

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 351

Although she could already guess Evelyn must be a stunner from Benedict's charming features, she was still struck by Evelin's beauty in the video.

Vivian was not a stunner nor a talented person. In fact, she was an illegitimate child.

She was streets behind Evelyn in terms of their looks and family background. Everyone could tell that the latter and Finnick were a perfect match. Now even she became doubtful as well. Back then, what did Finnick even see in me?

To maintain a good working relationship, the other colleagues didn't make any spiteful remarks. Still, Vivian seemed to have seen the scorn and mockery hidden beneath their eyes.

At that moment, she felt like a cheap imitation, unknowingly making a fool of herself.

She could take it no more, so she grabbed her purse and fled the office.

Soon she arrived home like a lost soul.

Finnick was still in the office while Mrs. Filder took a day off that day; she was the only one in the empty house.

She threw herself onto the couch and wrapped herself in a blanket. Staring blankly into space, she didn't move for a long time.

After some time, she grabbed her phone and clicked on Twitter.

The first few trending topics all concerned Finnick, Evelyn, and her.

She found Finnick and Evelyn's video and started playing it again and again. Their interaction made her heart ache, but she just couldn't move her eyes away from the screen.

As her finger accidentally swiped the screen, the netizens' comments came into sight.

"Is this young lady Finnick's ex? She looks beautiful!"

“Wow! She’s way more beautiful than Finnick’s wife. His taste in women sure has changed a lot. Perhaps he’s sick of dating a goddess, and now he prefers an average woman?”

“Only a beauty like her makes a perfect match with Finnick. Vivian is only a gold-digger who married Finnick to climb the social ladder!”

“Vivian should leave Finnick! Click like if you agree with me.”

...

Almost all comments were negative comments about her, saying she was not good enough for Finnick.

It looks like to them, only the beautiful and smart Evelyn would be worthy of Finnick.

Unwilling to read more of those negative comments, Vivian decided to log out of Twitter. Just then, she suddenly caught sight of a familiar profile picture and username.

She quickly clicked into Twitter again to see that the poster of the video was “Back to the Past”.

Who is this account holder? Why does he have this video? From the viewpoint of the camera, this video is surely not secretly recorded. Could he be Finnick and Evelyn’s friend? But why is he targeting me?

With strings of questions in her mind, she sent a message to “Back to the Past”: Who are you? Why did you post this video?

Soon, “Back to the Past” replied: Things are just about to get started. It’s time to set things right.

Vivian was clueless as she sent another message: What do you mean? Who the hell are you?

“Back to the Past”: You’ll find out soon. Be patient.

With that, “Back to the Past” went offline. Vivian continued sending messages, yet she received no reply.

She threw her phone onto the couch in anger. At that moment, she felt like she was living under surveillance. That person knew everything about her, but she had no idea who that person was.

Restlessness crept onto her heart. It felt like she was about to lose something.

Right then, the sound of the door unlocking rang out.

She instantly knew it was Finnick. Instead of coming up to him to greet him as usual, she bit her lip while remaining seated on the couch, her entire body trembling.

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Finnick had the impression that no one was at home because the lights were off when he opened the door. As he switched on the lights and walked to the living room, he spotted Vivian on the sofa, sitting on her knees.

“What’s wrong?” He sensed that she seemed rather out of sorts.

Lowering her head, she ignored his question. Neither did she look at him nor give him an answer.

He thought that some problems at work had caused her to be feeling blue. When he was about to console her, he realized that she was still wearing the newly bought clothes from the day before.

Finnick frowned and did not utter any comforting words. Instead, he commented, “Why are you still wearing this kind of clothes? Don’t buy them ever again, the style doesn’t suit you at all.”

Upon hearing that, Vivian could no longer hold back the anger and grievances buried in her heart.

Big droplets of tears that she had been fighting back streamed down profusely from her cheeks, forming a puddle on the leather sofa.

Turning to Finnick, she stared daggers at him. Her eyes were filled with rage and an obstinate expression settled on her face.

“Does it not suit me?” Vivian said in a contemptuous tone, “Then, who do you think should be wearing this? Evelyn?”

Finnick’s eyes flickered a little when he heard Evelyn’s name. Instead of answering her question, he asked while wiping off the tears from her face, “What’s wrong with you today?”

“Those are the clothes that Evelyn likes, right?” Vivian pushed his hand away and stood up from the sofa abruptly. “That’s why you said they don’t suit me.”

“What on earth is going on?” Annoyed and completely baffled as to why Vivian reacted that way, Finnick raised his voice.

“You still like Evelyn, don’t you?” She looked at him straight in the eyes.

Upon being questioned, Finnick’s expression dimmed. He fell silent for a moment and then locked eyes with Vivian. “That was in the past. The person that I like right now is you.”

“Why don’t you like me wearing this outfit? Wasn’t it because I look somewhat like her when I put it on?”

So, it’s about the clothes. He pacified her patiently, “If you like that kind of fashion, I won’t comment on it anymore. I’m sorry, okay?”

Ironically, Vivian did not accept his apology but was further enraged by it. “Finnick, do you really think that it’s just about the outfit? You’ve never forgotten about Evelyn and always left a place for her in your heart. Am I right?”

Seeing that she was not going to drop the topic easily, he looked at her, pressed his lips, and kept quiet.

Finnick had never seen Vivian being so unreasonable before and had no clue how to respond to the situation. In his mind, she was always a gentle and thoughtful girl.

It was Finnick's first experience to have someone pointing fingers at him and putting words in his mouth for no apparent reason. As an exceptionally proud man with high self-esteem, he felt wronged but subconsciously would not humble himself to stoop any lower.

Following his lack of response, the room plunged into a pin-drop silence as the tension grew thicker.

Buzz! Buzz!

The sound of a cell phone vibrating broke the stillness in the air. After taking a glance at his phone, Finnick answered Noah's call in an extremely low voice, "What is it?"

"Mr. Norton, it's been reported that someone with ill-intentions is trying to acquire the overseas branch. The manager would like you to make a trip there and discuss countermeasures." Noah sounded rather anxious and did not notice Finnick was in a bad mood.

Moments later, he replied, "All right, you can come pick me up now."

Perhaps it's best to separate for the time being and let each other cool down.

Hanging up the phone, Finnick saw that Vivian was still glaring at him. He faltered and then said, "The branch overseas is facing a problem which needs my immediate attention."

Minutes passed, yet, she did not give him any response.

He opened his mouth and wanted to say something but changed his mind at the end. He headed to the bedroom and packed his luggage.

Subsequently, he went downstairs, grabbed his jacket and strode to the door.

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Putting on his shoes as he got ready to leave, Finnick turned to Vivian with a heavy heart.

"Vivian, Evelyn is already dead." He left after leaving her with those words.

I have only you by my side to walk with me for the rest of my life. Evelyn was my past but you're my present and future. Don't you understand all these, Vivian?

He did not express it explicitly to her.

Thereafter, Vivian collapsed onto the floor, crumbled on her knees and wailed her heart out.

That's true. Evelyn's dead. Why am I making her my imaginary rival?

She realized that she was being ridiculous. Finnick had never hidden anything from his past from her. Moreover, Evelyn lost her life due to Finnick, so she should not have behaved the way she did.

However, all of the things relating to Evelyn kept creeping up in her life. From her favorite perfume, flower, fashion, to the news all over the Internet, the frequency of Evelyn appearing in Vivian's life was too high. She was going insane thinking about all these, especially Finnick's attitude toward the matter.

She frantically removed the clothes and chucked them into the trash can. She darted into the bathroom and scrubbed herself harshly under the running shower. Hot or cold matter felt nothing to her. All she wanted was to wash herself thoroughly clean from her tears along with any possible traces of the impact Evelyn had on her.

Vivian came out after an hour. Dressed in her pajamas, she curled herself into a fetal position. Scanning the spacious but empty room, she buried her head in between her knees and broke down, wailing uncontrollably.

Not knowing how she fell asleep the night before, she was awoken by a series of phone calls the next morning. None of it had a caller ID shown.

She picked it up and answered in a coarse voice, "Hello..."

"Vivian, is that you?" the other party tried to confirm her identity.

She propped herself up and cleared her throat before answering. "Oh yes, it's me, Grandpa. Anything?"

"Did you fall sick? You sound terrible." Mr. Norton was worried.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about me, Grandpa."

"Good to know that you're fine. Young people must always take good care of yourself, all right?" reminded Mr. Norton.

"I have some answers to what you wanted me to investigate. It's hard to talk over the phone. Why don't you come over to my place so that I can tell you everything in person?" Mr. Norton said in a serious tone.

Vivian was anxious to learn that more information about the kidnapping case had been discovered. "Sure, Grandpa, I'll be there in a jiffy."

Hanging up the phone, Vivian pulled herself together, washed up, and rushed to the Norton residence.

At the study room, Mr. Norton passed an envelope to her. "Have a seat and take a look at this."

She hurriedly emptied the envelope and scrutinized the information.

To her disbelief, she found out that there was evidence to show another person leaving the fire scene besides Finnick.

However, there were only two of them at the scene. If Evelyn was dead whereas Finnick made it out in time, then who was the other person?

"Grandpa, what's going on?" She looked at Mr. Norton in confusion. "Why was there a third person?"

He looked at Vivian and said, "Actually, the fire caused an explosion at that time and Evelyn's body was completely destroyed beyond recognition. It was also challenging to verify via DNA testing. In the end, they confirmed that it was her from some remaining hairs found at the scene.

"Therefore, it's likely that it wasn't Evelyn's corpse that was found."

His stare became sharp and resolute. If that's the case, then it wasn't just a clear-cut kidnapping case ten years ago. There must have been more to it. I'll find out who wanted to harm my grandson deliberately and make them pay for it.

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Vivian was shocked to the bone when she heard Mr. Norton's suspicions. She wanted to say something but did not know what to respond exactly. It was very hard for her to digest his meaning.

Could it be that Evelyn is still alive? That's impossible. If so, why did she disappear for so long, allowing everyone to believe that she died in the fire?

But... what if she's not dead? Will she return to Finnick if she's still alive? When that happens, what will Finnick do? What should I do? Multiple possibilities ran through Vivian's head.

"It's still under investigation. These are just speculations." Seeing her lost in a daze, Mr. Norton could roughly guess what was on her mind. "Don't think too much. I'll make them dig deeper..."

Vivian was so distracted in her own thoughts that she did not hear what Mr. Norton had said. When she regained her senses, she had already left the Norton residence.

On her way home, she felt so disturbed and wanted to call Finnick.

She took out her phone and scrolled to Finnick's number but hesitated to dial him due to the fact that they just had an argument the day before. She contemplated for a long while before deciding to just switch off her phone.

Moments later, she switched it back on again and made a call. I can't think of anyone else to discuss this besides him.

"Vivian William? What's up?" Benedict was surprised to receive her call.

"Where are you now? I've got something to tell you."

"I'm at the company. What is it about? Very important?" He could sense the seriousness and urgency in her tone.

"I'll tell you when I see you. I'll go look for you now."

"Do you know the place or should I go pick you up?"

"It's ok, I know the location. You can wait for me at the café downstairs. See you in a bit."

As soon as she hung up, she set off to Benedict's company. When she arrived, she found him waiting for her at the café.

He smiled as she took her seat. "I don't know what's your regular coffee choice, so I ordered Blue Mountain. Is that ok?"

"It's fine, thanks." She returned him with a smile.

She felt better after taking a sip. The bitter aftertaste calmed her uneasy heart and helped her hold herself together.

"What's the matter?" Benedict knew that Vivian would not call him up for nothing.

After a short moment of silence, she told him everything that she had heard from Mr. Norton.

Benedict was rendered speechless to learn the unbelievable news.

"Could it be that your sister escaped the fire and managed to save herself?" Vivian struggled to ask that question.

"If she's still alive, why didn't she look for me all these years? After all, I'm her one and only family member in this world." Benedict was dumbfounded. Why didn't she return to me?

Vivian could not figure that out either. Both of them sunk into deep thought and did not utter another word.

After what felt like forever, Vivian broke the silence with a mumble, "Evelyn's death anniversary is just around the corner..."

She lifted her head to look at him, only to find him engulfed in great sorrow. She felt like he could really use a hug.

No words were exchanged. Then, Vivian left.

Returning to an empty villa made her feel miserable.

She sat on the sofa for a while and then went upstairs to look for a small suitcase to pack some clothes. She had decided to move to her mother's small apartment.

Upon arriving, she pressed the bell. Mrs. Filder, who had been taking care of her mother, answered the door.

"Vivian, why are you here?" Mrs. Filder was astounded to see her suitcase. "This is..."