

# Never Late, Never Away Chapter 406

When Finnick saw the part of Vivian's exposed arm still wrapped in gauze, his face fell sullen. Vivian had pleaded on Emma's behalf. That was the reason Finnick allowed her to return from abroad in the first place. Unfortunately, Emma showed no sign of repentance at all!

Her brows were still frowning, even in sleep, as though she could not get any peace even when she was not awake. Finnick's heart ached for her as he stroked her cheek.

Right then, Vivian stirred from her sleep when she felt a chill on her face. She opened her eyes to see Finnick in front of her.

Having just woken up from a short nap, it took a while for Vivian to snap out of her daze. Then, she remembered that she was currently in the hospital.

"Why are you here?" Vivian said, a little surprised by Finnick's presence.

Finnick pointing at Rachel, the patient who was sleeping on the bed. He hooked an arm around Vivian's uninjured arm and accompanied her out of the ward.

"Vivian, why didn't you tell me over the phone that something like this had happened?" Finnick gently asked Vivian after they exited the ward.

Vivian deflected the question with one of her own. "Weren't you at the launch event? Why are you here?"

Somehow, Finnick could understand where she was coming from. The launch event was broadcasted live online, so she's probably watched it on her phone. Besides, she didn't tell me what happened this morning, so I think she's angry at me...

"Vivian, Evelyn and I attended the launch event together because that's part of our job. Don't overthink it, okay?" Finnick explained in a gentle tone, comforting her.

"I know," Vivian replied curtly. She was aware that she had no reason to be angry. Ultimately, she could not possibly ban Finnick from seeing that woman.

Finnick assumed Vivian had finally thought things through, so he changed the subject. "Your arm... does it still hurt?"

"It's getting better," Vivian said. She felt slightly better when she noticed the pressing concern on Finnick's face. Then, she gave him a detailed account of everything that happened that day.

Over at Norton Corporation, at Mark's office.

Sitting in front of the computer, Mark could only watch as the company's stocks continued to drop. Furious, he dropped the pen which he had been holding onto the ground.

Finnor Group had become increasingly popular recently, with its range of products getting wider and wider, so much so that it had managed to overlap with Norton Corporation in many business sectors, which indirectly caused Norton Corporation to lose profits.

Is Finnick deliberately challenging me now? Damn it. I shouldn't have been so merciful to him in the past! Knock. Knock. Knock.

Came a series of cautious knocks on the door.

"What now!" he roared.

His assistant did not dare to walk into his office upon hearing Mark's angry tone and instead chose to stand by the doorway to convey a message. "Mr. Norton, you have a visitor."

"Not now! Tell them I'm busy!" Mark was not in the mood to see anyone at the moment, not even if the president of the country had come knocking.

"Mr. Norton, there's a beautiful lady who wants to have a word with you. She says her name is-"

"I said not now! Do you hear me?" Mark rudely interrupted his assistant. Who cares how she looks like! Do I have to meet the woman just because she's pretty? Does Harry want to lose his job?

"I didn't think you're so busy, Mr. Norton." It was a woman's voice, taunting him from outside the door. "Are you sure you don't even have time to see me?" As she said that, the woman strode into Mark's office, ignoring Harry's objection.

Mark's eyes widened when he realized who she was. He shot up from his desk. "How did you come back?"

"Why, Mr. Norton. Am I not welcomed here?" Unlike Mark, who was obviously panicking, the woman who entered his office was calm and confident. She sat down on his sofa, making herself comfortable.

"What are you-" Mark stopped mid-sentence when he realized his assistant was still hanging around. He turned to give his order, "You can get back to work now."

The assistant, Harry, had been curious to know the beautiful visitor's identity, particularly why Mark seemed so surprised when she saw her. She could be Mr. Norton's mistress, he thought. But he had been working under Mark for too long not to know when he was not wanted and what he should not meddle in, especially when Mark was threatening to blow a fuse.

Upon receiving the order, Harry blurted out, "Yes, sir!" Then, he swiftly left the scene.

Mark waited until Harry was gone before he rushed to the door. He looked around, ensuring that there were no eavesdroppers before he quickly shut the door. And then, nervously, he approached the woman. "Evelyn, when did you come back?"

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He knew that except for Evelyn, no other woman would be so daring to walk right in and sit there at his sofa.

She was wearing a white dress, one that outlined her slender figure. A pair of sunglasses with large lenses perched on her delicate features, covering most of her face. If Mark had not looked closely, he might not have recognized her at first glance.

"A while ago," Evelyn replied. "Don't you watch the news, Mr. Norton?"

"What news?" Mark had been so busy dealing with company matters lately, he literally had no time to catch up on the news.

Evelyn eyed Mark in disbelief before shaking her head, chuckling to herself. Such a major uproar has occurred, and you know nothing about it. You're lagging behind the times, old man, if you keep refusing to stay in the loop. No wonder you're no match for Finnick.

He might be a useless old fool, but... to her, he was an indispensable pawn in her plot.

Without answering Mark's question, Evelyn rose from the sofa and surveyed his office. "I say, Mr. Norton, what a great office you're got here. Despite the thrills and risks involved in the previous incident, you seemed to have gotten what you wanted."

When Mark heard Evelyn mention the past, panic flashed across his face. Not wanting Evelyn to beat around the bush, he cut to the chase, "Why did you come back? Didn't you promise me that you'll never return?"

Evelyn sneered when she detected the nervousness and fear that had crossed the man's face. "You're the mole of the national soccer team, aren't you? What are you afraid of? Are you finally feeling guilty now?"

"Evelyn, I'm warning you. Don't forget that you're also involved in that case. If this were to leak out to the public, both of us are done for," Mark snapped at her. He did not like that Evelyn was able to remain composed while he felt the complete opposite.

He had a bad feeling about this. Compared to Evelyn as a young girl, Evelyn as an adult was craftier and more mature. She had evolved into a woman beyond his control and manipulation.

"Don't get mad, Mr. Norton. Relax. No one will find out anything about what happened last time." Evelyn moved closer to Mark bearing a charming smile, but her tone signified impending danger. "Moreover, I come to you today hoping that we could work together again."

“Work together?” Mark stared dubiously at Evelyn as he slipped into a defensive mode. “What do you mean by that?”

“I, for one, know that while you’re in charge of Norton Corporation now, you have reason to believe that this position lacks security. I also happen to know that Finnick had withdrawn some of the shares lately. I can help you get all of Norton Corporation’s shares back so that you’ll have absolute control over them. What do you think?”

“And why would you be so kind to do that?” Mark might have been tempted after hearing Evelyn’s proposal, but he had not completely lost his mind. He was sceptical about her and would not easily buy into her kindness. “Moreover, what can you do to help me get my shares back?”

“Of course, I’m not helping you for free.” A sly smile appeared on Evelyn’s face. “What you want is Norton Corporation’s shares, and what I want – is Vivian’s life! As for my methods, you’ll find out when the time comes.”

“You want to kill off Vivian?” Mark narrowed his eyes at her, his wits quickly catching on to the underlying message. He added, albeit vaguely, “It’s too risky. I’m not doing it.”

“Hey... nothing ventured, nothing gained,” Evelyn persuaded Mark. “Besides, I don’t really want her dead. I just want to teach her a little lesson. Since she had the audacity to compete with me for what’s mine, I’ll let her know that there’s always a price to pay.”

“Really?” Mark had witnessed Evelyn’s ruthlessness back then. At that moment, he still had reservations about her.

“Of course, I just want to get back what’s supposed to be mine. If anything happens that arouses the police, what good will I gain from that?”

After considering Evelyn’s offer and taking Finnor Group’s recent suppression of Norton Corporation into account, Mark nodded, agreeing to her terms. “Alright, what do you want me to do?”

Evelyn smiled triumphantly, now that Mark had taken her up on her offer.

“You see, all you need to do is...” Evelyn whispered in Mark’s ear. A plot to sabotage Finnick and Vivian had begun to take shape.

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Lately, the relationship between Vivian and Finnick had eased a lot. The two of them were no longer as awkward as before. However, just thinking about Finnick and Evelyn having to work together, and often, still managed to wreck Vivian's nerves. Whenever she interacted with Finnick, it always seemed like there was some kind of barrier between the two, preventing them from becoming as close as they used to.

Vivian told herself that everything would be back to normal after Finnick's current project was done and dusted. Then, she would work hard to get their life back on track.

On that particular day, Vivian headed to the subway station as usual after getting off work. While waiting for the subway, she received a text message from Noah out of the blue. According to him, Finnick wanted to talk to her. Noah asked her to wait at the entrance of the alley next to the subway station, where he would pick her up soon.

Upon reading the text message, Vivian had some doubts. Noah would usually call her if he had anything to say, and rarely would he send text messages. Furthermore, when she was having breakfast with Finnick that morning, he did not mention that he had anything to tell her.

She checked the text message again. After confirming that the phone number belonged to Noah, she thought nothing of it and made her way to the alley. Perhaps there was an urgent matter that Finnick badly needed to discuss with her.

Vivian eventually reached the alley, but Noah's car was nowhere in sight. Then she waited patiently for fifteen minutes, but still, Noah did not show up. Feeling that something was amiss, Vivian took out her phone, intending to call Finnick.

As soon as she opened her bag to fish for her phone, someone attacked her from behind. The perpetrator covered her nose and mouth, and all she detected was a strange scent before her eyes weakly fell shut, and she soon lost consciousness.

After Vivian fainted, two masked men in black suits quickly carried her into a car and fled the alley.

By the time she woke up, Vivian felt like she was experiencing a sense of déjà vu. It was the same kind of feeling she had when she was kidnapped by Evelyn last time. The difference being, she woke up with a terrible headache then, but this time her whole head felt groggy, and her whole body had gone limp.

Damn it. Have I been kidnapped again? That was the first thought that came up to her after she regained consciousness. She tried moving her limbs. Sure enough, she was completely tied up.

Vivian secretly cursed herself for being her own jinx. She struggled to get up, wanting to get a view of her location.

After some effort, she managed to get herself into a sitting position. She realized that she was currently in a shabby-looking warehouse, one that probably had not been in use for many years.

However, Vivian did not have the time to linger on those thoughts. Focusing on a plan to escape, she strenuously rubbed both of her hands together in an effort to loosen the ropes that bound her.

"Don't waste your energy," said a familiar voice from the back of the warehouse. Vivian immediately whipped her head around, only to find Evelyn advancing towards her.

"Why are you here?" Vivian certainly did not expect to see Evelyn in such a place, but she quickly put two and two together. "You did this?"

"Vivian, Vivian... Still dumb, I see. Why do you always ask stupid questions?" Evelyn said with an air of contempt.

"Why have you brought me here? Evelyn, I'm telling you. Kidnapping is against the law. Aren't you afraid you'll go to jail?" Vivian confronted Evelyn angrily. She could not believe that the other woman could even resort to abduction.

"Of course I am, but you'll have to be alive in order to call the police," Evelyn mocked Vivian with a look of disdain as she squatted down to look at her victim.

Realizing the danger hidden between the lines, instincts told Vivian that she was trapped in a bad situation. "What are you planning to do? Let me go at once!"

"You want to know what I plan to do with you?" A loud, sinister cackle escaped Evelyn. She then stepped forward and pinched Vivian hard on the chin as she stared viciously into the captured woman's eyes. "I want to destroy you, of course."

"Vivian William, just who do you think you are? You have neither talent nor good looks. Your social background isn't even worth noticing. So, what makes you think you can compete with me for my man!"

Evelyn squeezed her chin with so much force that Vivian kept shaking her head, trying hard to break free. However, her attempts only managed to fan the flames as Evelyn tightened her grip, her nails digging into Vivian's flesh. It was so terribly painful that Vivian could hardly feel her chin anymore.

Vivian soon realized she could not beat Evelyn as she could not break free of the devious woman's shackles. With great difficulty, she uttered, "I've never fought over Finnick with you. When I met him, I... I didn't even know that you were still alive."

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"Well, I'm back now, so why are you still sticking around, refusing to leave?" Evelyn screeched. Her eyes were full of hatred, as though soaked with venom, as they bore into Vivian. Her once delicate facial features twisted and turned into something much more hideous.

When Vivian heard Evelyn say that, she knew that her captor had crossed the line of reason. So, what she means is, even though I was in a relationship with Finnick, I should have split up with him once she came back and then return her rightful place to her. Is that right?

"Finnick doesn't like you anymore. Whatever happened between the two of you is all in the past. Plus, we're already married." Shocked by Evelyn's thirst for dominance, Vivian hoped to make her see sense.

Evelyn gave Vivian's chin another tight squeeze and flicked her head aside. Fuelled by rage, she barked, "If he doesn't like me, then who does he like? You? Oh, Vivian, you think too highly of yourself. Do you really think you're a good match for him?"

"Why would you think so? He said it himself – that the two of you are nothing more than business partners now. He doesn't like you anymore."

Although Vivian knew that phrasing it that way might irritate Evelyn even more, thus further jeopardizing her own situation, she still chose to go head-to-head with her.

She had had enough. Why does everyone think that I don't deserve Finnick? Everyone seems to think that only Evelyn has the right to develop a relationship with him. Is it because she has a pretty face... and I don't?

"Really?" Evelyn smirked with disdain. "So, let's say – if Finnick finds out that you're tainted by other men, do you think he'll still stay with you?"

"What do you mean? Evelyn, what are you trying to do?" Vivian panicked upon hearing the other woman's words. In order to frame Vivian last time, Evelyn had even been willing to disfigure her own face. She could be that cruel to herself, let alone to other people.

"I'm not doing anything." Evelyn rose and clapped her hands. With a wicked grin, she revealed her plan to Vivian, who had now fallen onto the ground.

"Imagine. Tomorrow, news of your... involvement with gangsters will be all over the papers and the Internet. All kinds of shameful and scandalous photos of your incident will be exposed to the world. I wonder, if Finnick sees those, do you think he'll still have feelings for you like you say he does?"

"You wouldn't dare!" Evelyn's scheme frightened Vivian to the core. She feared that the madwoman really had the gall to commit such a deed. "If you do this, Finnick won't forgive you. I'll tell him everything! You had better let me go this instant!"

"Oh dear, I'm so afraid. Haha!" Evelyn released an evil laugh in response to Vivian's statement. "Vivian, you pitiful girl. You haven't learned your lesson, have you? You said the

same thing at the café the last time we met. Like I said, everyone will only believe me, not you. That was the case last time, and it will be the same this time too.”

“Don’t believe me? Hmph!” Evelyn shot a glance at Vivian before she shouted to whoever was outside the warehouse, “Come in now, all of you.”

Right after Vivian gave her command, Vivian saw four filthy and hideous men enter the warehouse, all of whom were likely in their forties or fifties.

They were all dressed in rags, their hair dishevelled as though they had not been trimmed in decades. They were also covered in dirt and grime from head to toe. It must have been ages since they last took a shower. Vivian could detect a foul smell coming from the four of them even though they were standing far away.

As soon as the four disgusting men stepped into the warehouse and came face to face with the two beautiful women inside, they began drooling all over. Several pairs of lustful eyes sized up Vivian and Evelyn, enough to make anyone shudder at the sight.

Evelyn seemed repulsed by the four brutes as well. When they walked in, her face showed utter disgust, and, covering her nose with her fingers, she backed away.

“Evelyn, who are they? Why have you called them?” Vivian screamed at the top of her lungs, shaking involuntarily. She fell into emotional collapse the instant she saw those strangers coming in.

Although she had pictured this in her mind before, she did not expect that Evelyn would really do such a thing. She did not think that Evelyn would go to such great lengths to sully her reputation, and those creepy men were the ones she had picked to do her bidding.

Seeing Vivian breaking down and wailing on the ground just two steps away, Evelyn slowly approached her victim. The corners of her lips could not help but curl upwards to match her cruel intentions, distorting her beautiful face. “Hmm, what was it I want them to do? I thought I’ve made it very clear to you just now. Vivian, I’ve carefully selected these four gentlemen here just for you. What do you think? Are you satisfied with them?”

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"I'm warning you, Evelyn. Don't do this!" Vivian was so shaken up that her voice was trembling. "Tell them to leave!"

"Now, now. I've gone through a lot of trouble to hire them. They haven't even started yet, so I can't possibly let them go, can I?" Evelyn, eyes filled with malice and viciousness, glared daggers at Vivian. "Everything I've done to you just now, do you think it's all a scare? You said Finnick likes you, is that right? Then we'll see, Vivian, if Finnick still likes you even after you lose both your reputation and innocence!"

"How dare you do such a thing? Let me go at once!" Vivian shouted in panic when she spotted the cruel look that fell on Evelyn's face. "Evelyn, Finnick will never forgive you when he finds out about this!"

"Why won't I dare to?" Evelyn could not care less about Vivian's threat. She took out a camera from her bag and paraded the item in front of Vivian. "Not only do I dare to do it to a good-for-nothing like you, but I'll also be taking photos of the whole process and upload them online later. When that happens, I wonder if you'll still have the will to live or the nerve to stay with Finnick!"

"Enjoy while it lasts. Rest assured, I'll be in charge of recording everything for you." After Evelyn said that, she decided she had had enough talk. She stepped back and waved her hand at the four beggars, giving them the signal. "She's all yours for today. Don't let me down."

When the beggars first laid eyes on Vivian, they could not bear it much longer. Initially, they had thought their prey would not be much of a looker, but she turned out to be quite a beauty.

What a pleasant surprise! Not only do we get paid, but we also get a beautiful girl at our disposal. Fate is really kind to us today.

The four beggars rubbed their hands together and sniggered amongst themselves as they made their way towards Vivian.

They approached Vivian with lewd grins on their faces, revealing their yellowish teeth. Vivian shifted backward, fear taking over her. "Leave me alone! Don't you come close! Stay away!"

At the same time, Evelyn turned on the camera and aimed at the five of them. She said to the beggars, "If I like what I see today, I'll double your pay. I promise that all of you will be set for life, and you'll never have to beg on the streets again."

The four only got more excited, motivated by Evelyn's instruction. They stepped forward and surrounded Vivian at once. One began touching Vivian's face, and the feeling thrilled him even more that he almost drooled. "Oh gosh, her skin is so fine! I'm telling ya, we're in luck today!"

"Haha, who's going first? Or shall we do it together?" One suggested sinisterly.

"We'll all go for it. We have been through so much together, so of course, we have to share the reward," another one proposed.

"Just look at her. She's crying so much, and now she's got me itching!" the third member echoed.

"Guess that means it's about time." One man grabbed hold of Vivian's arms aggressively as he reached over to remove her jacket.

Since one of them had made a move, the other three also hurled themselves at Vivian, tugging at her clothes.

"No! Get away from me!" Vivian shrieked in agony. The four pairs of arms clinging onto her were utterly repulsive, making her feel nauseous. She could not stop retching. "Get lost! Don't touch me!"

"Evelyn, I hate you! You tell them to stay away! Get off of me!" Vivian yelled in despair, her voice rough from all the straining. She tried to defend herself with everything she could muster, but it was all in vain.

"Hoho." Ignoring Vivian's calls for help, the beggars kept clawing at her clothes. Keep screaming, little missy. We haven't felt a woman in years! You're only gonna make it so much better for us! What fun! We'll enjoy this!

“Get off me, you scumbags! Don’t touch me!” Vivian struggled, trying to fight them off, but with her hands and feet tied up, she was no match for the four men at all. Very soon, her jacket was taken off.

The removal of the jacket revealed Vivian’s exquisite figure in a sleeveless top. The eyes that could not stop staring became even more frantic as the men swallowed hard.

“Pretty missy, it’s no use shouting. You’re in the middle of nowhere. No one will hear you,” one of them said and then reached a hand out to caress her skin.