

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 515

Willed, Vivian raised her head and lifted her chin, staring square into Finnick's eyes. "What do you want?" she questioned coolly.

Seeing Vivian's defense and indifference towards himself, Finnick felt a pang in his heart. He saw her leaving the stage just now the moment the auction ended and hurried towards her to catch up. Never did he expect her to react as if she saw something disgusting emerging from the sewers.

Finnick took two steps forward, backing Vivian towards the wall behind her. With visible anger behind his eyes, he interrogated Vivian, "Why did you give up our wedding ring for the auction?"

Despite her anger, Vivian almost laughed. How dare he? What? Did he expect me to keep the ring "till death do us part?" Why should I when we're no longer married?

"Because I feel like it," mocked Vivian, twisting her body away from Finnick, wanting to get out of this situation.

However, Finnick was not going to let her go so easily. He shoved her towards the wall, pressing both of his palms by her side, locking her in that position.

"Feel like it?" Finnick sneered, a dry laugh escaping his lips. "Did you also feel like leaving me when you did all those years ago? Without a single word too, mind you. Have you ever considered how I would feel, Vivian Will—no—Morrison? Huh?"

"Excuse me?" Vivian snapped in disbelief, her anger flared up once more. Is he saying that I'm the bad guy? How dare he twist the story!

The gap between the two closed as Vivian straightened her spine, locking her gaze with Finnick's. Finnick could feel her hot breath on his skin with every word she spat out. Towering above her, he could see clearly the slight increase in her height, fueled by rage. He was supposed to be furious. He had intended to confront her, find out the reason why she left him. Seeing her like this, however, he felt a wave of mixed emotions hit him.

Speechless, Finnick continued glaring at her. Five years. For five long years, he had not seen this face. This face that he fell in love with—the one that had him smitten.

Finnick's gaze traveled down her face. Eyes, nose, lips— features he had once kissed and caressed looked so familiar, yet so foreign. The Vivian he knew would never put on such bold makeup. Even so, one thought rang clear amidst the rest. This is the woman I love. It doesn't matter how much she's changed, or how different she looks, she's mine to hold forever and always.

Finnick's heart ached as his eyes began to glaze. With a step forward, Finnick planted a passionate kiss on her lips, no longer able to suppress his longing for her.

Shocked, Vivian froze, but after a second, she regained her composure and shoved Finnick away from herself. Uncaring that she might smudge her makeup, Vivian wiped her lips harshly with the back of her hand and hollered at Finnick, "What do you think you're doing?"

The two of them had not seen each other for five years. Moreover, they're divorced—no longer husband and wife. Ashamed, Finnick stepped back, knowing he had overstepped the boundary. But seeing the one who had stolen his heart standing in front of him in person— knowing that the image was no longer a figment of his imagination, how could he not pull her into a deep embrace?

"Vivian, I..." Finnick softened his tone and relaxed his posture. He took another step towards Vivian, only to see her body stiffened and her guard raised.

Lowering his gaze, his eyes flickered across her tightly clenched fists. A wave of sorrow washed over him. Does she really hate me that much? All these years... I've been a lovesick fool, and she has never been far from my thoughts. What about her? Did I ever cross her mind? Even once?

Swallowing the pain he felt in his heart, Finnick gathered his courage and asked the question he had pondered over for the past five years. "Why did you divorce me, Vivian? Why did you run away without any warning?" Finnick asked as he felt the old wounds reopening.

Seeing the anguish on Finnick's face, Vivian's lips curled up into a sneer. This man sure deserves an Oscar for this act he's putting on. Nevertheless, her heart clenched in sorrow. Despite everything, they had once been helplessly in love with each other, sharing so many lovely memories together. Yet, he still tries to pretend as though he had done absolutely nothing!

Where was he when Noah ordered them to strap me onto the operating table, forcing me to undergo an abortion? Oh, that's right, making love with his dear Evelyn Morrison without a care in the world... All the painful memories resurfaced in her mind, chipping away the

pieces of her heart she thought had healed. The sneer turned into a bitter smile. Looks like I never did forget those moments, even after so long. It's as if it all happened just yesterday.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 516

Forcing down the lump in her throat, Vivian peered at Finnick mockingly. "You forced me to give up my child last time, and now you have the audacity to ask me why I chose to divorce you? Do you realize how ridiculous you sound, Mr. Norton?" laughed Vivian dryly.

So it really is because of the child. Deep down in his heart, Finnick had expected this answer. The words that Noah had said five years ago rang in his ears once more. I also found out that Mrs. Norton realized that there's a high possibility that the baby she's carrying is not yours. She chose to leave you and go to A Nation with Benedict because she didn't know how to face you.

"But Vivian," Finnick started. "Did I not tell you I would accept the child, and it matters not whether he or she is mine?"

"Accept?" Vivian laughed in disbelief, anger arose in her chest once more. "Finnick Norton, even up till now, you're still spinning lies. Please, knock on the door of your own heart and ask yourself, do you truly accept this child?"

Awkwardness flashed across Finnick's face. At that time, he had blurted out that promise to prevent Vivian from going through with the divorce, not out of genuineness. Did she find out she was not pregnant with my child and left out of fear that I would force her to undergo an abortion?

Finnick felt the cracks in his heart deepened. At the end of the day, it was all his fault. He had not taken care of her, nor protected her. If I had done better, would she have stayed instead? if I were a better husband, maybe we wouldn't miss out on the past five years.

"Where's the child now? Did you bring the child with you here?" Finnick inquired. He or she should be five now, right? Finnick felt a thud in his heart. I don't even know the gender of the child...

Hearing Finnick asking about the child, Vivian hesitated, not knowing how she should answer. Finnick had always thought the child isn't his... But who knows if he'll notice anything amiss if he sees my precious baby...

No! I can't afford this risk! I am not losing my child!

"I had a miscarriage," lied Vivian with her head lowered, staring at the ground. Her stomach clenched in fear, afraid that Finnick could see through her deception.

She was terrified that this psychopath in front of her would harm her innocent child, just like what he did those years ago. Or, to be more exact, she hoped her child would never have to deal with a father like Finnick.

"What?" Finnick was shaken to the core. Never in his wildest imagination would he have expected that the child did not survive after all.

Seeing Vivian with her head held low in silence, Finnick mistook her feelings for grief. She loved the child so much, even to the point of divorcing me. With the child gone, she must be devastated...

"I'm sorry Vivian... Don't be too upset, perhaps the heavens did not want to give up an angel," comforted Finnick softly. At the same time, he thought to himself, Don't worry, my love. We will have a child of our own in the future.

That's right, Finnick Norton had made up his mind. He would do everything in his power to woo and marry Vivian Morrison, once again calling her Mrs. Norton—and be his to love—to cherish and to hold. He would give her the wedding he had owed her the last time, have her put on a wedding gown, and walk down the aisle towards himself!

Five years ago, because of a slip-up he made, Evelyn became crippled, forcing her to live out her best years in a wheelchair. Out of guilt, Finnick forced himself to give up on Vivian, deciding to take care of Evelyn and be by her side till she healed from her trauma.

As the years ticked by, however, he realized it was impossible for him to let go of Vivian, not even temporarily. Ever since she left, away from his reach, she never seemed to be out of his sight. Her shadow haunted him every corner he turned. He saw her at the table during meals; he saw her at work; he saw her even in the dead of night, smiling warmly at him in his dreams.

But every time he wanted to pull her into his embrace, it would serve as a cruel reminder of what had happened, and all he was seeing was a ghost of the past. Before long, Finnick felt himself on the brink of insanity.

Originally, he had intended to wait till Evelyn could accept the fact that she was disabled and could live on her own. Once she could, he would fly to A Nation right away to look for Vivian, explaining the reasons he had agreed to the divorce.

He did not expect Evelyn to depend on him more and more. At times when he was so consumed by work and couldn't accompany her, Evelyn would bombard his phone with text messages and missed calls. She would even order the servants on a search for him to bring him back home.

Worse still, for the past two years, Evelyn had been calling herself Mrs. Norton, wife of the President of Finner Group—abusing that title and interrupting his staff's work. Even his secretary had been replaced twice by her.

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 517

Whenever he couldn't bear it and wanted to make it clear to Evelyn that he did not love her, she would look at him with teary eyes as if she had been wronged. She would also ask him if he had disliked her because of her physical disability. Sometimes, she would even smash things to vent her frustration.

After consulting the doctor, the doctor said she might not have fully accepted the fact that her legs were crippled. Thus, he was told to let her have her way and not say things she did not want to hear lest it provoked her. Otherwise, her condition would only get worse.

Thinking that he was the reason Evelyn became like this, Finnick had no choice but to agree to the doctor.

However, he had also had it figure out. Since he could not get over Vivian, nor would he get into a relationship with Evelyn, he decided that he would not let things go on like this. Otherwise, it would only hurt all three of them.

More importantly, since Vivian had now returned, he would never let her leave again and was determined to get her back.

However, Vivian did not know about Finnick's thoughts, so his words only made her want to slap him in the face. Obviously, he didn't want to keep the baby. How can he blame God?

"Drop the act already, Finnick. If you hadn't done whatever it took to get rid of the baby, I wouldn't have had a miscarriage!" Vivian said through her gritted teeth.

Even now, he still refuses to admit what happened back then and says this kind of thing. Does he think I'm a fool?

In addition to resentment, Vivian's heart filled with disappointment. So this is the man I once loved deeply.

She once regarded him as the God who redeemed her, but it was this man, who she admired so much, that pushed her to hell five years ago. She used to think he was a responsible man, but after five years, he still tried to hide the things he had done.

I must be blind to have given my heart to such a man back then, so now I can't blame others for what I have done to myself. From now on, he and I will go our separate ways.

Knitting his brows, Finnick did not understand what Vivian meant. Although he had indeed persuaded her to abort the baby back then and had also quarreled with her because of this, he did not really "do whatever it took".

When he was about to ask Vivian why she would say so, a delicate voice was suddenly heard asking, "Finnick, what are you doing here?"

Turning to look at the source of the voice, Finnick found that it belonged to Evelyn, who was sitting in her wheelchair. The sight of her made him feel irritated, but he still tried to ask calmly, "Why are you here?"

As he asked the question, he began to feel suspicious. I only decided to come to this auction at the last minute and did not tell her. How did she know that I'm here?

Moreover, this was not the first time something like this had happened before. Every time he attended banquets, Evelyn would soon find out about it and come to meet him. She would then deliberately be intimate with him for the eyes of the crowd. Could it be that someone in

the company informed her of my whereabouts at all times? If I find out who it is, I'll definitely not let that person off easily!

With that thought in mind, a fit of cruelty flashed across Finnick's face as he fixed his scrutinizing gaze on Evelyn. Will she really pay someone around me to monitor me?

Meanwhile, Evelyn's focus was on Vivian, so she did not notice the change in Finnick's expression.

Evelyn couldn't believe her eyes when she saw Vivian. Is this gorgeous, charming woman really the same ugly woman from five years ago? How did she change so much?

For the past five years, Evelyn had spent more time taking care of her skin in order to keep Finnick by her side, so she believed that her appearance was more attractive now than it was five years ago. But at that moment, she had to admit that the appearance and demeanour of the woman in front of her were not inferior to hers in the slightest.