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The doubts in Finnick's heart disappeared without a trace. I need to see Vivian right now.

"Grandpa, I got it. I'll go meet her now." With that, Finnick spun on his heels and left his office without waiting for his grandfather's reply.

Samuel knew he was in a hurry and didn't mind his hasty exit. Ah, my grandson is madly in love with Vivian. I hope she will forgive him.

After leaving the company, Finnick drove his car and sped to Vivian's magazine company.

At the entrance, he ran into someone familiar. If I recall correctly, her name's Sarah, right? I've heard Vivian mention her name before. They should be on good terms.

"Hello. May I know where Vivian is?" Finnick went to her and asked anxiously.

Sarah knew who Finnick was and she was so shocked. Why is he here? Instinctively, she pointed at Vivian's office.

"Thank you!" He thanked her gratefully and dashed to Vivian's office.

Sarah only regained her composure when Finnick disappeared from her gaze. That was Finnick! Upon recalling how Finnick dumped Vivian five years ago, fury and regret flashed across her gaze.

That scoundrel! I should've kicked him out. Why did I tell him where Vivian's office is? He appeared out of a sudden.

At the same time, when everyone else in the magazine company saw Finnick, they burst into an uproar.

"Are my eyes deceiving me? That was Finnick Norton, right?"

"Why is he here for Ms. Morrison? I thought they had gotten a divorce?"

"Don't tell me they are getting back together."

"There was rumor saying Finnick had a lover for the past five years, right? What is going on?"

"Do you think Ms. Morrison still likes him? Will they argue in her office?"

"Ms. Morrison is currently single. So is Finnick. Perhaps they will end up together in the end."

"Huh? How can you be sure Ms. Morrison is single?"

"Are you blind? If she's in love, she'll exude an air of bliss. Does she look blissful now?"

The employee who asked the previous question was stunned. An air of bliss? What the heck?

Finnick came to a stop outside Vivian's office and knocked on the door hastily. He had heard the other employees' discussion, but he couldn't be bothered. Right now, he had to meet Vivian and beg for her forgiveness.

"Vivian!" he exclaimed when the door opened. To his surprise, Benedict's figure appeared behind the door. Benedict was clearly startled to see Finnick, too.

His expression darkened immediately. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm here for Vivian. I need to talk to her," replied Finnick in determination.

Benedict watched how his sister suffered over the years after what Finnick did to her. Hence, he refused to let the man come in. "Vivian doesn't want to—"

Before he could finish, Vivian cut him off. "Ben, let him in."

As Vivian had spoken, Benedict shifted sideways so Finnick could enter her office. However, his gaze remained wary.

If Finnick dares to harm Vivian, I'll definitely make him pay!

Compared to Benedict's wariness, Vivian seemed calm. She knew Finnick would come to her soon. After all, he had sent Mark to jail.

Finnick strode to Vivian's desk and stood in front of her. Finally, he saw the woman he had been yearning to see for years. Vivian exuded an intimidating presence with the black suit she had on. There was a stern look on her face.

"Ben, can you leave us alone? I need to talk to him in private," said Vivian as she glanced at Benedict with a cheerful grin.

"Vivian..." came Benedict's hesitant reply.

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Benedict was clearly worried about her, so Vivian flashed a comforting smile. "I'm fine. Please close the door behind you."

Under Vivian's insistence, Benedict agreed. Before leaving, he reminded her. "Call me if you need me. I'll be right downstairs."

When they were both left alone in the office, Vivian finally looked up and spared Finnick an icy glance. "Why are you here?"

Finnick felt his heart clenched in pain at how indifferent she was to him. She still treats others the same like before, but we're practically strangers now.

Finnick snapped back to reality and gazed at Vivian. "Vivian, I'm here to apologize to you. I'm sorry for having misunderstood you back then."

Remorse filled his gaze. Vivian must've been so upset back then as I didn't trust her.

As he recalled how he persuaded Vivian to abort the baby again and again, Finnick wanted to punch himself in the face. When she found out about her miscarriage, she must've been heartbroken. That was why she sent me the divorce agreement and left the country without saying goodbye.

I didn't know anything, so she went through the ordeal alone. I've failed miserably as a husband and a father!

"What did you misunderstand?" Vivian inquired. It was a question she clearly knew the answer to.

"Mark told me everything. Those men didn't rape you. I'm really sorry for not trusting you, Vivian. It was all my fault." He implored, "Can you please forgive me?" He looked at her with pleading eyes.

Yet, Vivian was unfazed. "Finally, you realized that child you insisted on getting rid of was yours."

As Larry was alive and well, Vivian didn't seem to be upset. Finnick, who had no idea of his son's existence, was devastated.

"Vivian, I'm sorry. Our child..." he trailed off helplessly. "I'm sorry. It was all my fault."

Apart from offering his apology, he did not know what else to say.

Reaching out, he tried to take Vivian's hand, but the latter dodged his touch. Does he think a simple apology is enough to make up for the past five years' absence and torment?

Finnick held back his pain and proclaimed, "Vivian, I've already looked into it. Mark and Evelyn were the ones who framed you. I should've trusted you back then."

"Isn't it pointless to say that now?" Vivian lowered her gaze. So what? We can never return to the past.

Finnick was stunned by her reply. Pointless?

He took a deep breath and told Vivian earnestly, "Vivian, I've taught Mark a lesson. After gathering the evidence about his past crimes, I have handed everything to the authorities. He's in jail now to atone for his sins. He'll be locked up for at least eight years."

Finnick wasn't trying to get into Vivian's good books. "I've taken revenge for you and our child," he concluded.

As Finnick had sent his brother to jail, Vivian would be lying if she said she wasn't moved by his actions. However, there was still another culprit.

"What about Evelyn? I believe Mark told you about her involvement," uttered Vivian coolly.

"How did you know about that?" Finnick returned in puzzlement. Why did Vivian know that I met up with Mark?

Vivian responded, "That's because I was the one who told him to meet up with you." She paused before explaining, "I have dirt on him and used that to force him to tell you the truth."

Oh, I see. Realization dawned on Finnick's face. No wonder Mark spilled everything to me without hesitation.

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As Finnick remained silent, Vivian's lips curled up into a smirk. "What's wrong? Are you suspecting me of framing Evelyn again?"

Finnick was rather hurt by her mocking tone, but he couldn't find any words to refute her.

After all, he had trusted Evelyn's lies and lost Vivian's trust. The only thing he could do now was to offer his most sincere apology.

"Vivian, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have believed Evelyn back then. I promise I'll never doubt you again from now on."

From now on? Do we even have a future? That thought popped up in Vivian's mind.

"Vivian, Evelyn became a cripple because of me. She has paid dearly for her actions. Let's just let her off this time, alright?" cajoled Finnick.

Finnick saw firsthand how Evelyn struggled to survive over the years. She wasn't even half of what she used to be. Evelyn used to be a popular designer, but after she lost the ability to walk, her career went down the drain.

As he was the cause of her disability, Finnick couldn't help but feel sorry for her. He still hated her for what she did, but guilt washed over him whenever he remembered how she had gotten into this state.

I'll think of it as returning her favor this time. From today onward, we both owe each other nothing. But if she hurts Vivian again, I'll make sure she pays for her actions.

Alas, Vivian couldn't read his mind. When she heard him defending Evelyn, anger welled up in her chest.

Ha! Finnick is still defending Evelyn. Right, I nearly forgot that they were childhood sweethearts. They have been together for the past five years. The more Vivian thought about it, the angrier she became.

If Finnick doesn't want to pursue the matter, fine. But I will for all her evil deeds on me and Larry. I must make her get a taste of her own medicine!

But of course, she didn't say that out loud. Tamping down her irritation, Vivian put on a cool front. "I know. You can leave now. I need to get back to work."

Since Evelyn was more important to Finnick, there was no need to continue their conversation.

Yet, Finnick refused to leave. He inched nearer to Vivian and said, "Vivian, it was all my fault. Will you forgive me? Can we get back together?"

His gaze was earnest. Will she forgive me?

Get back together? Vivian nearly burst into laughter at his ignorance. Does he seriously think I'll return to him that easily? What does Finnick think I am? Am I something he can dump and pick up as he wishes?

Her gaze was blazing when she looked up.

"You must've misunderstood me," she sneered. "I ordered Mark to tell you the truth, not because I want to get back together with you. I merely want you to realize your mistake!"

Sensing her blazing hatred, Finnick stepped back in shock. He nearly lost his balance doing so. The realization struck him dumb. She hates me. She actually hates me now.

Finnick held his breath to stop his heart from clenching in agony.

Before he came, he could imagine Vivian refusing to forgive him or yelling at him furiously just like what she did previously. Never had he expected to one day see smoldering hatred in Vivian's eyes.

She obviously wished she could burn him alive with her flaming hatred.

At once, Finnick averted his gaze. His eyes were blinded momentarily. However, Vivian wasn't done with him.

"Finnick, do you seriously think Mark and Evelyn were the only ones who caused our child's death?" Her words were brutal. "It was also because of you! If you hadn't doubted me and insisted on me having an abortion, our child would be alive and living well now!"

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As Vivian's harsh accusations rang in his ears, Finnick felt an excruciating pain spreading across his entire being. He had cursed himself countless times for being foolish enough to kill his unborn child before coming to Vivian's office, but hearing the words from her mouth was an entirely different matter.

He couldn't handle her accusations, which went straight into his heart like a million iron shards.

"Vivian, I'm sorry. I know my mistake now. I..." Finnick was at a loss for words. He had already offered his sincerest apology, but could it change the reality?

"There is no need to apologize to me," responded Vivian. The hostility was still evident in her voice.

"You've made up for your mistake by sending Mark to prison. From now on, we'll go our separate ways. You can leave now."

Finnick panicked when Vivian stated her intention of making a clean break. Are we going our separate ways? No, I can't do that!

"Vivian, I promise I'll make up for my mistake. I swear I'll devote the rest of my life to you. Please, give me another chance!" Finnick went down on his knees and pleaded.

The man had never shown his submissive side to anyone. Right now, he had put his dignity aside.

Guilt consumed him whole, and he was suffocating from the torment.

It had never crossed his mind that one day he'd owe someone this much. Even if he offered her his entire world in return, it still wouldn't make up for his mistakes.

Vivian gazed at Finnick, her emotions were in turmoil.

The Finnick she knew was a proud man. He had never begged for help, but now he was on his knees to beg for her forgiveness. She recalled the good times they had together.

In her memories, Finnick had always treated her well. He named a charity foundation after her, helped her deal with Ashley and her mother, and consoled her whenever she was upset. The hatred in her gaze faded away as her lips curved up in a smile. We were once a happy couple.

The contempt in her heart was about to soften when she recalled how Noah dragged her to the hospital. The helplessness and despair from then immediately crushed the happiness which had just crept into her heart. Closing her eyes, Vivian chided herself silently.

No, I can't never forgive Finnick!

So what if we spent many happy times together? Those happy memories were only a tiny part of our relationship. He was cruel enough to hurt me when I refused to obey his words and he even served me with such cruelty. I will never go back to him! Who knows? He might do that to me again one day.

Jumping to her feet, Vivian stepped away from Finnick and declared, "Give you a chance? Then, who will give me and our child a chance?"

Sternly, she announced, "Finnick, my child died because of you. I'll never forget that. There's no way I'll ever forgive you. Leave now!"

"Vivian, I didn't know the child was mine. If I knew it was mine, I wouldn't have asked you to abort it." Finnick tried to explain, but Vivian was having none of it. She shoved him away forcefully.

"So what? That doesn't mean you can do that to me!" Tears welled up in Vivian's eyes. "Even if you didn't know that child was yours, how could you kill him? He's a living being!"



It was actually a huge misunderstanding, but none of them were aware of it. Finnick thought Vivian was referring to his suggestion of her getting an abortion in the beginning. However, Vivian was actually referring to how Noah forced her to abort her baby.

Tears rolled down Vivian's cheeks uncontrollably. She spun on her heels and wiped them away. When she turned to face Finnick again, her gaze was indifferent once again.

"I will never forget what happened back then. I can never bring myself to forgive you too. Hence, we can never get back together again. Leave my office. I don't want to see you again."

As heavy silence hung in the air, Finnick stood rooted to the spot. A thousand apologies wouldn't suffice for what he'd done to hurt Vivian.

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"Go away now! I don't want to see you ever again!" Vivian yelled at Finnick.

She felt extremely depressed due to their silence. At the same time, the immense sense of helplessness that she had five years ago filled her mind once again. At this moment, she wished to cry and shriek to release her maddening desperation.

"Vivian, please don't do this. Let's talk nicely. I..."

Sensing that Vivian was a little emotionally unstable, Finnick wanted to come up to her to comfort her. However, Vivian refused him outright and opened the door of the office instead.

"Leave now! Go!" she yelled at Finnick while pointing at the entrance.

After all, the office was where Vivian worked. Finnick knew that they could hardly sit down and talk now. Also, Vivian would be even more irritated if he refused to leave.

As such, he decided to look for another opportunity to talk to Vivian about the matter again. However, there was one thing that was certain—he would never let go of her. I won't let her go even if she hates me!

Finnick thought about it but decided to hold his tongue. He glanced at Vivian with mixed feelings for a while and slowly left her office.

After Finnick left the office, Vivian felt that all of her energy had drained. As such, she went weak at the knees and collapsed into the chair.

Vivian looked pale-faced and kept gasping for air as though she was severely ill.

As she buried her head in her arms, her entire body trembled slightly. Benedict's heart skipped a beat as soon as he entered the room and saw her.

Earlier on, he saw that Finnick looked upset as he walked out of the office. Now that Vivian also looked terrible, he guessed that their conversation didn't go well.

He went up to Vivian to pat her on her back and said sympathetically, "If you don't want to see him, we can return to A Nation. Why do you have to do this to make yourself sad?"

There were some tears on Vivian's face when she looked up at him. She replied sobbingly but determinedly, "Ben, I have to do this. This is the only way to protect little pumpkin and me."

Actually, it was heart-wrenching for her to say those things. Nonetheless, she had to persevere so that she wouldn't lose Larry. She had to ensure that Finnick wouldn't know his existence.

I will do my best to protect you and Larry. You don't have to strain yourself. Benedict thought about it deep in his heart but didn't speak his mind.

After all, he was aware that Vivian would never hide behind anyone to seek protection. Then, he gently put his hand on Vivian's shoulder as a gesture to motivate her.

Vivian lifted her gaze and put on a faint smile. "Ben, I'm alright. Don't worry about me. You can go ahead to do your work because I've another meeting later."

After hesitating for a while, Benedict nodded and replied affirmatively, "Okay, I won't disturb you now. However, promise me that you won't feel dejected anymore because of this."

"Understood," Vivian replied smilingly.

Although Benedict was still worried about her, he gently patted her shoulder twice and turned around to leave her office.

He knew that his sister looked gentle on the outside but was far more stubborn and determined than many people on the inside. As such, she probably wouldn't want him to keep her company at this moment.

After Benedict left, Vivian calmed herself down and grabbed the document on her desk. Then, she walked out of her office and instructed her team members to attend a meeting in the meeting room.

No matter what happened in the past, her life had to go on.

Lately, the news about Mark being sentenced to prison spread like wildfire in Sunshine City. Coincidentally, the latest issue of the magazine was about Mark's interview, which revealed his crimes. Since the sales of the magazine doubled, everyone put on a triumphant smile during the meeting.

"Everyone should have known that the sales of our magazine have surpassed all other magazines of the same genre. This success is credited to your effort. Thank you so much for your hard work." Vivian clapped her hands once she finished. "When we get off work today, should we have dinner together? My treat!"