

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 431 - 435

"It's fine! Go for it, Vivian! You can do this!" Pulling open the washroom door, Vivian encouraged herself in her heart.

When she went to the bedroom, Finnick had done washing up and was reading through the documents on the bed, totally oblivious to Vivian's presence in the room.

Seeing that Finnick wasn't looking at her, Vivian wanted to flee, but she halted in her tracks when she thought of what she had done to get to this. With her cheeks turning red, she forced herself to ask, "Finnick, d-do you want some water?"

"Yes. Thank you." Finnick replied without lifting his head to look at her.

Vivian heaved a sigh and took a glass. Glancing back as she walked to the water dispenser, Finnick's gaze was still glued to the documents. She hesitated for a while and turned around. "Do you want it warm or cold?"

Upon hearing that, Finnick furrowed his brows slightly. Isn't this obvious? I've always preferred warm water. There's no way she wouldn't know since we've been living together for such a long time. Plus, she has never asked me about this before.

Puzzled by her question, Finnick finally raised his head to look at her.

Upon seeing her in that revealing lingerie, Finnick was lost in a daze, and a burning passion rose within him as his eyes gleamed.

After staring at the woman without saying a word, he answered, "Warm." His hoarse and rich tone was bewitching. Vivian felt her body burning up from Finnick's stares and his voice.

"Alright." Her voice trembled as she walked toward the man slowly.

The revealing lingerie Vivian wore was ethereal on her, showing her perfect body. The tight-fitting design only accentuated her curves, while her fair legs were partially visible under the light material. Looking at the sexy woman walking toward him, Finnick felt his throat went dry and was sweating profusely.

"Here." Vivian handed the glass to Finnick when she was at the bedside. Lowering her head, she averted her gaze, as she was way too shy to look at the man in his eyes.

Finnick didn't take the glass over and only stare at her.

Placing the glass aside, the woman gulped as she was nervous, while Finnick's burning gaze fixated on her body. In Finnick's eyes, she only appeared more enchanting. Pulling her into his arms, he pinned her down on the bed and kissed her lips.

The beautiful sight in front of him and the smooth touch of her body made him lose all control, and he was both impatient and passionate with his movements.

Instead of being embarrassed, Vivian responded to him passionately, while she felt happy in her heart. It seems I was wrong for jumping to conclusion.

Wrapping her arms around Finnick's back, she hugged the man she loved tightly, reluctant to let him go.

Finnick raised his head to look at her. The few strands of hair drenched from sweat were hanging loosely on his face. And this only made him look wild and manly.

"Finnick..." Vivian's heart fluttered while his name escaped her mouth uncontrollably.

Tempted by the woman's alluring appearance below him, he scattered his kisses downward from her mouth to her neck. Nibbling on her neck, he left a few hickeys to mark her as his woman.

Suddenly, Finnick's movement came to a halt as he saw the scar below her collarbone.

Although Vivian's injuries had recovered, scars were left on her body. Seeing this, the image of her clothes being torn away by the four men surfaced in his mind.

The heat on his body quickly faded away as a flurry of coldness gushed over him while Vivian's pleas for help resounded in his ears. "Save me... Finnick, please!"

"Finnick, what's wrong?" Noticing Finnick's tense expression and cold eyes, Vivian was confused.

The woman's voice pulled him out of his daze. With her misty gazes, her body was rosy, and she looked enchanting. However, the man didn't feel like continuing.

Guilt and remorse flashed across his eyes as he flipped over and took her into his arms. After adjusting the blanket, he patted Vivian's back gently and said, "Let's sleep. I'm tired today."

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How can that happen? She felt it for sure. Finnick wanted to do it. Looking at Finnick shutting his eyes, Vivian wanted to ask him, but she wasn't bold enough to do so.

She leaned on the man's chest while her eyes reddened with tears. I've taken the initiative, but why? Does he really not want to sleep with me?

A man was nice to a woman if he didn't overstep the boundaries, but how about a husband behaving this way toward his wife?

Maybe Finnick was tired just like how he said as he soon drifted off to sleep.

Breaking free from his embrace gently, Vivian turned her back on him while her tears streamed down her cheeks.

In her mind, she told herself over and over again. Finnick still loves me. He's not an unfaithful person. Maybe he's just tired from work. However, no matter how hard she tried to convince herself, she failed, as she felt hurt inside. Biting her lip, tears kept on rolling down, wetting her pillow.

She had trouble putting away her sorrow and getting any sleep, so she woke up at daybreak. After washing up, she slapped herself across the face to pull herself together.

When she returned to the bedroom, Finnick was still sound asleep. Resisting the urge to cry, Vivian turned around and went to the kitchen downstairs.

No matter what... Let's prepare breakfast for him. He has to go to work, anyway.

When Finnick woke up, he was alone on the bed. Recalling about what happened last night, a sharp pain rose in his heart.

I know... What I did may have hurt her. She has been hinting at me. Not to mention, she even wore the lingerie I've never seen her wear before last night.

However, I can't bring myself to continue after remembering the video Mark showed me. I must admit that it has traumatized me deeply. Shaking his head, he shook off those images from his mind and went to the washroom.

By the time Finnick went downstairs, his breakfast was served on the table.

"You're up," Vivian greeted him indifferently.

"Yeah." Finnick didn't know what else to say when he saw the woman was busy in the kitchen with her back facing him.

"Let's eat." After placing the cutlery on the table, Vivian sat down and ate her food without saying a word. Upon seeing that, Finnick could only follow her and sat at the table.

Both of them couldn't let go of what happened last night. Silence ensued as they continued eating their food, and awkwardness filled the air.

Beep! Beep!

Suddenly, Finnick's phone rang. Taking over his phone, it was an incoming call from Samuel.

"Hello, Grandpa. What's the matter?" Finnick hurriedly answered the call, as he suspected something must be up, or else his grandfather would not call him early in the morning.

"Finnick, why are the clients' information leaked?" Samuel sounded anxious.

"Grandpa, I..." Finnick didn't know how to explain it to him.

The old man urged, "Forget it. Come to the Norton Corporation now. We're going to hold an emergency meeting with the board of directors. I'll tell you about the details after you arrive."

"Okay. I understand, grandpa. I'll be there in a minute." Listening to Samuel's anxious tone, Finnick knew something big was up, and Mark must be the one behind all this.

After hanging up, Finnick turned to Vivian and said in a rushed tone, "Grandpa asks me to go to the Norton Corporation for a meeting now, so eat first. I'll be off now."

“Okay,” Vivian replied briefly, and didn’t lift her head, nor did she inquire any further.

Looking at the gloomy woman, Finnick knew she was mad about last night, but he didn’t know how to explain it to her. He couldn’t possibly tell her the truth, as he didn’t want her to recall those painful memories.

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Finnick could only remind Vivian to rest at home, while the latter only nodded in response. She was indifferent.

Seeing her response, Finnick sighed in his mind before leaving the house and rushing to the Norton Corporation.

The woman turned to look at his back and the food on the table. Lifting her head, she stared blankly at the ceiling and blinked twice before finishing up her food. She found it hard to enjoy the dishes, as they were bland and tasteless.

Meanwhile, Finnick finally arrived at the Norton Corporation. As expected, Mark had gathered the board of directors in the meeting room.

Seeing his arrival, Mark scoffed silently in his mind. Finnick, I’ll take all your shares of the Norton Corporation this time.

Samuel looked at Finnick with a worried expression, and he felt like saying something. However, Finnick glanced at him, assuring him it would be fine.

Sitting down in his seat, Finnick said nothing and waited for them to bombard him with questions.

On the way to the company, Finnick had figured everything out. Mark won’t let go of this opportunity to go after my shares.

Isn’t this why Mark kidnapped Vivian? To get the shares of the Norton Corporation. Finnick smiled coldly when he thought about it. If he thinks he can beat me so easily, he’s terribly mistaken.

Soon, Mark finally spoke, "Alright. Since everyone's here, let us discuss the main issues of the meeting today."

With that, he looked at Finnick with delight and a smug on his face. "Finnick, I bet you know why we're having this meeting right now."

Everyone looked in the direction Mark was looking and saw Finnick crossed his fingers after placing his arms on the table. He was wearing a calm expression as he said, "I'm eager to hear more."

Humph! How persistent! Mark's gaze grew hostile, and he spoke, "I bet everyone had heard about how Finnor Group has leaked the clients' information."

Upon hearing this, the room was filled with chatters and discussion. Some time ago, the matter spread like wildfire and caused uproars in the city. Who wouldn't know about this? All of a sudden, Finnick became the center of attention in the room.

Satisfied with their reaction, Mark continued to ask, "I would like to ask you a question, Finnick. How are we supposed to trust you, given how you have even leaked the clients' information?"

"So?" Folding his arms, Finnick leaned on his chair and asked in return.

Seeing his reaction, one of the directors, who had always supported Mark, stood up and slammed the table. He pointed at Finnick and scolded, "Finnick, you can't even handle your own company well. What rights do you have to manage the Norton Corporation? I suggest you hand over your shares."

Nice! Mark was delighted with what the director said. As expected from someone I promoted. He knows what I wanted.

All he needed was someone to voice his opinion first. Growing restless, everyone joined it and stood against Finnick.

"That's right! Finnick, how do we trust you now?"

"Who knows if the confidential information of the Norton Corporation will be leaked one day?"

"I think you should hand over your shares, Finnick."

"We support Mark to take charge of the Norton Corporation."

Actually, Mark had bribed the directors into supporting him, promising them some benefits and what not. This was why everyone was siding with him and crusading against Finnick in unison.

Although Samuel was angry with the directors for going against Finnick, he didn't do anything as what they said made sense. Finnick had made mistakes, so losing their trust was expected.

Seeing how everyone was demanding him to hand over his shares, anger flashed across Finnick's eyes while he wore a grim expression. Mark must be the one orchestrating the show. There's none other than him who will benefit from this.

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It seems you've put in a lot of effort to convince every director to oppose me. Very well. But Mark, you'll be disappointed with how it turns out in the end. Finnick thought about it and smirked.

After the noise died down, Finnick looked at them and scoffed, "So you guys are saying that whoever made mistakes should not hold the shares of the Norton Corporation?"

"Of course." Hearing what Finnick said, Mark immediately added, "Every one of us will suffer if such a deadly problem arises in the company's management. You've made a grave mistake, so how are we supposed to leave the Norton Corporation to you?"

"Right. We will never agree to that."

"We hereby disagree with Finnick to hold a majority of the shares."

"Mr. Norton's right. Operation is a big problem, so we have to let someone else take charge of the Norton Corporation."

Everyone supported Mark's statement.

Finnick smirked and stared at Mark mockingly. A foreboding feeling suddenly rose within the latter when he noticed Finnick's expression.

"If that's how it is..." Finnick took his phone and tossed it on the table before continuing his sentence, "Please take a look at the latest news."

What does he mean? The latest news? Everyone was confused by Finnick's actions and the words he said.

His phone slid across the table and stopped in front of one of the directors. Driven by curiosity, he looked at the screen, and his expression changed immediately. "How can this be?"

Seeing how he reacted, everyone was curious about what he saw.

"What's wrong?" Mark asked with an uneasy look plastered on his face. He finally got the chance to get rid of Finnick so he couldn't afford any mishap on his account.

"Mr. Mark, please look at this." The director got up and walked toward Mark before handing him the phone.

Looking at the screen, Mark's expression turned solemn.

Everyone took out their phones and searched for the latest news about Norton Corporation. When they saw the results, their expression darkened.

The search results were news headlines about the excessive additives in the food products of the companies under Norton Corporation, and the consumers were demanding an explanation from Norton Corporation. The food products were deemed to be a threat to health, so a thorough investigation would be carried out.

Pressing the link of the news with a stern expression, everyone finally knew what happened. Turned out, the food companies under Mark's management had been exposed to adding excessive food additives into their food products.

A few influential media had published the news on their page, and the Norton Corporation had become the hot topic while their reputation was destroyed.



The consumers were repulsed by this matter, so they were verbally attacking the Norton Corporation on the internet without restraint.

Do they not care about our health? Who should be responsible for the mismanagement? I think they should be charged with murder.

Punish them until they go bankrupt! Let's see if they dare to do something as heartless as this again!

What is the authority doing? Will the laws in our country ensure the rightful punishment? We need food safety!

I hope the Norton Corporation will handle this properly. Compensation should be given to those victims, while those responsible for this should be punished.

Reading the negative comments, Mark and the directors in the room were flustered. It was a fact that it would be difficult to earn the consumers' trust once they had doubts about the food safety of their products.

If this matter wasn't solved, not only would those food companies under Mark's management shut down, but it would also destroy Norton Corporation's reputation.

"Is everybody clear now?" Finnick scanned the room. Hearing his words, everyone exchanged glances, as they didn't know what to do, and they had lost the motivation to confront Finnick.

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Finnick snorted in his heart when silence ensued in the room as everyone had a solemn expression plastered on their faces. Why aren't you guys saying anything now? Weren't you guys so much into confronting me just now?

He turned to look at Mark and said, "How are you going to explain this to everyone here?"

Glaring at Finnick with hostility, Mark was rendered speechless, as he didn't see this coming. The matter was exposed so suddenly that he had no time to come up with an explanation.

Sensing something was amiss, Samuel took the phone from the director beside him and looked at the context.

Infuriated, he slammed the table. "Mark, what the hell's going on? I've reminded you, again and again, to be extra careful with food safety. Looks like you've been ignoring my words."

"Grandpa, I remembered everything you said, and I only knew about this just now." He hurriedly got up and explained, "I'll look into it now. They kept me in the dark and did as they please."

"There's no use in doing that now. It's already on the news!" Elder Mr. Norton's face turned red from anger as he lashed out at Mark.

The latter was embarrassed, as he was reprimanded in front of so many people. However, he could only choose his words carefully not to anger his grandfather any further. "Yes, grandpa. Don't worry. I'll settle everything."

Right at that moment, Finnick saw Mark's assistant hovering anxiously outside the meeting room and scrutinizing the situation in the room now and then.

Finnick scoffed in his heart and said, "Come in."

The assistant knew that going into the room now would only make things worse, but he couldn't afford to show any disrespect to Finnick, so he could only enter the room.

When he was about to whisper in Mark's ear, Samuel was enraged at the sight of this and he snapped, "Why? What is there to keep as a secret from me?"

"That's not it, Mr. Norton. Its... Its..." The assistant was scared out of his wits that he started stuttering on his words. After glancing at Mark, he steeled himself and said, "Mr. Cole, who is in charge of Pristine Food has requested to meet with Mr. Mark, saying that he had some matters to report."

Samuel pointed at Mark and scolded, "Humph! Look at what you've done! Ask him to come in now."

"Yes," the assistant hurriedly left the meeting room after he received the orders from Samuel.

Soon, a bald, potbellied middle-aged man walked into the room. His voice sounded across the room before they could see him. "Oh no! Mr. Norton, you'll have to..."

When he saw everyone in the room, he immediately paused.

Holy... Why are there so many directors here? Even the chairman is here! Could it be that they know that the company I'm in charge of is under investigation? Are they here to confront me?

Sweat broke out from the man's forehead at the thought of this. It seems like I am losing my job soon.

"Tell me what exactly happened," Samuel shouted.

Hearing the chairman's words, the man shivered in fear as he replied, "Mr. Norton, the officers from the Food Security Bureau were at the factory. They asked us to stop operating and cooperate with the investigation. I have no choice, but to..."

Mark's expression turned unsightly as he glared at the man.

How incompetent! Why are you here now? You're just adding fuel to the flame!

The bald man's legs started trembling as he was terrified by Mark's glare. I'm doomed! This will be the end of me.

"You guys only give me trouble!" Samuel was so angry that he couldn't hold back his fury. "What are you waiting for? Settle it now!"

"Yes, grandpa." With that, Mark walked out of the room with a dark expression.

"Wait." Seeing that Mark was about to leave, Finnick said, "Mark, didn't you say whoever that blundered will lose the rights to hold the shares of the Norton Corporation? Given how things are now, shouldn't you hand over your shares?"