

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 481 - 485

Without pausing to probe for flaws in her own logic, Vivian kept searching for reasons to convince herself that he was not the one in the room. In the end, she still could not find the strength to walk through the doors and verify things for herself.

Instead, she hastily pulled out her own phone and dialed Finnick's number. I trust that you would not do this to me, Finnick. Please pick up... Please...

As she prayed silently, she heard the ringtone from Finnick's phone rang out from inside the room. That instantly deadened her heart, for she had no doubt this must be his.

It was the one she had idly selected for him just a couple of days back. There was no mistake about it. Could the man in the room really be him?

She continued to shake her head in denial of her own assumptions, and only hoped that he would pick up and tell her that he was not at home. If he was able to do so, she would choose to believe him.

It would appear that the heavens had ignored Vivian's pleas as Evelyn's moans ignited anew.

"Ah, don't pick up that ugly bitch's call now. You're spoiling the mood... Ah... Finnick, you devil..."

Vivian did not hear Finnick's response. However, her call was rejected as soon as Evelyn stopped talking.

"We're sorry; the number you are calling is out of reach. Please call again later..." Vivian's hand fell limp as she sat where she was. She felt completely drained.

She understood intimately what utter despair meant. It proved in the end how silly she was to try to make excuses for Finnick just because she herself would not accept the truth of his betrayal.

Vivian's tears flowed ceaselessly. Finnick you ass\*le! To be so blind as to not be able to recognize the man beneath the facade until now, she had only herself to blame.

But why? She could not understand why he appeared so affectionate and did not agree to a divorce when she first broached the subject a few days back.

A lengthy period had elapsed between the time Evelyn emerged and now. If Finnick only told her that he was still infatuated with Evelyn, she would not have persisted with this marriage in the mistaken belief that he was in love with herself.

If I no longer held a place in his heart, why would he not just tell me straight? Why wait until today and let me find out this way? Why?

These are the questions that kept circulating inside her head and threatened to drive her insane.

She thought that she knew him long enough to understand him. It was only this day that she found out she had no idea what was on his mind. She could not understand why he would not divorce her.

Is it for his public image? Vivian knew Finnick had been kept busy as the company was dealing with a major crisis recently. Could news of his divorce from me possibly tarnish his image and potentially compound the company's woes?

The thought of that had her lips curled into a bitter smile. That was the only explanation she was able to come up with. So Finnick declined to divorce not because he loved her, but because he was afraid of how it might affect Finner Group.

Is that why he changed his mind about the baby? Is that why he was so afraid that he asked me not to suggest divorcing ever again? Is he actually waiting for Finner Group to leave its troubles behind before he kicked me to the curb?

That must be it.

Vivian was filled with agony as she struggled to reconcile with these facts. From the moment that she met him, he became the beacon of hope and happiness in her otherwise bleak existence.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 482

He married her to shield her from mockery; he had V.M. Fund set up in her honor; he erased the biggest stain on her character; he punished those who have wronged her... He had done so much and transformed her from a scorned Cinderella to the widely admired Mrs. Norton of the Finnor Group.

Yet, none of that seemed to have counted for anything, as the moment Evelyn reappeared, his heart was no longer with her. Perhaps it was as Evelyn had put it—she was only a brief fascination for whom Finnick would not stick with for long.

The biggest tragedy was how she still harbored a sliver of hope that all these might be untrue even in the face of the overwhelming evidence she had discovered.

Vivian wiped at her tears as she slowly got back on her feet. She told herself that she must be strong. Everything is going to be alright. Worst come to worst, we will just get a divorce. That was something she had mentally prepared herself for anyway.

Even if she was no longer wanted by Finnick, she would continue to raise the child on her own and make a good life for themselves together. She believed that she was capable of that.

If my mother could manage it, why not me?

Having sorted through her thoughts, Vivian turned and steadily made her way downstairs.

In the end, she chose not to enter the bedroom to expose Finnick and Evelyn. She could not bear to see the man she had once loved so deeply engaging the warmth of another woman. Just imagining it would be enough to drive her crazy.

On top of that, she wished to retain her dignity. She reckoned that she might break down into a sobbing mess were she to bear witness to the scene which awaited her inside. She may very well end up spinelessly clamoring for Finnick. Should that happen, even she would come to despise herself.

The sound in the bedroom stopped the moment Vivian departed.

Evelyn was dressed in a bathrobe inside the room. She looked rather prim and proper seated in bed and did not appear as one who was deeply engaged in sexual intimacy. She was the only one in the room. Where was the man?

Placed on top of the nightstand next to her was a laptop playing the deep drawls of a man's voice on loop.

She eyed Vivian's exit between the slit of the door and ceased her own lascivious enunciations. Disdain swept across her face. "You think you could stand against me, Vivian William? In your dreams!"

Evelyn smirked when she retrieved Finnick's phone off the bed. Her smug smile turned to rage when she saw Vivian's photo displayed on the phone.

"Sooner or later, you'll be completely mine, Finnick." Evelyn snarled under her breath before she got up and walked out.

Her heart was filled with glee. Before this, she was quite worried about Vivian actually barging in, which would have ruined her entire plan.

She surprised even herself that Vivian did not have the guts to do so. She is useless!

And hopelessly vapid too, falling for her trickery way too easily.

The woman leisurely made her way down and picked up all the clothing left on the floor before she returned upstairs, as though she was in her own home.

After she got changed, Evelyn stood in front of the full-length mirror to adjust her belt. She noticed the wardrobe to her side and reached out to open it.

Inside was Vivian's clothes placed alongside Finnick's. That left her livid, and she started grabbing and throwing all of them out.

"You're not deserving enough to marry Finnick, Vivian William!" She needed to yell that out loud to let off some steam.

Reluctantly, she proceeded to replace the clothing and had them arranged properly after she cooled down. She could ill-afford to leave tell-tale signs for Finnick to chance upon.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 483

Hmph. She swore to toss out every single thing related to Vivian from the villa the day she got together with Finnick.

Evelyn settled her own emotions before she made her way back downstairs.

Mrs. Filder approached the moment she saw Evelyn. "I've done exactly as you've asked, Ms. Morrison. Please do not forget what you've promised me."

Evelyn looked askance at her. "Relax, I won't."

That's the problem with these people. Just a simple request and all of them expect some kind of reward. Given as lowly as they are, they should feel honored that they were even called upon.

"You have to find a way to get me abroad, Ms. Morrison. I'm afraid to stay on as I don't know if and when Mr. Norton will find out."

Mrs. Filder was a nervous wreck. Mr. Norton has always been sharp. I don't think he could be deceived so easily.

She was reluctant to even consider getting involved if not for the generous terms Evelyn was willing to offer, as she had been around Finnick long enough to know what he was capable of.

"Yeah, yeah," Evelyn replied in mild annoyance. "One more thing. Stop saying such things. If neither of us breathed a word about it, how is he to ever find out? I'm warning you, should we be discovered, you'll be dealing with me first."

"Understood, Ms. Morrison. My lips are sealed." Evelyn's threat had the other woman on edge.

Evelyn then waved her away. "I'll get you what you deserve as soon as possible. You may excuse yourself now."

"Yes, of course," The jittery Mrs. Filder responded with caution before she took her leave.

Just then, the phone in Evelyn's hand rang.

"Come back here." Evelyn recalled the housemaid. She dared not pick up. As this was Finnick's phone, she might give things away if she did. "Answer it."

Mrs. Filder appeared apprehensive as well when she turned to see the phone Evelyn extended toward her. She had butterflies in her stomach, unsure as to how she should respond if the call came from Finnick himself.

"Well, get on with it!" Evelyn shoved the phone directly into the woman's hands when she saw that she was not responsive. "And watch what you say," she cautioned.

Mrs. Filder swallowed hard before she swiped the call through.

"Hello, may I know..." she asked cautiously.

"It's me, Mrs. Filder." It was Finnick's voice on the other end. "Did I leave my phone at home?"

"Yes, Mr. Norton, you did." She tried to steady her own voice. "Would you like for me to send it over to you?"

"Yes, sorry to trouble you."

"It's no problem," Mrs. Filder replied.

"Okay." Finnick ended the call with that. Mrs. Filder ran a hand over to wipe the cold sweat from her forehead.

Evelyn gave Mrs. Filder a look of approval when she took the phone back. She went on to erase all traces of the calls from Vivian.

Once this was done, she passed the phone back. "Run along and get this to Finnick before he gets suspicious. Remember to keep your cool around him," she said.

"Okay." Mrs. Filder nodded. With phone in hand, she put on her shoes and scurried out of the house.

All alone with the villa to herself, Evelyn surveyed the interiors.

"Such poor taste," she said as she twitched her lips in disapproval. She started to think about how she would refurbish the place to her own liking when she moved in.

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 484

A thought came to Evelyn's mind as she studied the interior of the villa. She quickly dug through in her bag on the sofa for her phone. She made a call after she found it, shortly after the receiver picked up the call.

"I've already done as you've asked me to. Why didn't you let my parents go?" Noah asked through gritted teeth from the other end of the phone.

Evelyn frowned and countered, "How dare you asked me that! You're the one begging me right now. You do remember I hold your parents' lives in my hand, so don't piss me off!"

Noah clenched his fist in anger at Evelyn's cruel remark. Despite his anger, he couldn't refute her because his parents' lives were in Evelyn's hands, so he could only do as she says.

Noah kept his boiling anger in check and forced out a calm reply. "When will you let them go then?"

"Now, this is the correct attitude." Evelyn grinned, "Don't be hasty. After you promised to help me with another matter, then I'll let them go."

"Evelyn Morrison, you've gone too far!" Noah's anger stirred up again when Evelyn didn't keep her promise and threatened him to help her with something else again.

"We have already agreed that you'll let my parents go once I brought Mrs. Norton to the hospital and lied to her that Mr. Norton was the one who wanted her to abort the child. I've already done as you've said, so what games are you playing now?"

"What you're yelling for?" Evelyn raised her tone as she spoke, "That reminds me, why does Vivian still have her baby? What have you been doing?"

"Mrs. Norton had already misunderstood Mr. Norton, so why couldn't you just let the baby live?" begged Noah.

Evelyn's face turned dark with sinister. "I don't care about all that. I want the dirty thing gone."

“Evelyn Morrison, that dirty thing you’re referring to has a life. You will receive retribution for this! I won’t ever help you with such an evil deed!” Noah cursed, knowing Evelyn wouldn’t let the baby live.

“Really?” Evelyn leisurely sat on the sofa, unaffected by his curse, and sneered, “I’m not sure about receiving retribution. But I do know, if you don’t do as I asked, your parents will lose their lives.”

“You!” Noah was rendered speechless. She held his weakness in her hands, so he didn’t have any choice but to obey her to ensure his parents’ safety.

“Let’s stop this nonsense. I’ll give you three days. If Vivian still has her baby after three days, say goodbye to your parents.”

Evelyn gave Noah an ultimatum, not wanting to discuss further.

Noah turned frantic at Evelyn’s threat. “Evelyn, what are you going to do to my parents? I’m warning you not to do anything rash! If anything happens to them, I won’t ever forgive you! I will hunt you down till I exact my revenge!”

Compared to Noah’s agitation, Evelyn casually said, “Relax, they’re fine for now. They have food and drink. But…” She said in a chilling tone with venom dripping in her every word, “If you delay any further, I can’t guarantee anything.

“Alright.” Noah agreed helplessly. “But you have to ensure my parents’ safety.”

“That’s not an issue.” Evelyn smiled, “I’ll let your parents go once that baby is gone.”

“You’d better keep your promise!” Noah ended the call right after.

He stared sightlessly at his phone and thought about what he promised to do. He muttered with guilt, “Mr. and Mrs. Norton, I’m sorry, but I can’t let anything happen to my parents.”

Evelyn didn’t mind Noah’s rudeness as long as he agreed to her condition. His parents were still in her hand, so she wasn’t worried about him playing games with her.

## Never Late, Never Away Chapter 485

"Vivian William, let's see who will save you this time." Evelyn scoffed with eyes full of jealous rage.

She stood and left after a while. At that point, it was a crucial moment. All her planning would be futile if Finnick suddenly returned and saw her here.

While changing her shoes at the entrance, she clenched her fist in hatred at the sight of Vivian's and Finnick's shoes placed together neatly on the shoe rack.

She swore that she would wipe away all traces left by Vivian from every corner of this house.

She swung her gaze away from the shoe rack and opened the door. There stood a person she never expected to see here.

"Ben, what...what're you doing here?" stammered Evelyn. Her face turned guilty from the unexpected appearance of Benedict.

"That is what I should be asking you." Benedict trained his sharp gaze on Evelyn. "What are you doing at Vivian's and Finnick's house?"

"I...I..." Evelyn's eyes darted everywhere but Benedict's face. She couldn't find a valid excuse for her being there.

Despite not knowing the reason for her being there at the very least, he knew she was up to no good seeing the guilty look on her face.

"Haven't you done enough to Vivian? What else are you planning to do to her?" Benedict interrogated fiercely.

Evelyn trembled at Benedict's sudden raised tone and replied unhappily, "Ben, you have scared me. Why are you acting all mean?"

Benedict pointed furiously at Evelyn. "Tell me now! What are you planning to do? I'm warning you now if you dare to harm Vivian again, I'll be the first to punish you for it!"

"Ben!" Evelyn had never been treated by Benedict this way. He'd always spoiled her since young. Anger rushed through her as she was scolded and being pointed at by him.

"How could you talk to me this way? Why do you always protect Vivian? She's an outsider, and I'm your sister. I can't believe you're mean to me because of her!"

Benedict laughed at Evelyn's words. However, there was no joy in his eyes, and his laugh was so cold that it gave her chills.

Evelyn took a step back from Benedict's chilling laughter. Her arrogant attitude from before was replaced with fear. "Ben... you... What are you laughing at?"

"Really?" Benedict stared deadly at Evelyn.

"What?" Benedict's words came out of nowhere, so Evelyn didn't know what he meant.

However, his next few words turned Evelyn's face pale.

"Are you really my sister?"

Benedict had just gotten the investigation report from the private investigator that morning. It was as he had speculated. Evelyn Morrison was not his sister.

Benedict thought back on the happenings from that morning.

"Mr. Morrison, I've finished the investigation you asked of me. I've discovered that Ms. Rachel had just given birth when she found Ms. Evelyn. Her daughter was only a few days older than the latter. To ensure her daughter of a good life, she sent her own daughter to the Morrison family, but kept the child of the Morrison family by her side."

"Are you sure of this?" Benedict couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Yes." The private investigator who stood in front of him nodded. "Your DNA test with Ms. Evelyn proved that she had no blood ties to you."

A few days ago, Benedict had snuck into Evelyn's room to collect a few of her fallen hairs. He then passed them and his hair to the private detective for DNA testing. He just wanted to be sure of his relationship with Evelyn. He felt guilty towards Evelyn at that time, but he didn't expect the result to turn out like that.