

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 311

When Sarah and the others saw her, they quickly came over and inquired, "Vivian, is the baby alright?"

Vivian expression darkened as she replied, "The baby is gone."

They assumed that Vivian had a miscarriage. After all, when Finnick helped Vivian apply for her emergency leave, everyone figured that something must have happened to her. Hence, they gave her a sympathetic look.

During lunchtime, everyone went out to eat. When Fabian came out of his office, he saw Vivian working on some documents alone.

"Vivian, how are you feeling?" Fabian asked after a long hesitation.

Vivian wasn't bothered to look or even answer him.

Sensing the animosity, Fabian probed further.

"Vivian, do you know where Ashley is? And why Finnick has her locked up? Also, why did he attack my dad's companies..."

Amidst Fabian's incessant questions, Vivian snapped, "You should ask your dad yourself!"

Fabian was stunned as he tried to connect the dots. Does this have something to do with the baby?

He gave Mark a call immediately, "Dad, did you do something to Vivian's baby?"

"So what if I did?" Mark replied with an exasperated tone.

Fabian was outraged. "But you promised not to harm Vivian!"

“She chose the wrong side by standing with Finnick!” Mark was already feeling irritated and Fabian’s call just made it worse. With that, he ended the call abruptly.

Fabian felt dismayed by his dad’s response.

He could feel the gulf between him and Vivian growing wider. Not only could they no longer be lovers, but they were also slowly turning into enemies.

Meanwhile, in the president’s office at Finner Group.

Noah barged into the room with a distressed expression. He reported softly, “Mr. Norton, I’m sorry.”

Finnick looked up, “What is it?”

“I have dug further into the girl that rescued you ten years ago. When you were kidnapped, Ashley was in summer camp. Therefore, there’s no way she could have saved you.” Noah felt ashamed of himself. “I got way ahead of myself when I found the clothes and forgot to verify further. It was my mistake.”

Finnick had long felt that Ashley wasn’t the person from then and wasn’t surprised at all. Nevertheless, he still heaved a sigh of relief.

Luckily, it wasn’t Ashley.

However, Ashley was the only one who bought that piece of clothing in the whole of Sunshine City. If it wasn’t her, who else could it be?

Could it be that she had lent it to someone else? Or perhaps, it was an imitation?

Finnick felt that he had to start from scratch again.

Just when Finnick instructed Noah to continue his investigations, Vivian called to inform him that she wanted to visit her Mom. However, she didn’t know how to break the news to her. Hence, she wanted Finnick to accompany her there.

“Alright,” Finnick readily agreed. He got Noah to drive home and pick Vivian up before heading to Rachel’s small apartment.

In the end, Vivian told her mom about the pregnancy including the part where it was a lie and how Finnick had exacted revenge.

When Rachel thought about her own terrible experiences and saw that Vivian's circumstances were equally complicated, she couldn't help but be overwhelmed by sadness and cried in disappointment.

Rachel nagged, "How many times do I have to tell you that the rich lead complicated lives. Given your temperament, you would be easily swallowed up if you don't watch out."

Rachel turned to Finnick and reprimanded, "Mr. Norton, I let my daughter be with you because I believe you will be responsible and take good care of her. But, if you can't protect my daughter, please leave her alone then."

"Mom!" Vivian snapped at her mom.

Vivian felt what her mom said was too much as it was hardly Finnick's fault at all.

However, Finnick apologized to Rachel sincerely, "That's true, Ms. Rachel. This time, it was indeed my fault as I was careless to have let this happen to her. I'm very sorry about it."

"Finnick..."

When she saw how sincere Finnick's apology was, Rachel glared at him for a moment longer but didn't say anything.

"Finnick, why don't you have a seat next door. I'll have a chat with Mom."

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Vivian asked Finnick to leave on purpose so that her mom would stop admonishing him. He listened and headed to the study, leaving the room to the two ladies.

Although Rachel stayed alone in that apartment, the study had everything one expected of it.

Scanning the room, Finnick noticed a stack of photo albums in the corner.

The one of top piqued his interest specifically.

When he opened it, he realized it contained pictures of Vivian when she was little.

Since he had nothing better to do, he flipped through them and felt Vivian looked adorable in the photos.

Suddenly, when he saw a particular picture, his expression drastically changed.

...

Meanwhile, Vivian reassured Rachel about how well Finnick had treated her, easing her concerns a little.

Once she was done, she went upstairs to the study and noticed Finnick's strange expression.

"What's wrong?"

Vivian was surprised to see Finnick looking through pictures of her younger days. However, she didn't think too much of it.

Finnick took out a photo and asked, "Is this you?"

Vivian glanced at it and casually replied, "Yes."

Suddenly, Finnick's eyes glistened as he sprang up from his wheelchair and pulled Vivian into his embrace.

Vivian was stunned feeling how forcefully he was hugging her. "Finnick, what's gotten into you?"

He didn't respond as he continued to squeeze Vivian for a long while before releasing her. Lowering his gaze, he asked softly, "Vivian, do you know that I have been searching for you for ten years?"

Knitting her brows, Vivian was utterly confused. "Ten years? What are you talking about? Are you being mistaken?"

"Definitely not," Finnick added. "Looking at this picture, I can recognize that it was you from all those years ago."

When he saw that Vivian was still baffled, he reminded her softly, "Ten years ago in the outskirts of Sunshine City. Try and recall."

Sitting on Finnick's lap, Vivian tried hard to remember and looked at him in shock when she finally got it. "It was you! The boy then was you!"

Ten years ago, Vivian was staying at the Miller residence. Ashley had gone to summer camp while Harvey and Emma were at work.

Being alone at home, she couldn't stop herself from wearing Ashley's red dress and ran out to play.

After all, no one was bothered about her.

She didn't dare head to the city, so she chose to visit the outskirts with which she was familiar. However, she didn't expect to meet a youth covered in blood who now turned out to be Finnick.

Having never seen anything like that before, Vivian was utterly frightened. However, filled with a sense of justice, her petite body was suddenly bursting with boundless strength.

She carried him on her back all the way to the hospital.

It was during that time that Vivian tore Ashley's dress.

Worried that Emma would notice she had stolen it, she quickly rushed home after dropping Finnick off at the hospital.

As the dress was covered in blood, she tried to wash it away by herself, hoping that it would go off.

However, she had accidentally torn it while doing so. After putting it back discreetly, she didn't dare talk about it.

As time passed, she slowly forgot about the incident.

Only when Finnick brought it up that she finally remembered.

Pecking her gently on her lips, Finnick whispered in her ear. "I'm really happy that you were the one who saved me then. It seems fate has brought us together earlier than we thought."

Vivian blushed as she was in awe of the mysterious beauty of fate.

When Finnick saw how embarrassed she looked, his heart softened.

What a relief.

The girl who saved me then is still as how I remembered her, kind and tenacious, instead of turning into a b\*tch like Ashley.

The thought of Ashley caused Finnick's expression to darken again.

When he had assumed Ashley to be his savior, he restrained himself against her on the account that he owed her his life. Hence, he let Vivian decide what to do with her.

But now that he knew the truth and Ashley didn't save him, there was no need for him to hold back out of gratitude.

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He planned to personally deal with her.

Vivian asked, "What do you plan to do?"

"You no longer have to concern yourself with this," Finnick replied.

Vivian had no intention of doing so either.

Back at home, she rested for the night. When she woke up the next morning, she received a call from Harvey. He screamed over the phone, "Vivian, are you trying to get the whole Miller family killed?"

Vivian furrowed her brows. "What happened?"

"I'm shocked you have the cheek to ask me still? Why don't you check the news yourself?"

Checking her phone, Vivian realized the Miller family had been declared bankrupt. Harvey was hundreds of millions in debt and the Finner Group was behind it all.

Harvey berated Vivian, "You ungrateful wench! How dare you conspire with a Norton to terrorize us? What are your true intentions? Even if your surname isn't Miller, you're still my daughter and carry my blood. Now that your sister and I are suffering while your mom has fallen sick, not only do you not care about us, you even pushed us to the brink. What are you trying to achieve by doing all this? You're a despicable woman and an ingrate..."

As Harvey's words grew more vulgar, Vivian's hands began to tremble in anger.

At that moment, Finnick just came out of the bathroom and could hear Harvey's voice thundering out of the phone. He was stunned briefly, then he snatched Vivian's phone away from her and ended the call.

"Why did you do that?" Vivian looked up at him and asked, "Why must you destroy the Miller Group?"

"To exact revenge on your behalf. Not only for this time, but for all they have done to your mother and you for over twenty years."

"What about Ashley?"

"I want to send her to an army labor camp in some backward country," Finnick quipped.

Vivian was stunned and quickly understood what he meant. It wasn't hard to imagine what would happen to a beautiful girl in such a camp.

Her heart wavered as she felt Finnick was going overboard with it. However, Finnick replied, "Don't concern yourself with this. Just leave it to me."

Vivian hesitated for a moment before nodding reluctantly.

She wasn't a saint. After all that Ashley had done to her, she had no intention of intervening on her behalf.

Everyone chooses their own fate. If not for Ashley's repeated schemes against me, she wouldn't have landed herself in this situation.

Just when Vivian and Finnick were still talking, they suddenly heard a commotion downstairs.

Mrs. Filder came up frantically and informed them that Mark and Fabian were at the door.

Finnick instructed Vivian to rest in the room while he went downstairs alone.

However, Vivian was still worried and couldn't help but walk to the top of the staircase. There, she saw Mark and Fabian's faces flushing red while pleading with Finnick.

They hoped that Finnick would let Ashley go as she was still a lady after all.

Furthermore, she was pregnant and the baby was also a member of the Norton family. Therefore, they just couldn't stand by and watch her being shipped away to some labor camp.

This time, Mark was especially remorseful.

Despite his ruthlessness, he still couldn't bring himself to harm one of his own. The reason he had gotten Ashley to poison Vivian was that he assumed Ashley was Finnick's savior and he would never harm her.

However, he didn't expect that Vivian was Finnick's red line. Once someone harmed her, his gloves would come off.

Moreover, Ashley had now been exposed for not being Finnick's savior.

"Finnick, can't you let it slide this time?" Mark gritted his teeth. "After all, we are all family!"



“Uncle Finnick, please, I’m begging you,” Fabian pleaded, “even if you want to fault Ashley, please let her go on the account of the child she is carrying.”

“No!” They didn’t expect Finnick to stonewall them. “When you tried to harm Vivian, you should have been prepared for such consequences.”

All Mark and Fabian felt was despair.

They knew how ruthless Finnick was. Since he had decided not to free Ashley, she was as good as dead, and that unfortunately included the child she was carrying.

Having heard what three of them had said from the staircase, Vivian suddenly had an idea.

Just when Mark and Fabian had lost all hope, she gradually descended the steps and suggested, “It’s not entirely impossible for Finnick to release Ashley, but I do have one condition.”

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Mark and Fabian looked at Vivian in shock. They had not expected her to be willing to release Ashley.

“What is it?” Mark asked at once.

“Transfer half the shares in Norton Corporation over to Finnick,” Vivian demanded.

She remembered elder Mr. Norton had told her that Mark prevented Finnick from owning any shares in Norton Corporation. Therefore, she wanted to use to opportunity to Finnick’s advantage.

“That’s impossible!” Mark declared.

“In that case, you can forget about Ashley and the child.” Vivian declared with conviction.

Her words caused Mark’s expression to change drastically.

Even Finnick was shocked to hear Vivian's proposal.

He didn't expect her to be aware of such matters let alone taking his interests into account during such a time.

After hesitating for a while, Mark seethed as he replied, "Fine. I agree. Finnick, release Ashley quickly."

At the end of the day, Ashley and her child were simply too important to lose.

However, Finnick ignored them and furrowed his brows at Vivian instead. "Ashley deserves to be punished for what she has done to you. You don't have to accommodate my interest at your own expense."

Vivian smiled. "It's not a problem for me at all. I really want to do something for you."

Finnick was touched.

Although Ashley was saved, the Miller Group wasn't. Vivian quickly received news that Harvey, who was drowning in debt, had fled the country.

The next day, elder Mr. Norton arrived. It was the first time he came since the fake pregnancy incident.

He was more concerned about Vivian's health and didn't mention anything about the pregnancy.

The more considerate he was, the greater Vivian's guilt became.

Sitting opposite him, Vivian apologized repeatedly.

"Grandpa, I'm sorry... I have disappointed you."

"Poor child." Elder Mr. Norton gave her a sympathetic look. "This isn't your fault. I know that Ashley and Mark were behind this. Damn it, I didn't expect that b\*stard Mark to do something as horrible as this. He has really brought shame upon the Norton family."

Not wanting to depress Vivian further, elder Mr. Norton changed topics. He praised Vivian for what she had done about the Norton Corporation shares.

“Thanks to you, the cloud hanging over me has been lifted.”

Having heard his words, Vivian cheered up and replied, “There’s no benefit in keeping Ashley locked up anyway. Since they desperately want her back, we might as well exchange her for the shares in Norton Corporation. That way, Finnick will get the recognition he deserves.”

“Good girl.” Elder Mr. Norton was touched. “You are just too kind and generous to everyone, always taking care of the interest of the others. Have you ever thought about yourself?”

“Me?” Vivian was briefly stunned before she replied with a smile, “What’s there to think about?”

“Aren’t you afraid of Ashley coming back for revenge?” Elder Mr. Norton shook his head. “No matter what, you have to be more careful going forward.”

After the elder Mr. Norton left, Vivian thought back to what he had just said.

Afraid of Ashley of her revenge?

So what if it comes, all I need is Finnick.

After the incident had passed, Mark, Fabian, and Ashley no longer caused any trouble for Vivian. Hence, she could finally have some peace.

After being forced by Finnick to rest at home for a few days, there was hardly anything she could do as a reporter. All she did was surf through social media.

In the midst of going through it, she posted on her Twitter account: What I thought I had was all but a fleeting shadow.

Just when she was about to log off, she suddenly received a private message.

It was from “Back to the Past”, the Twitter account that previously posted about Evelyn’s situation.

Why is that person messaging me in private?

Vivian clicked into it.

Back to the Past: Don't be sad. Anything that doesn't belong to you will leave sooner or later. Don't be too bothered by it.

Vivian: Mmm-hmm, thank you.

Back to the Past: It's alright. I just felt like saying something.

Vivian: Thank you for your comforting words. I will stay strong.

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Vivian had a hunch that the opposing party was female. She couldn't help but feel curious when she thought about the comments she saw previously.

Vivian: I'm sure you're a girl. How did you know about Finnick and his ex-girlfriend?

Unfortunately, she didn't receive a response after that.

It was as if the other party was avoiding the question by not replying.

Vivian found the situation strange but there was no way for her to ask any further as the other party seemed to have logged off.

She decided to chat again the next time they met.

After all, Vivian was curious as to who she was.

Meanwhile, at the board meeting in Norton Corporation.

After suffering at the hands of Finnick and Vivian, the position that Mark had secured was now gone in a blink of an eye. As the subsidiaries under him were on the verge of bankruptcy, he had no choice but to call for a board meeting to calm the markets and public's nerves.

He figured that this was a foreboding sign of Finnick's plan.

The realization made him feel extremely edgy, as if Finnick was a snake in the grass whose body had blended in with its surroundings. He was quietly watching Mark and would launch a deadly attack just when Mark was at his weakest.

Just that thought alone caused Mark to break into a cold sweat, as paranoia seemed to slowly creep into him.

However, his concerns were not without basis.

Just when Mark was giving a spirited presentation, the meeting room doors suddenly flung open.

With that, in came Noah wheeling Finnick into the room.

Mark was caught by surprise before feeling outraged. Why can't Finnick just cut me some slack?

To hide his panic and not let the board be aware of his incompetence, Mark slammed on the table and stood up at once. He sneered, "Finnick, what are you doing here? We are having a meeting and it's extremely rude of you to interrupt. Even if we are members of the Norton family, it doesn't mean that you, as a chairman of other companies, can waltz in as you please and listen in on proprietary information."

When they heard Mark's words, the members of the board that were on Mark's side voiced their support for him.

When Mark saw that he still wielded significant influence among the board members, he heaved a sigh of relief and waited to watch Finnick embarrass himself.

Meanwhile, Noah couldn't stand it any longer.

Are these bunch of old fogeys all blind? It's obvious Finnick is the more capable one. But they prefer to stand by Mark because he is easier to manipulate.

Despite Noah's indignation, Finnick remained expressionless as he declared, "I now have half of the shares in Norton Corporation. So, why am I not qualified to join the board meeting?"

Just as he spoke, many of the directors' expressions changed drastically.

Finnick ignored them as he took his place beside Mark in his wheelchair. Skimming through the plan Mark was presenting, he sneered, "Mr. Norton's proposal may sound perfect, but... it's impossible to execute."

As Noah wheeled Finnick toward the screen, Finnick picked up a laser pen from the table and circled a few portions of it.

"Here... here... and here..."

"These plans might seem wonderful, but they are all within extremely competitive areas which are difficult to break into."

Finnick added, "Furthermore, this proposal doesn't factor in the resistance from our competitors. Perhaps it was devised hastily and there wasn't made for the long term, but there are no countermeasures to how our competitors react."

Finnick continued, "From what I can see, this isn't even a hastily put together plan, it is more of an impractical proposal from someone who doesn't have real experience. Therefore, Mr. Norton, if your plan is really this simplistic, you might as well just give the company up."

Mark was infuriated by the pressure that Finnick was piling on him but there was nothing he could do about it.

However, Finnick wasn't done with him yet.

"Oh, wait." Finnick let out a faint smirk. What he was going to say next would cause Mark to break down.

"If I recall correctly, Mr. Norton, you recently did give your company up."

"You..."

Unrestrained, Finnick continued, "Recently, the company's profits and stock price have both taken a dive, to the extent I can acquire them without much effort."