

Never Late, Never Away Chapter 56

Just as Vivian was worried sick, she heard a low, coarse voice from behind. Then, she was lifted into the air and before she realized it, she was seated on Finnick's laps.

"Finnick..." Vivian was shocked.

As Finnick observed her pale and cold body, he felt as though a thousand needles were stabbing through his heart. He wiped away the tears from her cheeks and assured her, "Don't worry. I will be here with you."

It was a simple but weighty statement that warmed Vivian's heart. Indeed, with his assurance, she gradually calmed down.

All of a sudden, she felt extremely tired. This time, she did not fight back and just nodded in silence. With her remaining strength, she coiled up in his arms and stared at the "Operation In Progress" sign at the top of the door.

As she lay in his arms, Finnick could discern a unique scent from her. All of a sudden, it was as though his cold heart melted slightly after being frozen for decades.

After a long while, the lights above the door turned red.

Vivian, upon seeing this, jumped up from Finnick's lap and dashed towards the door. The doctors and nurses exited the operating theatre looking drained.

"Doctor! M-My mother..." Vivian did not even know what to say at that point.

The doctor looked at her and smiled as he informed her, "Congratulations, Ms. William. The operation was a success. Your mother will be awake by tomorrow."

Mom will be awake?

At that very moment, her tensed body loosened up and she felt so relieved. She desperately wanted to thank the doctor, but suddenly, her legs went numb and she collapsed.

However, her skin did not come into contact with the cold, hard floor. All she felt was a strong, sturdy chest.

She lifted her chin to see Finnick's face.

It was him who made his way over in the wheelchair just in time to catch her.

His usual cold expression was gone too. There was a slight smile on his face as he stroked her hair gently. "This is good news," he echoed.

Those simple words instantly made Vivian tear up. She had been holding it in for too long.

It was cathartic for her as she released her emotions. She stretched out her arms and wrapped them around Finnick's neck as she sobbed in joy. "Yes, it's good news! Very good news!"

Over dinner, Finnick got a few calls from work.

Vivian knew that he had accompanied her for the entire day and felt rather apologetic. She took the initiative and said, "Why don't you head back to work? I will accompany Mom here."

Finnick turned to look at her. As she ate in a hurry earlier, there was spaghetti sauce at the corner of her lips. Instinctively, he wiped it away for her.

"I will head off first then. I'll be back tomorrow." He continued in a low voice, "Let me know if you need anything."

Vivian nodded. However, she frowned when Finnick did not get up. "What's wrong?"

The latter stared at her purposefully. Then, casually, he raised the finger which he used to wipe her mouth earlier and licked it clean. "Nothing, I just think that you looked rather serious when you nodded."

Vivian looked on as he did this. Her mind went blank and she did not even hear what he said.

I-Isn't that too much?

If someone else did this, I might even say that it's unhygienic. But why did it look so... so sexy when he did that? His slender fingers... his thin lips...

“Huh? What? Serious?” Her cheeks flushed hot red again as she looked away and shot random questions at him.

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“Yes, I’m wondering if you were serious about telling me if you need anything in the future.” Finnick noticed her avoiding his gaze and looked slightly unhappy. Using his index finger, he lifted her chin and forced her to make eye contact. “Vivian, I hope you treat me like I am really your husband.”

Treat you like a husband?

Vivian stared into his dark eyes and was rather lost.

“Alright.” She lowered her gaze quickly after. “I promise to tell you if I need anything next time. I swear.”

Then, the corner of his lips upturned as he nodded. “Good girl.”

He let go of her chin, turned around, and left.

When he reached the door, Vivian called out to him. “Finnick!”

He turned slightly and saw her flushed face. With a slightly awkward tone, she said, “Thank you.”

It was a simple ‘thank you’, but for some reason, Finnick’s smile got wider. “No problem.”

Vivian stayed the entire night to accompany her mother. It was fortunate that Finnick transferred her to a private ward as the hospital provided a small bed for visitors. At least she could get a good night’s sleep in there.

The next morning, Vivian was awoken by a series of coughs.

She opened her eyes gradually and saw that her mother was awake.

"Mom!" Vivian immediately rushed up to the bed. "How are you feeling? Do you feel sick? Should I get the doctor?"

"I'm alright." Rachel William still looked pale. Her eyes were fixated on her daughter and they lit up with happiness. With trembling hands, she stroked her daughter's hair in an affectionate manner. "Vivian... Oh, my dear Vivian... Let me take a good look at you. It's been s-such a long time..."

Tears rolled down Vivian's cheeks. She gulped and nodded. "It's been two years... Mom... You've been in a coma for two years..."

On that fateful night two years ago, she was robbed of a woman's most treasured possession. It was truly a nightmare for her. Not only that, but the two people she loved the most also abandoned her.

One was the love of her life, Fabian, who went missing suddenly.

The other was her only kin, her mother Rachel, who became ill and fell into a coma.

Rachel coughed a few times. Holding onto Vivian's hands, she said, "I'm so sorry, Vivian. It's all my fault. It's all because I've been weak all this while. I haven't been able to take care of you for these two years. I even gave you so much trouble. You—"

Rachel suddenly stopped because she spotted the diamond ring on Vivian's finger.

"Vivian." She became a little excited. "A-Are you married?"

Vivian was stunned momentarily. She quickly smiled and replied, "Yes, Mom. I'm married now."

Vivian knew that her mom did not have the perfect marriage and had always hoped that she would marry a good man. Hence, she did not want to keep this from her.

"Good... Very good..." Rachel teared up in joy. "Is it Fabian? Did you guys marry after you graduated?"

Vivian's body trembled upon hearing this.

Sigh, Mom has been in a coma for two years. She has no idea what happened two years ago.

She managed a smile. "It's not Fabian. We broke up."

Rachel was taken aback after she heard this. She hurriedly added, "Vivian, I'm so sorry. I didn't know about this... Don't worry, it's all over now. I'm sure you are happily married."

Vivian nodded with the same smile plastered on her face, and she tried hard to cover up the bitterness in her eyes.

Her mother examined the diamond ring on her finger and gave a wider smile. "He seems like a good, honest man."

Vivian's eyes flashed slightly upon hearing this.

She knew that her mother never hoped for her to marry a rich or powerful person. On the contrary, she always wanted her to marry an ordinary man. Hence, she was happy to see such a simple diamond ring.

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What would Mom think if she knew that I married Fabian's uncle and the son of the Norton family?

Forget it. I shouldn't think about it for now.

Vivian was about to head out to get lunch for her mother when suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

She was a little stunned by this.

Mom doesn't know a lot of people in Sunshine City. Who could it be?

She opened the door to see Finnick and Noah standing outside. The former was still in a wheelchair, while the latter had a fruit basket and lunchbox in his hands.

"Finnick?" Vivian asked in a dumbfounded manner.

"Vivian, who is it?" Rachel asked.

With a slightly lost expression, she turned to look at her mother. She did not know how to respond to her question.

On the other hand, Finnick raised his brow upon hearing the voice inside. He initiated the conversation and said, "Hello Mrs. William, I'm here to visit you."

For the umpteenth time, Vivian's face blushed bright red. She opened the door and let the two men in.

Slowly, Finnick pushed himself to the front of the bed. When he noticed Rachel's shocked look, he gave her a smile and introduced himself. "Mrs. William, I am Finnick Norton. I should have visited you earlier, but Vivian always said that you were unwell."

Rachel looked at Finnick, and then at Vivian whose face was blushed. She instantly understood. "Ah, so you must be Vivian's husband. Well, you are quite different from what I imagined you to be..."

The man just smiled faintly and signaled to Noah to place the lunchbox and fruits on the desk. "Mrs. William, have you eaten lunch? I prepared some home-cooked dishes."

Vivian hurriedly walked over and opened the lunchbox. Indeed, the dishes were all prepared by Molly and were healthy and nutritious. She began to feed her mother carefully.

After being in a coma for two years, Rachel did not have a big appetite. She only had a few mouthfuls before feeling full. However, her curiosity had no limits. She observed Finnick for a moment before asking, "Finnick, right? What do you work as, may I ask?"

"Mom!" Vivian shot her mother a look as though she was chiding her.

"My dear girl, I am just concerned about you. After all, marriage is a major milestone in your life, and you got married before I woke up," Rachel lamented softly.

"It's alright, Vivian." In contrast to her awkwardness, Finnick presented himself as a calm, confident man. "Mrs. William, this is my name card."

Rachel took the name card and saw the words 'Chief Executive Officer' and 'Shareholder'. Immediately, she froze.

"Finnor Company... I've not heard of this company before." She continued hesitantly, "What about your parents? What do they do?"

By now, Vivian was panicking at the side. She desperately wanted to stop her mother, but Finnick already began to reply, "My parents are no longer around. My grandfather is Samuel Norton."

"Samuel Norton? You mean the head of the Norton family?" Rachel asked. She looked extremely startled.

Finnor Group was a new company that was set up in recent years, which was why she never heard of it before. But everybody in Sunshine City knew who Samuel Norton was.

"Yes, indeed." It was apparent that he did not intend to keep this from her.

"So... You are... The son... of the Norton family?" Rachel stuttered as she tried her best to recall.

He nodded.

The color drained very quickly from Rachel's face as she turned speechless.

"Finnick?" Vivian obviously knew what her mother was thinking. She turned to her husband and said, "Finnick, I want to go home and take a shower. Can you drive me home? Wait for me in the car."

He nodded and said to Rachel, "Mrs. William, I will come again tomorrow. Please have a good rest."

Rachel nodded, still dumbfounded, as she watched Finnick leave the room.

The moment he stepped out, she immediately looked back at her daughter. With a weak yet assertive voice, she said, "Vivian, you can't be together with him. Get a divorce as soon as possible!"

Vivian retreated slightly when she heard her mother. With a look of disbelief, she stared at her and asked, "Mom, what are you even talking about?"

"I said you can't be together with him." She held onto her daughter's hands and begged, "Look at where I am today. Haven't you learned what's going to happen to you if you marry a rich man? How do you know if he is truly in love with you? He might just be another version of your father and toy with your feelings!"

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Vivian's face turned pale gradually. "Mom, I can't do that. We already registered our marriage."

"So what? Maybe he just needs a wife in name." Rachel might have been in a coma for two years but she was not muddleheaded at all. "Otherwise, why would he marry an ordinary girl like you if he is such an eligible bachelor?"

Vivian was rendered speechless.

Her mother spoke the truth. Upon their marriage, Vivian knew immediately that Finnick only needed a wife in name. However, Rachel was oblivious that she married him to get citizenship in Sunshine City. The marriage was for mutual benefit, and no one had the right to criticize the other for their choices.

"Mom." She told her the truth. "Finnick treats me well."

She spoke from her heart. Even though they could not be counted as best friends, but Finnick indeed treated her well. He always appeared whenever she needed help, just like how he stepped in this time when her mother required surgery.

"Vivian, how can you be so foolish! Men only treat you well because they want the fun." Rachel was obviously very worried for her daughter. "Am I not the living example? I just want you to live an ordinary and happy life... I'm really afraid that you will follow in my footsteps and be abandoned by a man for life."

She began to sob silently as she spoke.

Vivian felt hurt on behalf of her mother. She pulled her into an embrace and said, "Mom, you just had your surgery and can't be upset. Let me tell you the truth. I married him to get citizenship and medical insurance. I don't have any feelings for him."

"Are you telling the truth?" Rachel stopped sobbing when she heard this and looked at her daughter.

"Of course." Vivian looked at Rachel and continued, "Mom, don't you know me? Can't you tell when I dislike a person?"

Indeed, Rachel brought her up singlehandedly, and they only had each other all this while. Needless to say, she knew her daughter the best. It was obvious if Vivian liked someone, just like when she was together with Fabian.

Finally, Rachel looked less worried. However, she still instructed her daughter, "Alright, but you have to promise that you will get a divorce when there's an opportunity."

The truth was, Vivian never once thought of divorcing Finnick. She did not care why they got married, nor was she bothered by his identity. Since they were married now, she would not initiate a divorce unless Finnick wanted it.

Now that she saw her mother begging her, she changed her mind and gave in. "Alright, I promise you, Mom."

Rachel breathed a sigh of relief, but she could not stop feeling sorry. "Vivian, it's all my fault. Even if you divorce, it would still be hard for you to find a good man to marry next time..."

Vivian blinked a few times before hugging her mother once more. "Mom, it's alright. I'm happy as long as you are."

Later, she coaxed her mother to sleep. Just as she packed up and was ready to leave, she saw a file at the bedside table.

I think Finnick brought it. Did he forget to take it back with him?

She placed the file in her bag and left the ward.

Meanwhile, Finnick's wheelchair was transported into the car. Noah, who sat at the passenger seat, asked him, "Mr. Norton, why were you gone for so long? I thought you went back to get a file."

Finnick remained silent.

Out of curiosity, Noah turned around to look at him. However, all he saw was Finnick's cold attitude, and instantly, he broke out in cold sweat.

What is going on? Wasn't Mr. Norton in a good mood earlier? Why did he have a mood swing just after retrieving a document? Goodness, he looks like he's about to kill someone right now.

After ten minutes, Vivian climbed into the car too. She held a file in her hand and asked, "Finnick, did you forget this in the ward?"

He did not take the file over from her. Instead, he turned to stare deep into her eyes. No one could tell what he was feeling.

The hairs on her arm stood at their end. Cautiously, she asked, "Finnick?"

He continued to stare at the terrified woman in front of him. Her words rang in his ear once more. He had heard what she said when he returned for the file.

I married him to get citizenship and medical insurance. I don't have any feelings for him.

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Huh.

She is so honest to her mother.

Even though he knew why the woman married him, he still felt irked and upset when he heard it for himself.

Damn it.

It seemed like this woman could now control how he felt. It was getting easier and easier to be affected by her words now.

“Vivian.” Finnick still did not take the file from her. He continued with a cold voice, “Do you want a divorce?”

Noah, upon hearing this, almost jumped in shock. In fact, he almost knocked the back of his head against the car window.

Vivian was also startled. She looked at him in disbelief. “What are you talking about?”

“Didn’t you marry me to get citizenship?” He spoke slowly and casually. “Since you have already gotten what you want, we can get divorced. You won’t lose your citizenship anyway.”

Vivian’s face turned pale.

H-He knows why I married him.

Well, I probably can’t hide it from him. It is only natural for him to come to this conclusion since he found out about my mother.

As she looked into his dark eyes, she bit her lips and said in a low voice, “Well, didn’t you marry me to get something from me too? Will you divorce me if I’m useless to you one day?”

Finnick did not expect her response and paused momentarily.

Indeed, Vivian is not a foolish woman. She knows why I was in a hurry to get married.

His eyes darkened and he spoke softly. “No.”

Similarly, Vivian did not expect such a clear-cut response. She was stupefied.

Noticing her shocked expression, Finnick added, “Since I married you, you will be my wife forever.”

You will be my wife forever.

Finnick spoke indifferently, but Vivian was so dumbstruck by his words that she could only stare at him in a daze.

“So, Vivian, don’t ever think about leaving me.” He lowered his voice once more, and this time, he spoke to her in a more dominant and assertive tone.

She never thought he would say this to her. A part of her was afraid of this man.

Yet, another part of her felt butterflies in her stomach.

She dared not look at his eyes and avoided his gaze. However, she still assured him, “Don’t worry. Since I married you, I will not betray you as long as you don’t divorce me. Nor will I divorce you too.”

While her voice was soft, Finnick heard every word she said. Looking at her blushed cheeks, he felt the anger in him subside a little.

Fine.

He knew that the woman married him initially because of her mother’s illness.

It did not matter to him that she had no feelings for him now.

Since they were married, he would conquer her one day.

It was already evening when they reached home. Molly and Liam were not at home.

Vivian did not know whether she over-thought it, but she always felt that Finnick did not like having them around even though he always acted politely towards them.

“I suppose you haven’t eaten yet.” She removed her jacket, rolled up her sleeves, and walked into the kitchen. “Let me whip something up.”

When she opened the refrigerator, she was stunned.

She saw her spaghetti sitting on a plate in the fridge, wrapped neatly using cling wrap.

“Have you eaten?” Finnick also stood up from the wheelchair and positioned himself behind her.

“Yes, I have.” Vivian finally recollected herself. “Let me make you some steak then.”

She was about to reach down for the frozen steak when Finnick stopped her. “It’s alright. I’ll just have the spaghetti from yesterday since I’ll be eating alone.”

Then, he reached for the plate of leftover spaghetti and walked to the microwave.

Vivian quickly caught up. “No, these are leftovers.”

Finnick was picky about food, and Vivian dared not imagine him having the leftovers.

She snatched over the plate of spaghetti, but Finnick stretched his hand upwards and raised his brows. “Why can’t I eat this? I ate this yesterday night.”

Finnick was already much taller than her. Now that his hand was so high up, there was no way she could reach the plate.