

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 606

“Tell me about it. So many people were buying it then and I didn’t get to buy it so many times when I tried to.”

The man smiled at that. “There was one time when you queued for such a long time but it was all sold out by the time it was your turn. You were so upset the whole afternoon. I had to skip my last class the next day just to buy that dish for you.”

“That’s right,” Vivian replied with a nod. “But who told you to get three portions? Were you trying to feed me like a pig?”

“Oh, I wonder who finished all three portions of it and burped in satisfaction in the end.”

He purposely rolled his eyes at her and she gave him a playful slap on his shoulder in return.

Just like that, they talked and laughed as they strolled around the campus. They reminisced about all sorts of things that happened there and would break into laughter from time to time.

At the sight of such a happy Vivian, Fabian wished that they could just go back in time. He wished that he didn’t go overseas and that they were still together. They would have gotten married after graduating and had a kid, and they would their happy life together after that.

But now, all these could only happen in his dreams as she no longer belonged to him.

Joyful times were always short. The sky was already darkening and both of them made their way to the campus entrance.

“When are you leaving?” Vivian asked.

“The morning after tomorrow.”

She nodded. “You have to take good care of yourself, okay?”

She didn’t say anything about sending him off at the airport since she knew that he wouldn’t allow her to go. What’s the point even if I go? I’d only feel even more miserable.

Fabian heaved a sigh of relief when Vivian didn't suggest sending him off. He didn't want her to go at all. He was afraid that he might be reluctant to leave if he saw her. But he knew that if Vivian were to suggest it, he would never reject it.

That was why he was relieved that she didn't say anything about that. This way, I can at least leave without any hesitation. It'd only make it harder for me to forget her if I saw her right before leaving.

"You too. You have to take good care of yourself. Remember this, Vivian, you have to allow yourself to be happy. This is my biggest wish before I leave. Can you promise me that you'll do that?"

"Okay." She nodded as she choked out the words, "I'm sorry, Fabian. About Mark, I-

Vivian was still unable to let go of the guilt she was feeling. If she hadn't caused such a scene, Fabian wouldn't have to move away from his hometown to another country. He'd have to start everything all over again. How difficult would that be?

"This isn't your fault. I don't blame you," he consoled her gently. "My father brought this upon himself, and it has nothing to do with anyone else. If it makes you happier, just think of it as his atonement for all the things he has done for himself."

Happier? Am I even happy?

No. I'm not. Even though I don't regret it, I'm not happy. So what if Mark was punished? I'm still divorced and Larry still doesn't have a father. Nothing's changed.

"Take care," Vivian looked at him and said.

"You too. I... I'll get going now." At that, Fabian turned to leave. The moment he turned around, a drop of tear fell from his face while he took slow but steady steps away from her.

Sorrow and bitterness washed over Vivian as she watched him leave. They had once been so in love with each other, but they were parting their ways now.

At least her love wasn't in vain. The man really understood her and that was why neither of them said goodbye in the end.

It wasn't because they didn't want to see each other ever again, but because they knew that even if they weren't by each other's sides, they would still work hard to live a better, happier life.

The jury had finally reached a verdict and Mark had been sentenced to a seven-year jail term for bribery.

On his third day in prison, Finnick planned to visit him. There were some things that he needed to ask Mark and he wanted to personally hear his answers.

His footsteps were heavy as he made his way into the prison. Never in a million years had he expected himself to visit a family member at such a place.

Family? Finnick shook his head and chuckled bitterly when the word surfaced in his mind.

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Once he went in and mentioned Mark's name, the prison officer notified him that there was someone else paying him a visit.

Fabian had already gone abroad and Samuel was at home. Finnick's brows furrowed as he tried to think of someone who would visit Mark. But after a moment, he gave up thinking that it must be a friend in the business circle. He then went in the direction the prison officer pointed at before taking a seat and waited.

Meanwhile, Evelyn was actually the one paying Mark a visit. However, she lacked her usual beauty. Instead, she sat before the man with her face as pale as a sheet.

She hadn't been able to live peacefully ever since she found out that he had been arrested. No one knew Evelyn's dark secrets and evil deeds in the past better than Mark.

She wasn't worried about Vivian's kidnapping as Finnick was a man of his words. Even though he was ruthless when he sent Mark to jail, he didn't hold her accountable for it. Seems like he's decided to let me off the hook.

But she felt more resentful than grateful about it. She had paid the price of losing her legs yet all she got was such an unfavorable outcome. I can't accept this! I will get my revenge on Vivian for everything she has done one day.

What Evelyn was most worried about at the moment was the incident from fifteen years ago. What if Mark isn't able to handle all the interrogation in prison and reveals everything to the police?

Ever since the man had been arrested, she had been wanting to meet up with him as soon as possible. However, during the court's sessions, she couldn't find a way to meet with him without the help of Finnick and the Morrison family. She had been anxious the whole time all because of that.

Hence, this was the reason she came to see Mark immediately the moment he was allowed to have visitors.

I need to prevent Mark from saying anything about what happened before anyone finds out. He must understand what he should play dumb.

"Why did you want to meet me?" he asked impatiently. Unlike Evelyn, he wasn't anxious and did not want to see her at all.

If it wasn't for her, I wouldn't have ended up in such a predicament. She's the one who caused me to go to jail! I must've been blinded back then. How could I agree to work with her?

"Mark... Mr. Norton, what on earth were you thinking?" At the sight of the impatient look on Mark's face, Evelyn became furious as well and couldn't stop herself from insulting him, "You have betrayed me and told Finnick everything. What good did it bring you? If he didn't know anything about this, would he have gotten angry and reported you? Who's the one who ended up falling into the trap you set up? I'm still doing fine here, yet you have ended up in jail. So tell me, what were you planning when you exposed me?"

Nevertheless, he did not get mad and refute even after being insulted like that. Both Vivian and Finnick had forced him into a corner. He had reached a stalemate now so no matter what choice he made, it would be a wrong one.

He was the one who was careless and left his tracks uncovered. As a result, Vivian was able to blackmail him and all he could do was admit defeat.

“Did you come here just to say all these?” Mark asked as he suppressed the anger in him.

“What? So I can’t visit you for no reason?” Her words sounded almost like she was sounding him out. He probably hasn’t said anything about that incident. I might just be overthinking this.

After all, none of us will benefit from this if he reveals it.

“You don’t seem like you’re here just to visit me. It seems more like you have something to ask of me.” The man had a look on his face as though he saw through her. He knew quite well just what kind of person Evelyn was and she would never do anything that didn’t benefit her.

I’d rather believe that money would fall from the sky than to believe that she’s just here to visit me.

The woman’s face turned cold upon hearing that. “What is there to ask of you? There’s no such thing as ‘asking for help’ in my dictionary.”

“Aren’t you afraid that I would expose the truth about Finnick’s kidnapping that happened years ago?” he threatened as he took a side glance at her, an extremely smug smile hung on his lips.

For the first time in days, he was in such a good mood. He was in a difficult situation, so it was rare for someone to come to him, afraid that he would leak a secret he knew.

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"How dare you!" Evelyn shouted in anger. "Don't forget that you were part of it as well. Do you think the police would reduce your sentence if you told them about it? It would only worsen your situation."

"Hahaha..."

Mark was slightly startled at first, but he couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter. No normal person can ever understand what Evelyn is thinking. I see... So she's worried about this.

"I'm already in jail. Do you think I'd care about that? So what if they added more years to my sentence? It's no difference to me," he ridiculed.

My life is doomed no matter how long I have to stay in prison. After what has happened, I would never be able to survive in the business circle anymore even if they released me now.

Mark was a person who wanted to be the best all his life. He took meticulous steps for everything he did, afraid that his actions were for naught if he even took a wrong step, just to fight Finnick for Norton Corporation. After doing things so carefully for so many years, he had never expected that he would end up in such a fate.

"Come on, speak your terms. What do I have to do so you won't confess those matters?" Evelyn asked while suppressing her anger. "As long as it's something that I can do, I'll do my best."

He sneered at that. How cunning of her. She's setting conditions even in this situation.

"What else is there to ask from you? I don't even have the most basic freedom now. But now that I think about it, it doesn't seem like a bad thing if you're here in prison with me."

Evelyn fumed and she clenched her fists tightly. How can he even think about threatening me when he's already in such a state?

Her fingernails cut her flesh and pain shot through her arms but she didn't care. Does he think that I'd be afraid of him just because he said that? Hmph. I have a bunch of ways that would make him agree to seal his mouth.

The corner of her lips tilted upwards and she lowered her head as she stroked her area where her fingernails cut her. Then, she said nonchalantly, "You're in prison and a dead

mouse feels no cold. I admit that I can't do anything to you. However, don't forget that your son is still outside."

"What do you mean?" Mark asked instantly. Fabian is my hope for everything in the future. He can't have anything happening to him!

"I'm obviously threatening you. If you say anything about what happened years ago, then I will find a way to make Fabian suffer." Evelyn's smile was especially vicious as she spoke.

"He's your only son, isn't he? If something were to happen to him, I'm afraid there won't be anyone who would take care of you in your old age."

Panic rose in him but Mark managed to regain his composure quickly. After calming down and thinking about it carefully, he decided not to care about her threat.

Hmph! Who does she think she is? Without the Morrison family or Finnick to back her up, there is no way she can do as she pleases.

At the thought of it, he stared at her with scornful eyes and said, "Do you think you're still the lady of the Morrison family? If you want something to happen to my son, you'd need to have the capability to do so."

However, Evelyn wasn't anxious when she saw that he didn't believe her words. She still looked as calm and confident as she was before.

"So what if I'm not the lady of Morrison family anymore? You know very well how much money I have after the kidnapping incident. Don't you think I have enough to hire an assassin to kill your son?"

"Don't you dare!" Mark roared as he stood up abruptly.

"Are you mimicking me?" she asked with a smile. Her expression suddenly turned cold as she added, "Too bad. I'm not afraid of you. Mark my words, I'd do just that."

"Evelyn Morrison! If you hurt my son, I will..." He was at a loss for words. He didn't even have freedom anymore so how was he supposed to do anything to Evelyn?

“What will you do? I bet you can’t think of anything!” she sneered. “Let me tell you this. You can only listen to me from now on. You’ll be retrieving your son’s dead body if you even utter a single word about what happened back then.”

He clenched his fists tightly and his teeth were almost crushed from being clenched so tightly before he muttered an “Fine” in response. What else could I do? There was nothing he could do except to agree to her terms.

“I guarantee that I will keep my lips sealed about what happened that year. But you have to promise me that you’ll never hurt my son!” Mark said as he locked eyes with Evelyn.

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After hearing Mark’s answer, Evelyn heaved a sigh of relief. “Don’t worry. I won’t hurt your son without reason.”

“I hope you keep your word,” warned Mark uneasily. “If anything happens to Fabian, the police will be informed about that incident immediately.”

“I promise,” replied Evelyn smugly. Ha! Weren’t you arrogant earlier? Look, you’re agreeing to my conditions now.

Mark snickered and left.

His heart was full of remorse. I didn’t know my son would get involved in the end. Evelyn, you wicked woman! You’ll stop at nothing in order to achieve your target!

As her goal had been achieved, Evelyn wasn’t at all mad at Mark’s reaction. She pushed herself out of the room happily. Done. Time to deal with the next matter at hand.

She had just left the visiting room when Finnick appeared at the other end of the hallway. What a coincidence? We’re visiting Mark on the same day?

She hastily hid in the stairway next to her as her heart thumped anxiously. Luckily, I was fast enough to hide out of sight.

Evelyn patted her chest and poked out her head carefully. After watching Finnick entering the visiting room, she pushed herself out of the stairway and left hastily.

When Evelyn exited the prison gates, she finally exhaled a sigh of relief. Oh my, that was scary. I'll be in trouble if Finnick saw me back there.

The driver spotted her exit and scurried over to push her wheelchair.

"Be careful!" Evelyn frowned and chided the driver for accidentally pushing her over a bump.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Morrison. I'll be more careful," replied the driver fearfully. Deep down, he was already cursing her.

Damn it, if I didn't have to support my family, I wouldn't be here right now. She's the most annoying employer I've ever come across!

After making sure Evelyn was comfortable in her seat, the driver returned to his driver's seat. He was sweating profusely by now.

"Ms. Morrison, are we..." he paused and hurriedly corrected himself. "Are you going to head home now?"

The driver could still remember how Evelyn roared at him previously, "There's no we! I'm not the same as you!"

"No. I want to go to the hospital."

Evelyn told him about the hospital's address impatiently. After getting the address, the driver grunted in acknowledgment and drove off.

He had been scolded a couple of times before finally mastering the "steady" speed that Evelyn wanted.

Meanwhile, Mark came out to meet Finnick.

The former was terribly upset at Evelyn earlier, so when he saw Finnick, molten anger rolled through him instantly.

“How dare you come here!”

Finnick was feeling a little uncomfortable. It wasn't because of Mark's rude words.

At the sight of Mark clad in a prison uniform, haggard and disheveled, his hair an oily mess, Finnick felt sorry for his brother.

Mark was no longer his confident self but a beggar at the mercy of the justice system. At that moment, Finnick felt bad for his brother.

Yet, it was a fitting punishment for what he had done.

Seeing the sympathy in Finnick's gaze, Mark's anger heightened. This was something that he wished would never happen. How dare you?

“Finnick, you're more ruthless than I've imagined. After all, you sent your own brother to jail. I am nowhere close to you.”

“You deserve it,” said Finnick indifferently.

“Yes, I deserve it,” admitted Mark. “But why did you go to this extent? What will you gain from exposing those matters? You own shares in Norton Corporation, too. Are you seriously going to ruin the Norton family?”

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“Shares?” Finnick sneered. “They are nothing compared to my child!”

“What child?” Mark returned, confused. He had never heard of Finnick's child. Could it be his bas*ard?

At that thought, Mark furrowed his brows. If Finnick had a child, the Norton family would belong to him entirely. He didn't want his past efforts to pave the path for Finnick.

"Yes, my child!" Finnick raised his voice. A dangerous gleam appeared in his eyes. "If you and Evelyn hadn't schemed against Vivian, I wouldn't have misunderstood and thought she was pregnant with another man's child! She wouldn't have lost the child after that!"

Oh, the child is no longer alive. Mark heaved a sigh of relief. Swiftly, terror overtook him. As Finnick's child was dead, he wouldn't show any mercy.

"I'm too ruthless?" Finnick scoffed. "I thought I was being too kind. This isn't enough to avenge my dead child!"

"What more do you want?" Mark questioned fearfully. I'm already in jail. What more does Finnick want? What else can he do?

They had been at odds for years, so Mark knew what Finnick was like. If Finnick refused to let him off the hook, Mark was afraid he might make things worse for him in jail.

Instead of answering him, Finnick demanded, "You were the one behind my kidnapping more than ten years ago, right? Did you try to burn me to death?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. Why would that have anything to do with me?" Mark feigned innocence.

Finnick responded coolly, "Do you really think I found nothing over the years?" He continued, "A few years ago, I came to know that you were the culprit, but I didn't have any evidence. Now, I'll give you a chance to repent. Will you admit to it? Or do you want me to continue gathering evidence? It's your choice."

His voice turned threatening. "If I find evidence to tie you to the matter, I'll make sure you pay for what you did."

Mark nearly burst out indignantly. What's going on today? Why is everyone threatening me in prison today?

Even if I admit to it now, will he let me off the hook? Mark wasn't foolish enough to trust Finnick's words. Alas, he had no choice.

After a moment of deliberation, Mark decided to make a confession.

“Yes, I was the one who hired the kidnappers to kidnap you.” Mark didn’t reveal Evelyn’s name as he wanted to protect his son.

“I knew it.” It didn’t come as a surprise to Finnick, but he was still affected by Mark’s confession. After all, Mark was his brother. They shared the same blood.

As his heart sank, Finnick recalled what Mark had cried out earlier. He parted his lips to mock, “I might’ve sent you to jail, but you were also cruel enough to try to murder me!”

Mark burst out laughing. “Finnick, I’ll take back my words. We’ve fought all over the years. I don’t think of you as my brother. We’re no longer a family.”

“Why?” inquired Finnick. “Why did you suddenly try to harm me back then? Don’t tell me it’s because of Norton Corporation.”

Upon hearing Finnick’s question, Mark clenched his fists as a vein popped out in his neck. That was part of the reason but you have no idea how much I hated you! I wanted you dead!

Since young, everyone only had eyes for Finnick. They’d praised Finnick for being accomplished, handsome and smart. Mark couldn’t understand why. Why does he always get the attention!