

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 501

“Mrs. Norton isn’t ugly. The ugly one here is you!” Noah retorted. “Furthermore, her personality is way better than yours. You could never be able to match her kindness in a million years.”

Evelyn chuckled before taunting him, “Well, well. Who would’ve thought that you had a thing for Evelyn too? Does Finnick know about this?”

“Only someone as despicable as you would think that way.” Noah seemed apathetic to her taunt. “Those who have a good taste in women would definitely choose Mrs. Norton over you!”

“Shut up!” Evelyn’s voice was sharp enough to rupture a person’s eardrum. Noah’s statement reminded her of the choices that Benedict and Finnick made before. “What’s so great about Vivian? I don’t get why each and everyone of you are always fawning over her!”

“At least she won’t plot against Mr. Norton and those who love him.”

Evelyn sneered at him and responded, “Noah, you think you have the right to judge me? Don’t forget that you’re an accomplice too. You’ve also played a part in this.”

“I would advise you to abstain from talking to me like this ever again. I’m not sure what I’ll end up doing to you in the heat of the moment.”

Noah was speechless after hearing what she said. She’s right, I don’t have the right to act all high and mighty. I’m also taking advantage of Finnick and Evelyn’s trust in me to hurt them even more.

After bringing Vivian with him to A Nation, Benedict was quick to arrange a new place for her to live. The Morrison Group was quite a lot of business in A Nation, so living there wouldn’t be a problem for them.

Having sorted everything out, Vivian wanted to do a pregnancy check-up at the hospital. She was worried that something bad might happen to her baby since she was moving around so much.

"You haven't fully recovered from the injuries yet. I'll contact the doctor later and have them come to the house to do the check-up. You don't need to bother going to the hospital." Benedict was very attentive and thoughtful.

"Okay." Vivian nodded her head in gratitude. "Thank you, and sorry for troubling you in these past few days."

In the last few days, Benedict was scrupulous at taking care of Vivian. He provided a sense of security for her and gave her a place to go to. It made her understand the warmth and joy of having a brother who genuinely cared for her.

"Don't say that." Benedict deliberately put on an angry face and gently tapped on her forehead with his finger. "As your brother, it is my responsibility to take care of you. You don't need to treat me like a stranger."

"Okay." Vivian smiled and rubbed her forehead before glancing at Benedict. "Ben," uttered Vivian in a serious tone.

She felt loved again. Yes, she had a brother. From that day onward, she would have someone to rely on. Someone she could whine at, as well as someone she could quibble and have a fight with. However, based on her personality, the probability of her doing these things was rather low.

Benedict was touched to see the loving look on Vivian's face. He reached out his hands and hugged Vivian. "Vivian, I won't let anyone hurt you anymore. I'll pay my dues to you from now on."

"Okay." Vivian hugged him back, with tears in her eyes.

In the afternoon, Benedict invited a Chinese doctor over to the house. After a series of check-ups, the doctor informed Vivian that her body was weak and advised her to take good care of herself.

"So the child is fine, right?" Vivian queried nervously.

“Don’t worry, the baby is in pink of health.” The doctor assured her. “Since you’re an expectant mother now, you’ll need to get more rest. Besides that, you’ll also need to pay more attention to your diet. Try not to be picky with your food and make sure that you have a balanced diet,” the doctor added on.

Knowing that her child was fine, Vivian breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay, I understand. Thank you, doctor. I’ll take good care of myself.”

“Oh, I almost forgot...”

The doctor continued exhorting her about all sorts of things. Perplexed by the surge of information into her head, Vivian realized that nurturing a baby was not an easy feat. Meanwhile, Benedict was paying more attention to the doctor than her, memorizing each and every word said by the doctor.

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After the doctor was done mentioning the important details, Benedict thanked him and saw him off.

Sitting on the couch, Vivian was feeling her stomach. I wonder if my future baby would look like me. Or... will the baby resemble him more?

Evelyn’s heart started aching as she thought of Finnick. He must be acting all lovey-dovey with Evelyn right now. With me out of the way, they can finally be together.

As Benedict walked into the room, he saw that Vivian was staring blankly at the ground looking sad and dejected.

“What’s the matter?” asked Benedict in a tender voice as he was caressing her head.

“Ben, the divorce agreement...” Vivian gave out a mild cough and feigned a smile before continuing, “Did Finnick sign it?”

"Yes, I've received it from him this morning." Benedict didn't know how he should break it to her. He was caught off guard when Vivian mentioned it to him first.

Glaring at her contrived smile, Benedict felt distressed. "Vivian, you don't need to fake a smile when you're sad."

"I'm not sad." Vivian's smile was getting brighter. "It was me who wanted the divorce. Now that it's done, why would I be sad?"

Usually, Benedict's mood would be ameliorated whenever he saw Vivian's contagious smile. However, the smile that Vivian had on her face right now, was too dazzling for his eyes.

"Vivian, I'm your bother. You don't need to put up a front when you're with me. You can cry if you feel like it."

Upon hearing Benedict's words, tears started flowing out of her eyes before she could even wipe the smile off her face.

"Ben..." Vivian was sobbing in his arms. She felt like she was suffocating. After breathing in a big gush of air, she continued wailing in pain. She seemed like she was letting out all her built-up frustrations and suffering that she had been enduring all this time.

This is the last time that I'll be crying because of him. Vivian made a promise to herself. I'll forget about him, Evelyn and everything in the past. I have to move on with my life. Everything that happened between us is in the past now. It's time to move on to a new chapter of my life.

Benedict remained taciturn beside Vivian while gently patting her on the back, comforting her in silence. He knew that Vivian needed to bawl her eyes out just so she could finally let go of the past.

After her eyes were all dried out, Vivian ceased crying.

"Are you feeling better now?" Benedict wiped the tears off her face with a tissue. He then gave her a concerned look.

"Yes." Vivian's voice was hoarse. She felt like her strength was depleted after crying so much.

Taking a few deep breaths, Vivian slowly calmed herself down. That being said, she felt more comfortable and relaxed now that she had released her emotions.

Vivian then glanced at Benedict with a determined look on her face.

“Ben, you won’t have to worry about me anymore. I’ll move on with my life and I’ll forget whatever happened in the past now. After all, I still have you and the baby. I will live happily together with you and my baby.”

What happened with Finnick was just like a nightmare. Now that I’ve awoken from my dream, I’ll forget about it soon enough.

Seeing that Vivian was brave to face her past, Benedict was rather proud of her. That’s my little sister!

“Vivian, now that you’ve decided to start over, you should just ensconce yourself here in A Nation,” suggested Benedict in a serious tone. “Don’t worry, I’ll stay here with you too.”

“But what about the family business?” Vivian was afraid that she would disrupt Benedict’s work.

“To be honest with you, the Morrison Group has been doing better overseas in the last few years as there are more antiques being found overseas. So, I’ve decided to continue the family business here.”

Having pondered about it for a sec, Vivian nodded. “Okay.”

After hearing her response, Benedict smiled in relief.

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“Alright then, I’ll go and settle the paperwork while you get settled. Regarding this file,” Benedict handed over the divorce agreement to Vivian. “I think it’s better for you to keep it.”

Benedict gave Vivian a gentle hug before leaving the house. He knew that she needed some personal space.

Glancing at the divorce agreement in her hand, Vivian had flashbacks of that day when she saw Finnick and Evelyn hateful at Finnick the more she thought about it.

Let's end it all here. We'll be strangers if we do meet again.

Five years later, at the airport of Sunshine City, an attractive-looking girl was walking toward the exit. She had lustrous hair and was wearing big sunglasses, which were covering about one-third of her face. The facial features left uncovered on her face were her dainty nose and her red lips.

She was wearing a white shirt paired with black baggy pants. The combination of the two complemented very well with her slim figure. Although it was just a common style of clothing, the girl still looked fancy wearing them.

Besides that, her high heels, which were dark blue in color, further illustrated her sense of style. She was giving off the vibes of a cool and classy beauty.

That being said, the people passing by were let down when they noticed that she was walking with a little boy beside her, so they assumed that she was already taken.

Unlike the cool beauty, the little boy was really cute.

His fair white skin, in addition to his exquisite facial features, made him look adorable. With his big eyes, the little boy was scanning his surroundings curiously. His eyes were very clean and clear as if he had never been corrupted before.

If someone were to meet his eyes, the little boy would give out a bright smile, exposing his pearl white, enviable teeth. A few of the travellers there had fallen prey to that bright smile of his.

"Mom, are they staring at me because of my good looks?" The little boy queried smugly while still maintaining that lovable smile of his.

The woman was left speechless for a moment. Although her son was good in every other aspect, his only foible was that he was a bit narcissistic. I wonder who he got that from. It definitely couldn't have been from me. I don't hold myself in high regard.

As for him... The woman paused her thoughts as she was disappointed in herself for thinking about him again.

Having not yet heard a response from the woman, the little boy lifted his head up to glance at her; only to see that she was pondering about something with a sad look on her face.

"Mom, are you okay? Mom?" Worried, the little boy shook her arm.

After recovering her train of thought, the woman gazed down on her son. "Yes, they're looking at you because you're handsome. My cute little pumpkin is so lovable."

The little boy thought that he must've been hallucinating just now as his mother's expression had reverted back to her beautiful and heart-warming smile.

"Of course!" The little boy lifted his head up proudly as if he was the most handsome boy in the world.

The woman shook her head as she was amused by his action. Then, she exited the airport with the little boy.

After leaving the airport, the woman was stupefied by the familiar yet strange sight she saw in front of her. It had been five years since she last set foot in this city of sorrow.

The girl was none other than Vivian William who had left the city five years ago. She had now changed her name to Vivian Morrison.

The little boy beside her was her child, Larry Morrison and his nickname was 'little pumpkin'. He was very imaginative and crafty ever since he was little. The IQ and EQ of the kid didn't match his age at all.

Vivian initially had no intention whatsoever to return to this city. However, since the Morrison family had encountered some issues within its shares in one of the companies, she had no choice but to return with Benedict to this city and help him with the problem.

As the problem was very urgent, Benedict had sent her back to the city first.

The city had changed a lot in the last five years. Except for some of the main buildings, Vivian barely recognized the buildings around her as most of them had been renovated.

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Before they returned, Benedict asked her if she had thought it through about going home. If she really did not want to see them, he would work something out regarding the problem with the shares.

But it wasn't like she didn't know how difficult this problem would be. If it was not handled properly, Benedict's position within Morrison Group would be seriously threatened.

Over the years, Benedict has fulfilled the role of an older brother to the best of his ability. He had even spoiled Larry like he was his own son. But now that he's in trouble, how could I turn a blind eye?

It's been five years. She had been away long enough. To begin with, it wasn't her fault. She did not wrong anyone, so her conscience was clear.

Furthermore, these five years had turned her into a strong and independent woman. She was no longer the 'Vivian Williams' who had to escape the country with Benedict. She now proudly went by her new identity, Vivian Morrison.

She glanced down at her son. Her heart softened for a moment, and then quickly hardening again in determination. She was now a mother. Nobody would ever harm me and my child again!

"Mom, look at him!" Larry shouted, pointing excitedly at the screen opposite the airport.

Vivian turned to look at where he was pointing. Momentarily startled, she laughed bitterly to herself. Why does this have to be her first encounter with him upon landing? Is this some twisted fate between both of us?

The screen broadcasted Finnick being interviewed by reporters.

He didn't look much different compared to five years ago. He was still handsome and exuded the charm of a mature man with every gesture. With that look of his, girls were frantically nudging their friends and pointing at the screen.

“Wow, he’s so handsome! I wonder if he’s married?”

“You might not know this. He is a famous icon in our city. Mature and stable, excelling in his career, and looking like a movie star too. This is what a successful man looks like,” said one of the girls to her companion. “You’ve skip a trip to our city back then, and now look at how many hot guys you’ve missed. Are you regretting now?”

“Yes!” The friend nodded frantically. “I wonder if he’s still attached?”

Her little friend sighed. “I heard he got married five years ago, but I think they got divorced. I am not sure about now.”

“A man like that will be more irresistible after a divorce.”

The pair wandered off as they gossiped. Vivian could hardly hear them, but she had a vague idea.

She smiled to herself. I wonder if they knew what he did, would they still worship him like that?

Vivian examined Finnick’s magnified face on the screen. She was surprised to notice upon close examination of his brows, eyes, nose, and lips that there was shockingly little difference compared to five years ago. Every detail of that handsome face was still crystal clear in her memory, to the point where she felt nothing but a sweet sense of familiarity.

If she had to pick out something different from five years ago, she would have to admit that he had become more mature. Five years ago, Vivian was able to read Finnick through his eyes. But now, they’ve become more distant, detached, like he’d built walls around them. She could not see what was within these eyes anymore like she used to be able to.

“Mom! Mom!” Larry stared at the screen a little longer and confirmed his notion.

“What is it?” Vivian was surprised by how her son was drawn to Finnick’s presence on the screen. Could this be explained by the bond between father and son? Even though they’d never met, Larry was able to recognize Finnick right away from a crowd.

“Mom, do you think the man on the TV looks a lot like me?” Larry studied Finnick’s face closely. There’s somebody in the world who looks so much like me!

Vivian felt a squirm of anxiety at his question. Has he noticed something?

No, it's not possible, Vivian reassured herself. Even if he was bright, he was just a five-year-old boy. She and Benedict definitely had not told him anything about Finnick before. Vivian told her son that his father had passed away before he was born. He shouldn't think much more about it.