

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 591

“Wait.” Mark rushed forward to stop her, his whole head dampened with sweat.

Refusing to budge an inch, Vivian said calmly, “Did you finally remember what you did to me? Or do I have to call the police to assist you with the process?”

“I’ll confess everything to Finnick, I swear,” he forced out through gritted teeth. “But how can I trust that you won’t blackmail me even after I’ve done what you asked me to?”

“Are you trying to negotiate with me?” She raised an eyebrow.

Mark held the file up in his hand. “I know that this isn’t the only copy you have. I want you to guarantee that you will destroy all traces of these documents after I tell Finnick the truth.”

“No promises.”

“You’re clearly trying to take advantage of me!” He flung the file onto the floor.

“I’m not, but you have no right to be negotiating anything with me,” Vivian pointed out, narrowing her eyes. “If you don’t agree to my terms, I will submit these documents as evidence. If you do agree, then only will I consider letting you off the hook.”

“I’m warning you, Vivian,” Mark growled out, a vein popping in the corner of his forehead. “I’ve kidnapped you once, and I can do it again. If I stop you from leaving the Norton Corporation building, then you won’t be able to expose me!”

“Do you think that I’m an idiot?” Scoffing, Vivian took a look at her watch. “If I do not exit this building within an hour from now on, all these documents will be published online. I’m only giving you one chance; take it or leave it.”

Mark’s hands clenched into fists by his sides.

Didn’t this woman use to be so dumb that Evelyn could easily play her like a fiddle? How and where did she learn to have backup plans like that?

Completely disregarding the glare that was burning into her, Vivian turned to level Mark with a bored expression. "I already told you: I'm now Vivian Morrison. I'm not the naïve, helpless Vivian William from before. You have no choice but to say 'yes'."

Being threatened by a young woman like this was the most humiliating thing Mark had had to suffer in all of his life. But he couldn't not agree. It was just like Vivian said: he had no choice.

"Fine. I'll go and confess to Finnick tomorrow. I hope you'll carefully consider not publicizing this information, Ms. Morrison. Remember, even a harmless puppy will bite when it's backed into a corner," Mark spat out.

The few sentences seemed to drain all the energy out of the man. He secretly swore that one day, he would get back at her.

A puppy? Vivian wanted to laugh out loud. She didn't think of Mark as a puppy at all. But she didn't care even if he was a fierce tiger. She wasn't scared. If anything, she would pluck out his fangs and claws one by one to ensure that he would never be able to hurt anyone else ever again.

"Please make sure to properly tell Finnick everything without leaving anything out," Vivian reiterated as she moved out of Mark's way, heading for the exit.

She stopped just before the door, glancing over her shoulder. "Remember, this is only the start. I will be seeking revenge for everything you did to me and my child."

"Damn it!" Mark exploded as soon as she left the office, kicking over the desk in front of him. That proved insufficient to cool his frustration as he swept away everything in sight, sending them to crash onto the floor.

"What's wrong, Mr. Norton?" The secretary ran in, having heard the commotion from inside the office. She nearly jumped out of her skin at the chaotic sight that greeted her.

"Get out!" roared Mark. "Leave me alone!"

"Yes, of course..."

The frightened secretary had never seen Mark in such a fit of rage before and immediately scurried out of the room. Even after she had fled a good distance away, she could still hear the loud sounds of objects being smashed onto the ground.

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I won't lose my job, will I? The secretary thought, her face drained of blood and her legs shaking as she ran away.

The next day, in Finnick's office.

The man was sitting at his desk reading through a document when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in," he responded without looking up.

"You must be tired, Finnick. You should take a break; you can't keep working like that."

A familiar woman's voice spoke, her tone gentle and affectionate.

Finnick furrowed his eyebrows at the sound of her voice.

I thought it was my assistant. Why is it Evelyn? What is she doing in my office?

"Why are you here?" Snapping the file shut, Finnick looked up at Evelyn coldly.

Still in a wheelchair, her appearance had changed drastically. Today, she wore a long, white dress and had draped a wool blanket across her lap. Her light, natural makeup and long black hair spilling over her shoulders helped her appear innocent and kind.

Upon hearing Finnick's apathetic question, she bit her lower lip, eyes reddening slightly before pretending to gather her courage and lift her head. "I was worried that you might be tired from work, so I personally made your favorite braised short rib stew. Go on, try and have a taste."

Evelyn carefully opened the lunchbox she'd brought as she spoke, a fragrant aroma instantly filling the office. She nodded with satisfaction when she saw the succulent cut of ribs paired with the fresh, decorative vegetables in the lunchbox. It truly looked like a five-star meal.

Of course, she didn't have the skills nor the patience to cook this; it had been prepared by her housemaid.

But Finnick didn't need to know about that.

All he needed to know was that she cared for him, and that was it.

Evelyn scooped some of the contents up in a spoon and held it up in front of him, coaxing softly, "It's really delicious."

"Leave it there. I'm not hungry." Finnick ignored her outstretched hand, leaving her to awkwardly freeze mid-air for a while before she regained her composure.

"Come on, Finnick. I poured so much effort into making this for you, the least you could do is try it," pouted Evelyn, using her sweet tone of voice that usually never failed to melt any man who heard it. She made another attempt, leaning in close to Finnick as she held the spoon up.

"I said, I'm not hungry." Finnick turned his face away from her. "Next time, don't randomly come to my office without reason. And you don't need to deliver food to me either."

"Why?" Feeling indignant, Evelyn was a bit cross with him. "What did I do wrong? Why are you treating me like this?"

"I already told you before: I'm only taking care of you because I feel guilty. I do not harbor any other feelings towards you. Don't you feel that your actions have crossed the line? We're not dating anymore!"

Finnick's patience had reached its limit, and he gave her an unfiltered piece of his mind.

"I don't believe you! How could you not feel anything for me after all these years?" The cruel statement shocked Evelyn, causing her eyes to instantly fill with tears. "Was it Vivian? Did she bewitch you or something?"

"What does any of this have to do with her?" Finnick sighed, fed up with her nonsense.

"It has everything to do with her! If it weren't for her, we would have gotten together a long time ago!"

“Stop lying to yourself. I’m going to clear things up right now: I’m not dating you because I don’t like you, not because of Vivian. Even if Vivian wasn’t in the picture, I still wouldn’t date you!”

Evelyn started sobbing even harder. How could that be? There’s no way! She had devoted herself to him for so many years and even sacrificed her legs for him! How was it possible that he hadn’t fallen in love with her?

Finnick grew irritated at the sound of Evelyn’s crying. He was glad to have cleared up any possible misunderstandings. That way, she would stop hoping for anything to happen between them, and he was now able to set his own boundaries.

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At that moment, the phone on Finnick’s desk started ringing.

The receptionist’s voice rang out after he’d impatiently pressed the “answer” button. “Mr. Norton, Mr. Mark Norton is here to see you. Should I send him up?”

“No.” Finnick hung up the call.

Seeing Mark now would only add to his growing headache. One Evelyn was enough to deal with; he didn’t have the energy to deal with Mark as well.

“Evelyn, we...”

Ring...

Finnick, about to clarify to Evelyn exactly what their relationship was, was interrupted by the phone ringing once more.

“What is it now?” Finnick’s eyebrows knitted together as he picked up the phone.

"Mr. Mark Norton insists on meeting you, sir. He said that he has something important regarding Vivian to tell you." The receptionist's voice tremored slightly as she passed on the information. Her boss sounded like he was in a bad mood, and she prayed with all her heart that he wouldn't unleash his anger on her.

Finnick hesitated upon the mention of Vivian's name, curious as to why Mark would want to talk to him about her.

"Send him up."

Evelyn's crying had subsided as she listened in on the call, her face falling slightly. She had a bad feeling about this.

What does Mark want to talk to Finnick about?

Soon, Finnick's assistant led Mark into the office, who felt a slight twinge of guilt when he saw that Evelyn was here as well.

When he had first agreed to help Evelyn kidnap Vivian, they had each harbored separate motives and reasons for doing so. And Evelyn had indeed kept her promise to him, helping him gain information that he used to blackmail the Finnor Group and caused them to suffer a great loss. If he confessed now, he would be throwing her under the bus.

But he had no choice. If Vivian publicized the documents she had on hand, his career, future, and entire life would be ruined.

"What about Vivian did you want to tell me?" Finnick cut to the chase, not bothering to get up or say any greetings. He only cared about what Mark had to say.

If this was the old Mark, he would definitely point at Finnick and get all up in his face, screaming about how he should respect his elders, even though Mark himself was not exactly a perfect role model of a brother that deserved respect.

The present Mark didn't care about any of that. All he could think about was whether or not he should confess to his wrongdoings in front of Evelyn.

In the end, he decided to prioritize his own well-being and his own greed, squirming as he opened his mouth to say, "I... I came today to tell you the truth about Vivian's kidnapping all those years ago."

Evelyn's face instantly fell. What the hell does he think he's doing? He, too, had been involved in her kidnapping back then!

"Let the past stay in the past. What Vivian went through was truly pitiful, and it won't do her any favors to bring it up again. Why don't we just pretend that nothing ever happened?"

Afraid that Mark was going to say something out of line, Evelyn interrupted him hurriedly. Her panic only served to pique Finnick's suspicions.

Back then, Mark had been the one who threatened him with the video clip of Vivian. Everything had went Mark's way, and logically, Finnick had thought that Mark would never bring this topic up again.

Besides that, Evelyn had reacted so strongly at the mention of Vivian's kidnapping incident. Was there something she knew that he didn't?

"And what about Vivian's kidnapping?" Finnick focused solely on Mark. His sharp, icy stare made Mark feel as though his younger brother was trying to read his mind.

"Finnick, it's all in the past. Let's stop talking about this." Evelyn wheeled herself to stop right in front of Finnick, forcing a smile. "I'm sure Vivian wouldn't want us to discuss this either."

Finnick ignored her completely, only looking right at Mark. If Mark had come all the way here to say his piece, it was unlikely that he would stop halfway.

Mark knew that there was no way back for him anymore. Turning to Evelyn, Mark declared, "Evelyn had plotted with me to kidnap Vivian, and Evelyn was the one who filmed the video clip of Vivian!"

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"You're lying!" Evelyn screeched, her face paling as she looked at Finnick. "Finnick, you can't trust him! He's trying to frame me! Vivian's kidnapping had nothing to do with me, I swear!"

“Shut up.” There was no outburst of anger, nor any loud roar of discontent. Finnick just calmly directed that simple phrase towards Evelyn before turning back to Mark. “Continue.”

His voice sounded calm, but his slightly trembling body and tightly clenched fists betrayed the fury inside of him. What is all this?

“Back then, Evelyn wanted to break you and Vivian up, so she contacted me to plan Vivian’s kidnapping together. Evelyn also promised me that if the plan succeeded, she would help me obtain your share in the Norton Corporation.”

“Liar! I said no such thing!” Evelyn was at a loss for what to do, resorting to continuously interrupting Mark loudly and trying to signal him to stop in a way that Finnick couldn’t see.

But when Mark remembered how Vivian had threatened him yesterday, he could only go on.

“I agreed and also helped transport Vivian to the warehouse. Evelyn hired four random men to rape Vivian, but Benedict came to Vivian’s rescue right before it could happen.”

“I never did that! Stop lying!” Evelyn tried to lunge forward to physically stop Mark from talking any further, but Finnick reached out and gripped the handles of her wheelchair tightly.

“Continue,” Finnick growled out. There was a ticking time bomb inside of him, ready to explode at any moment.

A little intimidated by Finnick’s hostile aura, Mark swallowed the lump in his throat. “Later, Evelyn misled you to think that Vivian had been raped in order to drive a wedge between you two. She also paid off the doctor that had examined Vivian to lie to you about the results.

“She told me that as long as you believed that Vivian was no longer pure, you would hold that grudge against her forever and that regardless of whatever Vivian did, you two would eventually break up because of a lack of trust.”

In an attempt to decrease Finnick’s anger towards him, Mark made sure to tell him exactly what Evelyn had said, word for word.

“No! That’s not true!” Evelyn whipped around, tugging on Finnick’s arm to get his attention.

“Don’t believe him, Finnick! He’s lying! How could I ever do such a thing to you? You know that he dislikes you; he must have spun this huge web of lies to break us up and ruin our relationship! You can’t believe him! He’s talking rubbish!”

Finnick didn’t push her away, instead choosing to stare into her eyes as if searching her soul.

Is this the same girl I was in love with when I was younger? Is this the person I’ve been taking care of out of guilt for five years? How could she do such a thing to Vivian?

“I’ve brought the doctor who examined Vivian as well. He’s waiting outside. You’ll know whether or not I’m ‘talking rubbish’ if you ask him.”

Worried that Finnick might not believe him, Mark really had gone to the hospital yesterday to search for the doctor from five years ago. At first, the doctor refused to bear witness to the incident, but Mark threatened to spread the story of how he had accepted a bribe to lie about a patient’s condition to the patient’s friends and family.

If the news broke, it would ruin his career. So, the doctor had no choice but to agree to accompany Mark to Finnick’s office.

Evelyn nearly had a panic attack when she heard about the doctor, sobbing, “I don’t know any doctor! He must have paid someone off to frame me! Finnick, please don’t believe them! This is a trap!”

She tried to cling onto his arm, but Finnick pushed it away violently. “Let the doctor in. I want to hear what he has to say,” he ordered, his tone of voice cold enough to freeze hell over.

Mark quickly pulled out his phone and dialed a number. Not long after, a middle-aged doctor with a beer belly knocked on the door and entered the office.

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“Tell me whether or not my wife was sexually assaulted five years ago,” Finnick demanded, his fists clenching as he leveled the man in front of him with a steely gaze.

Although the doctor had grown quite plump, Finnick still immediately recognized him as the same doctor who had told him that Vivian had, indeed, been assaulted.

"No, no. Your wife hadn't been raped, sir," the doctor affirmed quickly, clearly intimidated by Finnick. After all these years, this Mr. Norton guy had somehow grown even more terrifying than when they had last met. His knees nearly went weak just from the force of Finnick's glare.

Wiping away the sweat on his forehead, the doctor gestured to Evelyn. "It's all this lady's work. She asked me to lie to you and gave me a huge amount of money. I only agreed because I wanted the money, so please have some mercy on me. I have a large family to provide for; I can't lose my job at the hospital."

"N-No! You're lying!" Evelyn shrieked at the top of her lungs, nearly on the verge of pulling her hair out. "I don't even know who you are! This is all nonsense!"

"Don't try to push the blame onto me, young lady," the doctor protested. "You gave me a sum of money to lie to this man here that his wife had been raped. So as to not make him suspicious, you even made me tell him that his wife had developed selective amnesia as a result of the stress she had gone through, as well as made me tell everyone that it was best not to ask her about what happened in case it would trigger her trauma.

"I did everything exactly as you said, so how could you accuse me of lying now? I'm not going to take the fall for you."

"No, no... You're lying, you're all lying..." Evelyn was at a loss for words, only able to repeat that sentence over and over. All of her plans and efforts to make Finnick love her had come crashing down in a mere matter of minutes.

How did things turn out this way? Why is Mark suddenly confessing to Finnick? What the hell is going on here?

Watching Evelyn's reaction, Finnick was now fully convinced that Mark and the doctor were telling the truth.

But how was this possible? Why did the truth turn out to be this, of all things? For the first time in his life, Finnick didn't know what to do.

If Vivian hadn't been raped, then this meant that the child in her stomach... was mine! Finnick wanted nothing more than to slap himself across the face, right then and there.

All the memories suddenly came flooding back to him. He remembered when Vivian happily broke the news that she was pregnant; he remembered her pained, disappointed eyes when he'd told her that he didn't want the child; he remembered how she had desperately pleaded for him to believe her, to believe that the child was his; he remembered how she'd tried to convince him that Evelyn had framed her...

In response, not only did he choose to not believe her and do all he could to protect her and her child, he had badgered her over and over again to abort the baby.

It's all my fault! If he hadn't put her through that torture, the baby that he and Vivian had so eagerly anticipated would not have died. Her miscarriage would have never happened.

God, their first child together had died in their mother's womb because of his mistake. The baby didn't even get a chance to open their eyes and take a look at the world around them...

"Finnick, I came here today to explain everything that happened. You believe me, right? And..."

Finnick's furious roar interrupted Mark.

"Get out!" He had finally blown his top off, grabbing the phone on his desk and hurling it at Mark. "Get out of my sight! I'll deal with you later!"

Mark looked displeased at getting hit by the telephone.

No one had ever thrown something at him like that before. Even when his grandpa had gotten mad at him as a child, he had only ever scolded him verbally. Who did Finnick think he was to treat him this way?

Mark wished he could go up and punch Finnick right in the face, but today's situation was a special one. He had dug himself into this hole, and Vivian still had proof of his bribery case.

Fine. Mark's hands balled into fists. There would be other chances to get back at Finnick. The most important thing for him to do now was to find Vivian and tell her that he'd done as she'd told him to. Hopefully, she wouldn't publicize the documents. If she did, he would make sure to drag her down to hell with him.

