worried expression crossed her face when she turned to look at Finnick. "However, with nobody at home, Mr. Norton would have no one to prepare breakfast for him."

Vivian was speechless. Is this how the rich live? It's merely breakfast! Do they really need to hire someone to specifically cook for them?

"It's fine." Finnick's deep voice interrupted her thoughts. "Vivian, you know how to cook, right?"

"Huh?" was her eloquent response. Locking gazes with his dark orbs, she stuttered out, "I-I do..."

Then, remembering the hearty breakfast that Molly had cooked in the morning, she could not help but add, "Just a little..."

There was a brief flicker of amusement in Finnick's eyes before it was gone.

“That’s enough then,” he intoned.

The next morning.

Vivian woke up an hour earlier than normal to labor over breakfast.

She was just about to head upstairs to call Finnick down when he had appeared out of the elevator.

“Do you have batteries?”

Bewildered at the question, it took her a moment to realize that he was holding an electric shaver in his hands.

Taking the shaver from him, she checked the battery slot. “You need a button cell for this. Are there any in the house?”

“No.”

She eyed the stubble lining his jaw, confirming that he really did need a shave.

“Are there any supermarkets or convenience stores nearby?”

“No.”

Exasperated, she pressed, “There’s nothing around here?”

He shook his head.

Vivian could have wept at the way that these rich people had lived.

“Now what shall we do?” she huffed in frustration. “Maybe you could get that assistant of yours to buy one and bring it over?”

“He’s already on his way here. I have a very important meeting later that I can’t afford to be late to.” Finnick’s brows furrowed and he added, “I asked Liam and he’d said that he has a new razor. However, it’s not electric so I don’t really know how to use it.”

She stared at him for a while until it clicked in her brain. She soon understood the reason that he was here. He had wanted her to help him shave!

“Where is it?” She could not help but find him rather adorable at the moment.

Pursing her lips, she continued, “I know how to use one and I can do it for you.”

“It’s in the storage closet.”

Rummaging around in the aforementioned closet, it did not take her long to find the razor. It was a traditional razor, the kind that had needed to be used together with shaving foam. She slathered a thick layer of foam on his jaw before she began to carefully shave his stubble.

Their faces were so close to one another that her breaths had puffed against his cheeks lightly.

All Finnick had to do was lift his gaze a little and he would be able to get an up-close look at her face. He could even see the tiny hairs on her smooth, pale skin. They reminded him of peach fuzz.

As though she had sensed his gaze, her already tensed nerves tightened further.

“What’s wrong? Did I nick you?”

“No.” His voice was as cold as ever. “I was just thinking about how much you’re really acting like my wife right now.”

Taken aback by his statement, Vivian’s cheeks warmed in a blush.

We are husband and wife, yet he used the word “acting like.” Does this mean that, like me, he feels that this abrupt marriage of ours is too surreal?

“Alright, I’m done.” In little to no time at all, she was finished. Wiping away the remaining foam, she eyed her handiwork and smiled. “I’ve done a good job.”

“Thank you,” he murmured before wheeling over to the dining table to eat.

Due to their earlier intimate actions, breakfast was a rather awkward ordeal. Vivian had even forgotten to ask him if he was satisfied with her cooking.

Noah arrived soon after they had finished eating. Since Finnick was in a hurry today, he would not be able to drop her off at the subway station. Hence, Vivian called a taxi to take her directly to the magazine company.

The moment she stepped inside, she discovered that the pleasant atmosphere from yesterday was gone. In its place was a tense and nervous air. Grabbing Sarah's arm, she whispered, "Did something happen?"

"Vivian, didn't you read your email this morning?" Sarah's eyes were wide as she answered. "Yesterday, someone bought over our company! All the higher-ups have been switched out!"

Vivian was dumbfounded at the news.

Their magazine company was not very big, but it had still been around for quite a while. Why would it suddenly be sold off?

She did not get a chance to reply as there was a disturbance near the doors.

"He's coming! The new Chief Editor is coming!"

Glancing over, she saw a tall figure striding into the company, with a cluster of people following behind him.

When she got a closer look at the man's face, she felt as though a bucket of ice-cold water had been dumped over her head. Her blood froze in her veins.

Chapter 10

He was almost as she had remembered him, albeit the angles of his face were sharper, and had lost the youthfulness that he had during his university years. The way that he carried himself was also a lot more mature and steady.

However, what had changed the most was the expression on his face. Gone was the warmth that she recalled seeing on his face every day. All that was left was a harsh and hard look.

Currently, he was listening to his subordinates' reports. Every now and then, he would nod and utter out a few commands.

Not once had his gaze ever landed on her, as the group swept past her and entered the Chief Editor's office.

The color drained from Vivian's face.

Fabian Norton... Why is he back here? Two years ago, he had suddenly left, without even saying goodbye. Why has he returned now?

It had been two years. She had more or less given up on their broken relationship by now. However, his abrupt reappearance in her life still had waves of emotions crashing against her relentlessly, threatening to drown her entirely.

She did not even know if he had recognized her as she had him, at first glance.

At this, a self-deprecating smirk curled her lips.

Does it matter if he recognizes me or not? He and I... We're fated to be apart.

There's no way that we can go back to how we'd used to be...

The rest of the day passed in a haze of unease and worry. She was worried that Fabian would recognize her.

Reality would soon prove that her worries were unfounded.

Being new to his position, Fabian was kept busy in meetings with the various departments. There would be changes happening around the magazine company.

In one of the meetings, he listened intently, as the senior editors made their reports, giving a comment or order here and there. He never once paid any attention to Vivian, who was sitting at the far end of the table.

Seems like he's forgotten me... But I guess that's expected of him. If I had been anything of worth to him, he would not have left without a word two years ago.

I've never heard from him ever since either.

The hours passed by agonizingly slow to Vivian. At long last, it was time to get off of work. Not wanting to stay in the office a second longer, she hurriedly snatched up her bag and prepared to leave.

Unfortunately, her senior editor suddenly called out to her.

"Hold on, Vivian. Could you take this document to Mr. Norton for me, please?

Give him a verbal report as well."

Vivian stiffened before she slowly turned around to face the other woman. Her voice was slightly pleading as she uttered, “Lesley, I have something urgent to attend to at home. Could you-”

Her senior editor, Lesley Jenson, was already in a foul mood from a meeting earlier where she had been rebuked. At hearing Vivian’s refusal, a terrible scowl twisted her face. “So, you think that you’re all that just because you got to interview the president of Finner Group, is that it?”

Paling at the sharp words that had escaped Lesley, Vivian had no choice but to reply, “Don’t be silly, Lesley. I’ll get right to it.”

She took the document from Lesley and walked toward Fabian’s office. Standing in front of the door, she took several deep breaths to calm herself before raising her hand to rap on it.

Knock, knock.

Just that one simple motion seemed to have drained all the energy out of her.

“Come in.”

Upon hearing his familiar voice invite her in, she pushed the door open and entered.

Although Fabian’s office was not as lavish as Finnick’s, it was still quite luxuriously furnished. The man was sitting behind his desk, flipping through the magazine that had featured the interview with Finnick.

“Mr. Norton.” Vivian struggled to make her voice come out steadily. “Senior editor Jenson wants me to give you a simple report on the interview with the president of Finner Group.” Fabian hummed in acknowledgment, not bothering to lift his head. Thus, Vivian steeled herself and began her report.

Even after she was done, he did not make a single sound. At this point, she was at her wit’s end.

Her voice tremored a little despite her best efforts, “Err... Sir, if there’s nothing else that you need, I’ll be taking my leave.”

With that said, she spun around and made her way towards the door.

Just as her hand landed on the handle of the door, a large hand seized hers tightly. Fabian’s eyes were narrowed, as he zeroed in on the ring on her finger. “You’re married?”

Not having the courage to look him in the eyes, she turned her head away and nodded.

She did not see the way that his emotions had coiled, in his dark orbs, as he glared at the ring on her finger.

Abruptly, a mocking smirk curved his lips.

“Vivian William, in the end, the man you’d chosen could only afford to buy you this plain, simple crushed diamond ring?” As though something had only just occurred to him, a disdainful and disgusted look crossed his face. “Then again, a woman who would be willing to sell her body for the sake of money can be easily bought off. It wouldn’t have been hard for a man to obtain you.”

Vivian was thunderstruck at his words. Her face paled dramatically and she was as pale as a sheet.

“Y-you... You know about what happened two years ago?” she was barely able to choke out, while her lips trembled.

Fabian grunted in reply. For some reason, his chest ached dully, seeing that her first response was not to deny it.

He squeezed her wrist tighter, his voice coming out frosty, “Yes, I do. In fact, I’d already known about it two years ago. You know, I really have to thank you, Vivian. I’m grateful that you’ve shown me just how dirty a woman I’d loved for three years was. Because of you, I’d firmed my resolve to further my studies in A Nation.”

The last shred of color left in her cheeks had soon drained away.

Two years... In the past two years, she had constantly wondered why he would suddenly leave the country when she was at her weakest. He had left her alone just when she had needed him the most.

Now, she was finally aware of the truth.

It was all because of that incident.

In spite of that, however, another thought soon arose in her mind. Two years ago, Fabian had gone out of the country before that incident had even come to light.

Could it be that he had known about it before it had even happened? No way, that's impossible...

However, it was painfully evident that this was not the right time to think about that. Hence, she struggled to set herself free as she tried to explain, "Fabian, what had happened two years ago was merely a misunderstanding! What actually happened was that I-

Chapter 11

"A misunderstanding?" Vivian's words had merely served to infuriate Fabian. His voice soared, as he soon pinched her chin.

He was exerting so much force upon it that Vivian's face had started to contort in pain.

"What misunderstanding? In my opinion, you'd seen that the broke bloke from two years ago had suddenly struck his pot of gold, becoming a Chief Editor. Hence, since you've come to regret your decision, you've decided to claim that this was all merely a misunderstanding, right?"

Upon uttering such words, a vicious glint flashed across Fabian's eyes. He jerked Vivian's face towards him as he warned her, "Vivian, let me tell you this. I am no longer the gullible man that I had used to be."

Gazing at his familiar face, which was currently full of resentment and hatred, all Vivian could feel was complete shock and heartache.

She had wanted to explain herself. However, she found that she could not bear to utter a single word in her defense.

What else is there to explain?

If he were truly willing to believe me, why would he have left back then, without even informing me as much?"

Before all else, he has already come to believe that I am merely a gold-digger; someone who is ready to betray him for money, at any given point in time.

Also, even if he were to believe my explanation, so what?

I am someone else's wife now. Furthermore, I am no longer my past self. We'll never be able to return to the past...

At such a thought, Vivian tried her utmost best to suppress the tears that had threatened to escape her. In doing so, she took a deep breath as she abruptly raised her head.

"Fabian," she uttered softly, her tone surprisingly calm. "You are right. What happened that year is exactly as you've thought it to be. However, you've got something wrong. Currently, I don't want to be in a relationship with you. Having a position as the Chief Editor, or even a CEO, this has nothing to do with me."

Upon uttering her last sentence, Vivian soon felt a sharp sensation across her chin. Evidently, Fabian was pinching her forcefully, his grip strengthening.

However, to her utter surprise, he decided to fling her away in the next instance. Staggering backward, Vivian was quick to steady herself against the wall with an arm. Raising her head to glance at him, she caught sight of Fabian glaring at her coldly. The disdain and hatred in his eyes were like daggers, piercing through her heart.

I should allow it to hurt. It'll certainly be a better alternative than getting myself entangled with him.

Hence, she justifiably suppressed her tears as she quickly announced, "If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now."

With that, she made a brief departure from the office, without even daring to steal another glimpse at Fabian.

Bolting out of the magazine company, Vivian soon reached its ground level.

However, she soon came to realize that it was pouring heavily outside. To her utter misfortune, she discovered that she had left her umbrella in the office.

Even while faced with such a circumstance, Vivian found that she was simply not courageous enough to go back, to retrieve her umbrella. As she was aware that Fabian might have still been in his office, she did not dare to return.

I am such a coward.

Watching as the rain poured from the sky, Vivian sought to hail a cab.

Unfortunately, with the combination of the peak period, along with the thunderstorm, Vivian found that it was nearly impossible to find a cab. The cab-hailing application was malfunctioning as well. Ultimately, she had no choice but to harden her resolve, as she covered her head with her bag and sprinted towards the train station.

Completely drenched, she had to squeeze herself in, with the other commuters on the train. She was hoping that the rain would have stopped by then, but it seemed as though God was trying to torment her too. The thunderstorm outside blared on, showing no signs of stopping.

Still unsuccessful in her futile attempt to hail a cab, Vivian had no choice but to wait by the train station.

She soon recalled a past memory, from two years ago, on a night that had a similar thunderstorm. It was a night where she had lost the thing that was the most precious to her...

Soon after, she lost Fabian, the man whom she thought would accompany her for a lifetime.

The sense of despair that she had felt two years ago was like a parasite, invading her initially numb heart.

Vivian could not help but wrap her arms around her body, squatting down as she curled herself into a ball.

Cold...

It's so cold...

She was so cold that her body had begun to shiver uncontrollably, just as it had throughout the night, two years ago...

On the verge of being engulfed by such memories and painful emotions, Vivian soon caught a glimpse of a wheelchair and a pair of long legs, suddenly appearing before her very two eyes.

Stunned, Vivian's head snapped up. She saw Finnick in front of her, while Noah held an umbrella up beside him.

Due to the pouring rain, his handsome face became a blurred image. Nonetheless, his cold aura was still evidently noticeable. Although he was wheelchair-bound, his current appearance was like an angel's descent to Earth. The sadness that Vivian had felt suddenly dissipated.

Vivian's eyelashes fluttered.

Finnick?

"Why are you here?" Finnick lowered his head and stared at Vivian, who was squatting down on the ground. For a reason unbeknownst, a hint of fury soon crept into his voice. "Were you drenched by the rain?"

It was at that moment when Vivian finally returned to her senses.

Flustered, she attempted to stand up. However, her vision suddenly went black, as she soon lost consciousness.

In a panic, Finnick quickly grabbed hold of Vivian, as he tried to steady her.

When he felt that the woman in his arms was abnormally warm, his gaze turned solemn. As his stare landed on the bruise that Fabian had left on Vivian's chin, a murderous glint flashed across his eyes.

"Let's return home." The brief change in his expression was fleeting. Finnick soon resumed his usual indifferent expression. Hugging Vivian, he wheeled his wheelchair towards the black Bentley that was parked at the side.

Finnick's car was parked at a hidden corner beside the train station. Due to the combined weight of both himself and Vivian, Finnick discovered that the wheelchair could not move as smoothly as it had before.

"Mr. Norton." Noah could not help but offer, "Allow me to provide you some assistance."

"There's no need for that." Without a moment of hesitation, Finnick instantly refused his offer. He then adjusted Vivian's position in his arms, carrying her, as he directly rose from the wheelchair...

The room was pitch-black.

Hot...

So hot...

It's so hot that I feel as though I am burning...

Moaning in utter discomfort, Vivian suddenly found that she was being placed down, as something cold was soon pressed against her skin.

Vivian greedily tried to hug the cold object. However, she suddenly heard a man's heavy panting.

Something is amiss!

Only then did Vivian's muddled mind become clearer. As she tried her best to open her eyes, the blurry image of a man entered her vision.

She struggled hard, to push the man who was looming above her. Unfortunately, he would not budge at all, as if he was a massive mountain.

“Ouch!”

Chapter 12

Momentarily, a sharp pang of pain struck her, causing her to shriek out in pain. Just then, the man forced himself upon her aggressively, time and time again. Pain, hatred, and humiliation threatened to tear Vivian apart. She had wanted to resist him, but she was far too weak to defend herself from his advances. Hence, her only choice was to endure it all...

After going through what had seemed like a limitless expanse of darkness and pain, Vivian's surroundings suddenly shifted.

Now, she was surrounded by a thunderstorm, as a distant thunder boomed.

Her body completely bruised, Vivian dragged herself along the streets. She wrapped her tattered clothes tightly around herself as she staggered around in the rain. Holding her phone, she frantically dialed a number, over and over again.

Fabes...

Fabes, where are you?

I'm so scared. Come and save me quickly...

Unfortunately, no matter how many times she had called him, all she could hear was a cold, mechanical voice, “Sorry, the number that you have dialed is busy.

Please try again later.”

At long last, unable to endure her suffering any longer, Vivian collapsed in the rain...

Looking at Vivian, who was currently breaking out in a cold sweat, Finnick could not help but frown. He turned his gaze to the doctor, who was by his side, and asked, “Is she truly alright?”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Norton. She has merely caught a fever because of the cold. As of now, she’s probably having a nightmare.”

Upon hearing his reassuring words, Finnick soon appeared relieved.

As soon as the doctor made his leave, Finnick turned his gaze towards Vivian, who was extremely pale. About to touch her forehead, Finnick was surprised, when he saw that her body had started to quiver,

“Vivian?” Finnick could not help but furrow his brows again. “Are you alright?”

Evidently, Vivian was still in an unconscious daze. Her cracked lips parted slightly, as a string of words escaped her lips.

A slight frown soon made its way to Finnick’s face. Bending down to some extent, he soon heard the words that Vivian was mumbling.

“Fabes... Save me... Where are you? Fabes... Please believe me...”

Fabes?

Finnick sat up straight, as a dangerous glint flashed in his eyes.

It’s that man’s name again.

He stared at Vivian who was on the bed. Although her face was ashen and sickly, it did nothing to conceal her beauty. This was especially apparent, as he gazed at her fluttering eyes. Finnick had never seen her display such vulnerability before.

He mulled over it for a while. Now that he had thought about it, this woman had always acted in a rather careful manner. She was distant, right from the beginning, when he had first met her. She had never once depended on him. In fact, she probably never intended to do so.

Yet, she seemed as if she was filled with fondness and trust, for the man called Fabes.

He had given Noah instructions to investigate Vivian's past. As Noah was a man of great efficiency, he soon summarized the play of events of everything that had happened to Vivian.

For instance, Finnick knew that she had a memorable first love. However, even as such, she had still broken up with her first love, two years ago. Although he had never checked her first love's name and background, it appeared as though the person was named Fabes.

Finnick began to feel extremely gloomy, upon that thought, for reasons unbeknownst to him.

At that moment, Vivian abruptly opened her eyes.

Suppressing his emotions, Finnick lowered his head and stared at her. "Are you okay?"

Vivian blinked. Only then did she realize that she was lying in a room in the villa, with an IV drip attached to her hand.

"Were you the one who had fetched me back home?" asked Vivian, her throat feeling parched.

"Yeah," Finnick replied nonchalantly as he handed a cup of warm water over to her.

"Thank you." Vivian accepted it as she soon began to sip on the water.

When Finnick took note of the usual distant and polite expression that had returned to Vivian's face, he inexplicably felt a sense of frustration.

"Vivian." Finnick abruptly asked, "Who is Fabes?"

"Ahem!"

Vivian had never expected Finnick to suddenly ask her such a question. Hence, she began choking on her water as she coughed violently.

"Be careful." In comparison to how flustered Vivian was, Finnick remained calm, as he patted her back.

Panicking, Vivian looked up and saw Finnick gazing at her. She could sense that his gaze had landed on her bruised chin.

It's rather glaring.

Finnick quickly took out an ointment from the medical kit on the bedside table. He squeezed some out onto his hand and applied it to Vivian's bruised chin.

Vivian felt a cool sensation on her chin. However, she soon glanced at Finnick warily as she asked hesitatingly, "How do you know Fabes?"

"You had yelled his name while you were dreaming."

Vivian was stunned. Only then did she remember that she had dreamt about the incident that had happened two years ago, all while in her sleep.

A despondent look crept into her eyes. Before Vivian could think of an answer, Finnick slowly interrupted her.

"Vivian, I don't care about your past. Nevertheless, I do hope that you'll understand that you are my wife now. I don't like my woman yelling another man's name."

Chapter 13

When Finnick announced that, his tone was still relatively indifferent. However, when Vivian heard his words, she felt an indescribable sense of pressure being weighed upon her.

His obsidian eyes were seemingly calm, yet brooding and unfathomable. Vivian found that she could make sense of his emotions at all.

By then, Finnick had already finished applying the ointment on her chin. Lowering her gaze, Vivian soon muttered aloud, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Finnick calmly placed the ointment aside. "I don't like it when someone else leaves a mark on you."

Vivian's body stiffened again.

Although she had merely kept silent, it felt as though Finnick was aware of everything that was going on.

Upon feeling the sudden, cool sensation on her chin, Vivian came to realize that Finnick was far more domineering and indecipherable than she had initially expected.

“Okay,” responded Vivian as she lowered her head. Unknowingly, her palms had already started to perspire.

“Rest early.” Finnick wheeled his wheelchair around. “I’ll sleep in the guest room today.”

With that said, he left the room immediately, without stopping to wait for Vivian’s reply.

In the room, Vivian slumped against the soft bed, not feeling the slightest hint of drowsiness.

Upon receiving the IV drip the next morning, Vivian was increasingly energized. Hence, she decided to go to work. However, when she stood up to pack her bag, she realized that her bag was gone. Instead, a branded bag stood in its place.

“Molly.” When she saw Molly coming up to clean the room, she queried, “Where is my bag?”

“Ma’am, your bag was drenched by the rain yesterday. Hence, Mr. Norton had instructed someone to buy you a new one.”

Vivian felt guilty almost immediately.

She could recognize the bag that Finnick had bought her— it was a Chanel bag that was probably worth tens of thousands. With her salary, she would have certainly not been able to afford it. However, her old bag had already been discarded.

Without any other bag, she could only steel her resolve, as she accepted his gift.

She then headed downstairs to have her breakfast. Just as she was about to hail a cab, Finnick offered, “Since you’re not fully recovered yet, I’ll send you to the office today.”

“It’s okay.” Vivian was slightly flustered. “I can do it on my own accord...”

However, Finnick had already turned the wheelchair around. Soon, he was headed for the door, not giving her any room for refusal.

Defeated, Vivian could only follow him to the car.

Fortunately, Finnick headed off to work earlier than her. When the Bentley arrived at the office, there were not many people downstairs. Upon bidding Finnick farewell, Vivian alighted the car swiftly.

Gazing at her back, a solemn look appeared in Finnick’s eyes.

Why is she reacting in such a manner? Is she really that afraid that someone will come to learn about our relationship?

Vivian soon entered the building. Fortunately, she had managed to catch a lift before its doors had closed. However, when she entered, she realized that there was only Fabian inside.

“Excuse me.” Instinctively, Vivian wanted to leave the lift. However, Fabian was quick to close the lift’s doors.

“Why are you avoiding me?” Fabian smirked coldly. “We’re from the same department. Do you really think that you’ll be able to avoid me?”

Biting her lip, Vivian chose to remain silent.

Fabian lowered his gaze towards Vivian. As she was still sick, her face was rather pale. He soon came to the observation that she had been letting out continuous, soft coughs.

He could not help but feel a tug at his heart.

Damn it.

Even though I've already found out about this woman's true self, my emotions are still influenced by her.

"Have you caught a cold?" Came Fabian's icy question. "Yeah." Vivian did not intend on explaining herself further either. Upon acknowledging him curtly, she walked out immediately, after the lift doors had opened.

As Fabian headed to his office, he felt extremely gloomy. In the end, he could not help but call his secretary. "Please buy some cold medicine for me."

His secretary sent the medicine to him quickly. Fabian fidgeted with it for a long time before he soon stepped out of his office.

Upon walking past the office pantry, Fabian came to overhear some gossip, amongst his female colleagues.

"Huh? Are you serious? Vivian came to work today in a black Bentley?"

"Of course! Even Sarah witnessed it!"

"Oh my God! That means that her husband is rich, doesn't it? Otherwise, why would he own such a luxurious car?"

"Are you stupid? How could that have been her husband's car? The diamond ring that her husband had given her was rather cheap. In my opinion, it's definitely another man's car..."

"Also, did you see her bag today? It's a Chanel bag! In the past, she merely used those cheap bags that she had bought online. Now that she suddenly owns a Chanel, I'm certain that the man had bought it for her."

Standing outside the pantry, Fabian had unknowingly tightened his grip on the medicine.

He suddenly realized that it was utterly foolish of him to have bought her the medicine. Crumpling the box of medicine in his fist, he tossed it into the dustbin, before returning to his office.

On the other side, Vivian's phone rang when she reached her desk.

Upon seeing the number that was displayed on her phone screen, her gaze turned cold.

She walked to an empty corridor as she accepted the call and asked frostily, “Why have you called me?”

“Vivian, what’s up with your tone?”

“Nothing.” A hint of impatience crept into Vivian’s voice. “I know that you wouldn’t have called me for nothing. Tell me, what’s happened this time?”

“Your little sister is going to get married soon.” Indeed, the man from the other end of the line went straight to the point, as he soon revealed his objective in calling her. “If you’re free, come home and have a meal with us. You can meet your future brother-in-law too.”

“Home?” Vivian’s tone sounded mocking. “Dad, you must have gotten something wrong. That is not my home.”

“Vivian, be careful of how you speak to me!” The man’s tone grew irate. “Your sister isn’t just marrying anyone. She is marrying the grandson of the Norton family! Your sister had said that it would be better if the family were to reunite. Hence, it is inherent that you come over tomorrow night!”

With that, he hung up the call.

Vivian frowned as she gripped her phone.

Ashley is marrying someone from the Norton family?

No wonder she insists on making me go. It would have been weird if she didn’t brag to me about having such an impressive fiancé.

Although Vivian was aware of what her family was planning to do, she knew her father’s personality all too well. If she were to refuse him, he would definitely get enraged.

It’s just a meal, anyway. I’ll just go.

Chapter 14

Ever since Fabian became the Chief Editor, Vivian, who had always liked to work overtime, left exactly on the dot. Today was not an exception either.

She took a cab home to the villa. Slumping against the soft sofa, she realized that her cold had not fully recovered yet as her muscles had ached terribly.

When Vivian heard someone approaching her, she sat up in a fluster. She soon caught sight of Finnick's wheelchair beside her.

Instead of wearing his formal, white shirt, Finnick was wearing a casual grey cardigan, outlining his perfectly sculptured body.

"Why are you back so early today?" She was surprised to see Finnick at this time of the day.

Finnick threw a returning glance at Vivian.

Her face was still slightly pale while her eyes were red, which meant that she had cried in the morning.

"Well," mused Finnick, his expression still calm, "The food is ready. Come and eat."

When Vivian arrived at the dining room, her gaze fell upon the dishes on the table. She was momentarily stunned.

Most of the dishes were soup-based and vegetarian, with many nutritional ingredients in them.

Although they had not stayed together for long, Vivian noticed that Finnick had a love for spicy food. Why are today's dishes so bland?

Feeling suspicious, Vivian sat down. Finnick poured her a bowl of chicken soup and placed it in front of her. "This is to warm your body."

Vivian was astonished.

Were these dishes specially cooked, to tend to my cold?

Vivian felt an indescribable feeling, flooding within her heart. Her initial exhaustion and sadness had slowly disappeared as it was soon replaced by a heartwarming feeling.

So, it feels so good to have been cared for by someone.

“What are you thinking about?” Finnick’s mellow voice sounded out from beside her.

Jolted back to her senses, Vivian smiled and murmured, “It’s nothing.”

Suddenly remembering something, she added, “Oh, right. I’m going to eat at my father’s place tomorrow night. Seeing as such, you won’t need to prepare dinner for me.”

“Okay,” replied Finnick. After a while, he added, “When I’m free, I’ll visit your parents too.”

Stunned, Vivian blurted out, “There’s no need for that.”

Finnick raised his eyebrows in question.

Vivian realized that her reaction seemed slightly inappropriate. Feeling embarrassed, she explained, “My parents... Don’t have a good relationship... My Mom’s health is quite bad too, so...”

Looking at how flustered Vivian had seemed, a small smirk played upon Finnick’s lips.

Vivian was unaware of the fact that he had already investigated her family’s background.

“Really?” Instead of exposing her lie, he responded calmly, “When you’re free, I would want to bring you along to meet my family.”

Vivian was taken aback, for it was the first time that Finnick had mentioned his family.

“Your parents?” asked Vivian carefully.

“My parents have long passed away.”

Embarrassed, Vivian muttered, “Sorry.”

“It’s okay.” Finnick remained as composed as ever. “I’ll bring you to visit my grandfather and elder brother when your schedule is freed up. Coincidentally, my brother’s son is going to get married recently.”

Someone’s getting married again?

Vivian smiled bitterly. Has it been auspicious recently? Why is everyone rushing to get married?

“Okay, then.” Since she was Finnick’s wife, it was a basic courtesy to visit each other’s families. Hence, she did not refuse.

The next day, Vivian managed to survive until her dismissal time from work. She hailed a cab to the Miller Residence.

Upon stepping out of the cab, she took notice of a woman wearing a bright yellow dress, happily rushing towards her.

“Vivian, you have finally arrived!” The woman grabbed Vivian’s hands in hers. Flashing a bright smile at Vivian, she urged in an intimate manner, “Come in quickly. I want to introduce my fiancé to you!”

Staring at Ashley, who appeared rather beautiful, Vivian pursed her lips. “The grandson of the Norton family, huh?”

Appearing astonished, Ashley smiled shyly. “So Daddy has already let you in on everything. Nonetheless, when you see him later, don’t mention anything of the Norton family! He hates it when others discuss his family background.”

Although Ashley had uttered such words, the proud look in her eyes could not be concealed.

Vivian merely smiled at her words.

Since young, she had known that Ashley was a materialistic person. Now that she managed to cling to someone from the Norton family, it must have been really hard for her to stop herself from bragging.

However, it was certainly a proud achievement to be engaged to a member of the Norton family.

In Sunshine City, the top three families were the Nortons, the Morrisons, and the Jacksons. They were powerful families who had risen to power ages ago, unlike the Millers who had only recently shot up to riches.

If she was not mistaken, Ashley's fiancé was the son of the eldest son of the Norton family. He had studied abroad for a long time, so many outsiders did not know his name.

While Vivian mulled over it, Ashley was already eagerly dragging her to the villa. In the living room, a tall and lean figure was sitting on the sofa, his back facing them.

Ashley dragged Vivian over, her face full of excitement. "Fabes, let me introduce her to you. She's my sister. Although we don't share the same mother, she's my biological sister!"

Fabes?

Vivian's body stiffened. When she raised her head, she saw the man smiling at her. "Oh! I didn't expect your sister to be someone that I'm acquainted with."

It was Fabian.

Vivian was utterly stunned, feeling as though she had just been struck by lightning. Never in a million years would she have imagined Ashley's fiancé to be Fabian! He's the grandson of the Norton family?

Chapter 15

At that moment, Ashley, who was hugging Vivian's arm, revealed a surprised expression. Suddenly, she smiled. "Oh, right! I'd almost forgotten that Fabes used to go to the same university as you. He's also in the journalism department, so he's your senior."

“Yeah, I know him.” Suppressing the bitter feeling that was arising in her heart, Vivian pretended to be calm. “It’s just that I haven’t seen him in a long time.” When Fabian noticed Vivian’s indifference, his eyes narrowed. “Ashley, can I speak to your sister for a while?”

The look in Ashley’s eyes changed. However, she still maintained her gentle demeanor. “Okay, I’ll see if I can help out in the kitchen.”

At that, only Vivian and Fabian were left in the living room.

“What’s wrong, Vivian? Why didn’t you react to the fact that I’m now your brother-in-law now?” asked Fabian mockingly, as he lowered his head and stared at Vivian.

“What kind of reaction would you have liked me to have? Should I have called you my brother-in-law?” Vivian eyed Fabian coldly. “Or perhaps, you’d like me to call you the grandson of the Norton family?”

Fabian’s expression fell.

He hated it when others called him that. In fact, he despised it even more when others had tried to get closer to him because of his family background.

Hence, when he was studying in college, he refused his father’s offer to send him abroad to the United Kingdom. Instead, he went to Z College in the adjacent city, as he pretended to be a poor man.

It was then when he had met Vivian.

When he had first met her, he treasured her a lot because she loved him for being “Fabian”, rather than for being the “grandson of the Norton family”.

However, the harsh reality dealt a slap to him. Vivian had dumped him, a supposedly “broke bloke.” For the sake of money, she had even...

When Fabian recalled those photos from the past, he felt heartbroken. He grabbed Vivian’s wrist tightly and mocked, “Vivian, now that you know that I’m not only

the Chief Editor of Glamour Magazine but also a member of the Norton family, do you regret it now? However, I can give you a chance to make amends...”

Vivian raised her head slowly and gazed at Fabian’s furious expression. Before she could respond, he continued viciously, “Since you’re willing to sell anything for money, why don’t you be my mistress?” Vivian’s eyes widened in shock, unable to fathom that Fabian could utter something like that.

“Ha! Are you tempted by my offer?” The mocking look on Fabian’s face intensified. “It’s not surprising, though. Although you’re married, you’ve continued to engage in such indecent affairs, right? Instead of remaining with a disgusting old man, it’ll better to be with me, wouldn’t it? Don’t worry. I’m from the Norton family. I can give you anything that you desire.”

Vivian was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of disgust.

She had never thought that Fabian, whom she had once deeply loved, would disgust her so much.

“Oh, right. Vivian, Mom says that she needs to get some wine. Would you like to accompany me?”

Fortunately, Ashley appeared at that moment, interrupting Vivian’s urge to slap Fabian’s face harshly.

“Okay, I’ll go with you.”

Shooting a glance at the man, who quickly resumed his gentle demeanor, Vivian followed Ashley towards the wine cellar.

“Truthfully, Fabes doesn’t like to drink red wine.” When they were picking the wine, Ashley suddenly spoke up, “Haha! A lot of his habits are unlike those of wealthy men.”

Unaware of why Ashley was suddenly bringing this up, Vivian merely muttered an acknowledgement.

“So, it’s normal that you didn’t recognize him to be the grandson of the Norton family,” drawled Ashley.

Vivian’s expression suddenly stiffened. Her head snapped up, as she looked at Ashley, who had a bright smile upon her face. “However, Vivian, no matter how much you regret it now, Fabes is already mine.”

Vivian was astonished.

Ashley is aware of my past with Fabian?

“You want to ask me how I’ve come to know about it?” Ashley’s smile became more coquettish. “Naturally, Fabes had told me about it himself.”

Vivian felt a sense of unease, rising within her.

Did Fabian narrate our past to Ashley as if it were all a joke?

“Huh? You don’t appear too happy, Vivian.” Holding the wine bottle, Ashley inched closer to her.

Unable to tolerate it any longer, Vivian’s expression turned cold. “Ashley, what are you trying to say?”

Only then did the hypocritical smile fade from Ashley’s face. A hostile glint appeared in her eyes as she warned, “Vivian, you know what I’m trying to tell you. I know that you’re working in the same company as Fabes. However, I’m warning you now. Don’t covet something that doesn’t belong to you!”

Gazing at Ashley’s threatening look, Vivian finally found that all of this hilariously ridiculous.

“Don’t worry.” She raised her hand. “I am already married. I am completely uninterested in your fiancé.”

When Ashley saw the wedding ring that was on Vivian’s finger, she was momentarily stunned. Notwithstanding, she quickly burst out laughing.

“Vivian, you’re already married? Why didn’t you tell me earlier?” She took a closer look at her ring and laughed even louder. “It appears as though my brother-in-law is an honest man. He must be really nice to you, right?”

To Ashley, an “honest man” was synonymous with a poor man.

Without denying it, Vivian coolly replied, “You’re not worried anymore, right?”

“I’ve never been worried.” Ashley feigned an innocent and harmless look again.

Blinking her eyes, she drawled, “After all, after what had happened two years ago... Even if you’d wanted to reconcile with Fabes, he wouldn’t be willing to do so either, right?”

Vivian’s body shuddered, as she glared at Ashley.

Ashley’s grin grew wider. She abruptly moved closer to Vivian and lowered her voice. “After all, who’ll accept a woman who has been ravaged by a stinky, old man?”

Ashley’s words were like daggers to Vivian’s heart, causing her to feel extremely distressed. Her body started to quiver uncontrollably as she soon yelled, “That’s enough! Stop talking...”

However, Ashley moved even closer to her ears. With a mocking tone, she scorned, “Vivian, does your current husband know that your virginity was stolen by an old man, two years ago? And... It was only for a price of ten thousand...”

“That’s enough!” shrieked Vivian, who was unable to bear it any longer. She shoved Ashley aside forcefully.

“Argh!”

Ashley fell onto the floor, causing the wine bottle to be smashed into smithereens.

“Ashley!”

More Chapter - [Cumming Soon.....](#)